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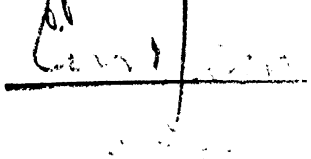

THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND

LONDON REVIEW:

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE

LITERATURE,

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, POLITICS, ARTS, MANNERS,

AND

Amusements of the Age.

EMBELLISHED WITH PORTRAITS.

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[TWO SHILLINGS.]

EDITOR'S NOTICE.

Several communications have been returned and left at our Publishers, for their respective authors.

We regret that Lieutenant G.'s communications reached us too late to be noticed this month—They shall not be forgotten in our next.

The history of a Young Author does not suit the European. We are not surprised at his disappointments: on the contrary, we should regret were it otherwise. If the productions of every pedant were to be encouraged, who would be left to encourage the productions of genius.

Sir James Mackintosh's memoir will be concluded in our next.

Letters for correspondents will be left at our Publishers' on the fifth instant.

Derby pinx.
Thomson sc.
R. P. Knight

THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND

LONDON REVIEW.

JULY, 1824.

MEMOIR OF R. P. KNIGHT, Esq.

ROUSSEAU has somewhere said, that the mind which is worth cultivating, will cultivate itself. The subject of the present memoir, the late R. P. Knight, Esq., of Downton Castle, confirms, as far as an individual instance can confirm, the truth of this theory of education. In his youth his constitution was so peculiarly delicate and feeble, that little hopes were entertained of his ever reaching the years of manhood. His father, accordingly, would not suffer him to be sent to a public school, and had him educated at home; nor would he suffer him to enter on the study of the Greek and Latin classics, his own health having been impaired by too close an application to study in his youth, for he was a man of strong mental powers and extensive learning. He experienced, however, the consequences of intense application to study, and was determined to guard his son from their effects. He was of opinion that the boy who idly lingers amid the scenes of nature, now contemplating the idle stream, and now wandering along its winding banks, imbibes silently, unconsciously, and insensibly, those correct and unsophisticated views of nature, which it would be idle to look for in the schools, and which even false education cannot afterwards pervert. That these were his father's opinions we have authority to state;—that they are our own opinions we have no hesitation to affirm. The observation, however, applies, if we mistake not, to men of strong, mental powers; for with regard to narrow, contracted minds, they cannot begin too early to imbibe what little modicum of knowledge mere instruction can impart. The reason is, they can learn nothing of themselves, and therefore, if left to themselves, the mind continues as blank as a white sheet of paper; nor can this blank ever be filled up but by imbibing the knowledge and sentiments of others. This knowledge, it is true, is frequently incorrect, but even error is preferable to vacuity of mind. It is different with the young admirer of nature—he cannot look upon her with indifferent eyes, and if he look upon her with pleasure he cannot help reflecting on the source whence his pleasure is derived. He becomes self-educated, in the first instance, and the errors of teachers cannot bewilder him afterwards.

During the life time of his father, Mr. Knight continued at home without receiving any other education than that of an acquaintance with his native tongue. Before he attained his

fourteenth year, however, his father died, and he was sent to school the following year, where he made a most rapid progress, and became a perfect master of Latin; but during the first four years devoted very little of his attention to Greek. Part of this time he spent in travelling; but though he probably intended to make a more extensive tour, he spent most of the time in Italy. In his eighteenth year, he sat down seriously to the study of the Greek language, with which, in a few years, he became profoundly acquainted. He did not make study, however, the business of his life, but devoted his principal attention to the management of his estate, and his extensive plantations and improvements at Downton Castle. He took great delight in hunting, and was a bold rider; but to all other kinds of field-sports, he was totally indifferent. It is generally thought that we can discover a man's mind through his writings, and yet experience is against this opinion, for we frequently find that the habits and manners of an author are at variance with his writings; witness Sterne, Swift, Pope, and a thousand others. There was little indeed, in the writings of Pope, that could lead us even to conjecture his manners, or if they led us to any conjecture at all, it would be that there was nothing peculiar in them, that he was free from affectation and eccentricities of every kind; but this, however, we know was not the fact. He had his whims and oddities as well as others, though he never suffered them to appear in his writings. So far then as experience goes, we should rather reverse the opinion generally entertained, and maintain that no man's mind can be discovered from his works. To us, however, it appears, that notwithstanding the apparent contradiction of facts, the popular opinion is still the right one. A man does not always shew his real disposition in his social intercourse with friends and strangers. He may be at bottom, or, in other words, he may be naturally very hot and irritable, but if there be nothing to cross him through life, he may appear, and actually is, of all men the most even tempered. In this case his real disposition is concealed from the world, as it judges only from appearances,—but it is different in writing—an author entirely forgets his habitual manners and habits the moment he sits down to write, and gives expression only to the original feelings of his nature—those feelings which were born with him, which constitute his real and natural temper, and which are antecedent to the influence of habit and custom. The real soul and disposition of a man will, therefore, always appear in his writings, though both his real disposition and his writings together, may differ very widely from his habitual manners and mode of acting through life. This appears to have been the case in the present instance. Mr. Knight possessed of all men the most unruffled temper, and the greatest equanimity of mind; but his writings are far from evincing the same placidity of character. His style is bold, energetic, and impetuous, even in a subject, which, of all others, seemed most widely removed beyond the confines of feeling and passion, we mean his "Analysis of the Principles of Taste." Professor Dugald Stewart's style is highly lauded by the northern critics, but it certainly wants the nerve and boldness that distinguishes Mr. Knight's "Principles of Taste." Mr. Knight's quiet and even temper of mind, though it does not appear in perfect harmony with the bold and determined character of his writings, was in strict unison with all the acts of his life. He was admired by all his neighbours for his exemplary conduct, beloved by all his tenants for his kindness and indulgence to them, and sanctified by the prayers and blessings of the poor, to whom he was a most liberal benefactor. He generally read four hours every morning, and as many every evening, and gave the rest of the day to active exertion, never being for one moment idle. When the weather proved unfavourable, he read all day, nor were his eyes less patient of labour than his mind. For the last period of his life he wrote from the dusk of the evening until ten or eleven o'clock, whilst he remained in the country, which he seldom left before Christmas. His sight was not in the least affected before he reached his twenty-fifth year, when he was attacked by an inflammation of the eyes in Italy, which rendered him, ever after, near sighted. Though in this there is nothing strange, it appears still very extraordinary, that he should retain a perfect

use of them for nearly half a century afterwards.

His kindness and attachment to his brother T. A. Knight, Esq. has seldom been equalled. When he came of age, he gave him double the property bequeathed him by his father. About fifteen years ago, he retired to a cottage, and gave up his mansion to his brother, with an adequate increase of fortune. During his parliamentary career, he never connected himself with, or received favours from any party, though he always lived on terms of the closest intimacy with Mr. Fox.

In collecting the bronzes and medals which he has left to the British Museum, he evinced the same liberality which guided and determined every action of his life.

We have already observed, that in boldness and energy of style, Mr. Knight appears to us to have decidedly the advantage over Professor Stewart. Mr. Stewart's admirers, however, may object to the term decidedly, and that some of them will, we have no doubt; for the Edinburgh Review places him, so far as regards style, above all the writers that England ever produced. Our limits will not permit us to investigate here at any length, the truth of this assertion: that it is erroneous, we are as certain as that the sun will rise to-morrow. Dugald Stewart is tame, precise, formal, circumspect, to a degree of sickly fastidiousness. He is nice in little things, and it is only in little things he attempts to excel. When his subject leads him to examine some deep metaphysical problem, he approaches it with fear and trembling, and fills his readers with an idea of the importance and difficulty of the subject. He then begins to remove all the minor difficulties that lie in the way, in order to have the ground perfectly clear when he grapples with the problem itself. He surveys it on all sides, marches round it and round it, and you think every moment he approaches it so nearly that he can keep away no longer; and yet after having completely wearied your patience, you find that he is still only going round it as before, and that he is virtually as far from the goal for which he is destined as when he set out. The consequence is, that you begin at length to suspect either that he never intends coming to the point at all, or that if he does, it is only when he comes to the end of the book. In the first conjecture, however, you are generally correct, for he seldom gives his own opinion upon any question that requires depth or metaphysical acumen. The most you can expect from him is the opinion of some other writer, or writers qualified by some emendation, addition, or sublation of his own; and sometimes he contents himself with merely defining their words, lest you should not understand them; but *facile est inventis addere*. Even when he ventures to speak for himself it is with the greatest caution and deference for the opinion of others, and the greatest diffidence in his own. He is eternally apologizing to those from whom he differs, as if he thought it an offence to say what he considers to be the truth, or that they held their literary reputation dearer to them than truth itself, and consequently would not feel satisfied with any man who would diminish it. In a word, Mr. Stewart seems always undecided, and wavering, and gives his opinions with so much caution, and burdened with so many qualifications and conditions, that in the first place, you are frequently at a loss to know what his opinion is; and in the second, you could feel little disposition to set any value upon it, even if you did know it, seeing that he appears doubtful of it himself; nor must it be denied, that he is frequently justified in placing no confidence in it. His theory of the sublime and beautiful, or his dissertations on these subjects, are the most childish productions that ever were penned, as Mr. M'Dermot has clearly proved in his "Critical Dissertation on the Nature and Principles of Taste." Mr. Stewart is therefore as cautious and precise in offering his opinions, as he is nice and fastidious in the selection of his words; and yet, with all his wonderful caution, he merely floats over the surface of metaphysics. He seems to know his own weakness, and is therefore fearful of venturing beyond his depth:

"*Degeneres animos timor arguit.*"

How different is the character of Mr. Knight's metaphysical writings. He gives you his opinion without setting any higher value upon it than if it never were his. He cares not what

you think about it; you may adopt it, or reject it as you think proper: He cares not which. His object is to arrive at the truth, not to excite the admiration of his readers by nicely selected epithets, and an affected modesty of deportment. Mr. Stewart makes little of himself, that his readers may make much of him. He always keeps himself in your presence; is always referring to what he wrote before, always quoting from it, sometimes in whole pages; you are always pestered with that little egotistical I, that reminds you of himself, and puts you in mind, that every word you are reading, is from the pen of Mr. Professor Dugald Stewart. In perusing Mr. Knight, you only think of the subject before you. The author never obtrudes himself upon you, except where he cannot help it; where he is obliged to come forward *propria persona*, whether he will or will not. He has no regard for persons. He estimates the opinion of a work by its intrinsic value, not by the literary reputation of its author; but when Mr. Stewart ventures to examine the opinion of any writer of note, either here, or on the continent, like a true Scotchman, he is instantly off with his hat, and approaches him with all the respect and deference imaginable. He is an accomplished man, and perfectly *au fait* in little things—Mr. Knight despises them: *Aquila non capit muscas.* He meets all the difficulties of his subject at once, and seeks not to elude them by the evolutions and quiddities of Mr. Stewart. Hence arises that boldness and masterly freedom, both of style and sentiment, in which he excels, that vastness and comprehension of mind, and that intuitive power of grappling instantly with his subject, and of separating it into all its parts. To enter into an account of his writings, and the principles on which he founded his theory of taste, would far exceed our limits,—and we shall therefore conclude by strongly recommending the following passage from his "Analytical Inquiry" to the attention of all our readers. The truths which it contains, should never be forgotten.

"Critics have done nearly the same in taste, as casuists have in morals; both having attempted to direct by rules, and limit by definitions, matters, which depend entirely on feeling and sentiment; and which are therefore so various and extensive, and diversified by such nice, and infinitely graduated shades of difference, that they elude all the subtilties of logic, and the intricacies of calculation. Rules can never be made so general, as to comprehend every possible case, nor definitions so multifarious and exact, as to include every possible circumstance or contingency."

ON THE GENIUS AND WRITINGS OF LORD BYRON.

In the mechanical arts, and in every art where the operations of the mind are not brought into action; he who once acquires a perfect knowledge of the trade or art to which he has served his apprenticeship, can always produce a piece of work equal at least, if not superior to any he has ever produced before; but in the productions of mind, progressive excellence depends on a thousand circumstances, some of which are, and some of which are not, placed within the reach of the artist or writer. Accordingly we find that the last work of an author is not always his best production: on the contrary it frequently happens to be his worst; and in poetry, particularly, excellence does not always keep pace with increasing knowledge and experience. The beauty of poetry does not depend on the information which it imparts, or the depth of observation which it evinces, but on the character of the feelings and emotions which it excites; and as our feelings are more alive to every influence in the happy days of our youth, those days when every object appears clothed in qualities which subsequent experience proves to be only the creations of our own minds, we consequently paint objects at that early age in more attractive and enchanting colours than we can when sober experience strips them of the light vesture which imagination has thrown over them. There is more poetry in the productions of our youth, more judgment and consistency in those of our riper years; and it is only where the soul is entirely the slave of feeling and passion, and suffers not the cold and sickening realities of things to approach it, that the true poetic spirit can outlive the daylight of judgment and experience. Such souls there are, however, but they seem to be divided into two classes of spirits. The more numerous class is composed of those that never reflect or think on the real nature of things, but always prefer to wander lightly over the surface of creation. These are your Thomsons, and your Bloomfields, and all those who delight in the description of external nature, who take their abode among the cliffs of the mountain, the wilds of the desert, the retreats of the forest, or sip the nectar of nature amid meads and vallies. The other class of spirits are of a more ardent and energetic character: like the former they delight in their youth to revel in all the luxuriance of external nature, and view with ecstatic gaze whatever is calculated to win the soul to holy musings and melancholy delight; but as they advance in age they turn insensibly from the contemplation of external to that of internal or human nature, that is, from the material to the immaterial or spiritual world. The passions of their nature "grow with their growth and strengthen with their strength," and accordingly they become more and more affected by the influence of the circumstances that attach them to, or alineate them from the individuals with whom chance or a more unerring agency has brought them in contact. The science of human nature, its passions, affections, sympathies, propensities, and antipathies, become, accordingly, the subject of their contemplation. They abandon the lighter visions of fancy, and all the witchery of external nature, to revel in the delights of feeling, emotion, and passion. These are your Homers, your Shakspeares, your Rousseaus, and all who enter into the soul of man, and are themselves affected by all the affections, and inspired by all the passions of the characters whom they describe. These poets are, in fact, natural savages so far as regards their feelings, but cultivated men so far as regards their understanding; that is, they suffer not their feelings to be warped or turned from that channel in which nature originally intended them to flow. They write as their feelings dictate, and their feelings are the same as if no influence had ever been exercised over them by abstract knowledge or the philosophy of things. This class of poets is evidently of the highest order, and their works are always read with more intense interest, for

the interest excited by the happiest descriptions of external nature can never compare with that which has man and his passions, his frailties and his virtues for their object. Descriptive poetry pleases when it is not the subject of the poet, but merely an adjunct. Man must be always principal in the scene, or the scene has no interest either in painting or in poetry.

To which of these two classes Lord Byron belongs, it is difficult to say. That man is always the subject of his theme, can only be doubted by those who have never perused his works; but unhappily he is himself the man, and the only man, whom he describes. He has drawn all his knowledge of man from his own feelings, and his own disposition. He could commune only with himself, and therefore he knew the rest of mankind only in the abstract. He makes all his characters speak and act as he would speak and act himself, if he were in the situation in which he places them. Childe Harold is Lord Byron all over—so is the Corsair—so is Cain—so is Don Juan. He was of too stubborn a mould to enter into the feelings of others, and therefore he could invent no character but what formed an obscure portrait of himself. Hence he could never attempt a poem, or, at least, he would attempt it in vain, that required a diversity of character. He had too great a contempt for mankind to become acquainted with them. He hated their virtues: he mocked their innocence. He took up a character as a mere plaything; he brought Childe Harold forward whenever it suited his whim, or rather to shew that he was not writing about nothing—that he was telling something like a story; but he hardly appears when he is dismissed, that the poet may indulge in his own reveries, and write what has no more relation to Childe Harold, than Childe Harold has to Achilles. Accordingly we take no interest in his characters, because he takes no interest in them himself. He sometimes turns round upon them as a fop does upon his lackey, to see if he is close behind him; but he never identifies himself with their feelings or sympathies. He looks upon himself as a God, and on the rest of mankind with superlative contempt. But it will be said, that this is a proof of conscious greatness. Aye, no doubt there is some such consciousness about some such men; but is he who believes himself great virtually what he believes himself to be? If so, every fop, every dandy, and jack pudding, is as great as Lord Byron himself, for they look upon themselves with the greatest complacency, and not only think themselves superior to the rest of mankind, but think it absolute impertinence in any man to set himself upon a par with them. Great and mighty men, if you knew that your pride was the result of your ignorance and impudence combined, you would, no doubt, think more humbly of yourselves; but if you wish to be informed it is necessary you should know that the truly great man is he who assumes no authority over his inferiors, and suffers no pretended superior to assume an authority over him—who believes himself to be made of the same mould with the rest of mankind, and to be neither better nor worse, but as he is rendered so by his own unborrowed, untransmitted virtues, those virtues which fortune can neither give nor destroy. The greatness and the virtues of every individual depend upon himself, and are completely placed within his power: from adventitious circumstances, from the mere accident of being a peer, a duke, or an emperor, he can claim no merit. He was not accessary to the act by which he became their descendant, and can therefore derive no merit from that to which he was not accessary.

"Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;"

Or to phrase it in the language of the Latin poet:—

Nobiletas sola est atque unica virtus.

The poet who can only form, create, invent, devise, or bring into life and being such characters as neither himself nor his readers can love or hate, must not pretend to have any acquaintance with human nature. In poetry a half and half sort of character is intolerable: he is a complete bore. To attract our attention,

he must have a determined character. Make him black as night, fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell, give him the strength and stubborn mind of Ajax, the impetuosity and unbending, uncompromising mind of Achilles, or the bravery and magnanimity of Hector, make what you will of him provided you give him a determined character, so that we may know what manner of man he is, and he is a fit instrument for all the purposes of poetry. He must have some leading passion—some peculiar propensity of mind, or of feeling, that determines the line of conduct which he always pursues, or if he have not, we look upon him as an ordinary mortal, neither bad enough for hell nor good enough for heaven, but a fit tenant of the dull planet in which he exists. This humble tenant of the earth, however, this chip in porridge which you may turn as you will, is the only character which Lord Byron can draw, if we except Cain, and Cain was already drawn to his hands. As to the Corsair, the most that can be said for him is, that he is a mysterious being whom we know not whether to admire or condemn. We know not what manner of man he is, and therefore we are always on our guard against him. We fear he will pounce upon us unexpectedly, and therefore we feel no disposition to trust ourselves to him; and yet we cannot altogether hate him, for he evinces some very good and noble traits of character. The worst of him is that, like a woman, he seems to have no character at all.

Lord Byron, then, is no describer of characters. All his characters are obscure portraits of himself, and he himself had no character. He was whatever the whim or influence of the moment made him: he was the slave, not the controuller of circumstances. He would therefore vainly have attempted to write the Iliad, Æneid, or the Orlando Furioso. He could not create a great character, because he could admit no character to be greater than himself; and if there were any thing fixed in his character, it seems to have been a contempt for every thing—even for virtue. Hence it is, that though he makes man the subject of his theme, he can only describe such men as are unfit instruments for poetry. He can describe only such men as we live with and talk with every moment and every hour. Hence he has completely failed in his dramatic performances. But when he speaks of man in the abstract, or as he stands connected with the rest of his species; when he describes him in his original or savage state, uninfluenced by the laws of society, or political institutions; when he describes the revolutions of states and nations, he is as sublime as poetry will permit him, for poetry can never ascend to the highest degree of sublimity. We may write, it is true, in poetic numbers, but as poetry is never serious—never in real earnest—as it describes things not as they are, but as we wish them to be—in a word, as pleasure is always lurking in the train of the muses, we must necessarily abandon the muse, the moment we reach the highest degree of the sublime, for here there is a nameless awe—a sacred horror, that makes the object of our contemplation too serious for poetry. In description, however, whether, poetry or prose, it is difficult to give any scene such awful and terrific sublimity as to give it the appearance of reality; and while we look upon it as a fiction having merely the appearance of reality, it may be sublime and poetic at the same moment. Lord Byron has nothing of the soft or tender about him; and hence it is he cannot describe individual characters, but when he talks of men *en masse*, where he has only to describe them as men in general, or as men united in sentiment by one prevailing or national feeling, he is then truly sublime and energetic. So far as regards man, however, whether he describe men individually or collectively, he is never great unless he has something to find fault with— unless there be some tyrant whom he wishes to trample upon—some oppressor whom he wishes to scourge. He was born for opposition, not for reconciliation; but if he describe the external scenes of nature, we think him certainly the happiest of all modern poets. The modest, unpresuming beauties of nature seem to disarm him of all his native ferocity, and to lull the giant to repose It is difficult to say whether he is happier in selecting from nature her sublimer

or her softer images, but he seldom selects any that is not impressed with one or other of these characters. Of the former sort we select the following stanza. The group of images which it contains are, however, rather picturesque than sublime; but it is, perhaps, on that very account, more poetical.

"The horrid crags, by toppling convent crown'd,
The cork-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep,
The mountain-moss by scorching skies imbrown'd,
The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep,
The tender azure of the unruffled deep,
The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,
The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,
The vine on high, the willow branch below,
Mix'd in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow."

Of his milder and softer images we give the following description of the little stream that separates Portugal from Spain:—

"But these between a silver streamlet glides,
And scarce a name distinguisheth the brook,
Though rival kingdoms press its verdant sides,
Here leans the idle shepherd on his crook,
And vacant on the rippling waves doth look,
That peaceful still 'twixt bitterest foemen flow;
For proud each peasant as the noblest duke:
Well doth the Spanish hind the difference know
'Twixt him and Lusian slave, the lowest of the low."

He does not pass far, however, beyond the confines of Spain, when he meets with the Guadiana, which inspires him with one of the finest and sublimest effusions that ever were penned. We give the following extract from it:—

"But ere the mingling bounds have far been pass'd
Dark Guadiana rolls his power along
In sullen billows, murmuring and vast,
So noted ancient roundelays among.
Whilome upon his banks did legions throng
Of Moor and knight, in mailed splendour drest:
Here ceas'd the swift their race, here sunk the strong;
The Paynim turban and the Christian crest
Mix'd on the bleeding stream, by floating hosts oppress'd.

Oh, lovely Spain! renown'd, romantic land!
Where is that standard which Pelagio bore,
When Cava's traitor-sire first call'd the band
That dy'd thy mountain streams with Gothic gore:
Where are those bloody banners which of yore
Wav'd o'er thy sons, victorious to the gale,
And drove at last the spoilers to their shore?
Red gleam'd the cross, and wan'd the crescent pale,
While Afric's echoes thrill'd with Moorish matrons' wail.

Teems not each ditty with the glorious tale?
Ah! such, alas! the hero's amplest fate!
When granite moulders and when records fail,
A peasant's plaint prolongs his dubious date.
Pride! bend thine eye from heaven to thine estate;
See how the Mighty shrink into a song!
Can Volume, Pillar, Pile preserve thee great?
Or must thou trust Tradition's simple tongue,
When Flattery sleeps with thee, and History does thee wrong?

Awake, ye sons of Spain! awake! advance!
Lo! Chivalry, your ancient goddess, cries,
But wields not, as of old, her thirsty lance,
Nor shakes her crimson plumage in the skies:
Now on the smoke of blazing bolts she flies,
And speaks in thunder through yon engines' roar:
In every peal she calls—"Awake! arise!"
Say, is her voice more feeble than of yore,
When her war-song was heard on Andalusia's shore?

Hark!—heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note?
Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath?
Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote;
Nor saw'd your brethern ere they sank beneath
Tyrants and tyrants' slaves?—the fires of death,
The bale-fires flash on high:—from rock to rock

Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe;
Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,
Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.
Lo! where the Giant on the mountain stands,
His blood-red tresses deep'ning in the sun,
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
And eye that scorcheth all it's glares upon;
Restless it rolls, now fix'd, and now anon
Flashing afar,—and at its iron feet
Destruction cowers to mark what deeds are done;
For on this morn three potent nations meet,
To offer before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet."

Lord Byron has somewhat of the martial enthusiasm of Homer, but then it is only while he speaks generally, and without designating any particular character; for with no character can he, like Homer, identify himself. In fact, he can give none of his characters a character which either himself or any of his readers can admire. He is only great when he talks generally and abstractedly. He can describe any passion of our nature, provided you do not require of him to describe at the same time the particular individual in whom this passion is found to exist. Talking of those who fell on the plains of Talavara, how philosophical are his reflections on ambition, and yet how poetical.

"There shall they rot—Ambition's honour'd fools!
Yes, Honour decks the turf that wraps their clay!
Vain Sophistry! in these behold the tools,
The broken tools, that tyrants cast away
By myriads, when they dare to pave their way
With human hearts—to what?—a dream alone.
Can despots compass aught that hails their sway?
Or call with truth one span of earth their own,
Save that wherein at last they crumble bone by bone?"

Indeed it is difficult to say whether Lord Byron is more the philosopher or the poet, for he eternally delights to throw the sober veil of reflection over all the scenes and circumstances which he describes as in the following reflections on solitude.

"Thou too art gone, thou lov'd and lovely one!
Whom youth and youth's affection bound to me;
Who did for me what none beside have done,
Nor shrank from one albeit unworthy thee.
What is my being? thou hast ceas'd to be,
Nor staid to welcome here thy wanderer home.
Who mourns o'er hours which we no more shall see—
Would they had never been, or were to come!
Would he had ne'er return'd to find fresh cause to roam!

Oh! ever loving, lovely, and belov'd!
How selfish Sorrow ponders on the past,
And clings to thoughts now better far remov'd!
But Time shall tear thy shadow from me last.
All thou could'st have of mine, stern Death! thou hast;
The parent, friend, and now the more than friend:
Ne'er yet for one thine arrows flew so fast,
And grief with grief continuing still to blend,
Hath snatch'd the little joy that life had yet to lend."

The most striking feature in the character of Lord Byron's poetry is, that it has no character at all. He never seems to be inspired by his subject—never to have been prompted to engage in it by any other passion than the workings of a restless mind that must be at something, and that chose the present subject, from its having first presented itself—not because it was more peculiarly suited to the character of his genius. His mind was rather expansive and versatile, than concentrated and impetuous. All themes appeared the same to him, but to no theme could he bring that soul of soul which only a strong attachment to our object can waken into existence. He always governs his subject—treats it as he pleases, regardless whether his pleasure be in harmony with nature, or the fundamental principles of criticism. There seems to be nothing in it capable of captivating his affections—of determining, or even influencing the views which he intends to take of it. He sports with it as a bauble—a plaything to amuse fools and simpletons, for such is man in his eyes.

"Poor child of doubt and death, whose hope is built on reeds."

It is evident that he who entertains such an unqualified contempt for mankind as Lord Byron evinces in the following stanzas, must have but a poor opinion of himself; for, ignorant as he wishes to make all mankind appear, he could not himself affect to be so extremely ignorant as not to know that he was of the same species, and subject to the same infirmities with that despicable race whom he so heartily contemns. If, then, he looked upon himself as he did on the rest of mankind, what could waken in his soul the rapt desires, the hallowed enthusiasm, the fine frenzy of the poet, who not only looks upon himself as the noblest of creation's works, but who bounds not his hopes with the brief limit of terrestrial existence? But let us see what manner of being man appears to his lordship.

"Bound to the earth, he lifts his eye to heaven;
Is't not enough, unhappy thing to know
Thou art. Is this a boon so kindly given,
That being, thou would be again, and go
Thou know'st not, seek'st not to what region, so
On earth no more; but mingled with the skies:
Still wilt thou dream on future joy, a woe?
Regard and weigh yon dust before it flies:
That little urn to the more than thousand homilies.

* * * * * * * * * *

Well didst thou know—speak, Athena's wisest son!
'All that we know is nothing, can be known;'
Why should we shrink from what we cannot shun;
Each has his pang, but feeble sufferers groan
With brain-born dreams of evils all their own.
Pursue what chance, or faith proclaimeth best,
Peace waits us on the shores of Acheron;
There no forced banquet claims the sated guest,
But silence claims the couch of ever silent rest."

To us it appears, however, that if Lord Byron had sufficient faith in the promise of a future life—if he had any hope that reached beyond the tomb—if he were a Heathen or a Mahometan—a Jew or a Christian—a Trinitarian or a Unitarian;—if, in a word, he believed there was any being who took cognizance of human actions, and decreed to merit or demerit its just award, he would have excelled all English poets in poetic fire and sublimity. As it is, he is sufficiently sublime, but it is sublimity without a soul—without that fire in the absence of which poetry is mere sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. His sublimity arose from the vastness and grandeur of his conceptions, but vastness of conception has no necessary alliance with poetic fire. Who took a wider range through the worlds of space than Newton and Descartes? but who knew less, or felt less of the influence of poetic fire? In fact, they were, in this respect, as cool as cucumbers. But to render vastness of conception poetic, there must be a corresponding intensity of feeling and passion, to give it life and energy. This life and energy—this feeling and intensity, was not in Lord Byron. Whatever portion of it he derived from nature was extinguished by scepticism. His coffin seemed always placed before him, but it suggested reflections very different from those which it suggested to the mind of the Roman emperor, who ordered it to be brought into his presence every morning. To him it suggested all those images of bliss that associate with our anticipations of eternal felicity; to Lord Byron it suggested only the drear and silent monotony of the tomb—the unconscious sleep of eternal ages. To the chilling influence of this thought he became a victim, and all his writings are accordingly marked with the cypress emblems of melancholy and despair.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

"Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt."

VIRGIL.

'Tis done! thou liest cold and still as marble,
And Grecian heroes mourn around thy bier!
His death-note reached our shores, slow borne,
On muffled winds, sad, moaning from afar?
So sank that star of mighty genius,
And quench'd its glory in the clouds of night.
His lofty spirit is dismiss'd at last!
Aye! and it soareth on the wings of wind,
To scenes its magic pen hath oft describ'd!
Did ye not see that spirit disenthrall'd
From earthly ties, that mounted in the air,
With outstretch'd pinions bright and dazzling,
Coursing majestic yon wide fields of ether,
Studded with countless stars and sparkling gems?
Then riding past the planetary spheres
Till far away, he sees with dazzled eyes,
The glistening turrets of that high abode,
Where spirits join, and light is lost in light!

Grand spirit of the lyre! whose final flight,
At last hath carried thee to yonder heav'n,
I hail thee standing on its glittering walls,
In apotheosis of light arrayed!

Oh thou! whose verse loud peal'd from foreign shores
Rang in our ears majestic and sublime,
Now loudly thunder'd like the cannon's roar,
Then wail'd like distant bugle's plaintive notes—
Now the shrill clarions piercing sound, and then
Melodious warbled soft in beauty's ear!
Are then, thy songs for ever,—*ever* hush'd?
No more thy fingers o'er thy lyre shall stray,
No! never more!—Its silver strings are snapp'd,
Thy hand lies cold along the silent tomb
Where music strays not, o'er the mould'ring dust!
There Byron's noble corse is stretch'd along,
Stiff as sepulchral marble are his limbs!
There ashes join, and dust is turn'd to dust!
He is not dead! our Byron never dies,
He lives full brightly in his splendid works;
While he himself undying, soars away
And ravished, lists to melody sublime,
Where, we *will* say, his full resounding lyre
Shall peal in concert with yon harmony
Which angels strike to welcome us to heaven!

Sons of the brave! bereav'd, illustrious Greeks!
Heard ye his knell, sad peal'd along your shores?
Aye! in the land, whereon your Homer liv'd,
Immortal pair! Our British Byron trode!
Oh! weep his loss! your mighty adjunct weep!
While *he* o'erlook'd, how quickly beat your hearts!
How sprang to arms, and for the battle gasp'd!
In mighty strength uprear'd the faulchion high,
And steep'd it reeking in the Turkish gore!

Then mourn his death ye Greeks! as heroes mourn,
His death, who gave his life, his gold, his all!
Rear the high cenotaph, and marble shrine,
And 'grave, in words that burn, his noble name!
Let future Greeks the bright example see,
And sing *his* praise, who for their fathers fought.

So when the sun has rolled his daily course,
And gently glides to rest on ocean's breast,
Yet o'er the hills he casts a ling'ring ray,
And rivers glisten in his sparkling beams
Soften'd and mellow'd from the blaze of day!
Yea! e'en the cloud's that on the horizon rest,
He gilds with purple lustre; and then he sinks
Slowly from sight, yet ceaseth not to shine,
But rolls afar in other hemispheres,
And bright as ever, other worlds illumes!

So sank great Byron's splendid sun, to rest,
In distant lands resplendent from afar!
Far o'er the seas and rocks its lustre lies,
And reaches British shores, and shines most glorious here!

Now fly ye winds! to all your quarters fly;
And bear his name with glorious adjuncts far!
In softest cadence mourn his blighted hopes,
Connubial bliss, a father's joy,—*he* had them not!
Exil'd from home, a noble wanderer!
But, when ye come to tell the splendid tale
Of Byron's glory,—rise then all ye winds!
Bathe them in fragrance, from Arabia's shores,
And blow o'er sultry Afric's arid sands,
O'er rocks, and streams,—on whirlwinds wings abroad!
Till Byron's name resounds from shore to shore!

CLIO.

THE PLEASURES OF PERPLEXITY;

OR,

THE DELIGHTS OF AUTHORSHIP.

"Ours is a studious literary age,
Ours is a land of books, and we exceed,
In happy numbers, who make shift to read."

"OH! that mine enemy would write a book." If it were proper to wish a particular evil to an inveterate foe, I would re-echo the sentence. Let him write a book, says Mr. Ryley, the ingenious author of "the Itinerant, or Memoirs of an Actor;" who afterwards alludes to the brain-bewildering study, which is necessary for the accomplishment of such a task, so as to deserve and obtain a remuneration equal to the exercise of time and talent it requires.

It is not my present intention to attempt a delineation of the pleasures or pains to be derived from such an undertaking, particularly as I do not conceive myself fitted for the task, never having yet seriously made up my mind to *write a Book*; which, however, according to my humble comprehension, is not so extremely difficult in modern times, especially if the word *write* be altered to that of *compile*. Whether my conception of the subject be right or not, remains to be discovered; as I may perhaps hereafter be induced, or compelled to try my hand in *writing* or compiling *a Book*, and there have already been times, when I have experienced a little of that which I apprehend he alludes more particularly to, I mean the perplexities into which the mind may be thrown, by an endeavour to provide for the public taste, fickle and precarious as it is, in the present day. But if there be any true pleasures, they are mental, and as there is no possibility of enjoyment without its consequent portion of fatigue, anxiety or pain, either in anticipation or realization, I am led to believe that this very perplexity is productive of its pleasures to the author, as the numerous inconveniences that impede all other undertakings, that occasionally occupy the thoughts, hopes, and wishes of mankind, tend to enhance the value of their accomplishment.

In pursuance of a subject the very title of which implies perplexity, though of a pleasurable nature, I would willingly avoid imparting to my reader any of the former, while I would as strenuously endeavour to preserve as much of the latter as possible; since it is by such means alone that I can realize my expectation of participating in his enjoyment—for, although there is a pleasing sensation excited by giving expression to my thoughts notwithstanding the difficulties and perplexities experienced in the execution, it must be acknowledged that pleasure is doubly valuable to the mind, when it is discovered, that what is done, has not been done in vain.

Decked in my old Roquelaure, and the evaporations of the brain well-secured by a woollen night-cap, I have seated myself in my arm chair, with pen, ink, and paper before me, determined to write my thoughts as they occur, without any decided object in view, or subject whereon to exercise

"My grey goose quill."

In such a situation, it is not easy to describe the variety of ideas that involuntarily rush upon the mind—

"The world is all before me, where to choose."

Novelty of subject is an important ingredient in the compositions of an occasional lucubrator, and one of the leading requisites to obtain a patient perusal from the reader. This is the first perplexity into which I am thrown; the multiplicity of writers who have gone before me, appear to have seized upon every subject likely to prove interesting— I take up my pen—

I lay it down again in despair—I take it up again, convinced that even this perplexity leads me to pleasures of an unbounded kind, without immediately relieving me from my apprehensions, that perhaps when I present the produce of my labours, the bookseller may conceive them of so little value, as to leave me in a still more perplexing dilemma, that of foregoing the pleasure of satisfying a craving appetite; for be it known—that although authors, like doctors, in the exercise of their professions, are frequently obliged to prescribe abstinence, they are as little inclined as their readers and patients to follow their own prescriptions; and I believe it will readily be acknowledged, that Authors have undoubted evidences to prove that—

"Very good meat is cent per cent,
Dearer than very good argument."

These reflections, however, though they may by some, be considered irrelevant to my subject, naturally associate with the contemplations of an author, while he is seeking for a *novel* theme; for though the practice of eating is as *old* as, or, for aught I know *older* than Adam, it is one which cannot very easily be forgotten or dispensed with. Hence its intrusion, notwithstanding the recollection that the ancient and modern authors are all before me; that the whole circle of the sciences, and the improvements of art, present themselves successively to my wandering imagination; that the labours of the historian, the discoveries of the philosopher, the visions of the poet, and the situations of the novelist dance through the brain, leading the mind involuntarily over the fairy land of fiction, through the labyrinths of thought, and the wanderings of fancy, until they at length calmly subside in the contemplation of mere matters of fact; notwithstanding, I say, all these sources of mental pleasure crowding on the mind, the idea of hunger, or the want of a dinner dispels all the enjoyments of the wizard scene, and leaves but a bleak and desert prospect behind, which, perhaps, would not have been resorted to, had not the perplexity already alluded to, occasioned a necessity of looking back to the past, in order to provide for the present.

It is true that, notwithstanding an agreeable exercise may, nay has, in the present instance, for some time left me as much as ever in want of my original supply of subject; in addition to which, that universal destroyer, old scythe and hour glass, had been stealing a march upon me, in spite of my importunities, which added to my perplexity in no small degree, it is possible I might have been subjected to no *subject*, for the exercise of my pen, had not "Ryley's Itinerant," which lay upon my table, kindly come to my hand. I opened a volume, and the first passage which met my eye was the one I have selected. Here was an additional pleasure, really attributable to my perplexity; and as I have no reason to believe he can have any enmity towards me, I take his observation in good part, contenting myself with the opportunity he has afforded me of escaping from a threatening evil, and sincerely wishing he may never again have the necessity, (though I cannot help thinking he delights in it) *to write a Book*; at the same time I am free to acknowledge the pleasures I have derived from the perusal of what has already escaped from his pen.

There is a wide distinction to be made between the author who is compelled by necessity *to write a Book*, and he who, possessing all that worldly wealth requires, as to health and comfort, takes up his pen at leisure, and writes merely to amuse himself. The former is fully aware that—

"Those who live to please, must please to live."

While the latter, feeling sufficiently prepared for all the exigencies of life, does not depend for his daily support upon the opinions of the critic, nor the ever varying taste of the public; and although each may have that bubble fame in view, the one is strong and able to pursue his object, when, and how he pleases; the other like a race-horse or hunter, requires constant care and attention, and occasionally judicious training for the chace. In the last case the perplexities are abundant, the pleasures of execution are equally numerous.

There are, however, perplexities of a nature which I have not yet alluded to, of which, unfortunately, I can produce many proofs; residing as I do not at the *court end*—but at the *end of a*

court, and occupying the most airy situation in the house, being the upper *story*, or attic, which, be it known, I have chosen both for health and convenience, though certainly not for prospects. I am frequently subjected to have my *story* cut short by the ungenteel intrusion of a noisy landlady, or an importunate creditor, who, notwithstanding the sublimity of my ideas, and the vast importance of time, are inclined to annihilate the former, and exhaust the latter, by the introduction of perplexing subjects altogether foreign to what I have in hand; nor, can I, at all times, rid myself of such vociferous intruders by my most earnest entreaties. The balance of argument is against me: they tell me my reasoning is not solid, that something must be done. I wish them gone, (for I hate to be dunned), in order that I may *do something*. These are perplexities from which I cannot say I derive pleasures equal to the first; because, although the subjects may be varied, and voices of the orators sonorous, deep, or shrill, the amusement is not to be compared with the intellectual enjoyment obtained by a perusal of the productions of the ancient and modern writers, where the mind expanding, and the heart delighting, dwell with extasy on ingenious labour, fruitful invention, and valuable morality. And yet I am sometimes inclined to think that even this sort of perplexity, though it operates as a temporary drawback upon the liveliness of my sallies, in all probability relaxes the mind, and refreshes thought, on the resumption of which, pleasure is enhanced. The scraping of a fiddle out of tune and out of time; the whizzing of a hurdy gurdy; the bawling of ballad-singers, match sellers, and the last dying speech and confession, have a serious effect upon my nerves, and have frequently annoyed and perplexed me, by distracting my ideas, and calling off that attention which I have been endeavouring to fix on one subject; perhaps in my opinion, a useful and important one; but lest my reader should think me perplexing the one I am now engaged upon, and leading him to the consideration of circumstances with which he may already be well acquainted, I shall conclude without risking his further dissatisfaction, with assuring him, that however perplexed I may hereafter be, it will afford me additional pleasure, if we should be so happy as to get better satisfied with each other upon further acquaintance.

J. T.

THE BIRTH DAY.

"My birthday!—what a different sound
That word had in my youthful ears;
And now each time the day comes round,
Less and less white its mark appears."

Moore.

"*Tandem fit surculus arbor.*"

As I sat alone, the other morning, in the silence of my chamber, I suddenly remembered that on that day—no matter how many years—I was ushered into the world, amid the ringing of bells, and all those joyous demonstrations with which the first-born of a squire's lady is generally greeted. My own memory is not sufficiently tenacious to record the proceedings of that eventful day; but, as I afterwards heard from my nurse, it was a general holiday in the village. My father, good man, was almost beside himself, and, in the fullness of his heart, he ordered his steward to deliver, *ad libitum*, ale, beef, and bread, to all those whose duty led them to congratulate his house on its infant representative. It may naturally be imagined, when the news of these extraordinary giv-

ings out was bruited abroad, that my young squireship did not lack a blessing. And so it was, for the deaf, the blind, and the halt, came thronging to the hall, where full trenchers and flowing cups rewarded their pious benedictions. The parish clerk, and the schoolmaster, were foremost in promoting the general thanksgiving. The former leaving a deputy to superintend the ringing of the bells, and the latter dismissing his scholars, at the first intimation of the joyous event, hastened to the double duty of partaking of the good things so plenteously distributed, and preserving order and decorum among the gentry in the great hall. Despite of their authority, however, my lady mother having felt some symptoms of discomforture from certain clamorous sounds, which proceeded from the scene of rejoicing, the proceedings of the day were adjourned to the village, where a dance on the green, a huge bonfire, and renewed libations concluded the joyful doings.

Year after year, my birth-day was celebrated after the same fashion; but the first anniversary, within my own recollection, occurred when I attained my fifth year. Fancy wafts me back to the scenes of that happy morning, and though now declining in the vale of years, the sensations which I felt on the occasion are as fresh in my memory as the latest occurrences of my life. How my little heart panted with delight, while my nurse, as she combed my curly head, and decked me out in my scarlet jacket, detailed the arrangements of the day. My young playmates were all invited; the green room had been arranged for our reception, a feast was in preparation, and I was to do the honors of the table. And then, the grey poney was to be gaily caparisoned, and yoked to my little chariot, old Peter was to hold his head, and I was to hold the reins and smack the whip, as we gallopped round the lawn. Besides, uncle James was expected from London, and he never came empty-handed; and then, aunt Martha promised me a watch, and cousin Mary would be sure to bring a trumpet, a gun, or a sword. The morning was as fresh and as sunny as my heart could wish; I shall never forget it. Down I came from the nursery, the young blood dancing in my veins, and the sound of the bubbling joy in my cheeks I ran into the breakfast parlour to receive my boon companions, but looked abashed and confused when I saw a large company assembled to celebrate my birth. My mother, however, relieved my embarrassment, and introduced me to the strangers, all cousins and distant relations, whom I was told to love, and, my young heart being just in the mood, I lavished my smiles and kisses on them all. At this moment, a carriage drove down the avenue; and in a few minutes after, uncle James, aunt Martha, and cousin Mary, were added to the company. After their blessings and congratulations were over, I received the more acceptable tokens of their love. A white hat and feathers, with a gold loop and button, set my heart in a glow of pleasure; this came my uncle's gift. Cousin Mary's was no less pleasing; but aunt Martha's watch—*a real watch*, crowned my most ardent expectations. How often, in the moments of my childish bliss, have I sat to listen to the ticking of my little monitor, long before I was aware of its construction, or conscious of its use. I had formed, however, some crude notions about it. I fancied that its motion must necessarily imply life, and my anxiety for the well-being of my little favourite was constantly uppermost in my mind. At night we slept together, but finding, after a vain effort to make it share my dinner, that it existed independently of such assistance, I began to view it in another light; and then it was that I felt my wits puzzled to ascertain its real nature. But alas! my curiosity proved fatal to my darling plaything, for, in a desperate attempt to read the riddle of its existence, I broke the movements, and it never ticked again! This was the first check to my infant happiness; for, till then, I knew no care, and felt no sorrow. The world to me was a garden of eternal sweets, and death had never arisen to my fancy, excepting, perhaps, that the occasional mention of his name, while lisping my primer or my prayers, conveyed the idea of some undefined and fearful being: but when, to my impatient enquiries, I was told that my watch was *dead*, and coupling this intimation with its silence and want of motion, I for the first time began to comprehend the nature of the great

destroyer; and yielding to my childish sorrow, I wept for my favourite watch, as if for a departed friend. But,

"The tear down childhood's cheek that flows,
Is like the dew-drop on the rose,
When next the summer breeze comes by,
And waves the bush—the flower is dry."

The life and adventures of Robinson Crusoe was the panacea that cured my sorrows; and lost in the pleasant mazes of that marvellous book, I soon forgot my lately lamented companion. To return to my birth-day, a number of children of my own age were by this time collected in the green chamber, and I was all impatience to shew them my new play things, and commence our sports, when a servant announced the arrival of no less a personage than Mr. Scuttlem, the village schoolmaster who, in presenting his dutiful respects, begged leave to mention that he had composed an Ode on the joyful occasion of the young master's birth-day, which he hoped he should be permitted to recite in the presence of the noble company assembled. Young as I was, I remember very well the winks and titters with which this message was received: for Scuttlem was, in fact, the poet laureate to the family; the very Homer of our secluded village. His rhyming propensity was manifest on all occasions; and, so prolific was his muse, that his verses, it was said, would fill five folio volumes. He was moreover, an indefatigable newsmonger, and there was not a birth, death, or marriage, within twenty miles that he did not commemorate in ode, elegy, or epithalamium; although, as lord of the manor, and great man of the village, my father was the most fruitful source of his poetical effusions, and, accordingly, there was scarcely an occurrence took place in the family, from its first settlement, under William the conqueror, that Scuttlem had not set down in goodly metre. 'Oh, by all means,' said my father, endeavouring to resume his gravity, 'show Mr. Suttlem in, and tell him, we shall all feel highly delighted.' The words were scarcely spoken, when in stalked the figure of the obsequious pedagogue. I have him before me at this moment. His tall thin form, and his sleek and subdued look, as he bent his long back in salutation to the company, are present to my fancy. His wig, on this occasion, had been combed from its habitable matchless curls which the poet had dicted to my praise and to which he lent the fervour of his eloquence as with one hand pointing me out as the subject of his muse, while I was all unconscious on my mother's knee, he with the other cut his harmless capers to give force and vigour to his verses. Stop—I remember something about it now. My father, I know, was personified as Hector, my mother as Andromache, and I was the young Astyanax, 'the hope of Troy.' Yes—I remember a verse or two,

"Grant thou, Oh, Jove, that this young boy
May live to be his parent's joy;
Partaking, *equally the same*,
His mother's beauty—father's fame."

And further on,

"Behold his limbs so sleek and slender,
His flesh so beautiful and tender,
See! the dimple in his chin,
Just beginning to begin."

But, alas! my memory is again at fault, and the rest of my birth-day ode must sleep with thy voluminous effusions, oh, musical Scuttlem. The poem, however, I am warranted in asserting, produced the happiest effect. The company were loud in their applause, my poor mother wept for joy, my father was inwardly gratified, I was delighted to escape to my companions, and the poet received for his labour an invitation to dinner, and a guinea for the copyright of the ode.

But why do I dwell upon these things? Why conjure up the thoughts and fancies of my infant hours?—Where are they now who joined in celebrating my birth-day? Alas! they are long since mouldered into dust; and I, once the young heir to the honors of an ancient race, blest in the full enjoyment of parental love, surrounded by admiring friends, and viewing life as a lover views his mistress, in whom he has centred all his future hopes, am now a lonely insulated being, whom nobody knows, and for whom no mortal cares. The flush of hope, the dream of fancy, and the bliss of requited love, have all passed from me; they vanished with the objects by which they were excited; yet I am no misanthrope: I shun not my fellow man, although

I can feel but little pleasure in his company, for I have no relish for new faces, and old ones are no longer about me. Here, in the midst of a crowded metropolis, I live in comparative solitude: and thus I verify the maxim,

"Magna civitas, magna solitudo."

I walk forth into the streets, and mingle with the moving multitude, yet I rarely meet with one amongst the million to whom I am known, or whose face I recognise. I am literally "a Hermit in London." Perhaps, the fanciful writer who has borrowed that title, was not aware that such a character existed. My little chamber is to me a palace: my antiquated chair is the only throne that I covet: my pen is my sceptre, and my books are my privy counsellors. I commune with the sages of other times, and seldom do I fail to draw amusement, or instruction, from their hallowed relics. As hope was the polar star of my youth, so is memory the chief consolation of my age. I have nothing left to cheer my future path, but I banquet on the scenes that are past. If the reminiscences of an old man shall continue to be acceptable, you may expect, Mr. Editor, to hear occasionally from

G. L. A.

TO EUGENIO LEAVING ENGLAND.

Unfurl thy sail
Thou wanderer, and drop thy anchor where
Thy wayward wishes tend. The bud, the leaf,
The hills, the vales, the woods, the streams, the lays
Of earth are all before thee. Exquisite—
Most exquisite that loveliness must be
Which triumphs o'er satiety, and grows
More valued from possession. Thou wilt find
The orange and the rich pomegranate glow
Like gold Hesperian, and the deep-hued flowers
That light their tints at zenith suns shall rise
Upon thy ravish'd sight. But not for thee
Shall plains that pine beneath the noon-day blaze,
Spread soft the fair unfading fragrant sward
Of thy unrivall'd England;—not for thee
Shall breathe the breeze that gives to beauty's cheek
Its bloom—to life its pulse. Pursue thy course
Around the wonder-teeming globe. To isles
Of brightness and of beauty where the bird
In all the colours of the Iris clad
Floats proudly in the blue, unclouded sky,
Impel thy bark o'er calm and glitt'ring seas.
And in the glowing Orient seek for climes
Fairer and happier than thine own;—for joys
Voluptuous—balmy gales—and fruits that melt
At the rapt touch—ambrosial food—and cups
High foaming with nectarious draughts that cheer
The heart of God and man. In bowers of bliss,
While hues and forms delicious rise around
Thy couch, and music swells and fragrant winds
Breathe overpowering fragrance; spend the hour
Thou restless one,—the soft luxurious hour;
Yet often mid the burst of fierce delight,
Shall rush the dear remembrance of that isle—
That sweet, fresh, breezy nook of earth which lies
On ocean's breadth beyond.

N. T. C.

Devonport.

Continued.

"And art thou not," she gaily cries,
Drawing from over his dark eyes
A darker lock, "yet flown, my love,
"To seek the bright-eyed maids above?
"Oh! no—I wrong'd thee to believe
"A moment that thou e'er would'st leave
"Thy own devoted Zella here,
"To weep and wail above thy bier;—
"Thy spirit ne'er could seek the sky,
"And leave thy Zella's here to die
"That endless death by *priests* assign'd,
"But not by heaven, to woman-kind,
"Unless it be the souls we love
"Will our weak essence all absorb,
"As fade away the souls that rove
"Too near the fire-god's dazzling orb.
"Yes—yes—for when my soul at heav'n,
"With thine, shall sue to be forgiven,
"Its every thought is thine so true,
"Not Alla's self will deem us two.
"Then, like the clouds of summer, light,
"And, as the sun that gilds them, bright,
"Unfetter'd by this chain of clay,
"Through trackless paths we'll soar away,
"Beyond the reach of tyrant sway,
"Of lawless lust—Oh! Selim, say,
"Say must I then indeed believe
"Yon wretch thy sire? oh! I would give
"The sweetest thoughts that dwell within
"My bosom—but that all are thine—
"To deem him alien to thy kin."

The sense of undeserved disgrace,
That spreads a glow on virtue's face,
Whene'er in aught to guilt allied,
There blazoning all she fain would hide,
Young Selim's cheek, that instant, dyed
With blushes, which too well confess'd
What sullied stream first warm'd his breast,
And o'er him flung a humbled air
Of shame, that rather made him seem
The accused, than the accuser, there:
But soon resentment's angry beam
From his dark eyes, like lightning, broke,
Still temper'd with a filial feeling,
Their deadliest influence from them stealing,
While to his treacherous sire he spoke.
"My father!—for thou still art he,
"Howe'er I needs must wish the other,
"'Twas thou did'st rear my infancy,
"'Twas thou did'st love my angel mother,—
"But has the care which childhood claim'd,
"For pain alone my days prolong'd?
"And was the faith of her I named,
"Proved but to be forgot and wronged?

" Thou gav'st me life—I deem too late,
" 'Twas but to wake that life's undoing,
" As tyrants lead the wretch they hate
" With gifts that surely bring them ruin.
" No ingrate I—My every deed
" Has thank'd thee for the bitter boon,
" Once deem'd so fair—Vile and unmeet
" Since all around us saw me kneel,
" In battle fray; and thine the meed,—
" I gather'd no joy from the pitiless hour
" When Osman's turrets o'er me kissed,
" I triumph'd not over the prostrate tower,
" My duteous hand for thee hath raised;
" And—deeming mine one spotless pearl,—
" Left conquest's gaudier gems to thee;
" I wish'd but for you lovely girl,
" To thee as nought, though all to me,—
" For blush there not in your recesses
" Unmurmuring slaves to thy caresses,
" An Eden of beauty—breathing forms
" Lovely as if the fire that warms
" Less sordid breasts, from theirs had flown,
" To light the outward bloom alone?
" 'Tis true, thou never there wilt find,
" One free fond heart to thee resign'd,
" And owning none but passion's claim;
" But such, alas! was not thy aim,
" Or never wouldst thou covet one
" Whose troth was plighted to thy son;
" Whose faith, if broken, would but prove,
" How little thou mightst trust her love."

Old Ali's look was fix'd and deadly,
Yet its expression flashed not dreadly;
And his harsh features for a while
E'en veil'd their fierceness with a smile,
As rugged ores in burning take
The glassy smoothness of the lake.
'Tis easier far to turn aside
The flood of passion from its course,
Than check at once the rushing tide,
Or choke it in its gushing source.
Easier to wear a face of gladness,
Than smooth to calm a brow of sadness.
In sooth there beam'd a grim delight
In his sunk eye-ball's lurid light,
When, as the voice of Selim ceased,
At the blank awful silence starting
He first perceived he was address'd,
As meteors are not seen till parting.—
And raised his head from off his breast.
Some thought a gleam of joy had shed,
On the madd'ning fumes of his aged brain,
As the mists that curtain the torrent's bed,
Are ting'd with a rainbow's heavenly stain.
" Well, well,—the maid is thine," he cried,
And smiling strove his pangs to hide,—
" On one condition—'tis not much.
" I know I am not of the young;
" And youth will only pair with such,
" It ill can bear the curdling touch
" Of bloodless veins, and nerves unstrung:

" 'Twas folly, madness, to suppose
" The fire in Ætna's breast that glows
" Could burn amidst the Alpine snows,—
" That this green ivy e'er could wind
" Her loving arms, so young and tender,
" Around a wither'd oak-tree's rind,
" Too old and sapless to defend her.
" No—take her, boy!—I read thy thought,
" Thy gratitude may not be spoken;
" Then let thy hand thy heart betoken,—
" Repeat the lesson I have taught;
" And if I now have made thee blest,
" If these fond arms have e'er caress'd thee,
" And to a father's bosom press'd thee,
" Refuse not this one last request."
A thousand sandals trod the hall,
But noiseless, motionless, was all;
As if the gossamer, that wove,
Across the arch'd and gilded roof,
Its light and mystic web above,
Working from hindrance far aloof,
Lone artificer of the air,
Had been the only inmate there.
You might have heard even the breath-drops fall,
Trickling down the sides of the crowded hall;
For nothing besides the stillness broke,
Till Ali gathering firmness spoke.
" Selim! when in the battle's van,
" Thy heedless bravery urged thee on,
" High o'er thee wav'd a Turcoman,
" His sabre flashing in the sun,
" Which ne'er had lighted those fond eyes
" To view that maid, thy valor's prize,
" But that my hand the blow delay'd,—
" Think not I tell it to upbraid,—
" 'Tis but to shew yon trembling girl,
" This arm she deem'd too weak to curl
" In amorous transport round her zone,
" Had still enough of strength its own,
" To drive this dagger to his heart
" Who else had torn your loves apart,
" Wide as the yawning grave can sever,
" To pine in lonely pangs for ever.
" Now list,—I saved thy mortal life,—
" Nay, more—have blest it with a wife,
" Ay, at my own reft heart's expence:
" Such boon deserves a recompense.
" 'Tis thine to make my life above
" As blest as, oh! may thine be here;
" Then let not duty yield to love,
" That filial love whose force I fear,
" But with this blade whose point did drive
" Thy foeman's down, and bid thee live,
" Release my soul, which then will fly,
" With crime unburden'd to the sky,—
" Unblasted by the curses dread
" That light on the self-murderer's head.
" Oh! shrink not to preserve my soul
" From the fierce Monkir's damn'd controul;
" For know that if thy craven hand
" Shun to fulfil thy sire's command,

" Himself, *myself*, will strike the blow,
" And quench the spark that Alla gave,—
" That worst of deeds men work below,
" Which leaves no hope that penitence may save,
" And sinks the guilty wretch in an eternal grave.
" But that which were a crime in me,
" Is blameless, virtuous in thee.
" A father's mandate sanctions all,
" And makes the things we foulest call,
" Pure as the veil of stainless white
" That robes the mountains heavenward height,—
" Pure as those maids of deathless charms,
" Who stretch from heaven their willing arms,
" More kind, at least, though not more fair,
" Than her whose loss I hardly bear."
If in the sunny garden playing,
Or through the shady palm-grove straying,
A child espy some beauteous flower,
The loveliest of its bed or bower;
In scent and hue, as sweet and bright,
As those blest plants of paradise,
That breathe the air, and drink the light,
Of Houri's lips, of Houri's eyes,
He bounds with rapture to the prize:
But if around the slender stem,
His wanton hands would fain despoil,
Appear the serpent's glittering coil,
He starts, and, with a fearful scream,
Sinks, pale and lifeless, on the soil.
Such varied feeling Selim proved;
For when he heard his father's voice
Proclaim her his—the maid he loved,—
And seal for aye his bosom's choice,
The past was drown'd in whelming joys:—
Wild rapture flush'd his glowing cheek,
And sparkled in his glistening eye,
His quivering lips refused to speak,
His brow was arch'd with ecstacy;
But when he saw that bosom bared,
Whereon his childhood oft had rested
For death—and from that blade—prepared,—
Which erst his own dark doom arrested,—
And heard the monstrous boon requested,—
To quench the spark which gave his fire,
The son to strike, to slay his sire,
And tempt to everlasting ire!—
Oh! who can paint the deathly hue
That moment o'er his features threw,
Like the blue lightning's livid glare,
When, flashing through the summer air,
It sheds a ghastly paleness o'er
The sunset wave that blush'd before,
With such a dye as only heaven,
To ocean only, could have given.
Some inward impulse loosed his arm,
Which twined around young Zella's waist,
And half upheld her—half embraced;
At once her face had lost its charm,
To him there seem'd a lurking fiend,
Behind each angel feature screen'd,
To tempt him to the darkest deed
That ever crimson'd scimeter,

Or blacken'd soul of Moslem creed:
But, oh! that wish from her was far,
No soft, seducing languor shone
From out the lids of that large eye
Which, fix'd as if of sculptured stone,
Seem'd reckless what was passing by;
Horror had oped those coverings wide,
As at the stilly dead of night
The curtain-folds are torn aside,
To view some conflagration's light;
And such a withering, lurid glare,
As oft the sun is wont to wear,
When, scowling o'er the waters pale,
Through darkling clouds, a blood-red veil
Of heatless, cheerless, light he sheds,
Such glare the eye of Zella sheds,
Red gleaming o'er the jetty ball,
Like torch-light on the sable pall,
And changeless holds that look of dread
As quenchless lamps above the dead.
But Selim heeded not the maid,
Nor e'en the falling form delay'd,
Of her erewhile he loved so well,
Nor turn'd to raise her, when she fell,
No more upheld by that fond arm
Which erst had saved from every harm.
Old Ali turn'd him to the place,
And gazed upon her pallid face,—
(As if he wish'd one maddening draught
Of pleasure more to drink,
Like those despair hath often quaff'd
Upon destruction's brink.)
With such a deadly fix'd regard,
He seem'd to hope, should heaven be barr'd,
That angel form would still abide,
For ever graven on his eye,
To cheer him through eternity.
When lost was every joy beside,
He wildly clasp'd her powerless hand
Which ill could now such force withstand,
And prest it with a burning kiss,
But Selim's love return'd at this:
"Forbear!" he fiercely cried; the word
Upon his lips still thundering hung,
When Ali deem'd in that he heard
For death a last sad signal rung,
And raised on high his ataghan—
But rush'd from out the turbann'd band
That mute had stood around, a man
Who wrench'd the dagger from his hand;
Then prostrate at his master's feet,
With loyalty and reverence meet,
Did thus the scepter'd madman greet.
"Forgive, great chief, a soldier's daring,
"'Twas prompted by his love of thee;
"Since thou art of thy life unsparing,
"The task to guard it falls on me
"Although thyself the enemy.
"I oft have saved thee from the foe
"And still my bounden duty know."
A half-breathed murmur of applause
Proclaims how many plead his cause,

Yet by its command faintness shows
How few their chieftain dare oppose,
Or for his life their own expose!
"What! rebels too among my slaves,
"As well as rivals of my blood
"For this may Sirat's quenchless waves
"O'erwhelm thee with their burning flood!"
Then turning quick, in frantic mood,
He hurrying paced the marbled floor,
Intent on one dread venture more;
And heedlessly his eye ran o'er
The glowing features there inlaid,
Of Mejnoun and his matchless maid,
So well, so livingly pourtray'd,
As made it seem a wond'rous sight,
To see the placid faces there,
Sustain, unmov'd, his maniac stare,
And still smile on with love's delight.
Selim had set him down beside
The fair but ill-starr'd girl, and tried
Each witching art that love possesses,
To break the chain of fear and grief,
By soothing words and soft caresses
That give the heaviest soul relief.
He strove to yield her breast a calm,
His own rack'd bosom did not feel,—
To pour on *her* torn heart a balm
He needed most his own to heal;
For woman lightens woe by weeping,
And parts with sorrow at her eye,
While haughtier man, his secret keeping,
Consumes in silent agony.

ON RESULTS AND CONSEQUENCES.

THE contemplation of results and consequences, which are the counteractions of our actions, good or bad; and in the ordinary course of things, without providential intervention as certain as mathematical demonstration, is an advantageous employment. Even conjecture has, in such cases, its use, and conscience whispering to us on the points of good or evil, together with our collected experience from books, and from the great *book of life*, furnish materials for a safe judgment of what we ought, or ought not to do, and present to the mind, pictures of results and consequences, as actually arrived.

Every one is more or less afflicted with the distemper of the mind, called *heedlessness*. It generally makes its appearance very early in life, and unless judiciously corrected by proper alteratives, grows into an inveterate and formidable disease, until there is altogether a morbid structure of the understanding, fatal to every thing like judgment and correctness. The symptoms of this disorder shew themselves, first in little eruptions of the tongue, that break out in the wild, incoherent expressions of "*Never mind*," "*It don't matter*," "*What does it signify*," and "*I don't care*:" at length these appear more frequently, and like the confluent small pox, run in each other, and become great deformities.

The first of these expressions, "*Never mind*," is a daring challenge of consequences, which plainly shews we ought to mind, and of which truth, the results presently convince

us. "*It don't matter,*" is a weak and frivolous lie, for we are too often brought to confess, that what we inconsiderately said, did not *matter*, was most *material* to our interests. "*What does it signify?*" is an interrogatory, that at all events, points out one truth, that we are at least uncertain as to what degree the matter may signify; but the ridiculous idiom, "*I don't care,*" is the defiance of a *fool*, with the arrogance of a *coxcomb*, and seldom fails of a full measure of punishment. Pope has said, that we are but children of a larger growth, and the truth of that observation is proved by the childishness and imbecility of numbers, who think themselves very wise and clever people.

Happy are they, who instead of looking to the immediate gratification, extend their consideration to final consequences. The man who lavishes the health of nature, would then deduce from the *premises* of *heedlessness*, the *results* of *heedlessness*, disease, and impotence. He who lavishes and squanders his money, would view the scare-crow poverty, advancing by rapid steps towards him, as the certain result; and he who loves indolence, would dread that *vis inertiæ*, which fixes him to a spot, and induces a mortification of all those springs of activity, which are fatal to his advantages in life.

Demosthenes says, that the end of wisdom is consultation and deliberation; and though his argument might have been more particularly applicable to matters of high importance, yet there are few actions undeserving of a thought. Perhaps Pope's single line—

"What great results from trivial causes spring,"

contains in itself a volume on the subject. True wisdom is that which sees in time, what a vast consequence may be put in train from an apparently trivial act, but which *forecasting* is generally, and, unhappily, with the unwise, neglected; nor is it until after the *fact*, that they acknowledge they might have foreseen the event. The prime minister who beat his royal master at chess, saw immediately after, that the vanity which had made him use *this skill*, *to gain the victory*, only gained him a foe. He went immediately to his family, and told them he was ruined; and, as he then calculated, he was in a few days after dismissed from his employ. It thus happens that he who aims at the triumph of a moment, defeats by his *success*, all his future advantages in life. It may be said, that we cannot always *foresee*, but if we own the truth, we must most frequently admit, that we did not *foresee*, because we did not look forward, but turned away, or aside; but the most fatal of all presumption is that which daringly leads us to expect the results from vice, belonging only to virtue, which can never happen, however circumstances may flatter us for a time, and which is finely described by Shakspeare:—

"If it were done, when 'tis done,
That this blow might be the be-all, and the end-all,
If the assassination cou'd trammel up the consequence."

Now the truth is, that when a bad act is done, it is not *done with*; it is not the *be-all*, and the *end-all*; the consequence is not trammel'd up, it will follow, it will travel on to the great final result, which swallows up all the intermediate effects in its vast ruin. The parasite who had served his patron faithfully in all his plans of vice and infamy, was astonished when he found himself neglected and despised by him, and yet more astonished, when on remonstrating with him for his ingratitude, received the answer, *Though we may like the treason, we do not love the traitor*, and it is most probable, that his unworthy master was plagued, and disappointed by the achievement of his objects.

"Malum concilium consultori pessimum."

"Ill designs are worst to the contriver."

In our consideration of results and consequences, our safety lies in this, not to look at the attainment of our object, but at what will follow its attainment; our injudicious moves may perhaps gain us a present advantage, and may lose us the great game we play for in life, honour and happiness.

"That great results from trivial causes spring," is to the considerate, an axiom of use and importance; we learn by it, that little attentions and civilities, often procure us friends and

great advantages; the *instant* may be productive of infinite good, or mischief, the *instant* is sometimes every thing to us, the instant often decides our fate; the small present is also often of great consequence:—there is a French proverb to the purpose.

"Le petit Present fait beaucoup;"

and the giving up of a small advantage also is frequently productive of great benefit; the French say again,

If faut perdu un Goujou pour pêcher un Saumon."

Taking things in time, or as the English proverb is, "taking time by the forelock," is of incalculable advantage.

There is an anecdote of the great Lord Nelson, very applicable to this subject. When he was about to go his voyage, the last he went, he had ordered his upholsterer to be with some furniture for his cabin, at a certain time; the man was a quarter of an hour after his time, and, said the gallant admiral, *I have owed all my success in life to being a quarter of an hour before time, instead of a quarter of an hour after it; that quarter of an hour has been every thing to me*;" how different this from the weakness of the expression, "Never mind," "What does it signify," "I don't care," &c.

The only situation in which we may safely be regardless of consequences, is that in which virtue or religion is at stake, for it is then but the immediate consequence that we defy, which must, in the end, yield to that great reward here, and hereafter, which is never denied to our love, for, and constancy to truth.

POLLIO.

SPECIMENS OF MODERN PROSE WRITERS.

No. I.

THE AUTHOR OF "TABLE TALK."

CHARACTERISTICS OF LEARNED MEN.

"A thing of shreds and patches."

SHAKSPEARE.

LEARNING is the parent of prejudice. It fosters the vices of forms. It is a bar to the progress of genius. The greatest enemy of reason is logic. Art is the corrupter of nature—pure, unsophisticated nature. Like the deadly fascination of the Boa, she charms her unsuspecting victim with the dazzling glances of sophistry: while he "sips with nymphs their elemental tea" in sweet content, the "gardener fancy," beckons him to where "a fane in polished beauty" is raised in polished whiteness and Corinthian grace: he enters the domed hall—he is doomed. The "still small voice" of nature is stifled in the downy embraces of cushioned sofas, and his senses lulled with syren sounds, that "take the prisoned soul and lap it in *oblivion*." The mental Telemachus of the Ulysses genius hears not the voice of his mentor, nature. Humanity is fallen. The same subtle fiend who tempted our frail mother Eve, even now erects his forked lightning crest in scarlet pride over its mangled carcase, crusted in the slime of poisonous hate. Liberty stands trembling aloof: the cap of crimson, that sat gracefully upon her wild brow, now rises upon her erect hair that stands "like quills upon the fretful porcupine." Hope once more bathes her flushed forehead in the cool dews of heaven, as yet untainted with

the serpent monster's breath. She revives once more to witness the scaly glutton bolt his huge morsel, and spread his nasty bulk that off rolls voluminous upon the flowery bed of human anticipations, which are crushed by the loathsome weight of the gigantic vermin. The child of nature enters the schools and becomes a pedant—a disciple of art. By art I mean, not nature. There is nature in some kinds of art, as that which is salt may be fresh, but what is fresh cannot be salt. Our first parents in their wonderous solitude knew not art,—

"The fount glades in murmurs waving
soft,
"The ever-varying melodies of birds."

The sweet converse with their heavenly visitants—the "voice and presence all divine," communing with their souls, was enough for them, till they longed for more. The world is no paradise; but his lamp burns clearest and steadiest whose oilman is nature. Blubber may be brighter, and "spermaceti for an inward *light*" be more refined; but the "light of nature, the subtle mental hydrogen, is far better than torches good—cheap at the dearest chandler's in Europe." A man without learning is in this age of letters spell-bound. But were the Otaheitan savages fools, before the missionaries went among them? A man can play rackets well who cannot read, and paint a fine picture, who cannot write his name. "Much learning drives men mad," and "of the multitude of books there is no end." A learned man may pass for what he is not: an illiterate man can only pass for what he is. Scholars write to display their erudition:

"Of amber-*covered Album* justly vain,
"And the nice conduct of a *classic pen*."

Self-taught men write to express their meaning and to show their sense. The first argue with "smooth speech" and flowing sentences; the latter with knock-down blows. The one is striving to vindicate his judgment; the other to convince. The public know this, and judge accordingly. In writing on any subject, I say all I know, and speak as I think. I stick close to my point, and am generally right—the world disputes this: so let them. I write to please myself and support my own theories. The pedants were "all in arms and eager for the fray," when I entered the lists, and because I wrote in a clear, manly, sensible style, without resorting to dogmas or University "quids and quiddities," they took me for a savage. Their spleen and contempt were roused. Their self-love was affronted to think that I should "rush in where *scholars* fear to tread," and they set upon me with their logical weapons. A fellow steps up and makes a pass at me with a glittering scholastic rapier; but he met with an intellectual foil: a double-edged argumentative dagger turned his blow, and his bright bauble lay in shivers upon the ground. He found to his confusion that he had to do with one "cunning in fence." Muffled in the "inky cloak" of an anonymous scribbler, he slunk back among the filthy columns of the Courier, or screened himself behind some gouty "pillar of the state."

Learning would do people good if it would make them better; but did it ever do so yet? Independence shudders out—No. I remember taking a lunch of poached eggs and a jug of home-brewed ale, at a snug inn by the road-side near the village of ———, and the servant wench, a tight, buxom lass, with a pretty, round face, red arms, and black stockings answered my question, of whether she had read a well-thumbed novel of Smollett's that lay in the window, with the following pertinent remark, given in the rich dialect of Somersetshire—"I coarn't read, Zur; but I doan't moind, for folks as reads doan't do no better nor them az doan't, as I zee." This proves the truth of my theory. "Out of the mouth of *hinds and servants*" will I condemn the age. "Beware, my lord, of *pedantry*." It is easier to write an elaborate learned treatise than to churn butter. To do the first you have only to say what has been said before, but the latter requires patience and manual dexterity. It is difficult to do many things with ease. Any body can perform what is within the compass of his ability, with some labour: to do it with facility and grace is the point. It is easier to write well elegantly than in a plain way, because the latter would not be tolerable if it were not good. This,

after all in a test. Strip a courtier of his gaudy birth-day suit, and put a prize-fighter by his side, and which is the best man? Both are nature, but one is so used to live in a world of art, that he is "not at home" without his dress. "Oh! nature, dear goddess, hear!" Let all who with cherubic simplicity draw the new milk of wisdom from thy multitudinous breasts, lisp forth to the world's sore ear, "with *dulness' importunate* pinches black," the infantine accents of truth! May they fall like the pearly syllables of a fairy primer, not before swine, but as jewels in their noses—far braver ornaments than "gauds of art."

The disadvantages of learning are doubly great as they attach to learned men. They stick like burrs to the broad sable skirts of classical coats, the pride of the wearers, the jest of the multitude. Talking to a pedant is like reading a dictionary through "without the meanings," as the boys say at school. You seek information, he talks of polemics. You might as well talk to a cricket-bat; which is a very substantial toy, and promotes exercise. Rackets are better, and require infinitely more skill: besides, in cricket you may be bowled out, and at best only get a few notches at a time. But in playing rackets, on the contrary, it depends on your own skill to beat your adversary—13—love. I did this once, and felt myself a greater man than the Duke of Wellington. To be sure it was with one who could scarce hold a racket, but I played well, and vollied my balls four times running. Mere scholars are of no use to any body. The world would go on very well without them. Porson was one of the best *Grecians*, and a good fellow into the bargain. He transfused his genius into a comment on Aristotle, or a note to an obscure greek text. Dr. Parr and Horne Tooke, were men of this class, who were thrown neck and heels into Homer, and, strange to say, came out no worse—except that their brains were nothing but Greek letters, like what the printers call "pi." They frittered away into scholastic pancakes. There is more real common sense and shrewdness in a gypsey's tent than in a University—there are more good things said at a Hampstead ordinary, than are eaten at a college dinner. Much more is to be learned from a sharp tradesman than from a professor. The one confines his attention to a few objects, but he sees them distinctly, the other sees many things obscurely, or rather, he sees not things, but their shadows. The English have a greater *gout* for the useful than any other nation—the Americans excepted. They like a *mixed mode* in writing. The success of the first Scotch novel depended on its historical vein: that of all the others on the first. People are good judges of what they like best: the reviews step in between and spoil their appetite for the untasted banquet by a sop in the pan of prejudice, that lays under the unfortunate book they are roasting before the slow fire of envy, and basting with their "grey goose-quill"—there it turns, "drip, drip, drip, nothing else but dripping." These ephemeral spawn of party, overspread the clear brook of literature, like harpies tainting the whole some draught before the public can taste. I remember the eagerness with which I played at taw, in "my school-boy day of prime." Every marble I shot out of the ring was like a bullet through my brain. My "knuckle down," was fibrous and intense; it was the whole world to me. If I lost, my heart became cold as marble—I wept "blood *allies*!" This seldom was the case, for I was reckoned a "dab at taw." The same spirit that induced my play-mates to trick me if they could (which was no easy matter) led my enemies to accuse me of tautology and paradox—envy. Oh! that I was as wise as I was then! I should have escaped many a rankling shaft of malice—many a "pang of despised love." But that time will never come again!—yet I may endeavour to realise the wisdom of youth in the sour simplicity of "second childishness"—another Rousseau?

Many literary as well as political characters owe their celebrity to the period in which they lived. Great events nourish and call forth great talents: great patrons surfeit them. The late war created no truly great men; though it destroyed many. It is barren of glory both in names and victories. Buonaparte was brought forward by the French Revolution,

and its genitals by himself. They stamped the age with the die of glory; but that medal was not complete without a reverse, and that was the bloody scale of the holy alliance. There were a few names which gilded a short-lived notoriety, by the brute of extraordinary gazettes and the hired thunders of newspapers. They were lauded in despatches, and figure more profitably on the pension list. It may be said with truth of those who fell at Waterloo, "their heart's-blood was coined for *medals*." In common sense the French beat us out of the field, though we reaped the spoils. All they won was stolen from them at Waterloo, whether praise or baggage. Their fame is their reward. I have come off better. In vain the demon of despotism essayed to stun me with his savage roar. This grim-featured head, which "the likeness of a kingly crown had on," grinned horribly a ghastly smile, as he prepared to dart upon his victim. But the breath of his foul intent reached, e'er the death-flap of his bat-like wings had struck me, or the envenomed print of his talons had marked my prostrate form. I have escaped his clutches hitherto, though I bear the marks of *cuts* from *pseudo*-friends which will never cicatrize. They scored me like pork, while they wiped their onioned eyes, and sagely accepted places at their patron's tables. Where are the laurels of our boasted victories? Twined round the recreant brow of the poet laureate and scorching with shame at their degradation. Look at the once goodly pile of the constitution. Ivy obscures its marble beauty, fattens on the life-blood of its cement, and blocks up the light of reason with the window-tax. But the lightning of public indignation shall blast the creeping branches, and wither its flaunting leaves. The fair proportions of this stately edifice are now rotten with corruption and "crazed with eld"—there it stands, a doting, grey, blind, bumard—the derision of surrounding nations—the receptacle for "the filth and off-scouring of all men." The state-carpenters may try to patch it up, but their materials, though carved from the bleeding hearts of patriots, will not avail. To return to the subject. If the greatest geniuses have been originally untaught, the greatest names have been originally unknown. They are indebted to no corporation for the birth of their fame. Such bodies advocate a thriving cause—feed on the fat haunches of sleek reputation. A club of literary partizans, or a knot of political beaux, with ribbons, crosses, patent celebrity, and well starred names, are not the men to lower themselves by going up into a garret, or leaving the court to explore an alley in search of obscure genius. Their "eyrie buildeth on the *noble's fame*, and dallies with the *rich* and scorns the *poor*." When it blazes forth from its smothered embers in volumes of flame, and these firemen cannot quench it, they appear to rejoice, and surround the Phœnix like boys shouting round a bonfire. They buzz round the aspirant for public applause like a swarm of drones with the whole hive at their heels, while he basks in the sunshine of popularity. But if he approach the "farthing candle" of criticism, they leave him lest they should burn their fingers. There is a species of learned fops who parade the quadrangles of colleges, and glitter in drawing-rooms. As Sir Benjamin Backbite says

> "All eyes they attract as they *flutter* along,
> "Their *words* are so sleek and their *ears* are so long."

They are decked with prize medals, and embroidered with metaphorical finery. They breathe essence of nothingness, and scent of "rich distilled perfumes." Such puppets are like the sugared figures on twelfth-cakes, and only fit for the grown children of fashion to look at. "Away with such fellows from the earth"—they raise my gall when I see them. There are a sort of thin, papery, curled wafer-cakes, which you see in the pastry-cook's windows. I hate them: they seem like hollow friends. They are the types of those scornful, irritable pedants, who rolled up in their orthodox arrogance, are fearful of being crushed by the collision of argument. Aim a manly blow with a contradictory cudgel at one of these graduates who "walk gowned," and he sinks into the bog of controversy like a stage-trick, leaving his cloth and trencher to bear the brunt.

L. M. July, 1824.

When societies are constituted of such materials, they become mere alms-houses for literary paupers—Lazar-houses for diseased intellects and maimed reputations. They are like "whitened sepulchres," full of "wounds and bruises, and putrifying sores." Instead of being "a well of *learning* pure, and undefiled," they become a "cistern for foul *brains*, to knot, and gender in." When an individual enrols his name among the members of their committees, he signs the death-warrant of his conscience: when he enters their supple-hinged doors, he leaves his soul behind him.

W. H.

A NIGHT PIECE.

Oh! I love when night's dim shadows,
Silently rest on the flower crown'd meadows;
When the moping owl has sought his nest,
And the cawing rook has retired to rest,
When the turtle is cooing his love to his mate,
His downy bosom with rapture elate,
While plaintive Philomel carrols her song
High perch'd the rustling branches among;
And while the stately moon on high,
Soberly rolls through the fleecy sky,
Heedless, wherever I list to stray,
When the "hum of men" is hush'd away.

There! now I sit me the stream beside,
Coolly rippling in moonlight tide,
Its glassy bosom reflecting the trees,
Solemnly waving in midnight breeze;
With folded arms on the margin green,
I sit and admire the pensive scene.

What sable plum'd bird in yonder bush,
Warbles soft as the silver throated thrush?
Sweet blackbird! repeat that querulous note,
I joy to hear it in midnight float,
And, as through the air, its way it shall wend,
Th' admiring trees their heads shall bend,
In rev'rence deep, as their yellow leaves,
Dull, rustling fall in the midnight breeze;
There, far away in modest guise,
Behold the village steeple rise,
And tipp'd with gold is its humble spire,
Brightly radiant with lunar fire:
I'll step along the low green sward,
And enter into its lonely yard.

Now! see how the placid, the high moon reigns,
And softly shines over hills and plains!
It lightens the warrior's trophied tomb!
Where quiet he rests in its silent gloom!
His steel-clad limbs are for ever laid low,
And the inlaid armour is empty now!

The clashing sword, and the cannon's thunder,
Shall fail to rive its stone asunder!
The trumpet's clangour shall fail to rouse,
Tho' it ring through the whole of his narrow house,
His dust, who once on his prancing horse,
Gallantly rode and thunder'd in wars!
The *startled worm*, may lift its head,
While slimy crawling, on the rotting dead.

Ah! yes, once more he shall start from the ground,
When the angel's trump, with its fearful sound,
Shall ring to creation's utmost bound.
Once more shall he join a phalanx glorious,
And with wonder list to their pealing chorus,
Shall see th' aerial sons of light,
High rang'd aloft in dazzling might!
Now turn to the spot, where a mother sleeps,
See over her grave, yon willow weeps,
And the tufted grave, and the plain white stone,
Shall hear me sigh, Alas! *art* thou gone!
And then I will sit, 'neath the yew tree's shade,
And muse o'er the spot where her bones are laid;
When in peaceful rest, her sacred clay,
Shall sleep undisturb'd 'till it moulders away!

Aye! the close plaited cap, that thy head circles now,
Shall here be remov'd from thy cold clammy brow!
Rest, coffin'd close, and shrowded all o'er,
Nor move again from thy deep clayey floor!
Ah! rest thee Anna! oh, matchless worth!
Peace to thy ashes, thrice hallow'd earth!
I kneel on the sod, lying light on thy breast,
And I ask—"*Canst* thou flit from the realms of the blest,
"And hover near those, whom thou loved'st below?
"*Canst* thou stoop, our condition on earth to know?
"Oh, then, if our eyes may endure the sight,
"Let us see thee full radiant, and cloathed in light!
"In the thrilling sounds of still during love,
"Oh, tell of thy meeting with friends above!
"How through their shining ranks thou passed,
"And fell at the foot of the throne at last:
"How thou rod'st on the air, with the thunder that quiver'd,
"And glanc'd on the clouds that the lightning's sever'd!
"Oh, then, if our ears can endure the story,
"Come, tell us of all this thy wond'rous glory!
"Dear shade! I will ever thy memory revere,
"And still drop on thy tomb the enduring tear."

But look! the moon is waning high,
The silvery light is deserting the sky;
The breezes are blowing the church-yard along,
And the birds beginning to carrol their song;
And hark! the cock his bugle has wound,
And the shadows of darkness all flit at the sound;
The lark is trilling his song on high,
The sun is streaking the eastern sky;
The woodman is whistling along the dale,
The sheep are bleating in yonder vale;
The cows are all lowing, and waiting the maid,
Who yonder is tripping along the green shade;
Night's sable curtains are chased away,
And radiant in glory, approaches the day!

CLIO.

SOME REMAINING SUPERSTITIONS OF THE BRITISH PEASANTRY.

No. I.

"Auctoritatem nullam debemus, nec fidem commentitiis rebus adjungere."
CICERO.

THE Romish religion, as well as many of our christian sectaries, has given birth to innumerable superstitions. Wherever its influence prevails, especially beyond the sphere of polished life, the mind is prepared to admit, without scruple, the truth of traditions, which to a sober understanding, must appear contemptible or ridiculous. This boundless credulity, —this prostration of the mind to monstrous fables, will not surprise us, when we consider, that the conscientious catholic regards tradition, as of almost equal authority with scripture; and that he is accustomed to receive with the blindest reverence, all that the former teaches*. Such a one cannot reasonably reject any popular superstition, however absurd, especially if it be in any degree connected with his religion. The wildest of the Danish and Norwegian fables, are scarcely more extravagant, than many legends of the Romish saints.

But traces of popery may be found in many parts of the empire, from which that faith has long been banished. Wales, the Isle of Man, many counties and isles of Scotland, and some of the more mountainous districts in the north of England, abound with traditions which originated with our catholic ancestors, and which still continue to be received by their protestant descendants. If the reformation threw off the burthensome observances of the Romish ritual, it certainly did not, in all places, throw off the local superstitions, which popery had introduced and fostered. The scenes which had, during so many ages, been associated with the prevailing belief,—the fairy caverns, the enchanted streams and rocks, the romantic hills and grottos of the country, would still be regarded with mysterious awe by the first protestants. An entire stranger to the manners and habits of the solitary inhabitants of the mountains, can form little conception of the influence which local associations possess over the mind. The village church, whose ivy mantled tower has been

"Rocked by the storms of a thousand years,"

and in whose gothic aisles, his forefathers were accustomed to worship, is regarded by the rustic with holier and more reverential feelings, than the elegant structures of the present age can inspire; had it not been for the strength of these feelings, the reformation would never perhaps have been effected. The people were unwilling to forsake their churches, and they became insensibly reconciled to the new faith. Some strong instances of this attachment to the old religious edifices of the country, have come to the writer's knowledge, but, none, he believes, more striking than the following:—A young married woman of good understanding, and of virtuous habits, was persuaded by her husband, a dissenter, with whom

* It should not, however, be forgotten, that the more enlightened Romanists, as Tillemant, Baillet, Father Alexandre, Du Pin, &c., though they have admitted, without hesitation, many absurd traditions, have had the courage to reject many which their church was supposed to have long received. And it should be known that this church herself has said: "Judicium Dei veritati quæ nec fallit, nec fallitur semper innititur: judicium autem ecclesiæ *nonnunquam opinionem sequitur, cui et fallere sæpe contingit et falli.*" De Excom. Cap. 2.

she had removed to the distance of several miles from her native village, to attend the same place of worship as himself; but though she had nothing to say against the doctrines preached at the conventicle, she could not reconcile herself to the step she had taken. The welcome, but unfrequent sight of the village church, thrilled her with an emotion, to her undefinable. At length, notwithstanding the reasonings, expostulations, and even threats of a husband whom she tenderly loved; the rugged paths, and often dangerous marshes which she was obliged to traverse every sabbath-day; she returned, as she affectingly expressed it, to the "temple and last earthly home of her fathers."

We shall not then be surprised, that among a people so tenacious of the customs and traditions of their ancestors, many superstitions continue to be received and reverenced. Of these, none is more prevalent than the belief in the existence of fairies—an imaginary race of beings, which are every where represented as possessed of the same capricious qualities, to be sometimes harmless as children, and sometimes malignant as demons. That this belief should be so carefully cherished in our days, when according to the acknowledgment even of the vulgar, not one of those beings has either been seen or heard, would indeed excite our wonder, were it not sufficiently explained by the force of hereditary prepossessions, and by that propensity to the marvellous, for which a rude and uncultivated people is ever remarkable.

A few years ago, the writer of the present article, made an excursion into one of the most secluded mountainous districts in England; while he remained there, he had frequent opportunities of becoming acquainted with its traditionary superstitions. In a place more than usually wild, and at a considerable distance from any human habitation, he was shewn a cavern, which whether formed by nature or art, may well be considered a curiosity. It is known by the name of the Fairy-Cavern, and is situated on the declivity of a high and very steep hill. Its aperture between two enormous rocks, is so narrow, as to be imperceptible at the distance of a very few yards. Through this aperture, no entreaties could induce the youth, whom the writer had engaged as guide, to accompany him; and as he was unprovided with torches, he could not explore the interior. He ventured a few yards, but found the path so precipitous, and the darkness and silence of the place so appalling, that he speedily returned. Concerning this cavern, there exists the following ancient tradition.*

A poor midwife was returning late one evening from a neighbouring hamlet, and her nearest, perhaps her only practible path, lay close by the Fairy Cavern. Though she was naturally resolute, and the moon shone with unusual brightness, her agitation encreased as she approached the dreaded spot, as if she had a secret presentiment of what was to follow. No sooner had she turned round the projecting angle of one of the rocks, than she perceived something like a man, but of lower stature, advancing towards her. She had scarcely time to consider, whether that being were of this or another world, before she was seized by the arm, and drawn with irresistible force towards the mouth of the cavern. In an agony of despair, she invoked her patron saint, and her mysterious conductor suddenly stopped. "Fear not," said he, "you will not be detained long, and no evil will befal you, if, after we have passed through this aperture, you call not on God, St. Mary, or any of the saints. In vain you would oppose an unearthly being; time presses: we must away." Unable to oppose, and convinced that if she were able, opposition would be unavailing, she quietly resigned her-

* Neither the cavern nor the tradition is imaginary. The former is in the very heart of a considerable chain of bleak and lofty hills, which run along the borders of three adjoining counties, Yorkshire, Cheshire, and Derbyshire; and the latter is well known to the inhabitants of the district alluded to in the text. That district is distant about half a day's journey from the ancient village of Mottram, on the borders of Cheshire.

self to the guidance of her unknown companion. He immediately led her through the aperture, and she found that they were descending with inconceivable celerity. In a few moments their feet touched the bottom, all was utter darkness, until he anointed her eyes with a kind of salve; suddenly a scene of overpowering splendour burst upon her astonished sight, she saw that she was in the interior of a vast palace, the magnificence of which, could never be conceived by any mortal. The pillars, furniture, and even the walls, were of massy gold, and ornamented with precious stones of the most dazzling lustre. While she was gazing around with wonder and admiration, a female of extraordinary beauty advanced towards her, and taking her by the hand, led her into another room, smaller indeed, but of equal magnificence. In one corner of the room she perceived several female attendants, all young, beautiful, and gorgeously clad, standing round the bed of a sick fairy, and chanting this couplet:—

"Mortal approach; the fates decree,
That mortal aid our sister free."

She now learned that her professional assistance was required. After she had satisfactorily performed the task appointed her, she was brought back into the apartment she had quitted, where she found a table covered with the most exquisite viands, and with a liquor more delicious than nectar. While she partook of the refreshment prepared for her, the most fragrant perfumes exhaled around, and strains of unseen, but of indescribable harmony, threw a soft enchantment over the scene. The old woman was in an extasy of enjoyment, husband, children, friends,—the world itself was forgotten. But this enjoyment could not be perpetual to a daughter of humanity. At the conclusion of her repast, her male conductor again appeared; he carefully cleared her eyes from the enchanted salve with which he had anointed them; and the palace, the entertainment, the attendants and the music, were in an instant succeeded by darkness and silence. She was speedily carried out to the place where she had first seen her unearthly guide; and there she was left, but not without receiving more substantial proofs of the fairies' gratitude.

The Isle of Man, the "fairy land," as Collins terms it, has ever been distinguished for its belief in ancient superstitions. The ceremony of *hunting the wren*, is peculiar to the island. The following account of it is extracted, with some slight variations, from a history, which though well known in some parts of Lancashire, may not perhaps be so to most of my readers.

The ceremony of hunting the wren, is founded on this ancient tradition. A fairy of uncommon beauty once exerted such undue influence over the male population, that she seduced numbers at various times, to follow her footsteps, till by degrees she led them into the sea, where they perished. This barbarous exercise of power had continued so long, that it was feared the island would be exhausted of its defenders. A knight-errant sprung up, who discovered some means of countervailing the charms used by the syren, and even laid a plot for her destruction, which she only escaped at the moment of extreme hazard, by assuming the form of a wren. But though she evaded punishment at that time, a spell was cast upon her, by which she was condemned to reanimate the same form on every succeeding New Year's Day, until she should perish by a human hand. In consequence of this legend, every man and boy in the island (except those who have thrown off the trammels of superstition) devote the hours from the rising to the setting of the sun, on each returning anniversary, to the hope of extirpating the fairy. Woe to the wrens which shew themselves on that fatal day, they are pursued, pelted, fired at, and destroyed without mercy; their feathers are preserved with religious care; for it is believed, that every one of the relics gathered in the pursuit, is an effectual preservation from shipwreck for the ensuing year, and the fisherman who should venture on his occupation, without such a safeguard, would, by many of the natives, be considered extremely foolhardy.

In the same island, it is still believed that genii and giants inhabit the subterraneous caverns of Rushen Castle; and that the high-minded

Countess of Derby, who once resided in Man, and whose vigorous resistance at the siege of Latham House, has immortalised her name, takes her nightly rounds on the walls of the castle. But perhaps the most dreaded spectre in the island, is the Manthé Doog, or Black Hound, which is still thought to be no stranger to Peel Castle. When a garrison was maintained at that fortress, the soldiers were frequently thrown into great consternation by the nocturnal visits of the spectre. One of the soldiers, familiarised at length with its appearance, having raised his courage by spirituous liquors, ventured one night, notwithstanding the opposition of his comrades, to follow the animal to its retreat. But his temerity proved fatal. He soon returned, speechless and convulsed, and survived his rash attempt no longer than three days. *

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* The tradition above related, will explain the following allusion in Sir W. Scott's Marmion.

"But none of all the astonished train,
Were so dismayed as Deloraine;
His blood did freeze, his brain did burn,
'Twas feared his mind would ne'er return:
For he was speechless, ghastly wan!
Like him of whom the story ran,
Who spake the spectre hound in Man."

PARAPHRASE OF THE 29th PSALM.

Ye sons of the mighty, a sacrifice bring,
To the footstool of power, and your thanksgivings raise,
For the Lord is your strength, your creator, and king,
Who demands from his children the tribute of praise.
That the Lord is our God; he whose spirit controls,
And stills the wild waves or the tempest swoll'n deep,
When born on the thunder, as slowly it rolls,
We hear in its terrors, omnipotence speak.
Yea, the voice of our God is a glorious sound,
When it moves o'er the waters, or speaks in the storm:
The cedars of Libanus bend to the ground,
And the mountains and hills from their fabric are torn.
He sends forth his lightnings; his voice can divide
The red-rushing flames, and their fury awake,
When forth on the wings of destruction they ride,
And beneath them the powers of the wilderness shake.
The voice of our God, it is mighty in power,
On his bounty the wild tribes of nature depend,
The hind rears her young in the green forest bower,
From his altars the prayers of his children ascend.
The Lord is our strength, in his glory shall bring,
To his people the fulness and blessings of peace,
The Lord o'er the water flood, reigneth a king,
And his portion eternity, never shall cease.

S. S.

POETRY ABSTRACTEDLY CONSIDERED.

"WHAT poetry is," is a question which has, in all ages, exercised the ingenuity of the acutest, as well as of the most comprehensive minds; and perhaps there are few subjects on which there has existed such dissimilarity, and in many cases, opposition of opinion. But the problem would not perhaps have been found so difficult of solution, had not prejudice been so long allowed to usurp the throne of just criticism, and the "dogmatism of learning," and the reverence paid to ancient authority, been unfortunately possessed of more influence than the plainest dictates of truth and nature.

"Poetry," says one, "consists solely in imagination,—in that power of the mind, by which ideal worlds are called into existence." But to this definition there are two strong objections. Imagination is conversant not only with ideal, but likewise with palpable objects. The true poet not only creates, but he also separates, combines and compares the infinitely diversified appearances of visible nature. Nor is the definition sufficiently comprehensive; it makes no distinction between such works as the *Mysteries of Udolpho*, and the *Paradise Lost*: for in the former, imagination exists the same in kind, though not in degree, as in the latter.

Another and a greater authority comes nearer to the truth, when he asserts that "poetry accommodates the shews of things to the desires of the mind." It is indeed an association of the images of visible creation not only with the conceptions, but also with the passions of the mind. Hence a familiarity with those images; a power of adapting them to the expression of these conceptions and passions, and a heart capable, not only of strong and mighty feeling, but of being moved by the finest touches of human sympathy, are necessary to form the true poet. Imagination and feeling then, are the two great fundamental principles of the art.

Many have contended, that versification is a constituent part of poetry: but abstractedly considered, it is an adjunct, not an essential part. The works ascribed to Ossian, are doubtless poetry: many passages in the Bible, in Rasselas, and not a few in the Rambler, are as highly poetical as the most admired descriptions in the Iliad, or the Faery Queen. But poetry has always been designed, not only to move and to elevate, but also to please; for which purpose, versification and harmony of numbers, are admirably and peculiarly adapted.

DIRGE.

He that was living
Among us, is dead:
Sadly we're giving
His bones to their bed.
He who was *all*
To our bosom, is nothing:
Under that pall
Is only for loathing.

Let the moon low on him,
He'll never shrink;
Let the storm blow on him,
He'll never shrink;

Fearfully fraught
Is his name to our ear;
'Tis a shadow, when nought
To have cast it, is near.

Long hath our love
Dwelt with this brother;
Long must it rove,
For a home such another.

Roved with us near;
'Tis faithful as deathless,
With him for ever,
Thy quick with the breathless.

CONVERSATION.

" Though Nature weigh out talents, and dispense
To ev'ry man his modicum of sense,
And Conversation, in its better part,
May be esteem'd a gift, and not an art.
Yet much depends, as in the tiller's toil,
On culture, and the sowing of the soil;
Words learn'd by rote a talker may rehearse,
But *talking* is not always to *converse*."

THERE are few talents more enviable than that of shining in conversation; I do not mean that impertinent loquacity by which some of our travelled puppies are distinguished, but the elegant and happy art of discoursing with grace and fluency on those subjects to which we chiefly delight to listen in English society; where, from our national reserve, conversation is often at a stand. The presence of a well informed man who possesses the art of communicating his remarks with politeness and ease, is a pleasing acquisition to a company: we all feel the influence of his talents, and inwardly congratulate ourselves on being freed from the necessity of furnishing a certain quantum of dry speech, which common courtesy would otherwise have demanded. Every one who has had the advantage of French society must feel the superior attraction of their evening conversations to the cold and constrained chit chat of an English drawing-room, where every attempt at general conversation invariably degenerates to absolute insipidity, unless some gifted being, in compassion to our national deficiency, should kindly volunteer his talents, and enliven the spreading gloom by taking the lead on some animating subject. But he who would seek to relieve the tedium by endeavouring to promote a general circulation of ideas, should by all means avoid the appearance of engrossing the attention of the company by the exhibition of his individual talents; for, aware of our constitutional reserve, our self-love is apt to take alarm, and, while we cannot but feel inwardly pleased, and relieved, as it were, from the awkward predicament of filling a chair at a silent meeting, we are generally inclined to view our benefactor in the light of a vain fellow who loves to hear himself talk. A peculiar tact is necessary to draw out the opinions of others, and to set conversation going, so that each person may feel inclined to shine in a fugitive remark; for, after all, there is nothing more conducive to the harmony of a mixed company, than the privilege of an open discussion. It is true we may not feel inclined to take a part in the debate which is going forward, but still we are comfortable under the reflection that if we do, we shall meet with polite attention. For this reason, the person who would wish to start a fresh subject in a company, not over loquacious, should propose it with a view to render them more at their ease. He may, of course, in offering his own remarks, introduce what flourishes he will, provided they are confined within a reasonable limit; but when once he attempts to show off his acquirements in the set language of a professed speech maker, there is at once an end to the free circulation of ideas: the company grow shy of the spouter, and when his subjects are exhausted, it is a task more hopeless than ever to attempt to revive a general conversation. We often see this effect produced, and a whole company struck dumb, and motionless, as a flock of sheep in a thunder storm, by the oratorical propensity of a learned member.

A very necessary qualification in a polite gentleman, who would devote his time and attention to the service of the ladies, is to have at his command an unceasing stock of light

matter, with which to amuse his fair companion. Between the acts of the opera, or the pauses of the dance, if his partner be agreeable in herself, and of a conversable turn, the matter is easily managed, and their chit chat proceeds with the utmost felicity: but if, as is sometimes the case, the young lady has had the misfortune of being tutored by a maiden aunt, or a prim puritanical governess, the poor beau is really to be pitied: for, although his fund of small talk be actually inexhaustible, it is rather too much to expect that it should flow on without eliciting a single remark in return, beyond an indistinct mony-syllable, an unmeaning simper, or a suppressed giggle. Ladies should look to this.

That the gift of oratory is one which is born within us, and exists independently of other talents, or attainments, none will attempt to refute. But is it not a strange anomaly in the human intellect to find a man who should prove himself capable of delighting an audience by an extemporaneous display of eloquence, and yet be nearly inadequate to the task of expressing his sentiments on paper with common precision? Yet paradoxical as this may seem, there have been instances of its truth. I myself knew a man who excelled as a colloquial companion, and who more than once having had occasion to address a large assembly, acquitted himself in a style that produced a considerable effect; yet, when he sat coolly down to express himself on paper, on a given subject, he felt an almost total absence of every idea, which the subject was calculated to suggest. His genius, it would seem, required an immediate excitement in order to give effect to his feelings, and his fancy was too fleeting and flashy for the dull et ceteras of pen, ink, and paper. It is, however, no unusual thing to see the reverse of this in a person eminently gifted as a writer, yet, who never attempts to take a part in polite conversation without suffering embarrassment himself, and inflicting pain on others. Such was Goldsmith; and such is a certain author who enjoys a reputation, almost as enviable as that which must always attach to the bard of the "Deserted Village." In fact, there are many of our living writers whose talents are by no means apparent, either in their personal appearance or their conversational powers. The London Literati have little to distinguish them, beyond their writings, from the every day people by whom they are surrounded. No doubt there are some exceptions to this, and the elegant writer may often be identified with the polished gentleman. Indeed it is at all times difficult to keep separate in our fancies an author's productions from the notion which they give us of himself; and he, I think, must be the very Proteus of writers, whose character cannot be gathered from his works. Who, for instance, after reading the poetry of our modern Catullus, can form any other idea of the man than that of a gifted being, the life and ornament of every circle: and would it not belie all our previous notions of men and things, to suppose for a moment that Southey or Wordsworth had the least spark of social humour about them? Mr. Coleridge is said to excel in conversation*; if this be true, and I have no reason to question the assertion, I confess that I am somewhat puzzled, for I own I can trace no possible connection between the dreaming mystifications of the bard of "Crisabel," and the social and rational talent with which he is invested. The friends of Lord Byron speak warmly of his companionable qualities, and his colloquial powers; and, judging from his works, I have no doubt of his being an eloquent man, and, when free from the influence of his moody fancy, a delightful companion. Pursuing further this system of cause and effect, I should be inclined to think that Mr. Rogers is, in private life, as amiable, as the character of his poetry is mild and tender. As a lover of the Muses, however, I cannot but lament that fortune should have afforded him the means of cashing a check with facility. Poverty and poetry are old companions. Ever since the

* See the ingenious letters published under the *nom.* of the Count [illegible] Ugny.

days of Homer they have rhymed and begged together, exposed to bad roads and inclement seasons. Yet, have I seldom found that the latter has ever benefitted much from a ride in a gilded chariot. Poverty is her natural companion, and she must cleave to him for better or for worse. Mr. Rogers is said to be a wit, a retailer of *bon mots* and *jeu d'esprits*,* if so I am again at fault, for "the Pleasures of Memory", and "Human Life," exhibit no trace of the *Vis comica*. The authors of certain books called Conversations on Chemistry, Botany, and various other sciences, must be inveterate talkers. Fontenelle was a notorious gossip, and witness his celebrated dialogue on the plurality of worlds. As to the author of "Table Talk," I have little doubt but that he can prattle as agreeably over a bottle of old wine, as at times he does in the pages of a certain periodical.

There is scarcely any thing more ridiculous than the silent suspicion with which a mixed company of Englishmen regard each other. In a stage coach, for example, where five or six rational beings are thrown together for the purpose of performing a given number of miles, what can be more absurd than their jealous taciturnity? one should suppose that the very circumstance of their compact situation would promote loquacity, and ooze out their good humour. Not to speak of the pleasure to be derived from a reciprocal communication of thought, which it is the interest, in fact, of all travellers to encourage, in order to deceive the tediousness of a long road. The natural reserve of John Bull, however, is not to be overcome by oddity of situation, or even the hilarity of a chance companion. He sits in dull reserve, and seems to suspect you of a design upon his pockets, while you are even in the act of telling a story to amuse him. Try him on every side, and do your best, you will fail to draw him out. If you push him too far, he takes up a newspaper, or draws on his night cap, and thus you are at once defeated; and, after the journey of a day, your utmost ingenuity can gain nothing further from him than a dry remark or two on the fall or advance of the markets, or the state of the weather. How differently, as Yorick says, they order these matters in France, where the accidental journey of a few miles in a chance diligence is sure to introduce you to conversable companions, and has often been the means of originating a friendship which has only ceased with life. We sometimes, however, even in phlegmatic England, meet with a companion whose mercurial disposition would seem to rise above the dull atmosphere, and of whom you can find no fault on the ground of reserve. I had the fortune to light upon a young gentleman of this description, in a late journey to the north. Though green in years, he was an old stager, and seemed to be well known to coachmen, waiters, and chambermaids, as they successively appeared. On the road, the volubility of his tongue outstripped even the rapidity of our progress, and his communicative disposition disclosed to us not only the object of his present journey, but the history of his past life, his escapes and adventures. He was something of a wag, and he seemed to consider the peculiarities of his companions as fair game for his wit; but all his endeavours failed either to entertain or irritate, and he was at last driven to the alternative of drawing on his night cap, and sharing in the general snore.

There is a class of persons whose company I should always wish to shun. These are your inveterate talkers, your wholesale news-mongers, who run on from theme to theme, without the slightest regard to your patience or convenience: such men should be excluded as insufferable bores, from all rational society. Whenever I meet with a person of this description, if I cannot with decency retreat, I make up my mind to

* The John Bull newspaper whenever a bad pun is at hand, is sure to father it on poor Mr. Rogers. This must be an insufferable nuisance to the party concerned, who has, no doubt, sins enough of his own to answer for, without being held responsible for those of others.

sit in sad civility, and do penance for my past transgressions by endeavouring to hear him out: but I make it a rule never to reply to his arguments, or notice his remarks, beyond a nod, or a very brief sentence; for experience has taught me the folly of endeavouring to keep pace with a random talker.

"I twirl my thumbs, fall backwards in my chair
Fix on the wainscot a distressful stare,
And when I hope his blunders are all out,
Reply discreetly—to be sure—no doubt."

How often have I been obliged to retreat into a shop, or make an adroit turning, on purpose to avoid one of these incessant talkers, whom it was my ill fortune to meet with at a dinner party, and who from that day, whenever by chance we came in contact, fastened himself on me with the most provoking assurance; and for no other purpose, it would seem, than merely that he might "unload into my listening ear," the many subjects with which his tongue was itching. It was in vain to plead pressing business, or a particular engagement: his time was his own, and he had no objection to walk as far as I was going, and wait till my hurry was over; and then, as to dinner, all hours were alike to him. He overruled an excuse in an instant, and the more impatient I grew to shake him off, the closer he held my arm. He *so* longed to see me, and had *so* many good things to tell me, that it was quite out of the question we should separate so soon. Like the indefatigable scribbler described by Pope,

"By land by water he renewed the charge."

A ride to Chelsea, or a row up the river could never daunt him. In short, he haunted me wherever I went, till at last I was fearful of stirring abroad, lest I should meet him at the next turning. He literally twisted a button from my coat one day in his efforts to detain me, on the crowded pavements of Cheapside; and to this moment I bear the marks on my arms of the manifold squeezes I endured in my endeavours to lose him in a crowd. He possessed to perfection the art of ingeniously tormenting: for in the middle of a long story, when your patience would be nearly worn out, he would often come to a dead stop, and suddenly exclaim, "Egad, well remembered, a thousand pardons my good friend, you must hear me out another time; a particular engagement has just occurred to me; let me see,"—pausing and pulling out his watch—"it is rather unfortunate, I have missed the hour; but no matter, another opportunity will answer, and so I will finish my story."

G. L. A.

TO AN INFANT.

Blessings on thee, baby!
For guiltless is thy brow,
And we know not but it *may* be
Ever innocent as now.

Mildews o'er thee roll,
But thy blossom is unblighted,
For thy little lamp of soul
Is as yet but hardly lighted.

And though it shineth faintly,
As the maiden-smiles of love,
It is heaven-born, and saintly
As the parent spark above.

Is fuel of this earth
Fit to keep such holy fire in?
Would *He* who gave it birth,
Not save it from expiring?

Must wisdom check its beaming,
But through its glass display'd,
Which, for a motley gleaming,
Throws all the rest in shade.

'Tis taintless and celestial;
But, when flickers the last flame,
Having fed on things terrestrial,
Will its odor be the same?

Well, blessings on thee, baby!
For so guiltless is thy brow,
That we still can hope it may be
Ever innocent as now.

ON DRESS.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,—Having already communicated to you some ideas on the influence which the form of Government has on dress, I shall offer a few remarks on that article in general, well aware of the powerful effect which it has on our minds in most cases, and of the effect which it produces, not only in society, but in our success or failure in our intercourse with mankind. Dress and address are the two great external objects which are the first agents on our feelings; we judge men more by these, than by their writings, and as the organs of perception are first acted upon, we seldom wait to form our decision from actions or from report: the latter indeed is often very fallacious, but the impressions of dress and address are very generally irresistible. A man's writings may be at variance with his life, so may dress and address; yet, when that is the case, the garb sits uneasily, and, as the counterfeit is more perceptible, we place too often implicit reliance on easy gentlemanlike manners, neat, chaste, and fashionable dress. Address being a very superior quality, it is the most important, but, although dress is an object of less magnitude, yet it is indispensably necessary to adorn and set forth the former, which, without it, labours under great difficulties, and will be unavailing with the ignorant, who form the larger mass of the population in every country. Wise men alone set little value on dress, men who are absorbed in abstruse knowledge are apt to lose sight of address, but it is very incorrect to undervalue them entirely, since they are quite compatible with wisdom and with virtue. The only thing then to be ascertained is, what is the nearest point to perfection in dress? And as I have already observed that climate, country, form of government, warlike or peaceful habits, prosperity, civilization, and the rank held amongst nations affect materially the style of dress; I shall here take my stand in Great Britain, and as near St. James's as possible, where the *Regia Solis* is most likely to produce fashion and elegance. What is the dress most becoming to persons in the rank of the nobility and gentry, and of professional men? I say *men*, because a certain latitude of captivation is allowed to the other sex, in every class. What is most likely to produce attraction and respect? for these are the charms and the power of dress. Is it costliness? no; our nobility have assumed a simplicity, except when officially habited, which renders rich habits not only unnecessary but out of use. Is it the extreme of fashion? no; for the extreme of fashion becomes to it, what the caricature is to the portrait. Is it frequent change, incessantly on the wing for novelty? no: because, first every fashion is not becoming; secondly such changeful clothing bespeaks levity, and is only to be overlooked in the college youth, or the very young man entering into life, and thirdly, because rank, personal appearance, and our habits must be consulted in the adoption of every fashion. They cannot be equally genteel, becoming, and elegant, so that the best friend to the tailor may often be his own enemy, by making himself ridiculous. Should we aim at something striking? no; a person becomes a scenic performer in the drama of life thereby; and again, if a man or woman sticks to one garb or character in dress, the eye is tired of the sporting frock, the farmer cut, the quaker-like dittoes of one sex, and of the prim style of the other, which must soon be antiquated and rejected by persons of taste. Constant mourning suits grave professions, but one who would wish to pass for a fashionable, well dressed person, and is not a professional man, cannot adhere to the same wearisome garb. On many occasions it casts a gloom over the drawing room, or dinner circle, and there are certain times when good breeding forbids it—birth-days, weddings, festivals, &c. &c. It is likewise a bad riding or travelling dress, and admits of no mediocrity as to fashion, make, texture, or age. Indeed the moderate novelty of clothes, elegant workmanship, a good fit, and the very best materials are indispensable ingredients in dress of every colour and kind. Persons are very apt to think that

black becomes all classes, persons, and complexions: this is a very gross error, nearly as great as the assumption of military undress tunic, pantaloons, black cravat and spurs,—these sit ill on every one who is not military, and whose carriage and gentlemanlike deportment do not evince the military man. Both of these dresses, so very common at present, are very trying to the wearers. Black is also very uncertain in its effect on the loveliest sex: the neck and arm which rivals the Parian marble, the lily and the rose blended in the cheek, shine, in mourning, like the star piercing the thick black cloud; but the dingy Jewess, swarthy foreigner, smoke dried female citizen, with low forehead and oily hair, small grey eyes and ignoble countenance, seems like the union of obscurity and fog, a November evening, or a winter's morning, in a narrow street. There are certain colours which must always be noble, and others which must always be offensive to the eye; there are likewise blendings of colours which cannot fail to be harmonious, others which are as ill-judged, and produce the worst effect. Contrasts may be most happy, or the reverse—spots, stripes, chequers, and mixtures, have no alliance with nobility; they are trying, they are the taste and livery of the lower orders, and always seem to be contrived for economy, for a quick and ready sale to the vender, to hide uncleanliness, to disguise the person for some purpose or other to the wearer. These fancies too are trying to beauty, and still further confound deformity. Middling people in class and appearance may assume a middling style of dress, and although a handsome youth, or virgin may wear almost any thing, yet groom coats, coloured silk kerchiefs, caricature hats, brown beavers, coachmanlike form in dress, can never become the former, if he be of the nobility or gentry, nor can a Belcher tied round a lovely neck, add attractions to the wearer, no more than the huge umbrella, flapping leghorn, shapeless and ridiculous hat: it may save the complexion, but a deep veil would answer the same end, and give grace and modesty to her whose charms are thus delicately withdrawn from the inquiring eye of the beholder. Tartans of all kinds bear and command respect, when worn by the chieftain, the clan, and its adherents, whether by the one sex or the other, and whether it be in stuff or silk; but neither it nor any assemblage of many colours is becoming. What would be thought of a harlequin silk? Over dressing and under-dressing are two great means of disfiguring a person, as are colours at enmity with each other, purple and light blue, lilac and pink, or red, and the like. There are colours also which no gentleman can think of wearing in cloth, pompadowr, brownish yellow, drab, light blue, nor could he (in these days,) ever be considered as any thing but a caricature in a striped coat, even striped waistcoats and trowsers will ever be more fanciful than becoming, let who will wear them. The *unie* or plain neat style must always prevail—royal blue, black, white, mild buff colour, whilst the contrasts of black and green, blue and scarlet, when in cloth and not in uniform. Black and blue are at war with all harmony. Yellow and lilac, pea-green and dark blue are trying colours to a female, but loveliness can bear them out; the two first are odious in male attire, even the very bright yellow waistcoat. In addition to all this outline many more observations might be made; but the limits which I have proposed to myself will not admit them, and I should be afraid of tiring my reader by going into the lengthy detail. Over-length or great curtailing of skirts must always produce a ridiculous effect, as must over amplitude, or a tail like a bird; just so, sweeping trains, and very short petticoats, are to be studiously avoided, except when the former is the finish of a dress robe, which, by the by, suits not all alike. In all these circumstances; stature, size, age, condition, convenience, and effect, ought to be fairly consulted, since what adorns one person, is a satire upon another. In point of ornaments, much good sense is necessary not to surcharge them; a man with a huge fist, like a shoulder of mutton, whose fingers are encumbered with costly rings, looks the more vulgar, because an attempt at show is easily detected, and only seems as a powerful contrast to a homely person; just so it is with something ponderous and *vastly fine*, stuck in the cravat or frill, and a long dangling watch

chain, as if it were that of an informer angling for a pickpocket. People of high rank are simple in these kind of ornaments, they bring them out modestly and sparingly; but whatever they be, high value added to simplicity is their general character, reserving for court-days the diamond star, and other jewels, in rings, &c. All paltry ornaments bespeak poverty, pride, the miser and the upstart. In a word, the perfection in dress for gentlemen, consists in the finest texture of linen and of clothing, a chasteness in the blending of colours, excellence as to shape and make, an immaculate cleanliness in every external article worn, and of the person itself; a hat almost new, boots, or shoes of the most polished appearance, the rejection of all vulgar adoptions, (for fashions they ought *not* to be called) the sober use of change, so as however never to wear a decaying article, nothing careless or slovenly in the operation of dressing, the avoiding of all monstrosities and extremes, all affectations in dress, hats, cravats, great coats, frocks, &c.; the dressing in a manner appropriate to the occasion, the hunting frock for the chase, the jacket for shooting, the box coat for the box only, the travelling dress only for the road. He who hunts down St. James's Street is a coachman in Pall Mall, a walking jockey in the squares, or a traveller at the theatres, is an object of ridicule or contempt, as far at least as regards taste in dress. Vulgarity in buttons, neck-kerchiefs, buckles, or any other article, must mar the general system of gentlemanlike appearance. Nearly the same observations apply to the fair sex: a red armed and red handed young woman, with a dozen rings, is vulgar in the extreme. High dress in a morning bespeaks something let out for parade or for some worse purpose. Flowers become youth, feathers an age more advanced, diamonds sit well on the courtly dame at her meridian, pearls are pretty on a pretty woman not having attained the age of twenty one. Simplicity is the character of the spring of life, costliness becomes its autumn, but a neatness and purity, like that of the snow-drop or lily of the valley, is the peculiar fascination of beauty, to which it lends enchantment, and gives a charm even to a plain person, being to the body what amiability is to the mind.

TO THE WIND.

The clouds flee before thee. The spark springs to flame,
In answering fury the vexed ocean raves,
While the poor maiden trembles, who hears but thy name,
And sighs for her lover embarked on the waves.
When called by the voice of the prophet of old,
In the valley of bones, as you breathed o'er the dead,
Like the sands of the sea, could their number be told,
They started to life, when the mandate had sped.
Their dark mouldering ashes thy influence could bind,
And the chill icy slumber of ages gave way,
The spirit of life took the wings of the wind,
Rekindling the souls of the children of clay.
When the Lord bowed the heavens, and came down in his might,
In grandeur around were the elements cast,
At his feet lay the dense rolling shadows of night,
But the power of omnipotence rode on the blast.
He spake from the whirlwind, when man wrung with pain,
In the strength of his anguish, dare challenge his God,
Midst its thunders, he shewed him his reason was vain,
Till he bowed to correction, and kissed the just rod.
Wild winds I have called ye the spirit of life,
When ye rushed o'er my soul, with such feelings of dread,
I have thought in that last hour of horror and strife,
That thy deep chilling sigh will awaken the dead.

S. S.

PIERCE EGAN AND LORD BYRON.

A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

It is not my design to run a parallel between these two great characters, after the edifying manner of that sage and good, but heathen old gentleman, Plutarch; yet am I irresistibly impelled to essay a few remarks and conjectures on, and concerning the extraordinary works which have gained them so great a name.

That two such writers should have flourished, to an almost equal degree, in the same age and nation, was a phenomenon so much at variance with all that I had previously felt, thought, or understood, upon the subject of literature, that it riveted my attention; and I have exercised the utmost powers of my mind in endeavouring to reconcile the fact with some received principle of taste, or to find some precedent for it in the history of literature, or in the annals of the human intellect; but my efforts have proved vain, my research has been fruitless, and "my young remembrance cannot parallel it."

But if I have not discovered that which I went in search of, like the little voyagers, I have not returned empty-handed; if I did not reach the place of destination, yet, like Johnny Gilpin, I went farther.—What I have found, then, I shall forthwith communicate to "the world at large." It is, that neither of these gentlemen are, in fact, authors of the admired productions which have been published under their names respectively.—Nay, hear me out! I have succeeded in convincing myself, and that is unquestionably one step towards convincing every one else. In the one case, I have actually had the superlative good fortune to discover the *real* writer; but the attainment

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* As dramatists, this is conspicuously evident. But Lord Byron did not write expressly for the stage. O no! and his coquetry met with its just punishment. Notwithstanding all the necessary vapouring against "the million," [illegible] guarded expressions of the preface to the ill-fated tragedy [illegible] that title, how he very studiously [illegible] the breath of popular opinion.

Mr. P. E. why do you wish to force the "obscure Editor" you speak of, from the retirement which to still befits his merits? Ah! Pierce, an injudicious friend is a man's worst enemy. (There's ethical lore for you!) That silly Prospectus, and the paltry publication which followed it, were worthy of each other, and both of the oblivion you would drag them from. But, to return to the main road, after this pleasant digression. Mr. Egan was, in truth, born and bred a compositor. He is by no means the desperate character his look might lead us to mistake him for; and judging from the gentleness and inoffensiveness of his demeanour and appearance, I cannot believe he ever, in reality, placed himself in an attitude so terrific and threatening as that in which Mr. Cruikshank has represented him in one of his clever prints. He is, indeed, or was a quiet, peaceable man, and not at all given to the riotous and irregular proceedings he would affect to be experienced in; but, it seems, he will "assume a virtue, if he has it not." And as for his knowledge of "Life in London," I can scarcely bring myself to credit, that he has really ever seen anything higher than the Opera "at playhouse prices," or lower than the "Typographical Coffee-house." and did he read his own work un, ch his reputation was mistake (it was d with hundred volumes from a circulating library,) and the opinion I therefore had of its merits was, unfortunately, diametrically opposite to that of the town and his; but I have been discreet enough to submit to the general voice, "as in duty bound." Perhaps, I did not go to the perusal of it with an unbiassed mind, for Popularity is the Baal to which we all bow the knee; and I admire the justice of his great renown. But if I envy him, I am quite sure you not envy his admirers.

My first impression was, that he who should seek in this book a correct transcript of the gradations and varieties of "Life in London," would lose his labour: there is no such thing in it. Some of the miseries, humiliations, and scars of society are laid bare, and the morbid taste of the public gluts upon them. The writer says, "If one chapter is omitted the work will be incomplete." Indeed, he attempts only the *shades*—the worst parts of high and low life. It is about as complete and satisfactory as Hogarth's representation of a serjeant and his dog, by one stroke for the top of the halbert, and another for the dog's tail. The sole merit of the work appeared to me to rest with the artist, and that chiefly in the low scenes. "Pierce," thinks I, "talks too much: it is not his forte." Just so many words were required from him as would have served for pegs to hang the artist's prints upon; and really they deserve better than he could make for them. But he will prate, prate, prate, and prose, prose, prose—Gods! how he does prate and prose! Of books and authors he writes as 'naturally as pigs squeak;' for thanks to minor theatres, and minor writers, classic names and classic incidents are familiar to every one, but, alas! without the sentiments which should accompany them, what are they worth?

But now to cull some extracts; for who would read *Reviews* without them: and it must be confessed that very often the worst passages of the suffering author are more entertaining and instructive, than the whole critique. I will begin with the preface—introduction—exordium—invocation—prolegomena—or what you will—for I know not what to call it. But it will afford us a fair specimen of the style and execution of the whole work, from which, indeed, I could select very little that would be permitted to appear in these pages. In this unparalleled, "unheard of" performance, he invokes, propitiates, or addresses the most extraordinary assemblage of beings, animate and inanimate, that were ever before jumbled together. He begins and ends—as an author should do—with "Fame." The intermediate space is filled up with Sterne, Smollett, Goldsmith, Fielding, *Argus*, *Cerberus*, "Metropolitan heroes of literary renown, whether of genius great, either of romantic style, or of poetry exquisite, of Don Juan or Lalla Rookh quality, it matters not."

The courteous reader will observe that I quote from this [illegible] work, which has met with such

distinguished patronage in this "Sheridan of literature," that he may see what it really is; but I by no means engage to expound what I quote. I will not pretend that I thoroughly comprehend the scope or object of a single sentence.

"Reviews, those terrific censors of the timid writer, whether Quarterly, or Edinburgh!" "My mag. of Blackwood, thee too I must invoke! thou chief of satire, whose lively sallies, and laughing-in-the-sleeve greatness, that would have paralyzed the pencil of a Hogarth, or struck dumb the piquant ridicule of a Churchill; if the grim king of terrors had not deprived us of their talents! I challenge thee to the scratch! 'tis one of the fancy calls; but from thy lamb-like qualities, and playful artillery, it must be a private set-to with the gloves. My hand grapples with you in friendship."

Methinks the high-minded gentlemen of the north must relish this hugely. But they have brought it upon themselves. Blackwood, we all know, is a wag who "palters with us in a double sense," and poor Pierce actually thinks he has been praised by him in "sober sadness." In the passage just quoted, the sentences appear somewhat disjointed, but who will quarrel with a work for possessing more *wit* than *grammar!*

He next proceeds to Colburn, Humphreys, Murray, *Professors of the Royal Academy*, Accum, Christie, O'Shaughnessy, Crib, Kean, Ackermann, Hone, Townsend, (the police officer) "Bob and George Cruickshank, those Gillrays of the day, and of Don Saltero greatness, "his own Boxiana," and—dare I write it!—*Sheridan!!!*

The force of dulness could no farther go. One extract more—from the *poetry*—and I have done.

"London town's a dashing place
For every thing that's going,
There's fun and gig in every face,
So natty and so knowing.
When novelty is all the rage,
From high to low degree,
Such pretty lounges to engage,
Only come to see!"—

Trash, execrable trash, I once deemed all this,—it was my heresy—but I am orthodox now. If, however, this work is really what public opinion has pronounced it to be, then it is clear to me, "as the noon day" (a clear day)—that genuine master Pierce cannot be the author of it. Who then is? Who, but "the most finished gentleman in Europe," He whose birth placed him in familiar connection with the highest and most refined circles, of which he became the ornament, and whose genius and taste notoriously led him to explore the lowest and most depraved. To support this hypothesis, I have reasons, "plentiful as blackberries," but they are too numerous to state, and too obvious to need it. The first mention must impress conviction upon every mind, that he is as much the writer of "Life in London," as he is of any thing put forth with his name.

Now to Lord Byron.—

"Look here upon this picture, and on this."

It is not exactly necessary to my purpose, that I should enter into a critical examination of the books to which the name of Byron has been attached. He is scarcely mentioned now, but as the author of "Don Juan," and "Cain, a Mystery," of which works I am fully persuaded he cannot be the writer. Who is Lord Byron? A British Nobleman, with hereditary dignities to maintain, and with ample "appliances, and means to boot." He is a man of transcendant talents, with a great moral, as well as pecuniary "stake in the country." He is *not* an isolated being, but linked to the welfare of society by the most imperative bonds. Surely it is not for him to scorn man for his vices, and make a jest of his virtues. Would such a man, if the penetration of his mighty intellect enabled him to discern the errors of our faith, startle our prejudices, and insult our weakness, by an unsparing and abrupt disclosure of them? Would he pour upon our feeble vision a flood of "insufferable light." Would he come, like Jove to Semele, and scorch up all our hopes? No; this would be to act like the arch-enemy, not an enlightened benefactor of the human race.

The writer of this "Mystery," be satisfied with attempting to destroy our faith; he has nothing to offer as a substitute for that which has received the sanction of ages, and supported by the weight of testimony, except a jumble of exploded metaphysics and worn-out conjecture, which he says is the product of "*reason*." But this system of "*reason*," it appears, is as little susceptible of demonstration, and demands as much faith, as that which it is intended to supersede. The oracle, Lucifer, is made to say:—

"Thy human mind hath scarcely grasp to gather
The little I have shewn thee into calm
And clear thought; and thou wouldst go on aspiring
To the great double Mysteries! the *two Principles!*
And gaze upon them on their secret thrones!
Dust, limit thy ambition; for to see
Either of these, would be for thee to perish!"

In another place we meet with this comfortable assurance:—

"And this should be the human sum
Of knowledge—to know mortal natures' nothingness;
Bequeath that science to thy children, and
'Twill spare them many tortures!"

We are told that nothing is said in this performance, but what is strictly "in character." I cannot exactly, however, perceive the necessity or propriety of imagining or representing characters in whom it may be consistent and natural to repeat what has been often said before, or to utter such revolting expressions as

"Cursed be he
Who invented life which leads to death!"

It is a very remarkable fact, and which points perhaps very expressively to the *real author* of this "Mystery," that although nothing is advanced but what is "in character," or in argumentation, the *Devil* is always allowed to "put the best foot foremost."

L. B.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

"More sinned against than sinning?"

SHAKSPEARE.

How common is the observation that we wish our time would come over again, and, also, that our school days, if we could but think so, were the happiest; yet how few of us, if the reversal of years, the putting on of boyhood again, were in our power, would be willing to companion themselves with their cyphering books, to converse with their Murrays, by the hour, to trace the learned and labyrinthian voices of their Virgils and their Homers—nay, not even, for the sake of an Ovid's tenderness or an Anacreon's jollity, to undergo the tyranny of authority, the impositions of office, and the petty tyrannies of the student's state? There is something so repugnant to nature in even a temporary or fancied slavery, something so congenial and beautiful in the *feel* of freedom, that to shuffle off grey hairs, to reillumine fading eyes, to recruit exhausted strength, there be few of us, were the sixth and second age, striving for our favour, but would place the *black* balls in the box of the younger candidate. To live over again would be but to struggle in the whirlwind of vanity and vexation.

But if this, as I think natural, antipathy to the character of a school-boy will exist in the great majority, who is there among us that would be a schoolmaster? That autocrat of a restless dominion, that monarch of rarely con-

tented, frequently rebellious subjects, whose cares of government have no cessation, whose reign is a mental chaos of anxiety, whose laws, even though they be as those of the Medes and Persians, can scarcely compel reverence, and whose fines, imprisonments, and punishments, with a standing army of ushers, a ministry of masters, and lictorship of rods, to back and enforce them, are too often trampled upon, sneered at, and defied by the little democratical juniority to-day, by aristocratical seniority to-morrow. He is never safe from petitions, never free from memorials; depredations hunt him in his strong holds, even his sanctum is impregnated by their infection, the walls of his school-room teem with libels on his sway, and the very fly leaves of his Homers, the covers of his Virgils are disfigured with caricatures of his profession and his authority. As in the great world, ribaldry and folly chalk his window shutters and his doors, and the order and sobriety of his fences and hedges suffer from frequent escalade. There is a general hate against those in office, a complete mania for universal reform, though here, as in the wider political school, the outs continue to be foiled in their ambition, and the folks of change to be disappointed in their speculations. In fact, and to close this catalogue of mighty ills, till the patience of Job can be naturalized, the justice of an Aristides be won, the contentedness of a Socrates be achieved, till we have the independence of a Coriolanus, the intrepidity of a Regulus, and the impartiality of a Brutus, and till all these can be combined with the wisdom of an Alfred, and the self-denial of a Christian, let no man be a schoolmaster—the labour of it would craze his head and wither his heart, though he had the club of Hercules, and the armour of the son of Thetis. No man is invulnerable!

Perhaps one of the best men in the world was my schoolmaster. I do not think he was more assiduously careful of his own children than he was anxious for the welfare, and well-doing of his boys—indeed his own children were our school-fellows, shared in our sports, suffered in our punishments—there was no public favour, affection or reward. In this he was a Roman. But for all this, and when the obstinacy or delinquency of youth pushed into vice or folly, ignorance and laziness he digested by obloquy and imposition, for the fescue and the rod were rarely his weapons) his spirit would become darkened, and his heart bowed—he hated *remissness*—he would hardly have granted me the word—and breaking of bounds, and robbings of orchards, and intrigues of appetite leading to excess, and he was really good enough to have been spared all these—"but who," says one of my friendly apophthegms, "can put an old head upon young shoulders?"

There were two occurrences that marked my scholastic career under this worthy man, which as they struck deeply in his mind, and will never, "till blighted memory seek her tomb," depart from mine, I will mention as examples of a few of those "stings and arrows" which at most public seminaries attach to the "outrageous" fortunes of their governors.

It was near the holidays. I beseech you my friends let me be a schoolboy for a few minutes and write as one. It was near the holidays, and in every room was heard, of nights, the delightful, heart easing, yet melancholy rejoice—should I not rather say lament, *dulce domum*. There was a schism in the school—the Doctor had not pleased the tories; and the first master, now high in orders, had not pleased the whigs—literally a fact—and we were divided. The sequel will tell you, my readers, of which band I was a leader. Some one had written a parody on our national anthem—it was sad doggerel, and vituperative enough, but we sang it—lustily sang it—it was full of compliment to the usher, of abuse to the master. We were betrayed—a *trimming* sort of fellow, one that like the bat hovered betwixt the birds and the beasts, *peached*, and the ringleaders were had up for punishment. Never shall I forget the burning sensations of disgrace on the one hand, and contempt on the other, that now beset me, when elevated upon the school table I was made to read, *pro bono publico*, the offending libel—then too the observations—for I was accused of being the author of the stuff, and the fox should have gnawed me inwards ere I would have betrayed the fool that was really guilty, which the Doctor, from time to time made on its wordiness, accented with a smooth hand, wonderful!

generally so regular, and writing very tolerable themes," should have written so contemptible a piece of badinage. All this was as burning coals upon my head; I would have stood the pillory and half the rotten eggs of the parish in preference. The lash would have seared my flesh and disgraced my after manhood, the deprivating lesson would have soured my temper and cut my pride, but this last, the public exposure, the gorgon headed hissings and sneers that shot about me, the sleeve laughter that I knew, I felt, was all around me—this putting the fool's cap upon ears that tingled with innocence, not with folly, excepting the portion I bore of the general one—all this and these was ——; but I endured them all, and was thenceforward a hero and a martyr. Trivial as all this may now appear, it sunk deeper than the eye thought into our worthy teacher's bosom. He was wrong in the original cause of our revolt, and it stung him that some of his first boys—I speak not vainly—knew, felt, and acted upon it—at all events he felt it so much, that I made up my mind never to be a schoolmaster.

The other was a deeper stab, a more inveterate arrow. A desertion of six of his pupils at a swoop, and a desertion too that was encouraged, conceded in, and approved of by nearly the whole school—it was a bond of sin to be paid by agreements and instalments, and these half-dozen fools were the advanced guard, the pioneers of the company—it was a rebellion in which the whole army was privy, and these were the Guy Fawkes' that were to blow up the parliament. It was sealed with blood. I saw the fool draw it with his dagger-pen from his string-tightened finger, and the pledge of faith was gore traced in my sight by the confederate discontents, the forlorn hope of the achievement, who had received their marching orders and billets of departure.

The thing was ingeniously devised, and quite a romantic adventure in its way, I will tell it. Some of our customary holidays had been lopped of their fair proportions, and some of our privileges discontinued. The senior boys were no longer permitted to victual their tea and sugar cupboards, and their cold beer establishment. The jordans—the jugs were mutually sufferers by this,—and the democracy for once united with the nobles, and a plot of many ramifications was concocted. But the construers of Cicero, and Sallust, and Homer, were cowards, and the election of advanced posts, premier scouring parties, was made from the Virgilians and Phædrus fable men. But then *we* were to follow—*we* were to be the pursuers, *we* were, Quixote like, to rise from our beds and speed, delegated by authority—after them, and—*we* were never to come back again. Was it not an admirable conceit? was it not nobly planned, courageously arrayed? You shall see anon how successfully it was performed. I will not be tedious. After waiting days and weeks *the day came*—the principal was out, would not return till night—the head assistants holiday keeping—and only the poor quizzed English usher at home, and he was kept quiet by the company of two of our third class boys and a couple of bottles of something stronger than the usual "*swipes*." The dinner was despatched—the *agimus* said; there was no cloud in the heavens, no opposition upon earth. I saw them mount, all six of the wiseacres mount, the pales were scaled, the subscribed subsidy put into their hands, those hands shaken—the farewell shout of encouragement given, and the last waving of the hat displayed. I saw them drop on the other side, stride away like crusaders, and I saw them no more——that night! But where were the lion-hided Austrias all this time; why the one sleeking himself with the head master's good fare some miles from the scene of romance, the third emptying a bottle of Calcavella in his tea box hut, and the second, the all but senior, pacing the busy play ground a perturbed spectator of his heedless play-fellows, by fits and starts only, and to please a favorite boy, assisting in their sports or construing his lesson. On him he knew would devolve the answering of queries, the mustering of forces, the reading of the roll call, and the consultation with the kind unsuspecting Doctor on the wants that seem'd like dreams around him, and which he would give worlds were as unsubstantial. The hour, the feelings, the thoughts are as vivid now as they were at that moment, and if I were to live to the age of Nestor, I should never forget them. Reader, I

have said it) that boy on whom all this confusion of hope and care and anxiety alighted, writes these idle but to him warning reminiscences. And the night came and with it all that we dreaded. The names were called, the musters made, the absences discovered, the black list posted, and the rods examined—falsehood and effrontery covered participation, and we were sent to bed hurt in mind and seared in conscience; but we would not, dared not, seek the confessional. And the morning came too, the black looking dreaded morning came, with a thousand evil spirits worse than night mares upon its wings: —the very sun's rising was terrible, and the early dew fell like clammy ague drops upon the spirits; and ere night, the second night, our *altered* poor school-fellows were brought back to their cage again, poor in pocket, hurt in mind, disappointed in opinion, defeated in expectation—but they were faithful. Our own feelings were our own scourgers.

But this certainly not uncommon event worked another wrinkle in the Doctor's good natured countenance, and I from that hour too made up my mind never to be a schoolmaster.

These are the tragic tints of the profession; but there are also comic miseries which, if not so deeply dangerous, are sufficiently perplexing. The officiousness and intrusiveness of folly are frequently as little endurable as the companionship of sorrow. It would be but an even wager, whether Marplot, or Penruddoch, in certain situations, were the more preferable arm-in-arm companion. I am certain that I would quite as soon drink a dish of tea with Priam as crack a bottle with Thersites.

To be sure my *chums* were not generally blessed with very officiously careful, very pertinaciously fidgetty, very opinionated mothers, aunts, and cousins, yet we had a few who came armed with cautions, entreaties, advice, and a character, which our poor master, however he may despise, was too good natured and prudent entirely to slight. For instance we had our man of genius who could do every thing, but then that genius was to be left to itself, not to be controlled, it was to show like the lightning, vivid by fits and starts, and it did so, for it consisted out of school hours, (it did nothing in), in smashing of windows and burning of books, in heading *sprees*, and fighting cocks, in doing wonderful feats that a sensible boy cannot comprehend, and neglecting things that a clever boy would do. Then he has to endure the epistolary fire of some maiden aunt requesting him to be kind and tender to her dear, delicate nephew, Master Joseph; that he sees to his medicines being taken at the regulation hours, that he wears his pinafores always, puts on his hat in the play-ground, and wears his best clothes only a Sundays; or the attack of a mamma, who sugars her darling's bread and butter, and gives him the first peach of the garden, the first rose of the parterre,—who shall withstand that? She shall harass the good Magister with hopes, "that her dear is not used very ill by the great boys, that he is not compelled for three pence a-week to wash bowls and cups and saucers, and clean shoes for the senior young gentlemen; that she trusts he will not be compelled to eat boiled beef against his stomach, and that, although she would not be so rude as to hint even a disparagement of Mr. ——'s system, she really is apprehensive that the duties of the school, especially the study of those crooked Greek characters, may be too severe for his delicate state of body, and that they may be too puzzling for his tender ideas." She writes truly there, but the master suffers for all that. It would never do to be a schoolmaster!

But in the deep there is a deeper still, and what shall compensate for the poor pedagogue's trials and patience, as elicited in something like the following ratio. Fancy to yourselves, my old friends—may I not say so?—the *vis ambitionis* of an old matter of fact being who has got his money by minding the "main chance"—by his L.'s, his S.'s, and his D.'s, and his Crs. and his Drs. and his "bills delivered," his premiums and his discounts—yet who wishes to see his son a gentleman, or to fancy him so. The one dilemma is much more easy of extrication than the other. Here is a letter from such an one.

"Sir,

"Per coach you will receive my son, William, he brings with him the amount of his education for the half as per order. I dare say, he has done as most boys do in the dead languages, but could wish him

to study a little more of Cocker's Arithmetic and the Young Man's Companion. He seems very deficient in multiplication though perfectly competent to the worst principles of subtraction as far as pockets go, though I and his Aunt clubbed as much as served me treble the time, when I went to Mr. *Fraction's* of this place, and he was no *vulgar* schoolmaster. I am almost doubting too whether the outlandish exercises, which he tells me he must write may not counteract the free flow of his pen, and as there is nothing so graceful as a hill well written out, I will trouble you, for this half year, to let him discontinue Greek and take extra lessons in cort and running hand—and if his French should interfere with his Rule of Three and his Interest, why I will be obliged by your compounding with Mounseer for half lessons. Let him write as often as he pleases to me, for practice makes perfect, and will improve his style of correspondence, and should he want any books to amuse his play hours, please furnish him with "Advice to Young Tradesmen," "the Directory," and the "Ready Reckoner."

"I remain,

"Your very humble Servt.

"JOHN LEDGER."

Here is another enough to inflict the torture upon patience itself, and set the most good tempered in the world in agony—talk of your trials and your confessions indeed! Mazeppo's ride was a holiday's canter to it!

"My dear Sir,

"I am quite *hobligated* by your attentions to my Stephen and for the care which you *seems* to have devoted to his *helocution*. The poet says if "music be the *food* of *life* play on," and so, Sir, I thinks of potry, for as sure as fate my Stephen must make his *bread and cheese* by it. Be so kind then my dear Sir as to teach the young Gentleman some of the *sweetest potions* of our most *improved* Poets, such as the Battel of Chevy Chace by Mr. Douglas, and the ride to Edmonton by Mr. Gilpin the cooper, and the *dagher* scene in Amlet and *M'Beth's* instruction to the players—and pray be perticlar in his haxsent and gestikilation, and as Mr. Passiontone of our Theater says, that he saws the hair well with his hand —— thus —— and that he *suits*, I suppose he means *clothes*, the haction to the word, and the word to the haction.

"*I* shall do *ourselves* the onor of dropping over at the public recantation day, which I believe is on the 6th *ult.* when we *opes* shall find master Stephen will be able to give us a perfect speciment of his speaking genus, perticularly as myself and some more amatoors here be getting up a little bit of a *Burl-Letter* ourselves to amuse the neybours at Christmas—the *mummers* being too old and *noisy* now—and we opes Master Stephen will be hable to take a part in our "High life below stairs" for he was halways fond of the kitchen maids and table beer.

"With most great respect

"I remains, Sir,

"Yours, down to the ground,

"SARAH CASEY."

"Bear this, bear all." I have told you strange things in my time, my readers and friends, but you may take my word for it now—I *never will be a schoolmaster.*

J. F. STUART.

July, 1824.

ASSOCIATION.

"There's not a wind, but whispers of thy name—
And not a flow'r that grows beneath the moon,
But in its hues and fragrance tells a tale
Of thee, my love, to thy Mirandola."

BARRY CORNWALL.

PÆSTUM.

* * * *

Wreck of the mighty—relics of the dead—
Who may remove the veil o'er Pæstum spread,
Who pierce the clouds that rest upon your name,
Or from oblivion's eddies snatch your fame?—
Yet as she stands within your mould'ring walls,
Fancy—the days of former pride recals;
And at her bidding—lo! the Tyrrhene shore,
Swarms with its countless multitudes once more;
And bright pavilions rise—her magic art
Peoples thy streets, and throngs thy busy mart;
In quick succession her creative pow'r
Restores the splendour of Phenicia's hour,
Revives the Sybarite's unbless'd repose,
Tom'd on the foldings of the Pæstum rose,
Leucania's thraldom—Rome's imperial sway,
The Vandal's triumph—and the robber's prey.

But truth beholds thee now, a dreary waste,
Where solitude usurps the realms of taste;
Where once thy doubly blooming roses smil'd,
The nettle riots, and the thorn runs wild:
Primeval silence broods upon thy plain,
And ruin holds her desolate domain:
Save where, in massive pride, three temples stand
Colossal fragments of a mighty land.
Sepulchral monuments of fame, that tow'r
In proud derision of barbarian pow'r;
That still survive and mock, with front sublime,
The spoiler's vengeance, and the strifes of time.

Majestic fanes—your giant forms display
The solid grandeur of that early day,
Whose ripening, softening, chaster art, we trace,
Mellowing Egyptian bulk with Doric grace.
Ere Athens knew to raise, with purer style,
The airy columns of the Ionic pile;
Ere yet with ornament profusely "dight,"
Corinthian splendour bursts upon the sight.

Majestic fanes of deities unknown,
Ages have roll'd since here ye stood—alone—
Since your walls echoed to the sacred choir,
Or blazed your altars sacrificial fire.
And now—the wand'ring, classic pilgrim sees
The wild bird nestling in the sculptur'd frieze;
Each fluted shaft by desart weeds embraced,
Triglyphs, obscured entablatures defaced,
See's ill-timed verdure clothe each awful pile
While nature lends her melancholy smile,
And misplaced garniture of flowers that shed
Their sweets, as if in mockery of the dead.

* * * *

THE STEP-MOTHER.

"——————— Injustaque noverca."

VIRGIL.

"SALLY tells me that you are not my mamma," said a pretty curled headed boy of about four years of age, laying great stress upon the pronoun, and bursting into tears, as he addressed a beautiful young woman, who had become the wife of a rich widower; "but," continued he, "I told her that you was my ma, and Nanny's too." "You did right," said the Countess, "I hope to prove myself a mother to you both; for, in marrying your father, I made a vow to have no separate interest or affections, to love what he loved, and to honour and obey his will," then kissing the child, and giving him an apple, she dismissed him, smiling him out of the room, and she never looked so enchanting. "This is admirable, this is as it ought to be," said I to myself, "but she is only the wife of a few months, and I sincerely hope that she will continue as she has begun, and that, when a second family occupies the same roof, she will conscientiously discharge her common duty to both, and make but one heart and feeling prevail with all the children alike." The scene which had just passed before my eyes filled my mind with deep reflection, and I could not help thinking how momentous a thing it is, to introduce a wife, who is not the parent of her husband's family, into it. What jealousy! what injustice! what strife does not occur from such a union! how many struggles to alienate prior affection, what poutings and strivings to do away with claims of a former date! A man and woman ought to think thrice, before they give a nominal mother to motherless children. Purity is compromised, delicacy is robbed of its celestial bloom, and justice wavers when the buxom widow spurns her lone pillow, to give her children a father-*in-law*, and herself a second lord. The commencement of such engagements is founded either in passion or in interest, each of which is at variance with the duty they have to perform towards unoffending children, often made enemies from ill treatment, and I am at a loss to account for the preference usually shewn to a second family, by the parent of both; the contracting party who has but one family, more naturally leans to it, but the mutual parent sins against nature by such conduct, whilst the other party offends honor and humanity in a minor, although not less dangerous degree. *Injustaque noverca* applies too generally to the second wife of an uxorious widower, yet it depends on her alone to merit a better name, and it appears to my humble conception, that a woman cannot more effectually endear herself to her husband, than by considering his children and her own as a common stock in love, and by making their interest and happiness one common cause. The tickling for preferences, in any shape, is the beginning of evil, and will end in misery and injustice, the taunts about unequal birth, fortune, beauty, and (often ideal) merits, undermine domestic peace, and often end in enormous crimes. Slighted children run headlong to ruin and despair, take to idle habits and a vicious life, imbibe at an early age, the poison of envy and hatred, fall off from the duty and affection to a first parent, or pine in the wasting agonies of sensibility, wounded by neglect, and engender an indifference as to conduct; for we

active the excitement so well doing, and mental activity must cease, deny the meed of praise, and exertion is blighted for ever. If my poor dear lost husband, be a horror and reproach to the second *lucky* adventurer, who fain would say, "would that he were alive!" surely the "go away you troublesome thing," to the offspring of him whom she is bound to love, honour, and obey, must be equally grating a sound, and as calculated to foster regrets, resentments, and altered feeling, that sensation which takes place of sated appetite, and of accomplished, or disappointed, mercenary designs. Nevertheless there is nothing more common in society, and we have daily proofs of its baneful effects; here we have a fine youth prematurely hurried into the service of his country, to be *killed* off, or sacrificed to the yellow fever, merely because he stood in the way of Master Jackey, the produce of a second marriage: there we see loveliness and tender age a victim to rashness, an outcast, a run-a-way, because the daughter of her who lies, perhaps, in a new made grave, sins by inheriting her mother's beauty, and is a contrast to a plain step-mother, who must rule the roast, unrivalled and uncontrolled. In one family, the child of the first matrimonial engagement flies home from having lost a father's heart—in another, a wretched daughter marries the first being that asks her, merely to escape the tyranny of a strange woman, placed in usurped authority over her. In lower life, step-fathers cruelly chastising the wife's children, disgust the beholder—and base women, breaking the spirit of the children given in charge to them by the laws of society, awaken horror in an honest breast; doubtful and dangerous however, as these repeated nuptials are, it is possible to perform the double duties thus imposed, and there are some rare examples to justify the remark. "What is a step-mother?" said Irish Pat to a neighbour countryman, "why," says Booney, "a step-mother is a step towards being a mother, and yet no mother at all, at all." Bravo! Master Pat, but we will examine another picture. Lady Hartly ventured upon a widower of forty, he had five children *du premier lit*, and a second family of the same number was the consequence of the second engagement. Sir John was a sporting man, and so completely neglected all of them, that he could not be accused of a preference to any one of them, "there take them away when they have had a glass of wine," was his daily order at dessert time, touching the second breed, "I shall be glad when the vacation is over, and the brats return to school (or college)," was his remark concerning the first, whenever they were at home; but his mild matron-like lady was a mother to all without prejudice, preference, or injustice; she would play with the former like a child and a school companion, and was the tender nurse and preceptress of the latter. To reconcile one to another, to establish the closest links of affection and amity between them, to recommend them to their father, to minister to their innocent pleasures, and to conceal their trivial faults, occupied her whole time, and and they repaid her with the sincerest love. The lovely Laura married her guardian, a handsome man of fifty, for whom (on account of his age and the parental office which he had discharged towards her) she entertained more respect and esteem than admiration or impassioned feeling. He had a son of twenty-one years of age, an officer of Light Dragoons, wild, expensive, and fond of pleasure, but of a good temper and feeling heart; he might have beheld any other step-mother with envy and mistrust, or he might have viewed a beautiful young woman thus paired, with regret, or a criminal flame: but Laura was cast in such a gentle mould, that to know her was to be her friend, and she fulfilled her duties as a wife and as a mother in such a manner, as to captivate every one connected with the family. She never addressed Theodore by any other name than "my son;" and he found in her a mother, a sister, and a friend. Proud of her elegant form and good taste in dress, he was her frequent attendant in public; convinced of his benevolent mind, she was his adviser and confidant, ever sweetening and mellowing down the least rigid word or action of her husband towards his first-born. When he exceeded his pay and allowance, her purse made up the deficiency; and whenever he had committed an error, she was his apologist in the first instance, his directress in the second,

and his concoleur in rere; and when no remedy could be found for what had occurred, it was delightful to see the two together. As a proof of the mutual sentiment existing between them, I remember him one day introducing her to a foreign nobleman thus—"Voila ma belle mere, vraiment belle, elle est non seulement ma mere, mais ma meilleure amie!" The play upon the words *belle mere*, makes all translation fall short of the original, but it does not hinder it from being copied from that life, which would be a blessing to society, and is what is advised by

PHILO SPECTATOR.

THE STARERS.

"*Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis*," etc.—HORAT.

THE vacant mind will naturally exhibit a vacant countenance; and he or she who knows little, will be surprised at almost every thing. From these causes we see the rustic, with broad, open eye, gaze at the shops of the metropolis,—elevate his eye-brows with astonishment at every new object,—gape, to stultification, at the highly-dressed dame and dandy, whom he supposes to be a duchess or a peer, from their gaudy trappings, (although, perchance, they may be a cyprian and an adventurer.) Whilst he stops, and fixes each (to him) unaccountable novelty in the living magic lantern of the town. Various are the stories told at the expence of such ignorants:—one, that a countryman stopped short for six hours at Temple-bar, expecting that the crowd would go by; another, that poor Giles made way for so many ladies and gentlemen in the street, and took his hat off so often that he was laughed at, a crowd raised round him, and lastly, eased of his money and beaver; a third, (that of old Horace) who goes so far as to make his country bumpkin wait until the river runs by him, which, with due deference to this learned and witty writer, is a great stretch indeed. Be that, however, as it may, we have, in the British metropolis, a very striking example, that extremes approximate, in the custom which the higher orders have of bringing themselves down to the level of the vulgar and unpolished, by a habit—I might almost say a system, of curious, insolent, prying, examining, analyzing, and arrogant staring; nor is this indelicate, inurbane custom confined to rank or sex, since we have starers and glass-adjusters, from the conceited lord down to the amphibious fopling without a name, whose ways of life are as various and uncertain, as the changeful features and hues of Proteus and the Cameleon; and from the front of brass of lost woman on the *pavé* of London, up to the haughty Duchess, who, from her barouche or opera box, takes the measure of you, as if you were unworthy to be placed "betwixt the wind and *(her)* nobility." In our parks, our gardens and our streets, nay, also in our churches, theatres, and drawing-rooms, the starers are daily encreasing, and annoying modesty, decency, timidity, the stranger, the *supposed* inferior, and the softer sex. Amongst men, (who ought to have more sense than to possess such a defect) we have legions of them, blocking up passages at the opera and other dramatic houses, levelling their glasses, like pointed cannon, at every coming face, if new. The stare of impertinent curiosity is painful to meet, seeming as if it would say, "Damme, who have we here?" If it

be as hacknied as their own, it is brass meeting brass; yet the thing is still shocking, where the glass does not act as a shield to the offending eye, the offensive weapon is used in a barefaced act of unmanly want of feeling, and the *pupil* of a fool is bent in divers directions over the person of a lady, or a stranger ill accustomed to such barbarity; sometimes the fashionable gazer or glass-cocker scrutinizes the dress of his fellow man, or monkey, to detect any anomalies in the science of the toilet, and pronounces his victim a vul-gar fel-low, (thus syllabled) or a quiz, (a word evidently derived from unbecoming, contemptuous inquiry—*quis? Who have we got here?* as already stated. In our other sex, proud females toss about their light heads, taking a bird's-eye view of all around them, and shooting the darts of malice at those whom sympathy and identity of sex ought to make objects of protection and sensibility. Here we have a living doll dissecting the dress of a retiring female,—using her organs of *distinctiveness* to count a thread in a veil, a wrinkle in a stocking, a winding curl on an ivory forehead, and to envy or censure the multiplied flounces, feathers, or other external ornaments; I say *external*, for real mind has no share in these operations: the same *perfect* sex has trenched upon the usurpations of the male children of pride, by *eye*-ing the minor classes with that *putting down* glance, which sins against Christian charity, but which, for the time, serves the purpose of imposing,

"And fills up all the mighty void of sense."

Happily there are men and women who have hearts and heads above this common fault and trespass on humanity; but the number of delinquents is still very great indeed, and they are likely to augment, from thus triumphing in error, and annoying with impunity. The starers out of countenance of manly *appearance* (to seem and to be are not the same) so seldom meet with the punishment which they deserve, or are so cowardly, in selecting meek, mild, and bashful persons to act against, that very little hopes of their amendment can reasonably be entertained; and the bold gentlewomen, or rather, the bold women, who ought to be gentle, have been so long tolerated in this breach of decorum, that their conversions seem also a little doubtful; but if seeing themselves in print can prove beneficial, by inducing them to self-correction, I shall feel amply paid for the regrets which I have entertained on their account, and for the time thus dedicated to their reformation. Let them be persuaded, that one of the most amiable qualities of their sex is the yielding to the voice of advice, and that the triumph over self is the brightest of their conquests. The amiable woman who can own her errors and feebleness, has a direct claim to protection, and to added affection, but the enterprizing woman, (whatever be her rank) who turns round to stare one of her own sex out of countenance, or measures her man, as if for single combat, assumes all the hardihood of the other sex, and loses all that is dearest in her own—unsullied purity of mind and conduct. The *mâniken* who wears a glass, without being near-sighted, and who uses it not for convenience, but for the annoyance of others, is as troublesome, and little more sufferable, than the sporting dog, which being destined for the field, is introduced into the parlour, where the brute is out of place, and perhaps becomes a terror to the aged—to women and children. But there are higher offenders than these, namely, those who cast impure glances on all that is captivating and innocent, and who would blight the blossom of immaculacy by their gross oglings and pestiferous breath. All those who thus transgress, and

"Give virtue scandal—innocence a fear,
Or from the sot-eyed virgin steal a tear,"

whether it be done by the breath of detraction, or the eye's approach in a guilty form, ought to meet personal chastisement from their own sex, and be consigned to the contempt of the other.

PHILO-SPECTATOR.

THE PERIODICAL PRESS.

"THERE is," says that Jackanapes, Christopher North, or one of his underlings, "a dirty spirit of rivalry afloat, at present, among the various periodicals, from which ours only and Mr. Nicholls, the two gentlemen's magazines, (if so, gentlemen are composed of humdrums and blackguards) are exempt. You never see the Quarterly praising the lucubrations of the Edinburgh, far less the Edinburgh extolling those of the Quarterly. Old Monthly and New Monthly are in cat and dog opposition. Sir Richard exclaims that they have robbed him of his good name, while Tom Campbell is ready to go before his Lordship of Waithman, to swear that that was an impossibility. There is besides, a pair of Europeans boxing it out with most considerable pluck, and we are proud to perceive our good friend Letts of Cornhill, bearing himself boldly in the fight."

We have taken this passage from the commencement of a review of the Ritter Bann, a poem, by T. Campbell, Esq. If the reader should ask what has the Ritter Bann to do with the jealousies that exist between the Quarterly and the Edinburgh, the New and Old Monthly, or the European and New European Magazines, we reply, we are as incapable of seeing any natural connexion as he is himself; but then there is a connection between this want of connection and the general character of Blackwood's Magazine; for the most characteristic feature in this periodical is, that it is continually shifting the scene and hopping from one subject to another. Its regular contributors are literary frogs who can move only by jumping, and however distant they may be from you at one moment, they may be at your feet the very next, before you are aware; so that be ever so tender and merciful by nature, you cannot always avoid trampling upon them, unless you submit to the chance of hurting yourself in your endeavours to let them escape. We find ourselves in this predicament at present. We imagined when we read the title of this article, viz. "a running commentary on the Ritter Bann, a poem, by Thomas Campbell, Esq," that this "running" writer could not possibly think of running against us, having nothing to do with the composition of this piece; but so unsteady and irregular is Mr. Christopher in his course, that he jumped aside to give us a side knock before he grappled with the Editor of the New Monthly. He would, however, do well to keep clear of us in future, lest like the frog he should be trampled upon: at present we shall merely press upon him a little to make him feel our weight. There is, he says, besides the animosity that exists between the Quarterly and Edinburgh, and the New and Old Monthly, "a pair of Europeans boxing it out with most considerable pluck, and we are proud to perceive our good friend Letts of Cornhill, bearing himself boldly in the fight." Now we would ask, if that can be called a boxing match where one man strikes at another whom he considers his antagonist, when that other so far from resenting the unprovoked attack, looks down upon him "as if from a higher region, calm and cool, and keeps along the even tenor of his way," without either returning or appearing conscious of the blows which he received. This is precisely the sort of boxing match that has taken place between the New European and us. They have attacked us, but we heeded them not—they have barked at us, but we only smiled at their canine irritability of nerve; we pitied, but envied not the prostrate condition in which they placed themselves, and the necessity to which they were reduced of adding one sin to another, by attacking that very magazine which they had already endeavoured to injure in the most fraudulent manner; at least if our notions of fraud be correct, by assuming its title simply qualified, by the epithet "New," and publishing it at Asperne's shop. What they have said of us, however, we know only through this intimation of Mr. North, and some slight intimation that has been given us by a friend; for from the publication of the two first numbers, we never read the New European, we never noticed it, we never recognized its existence, and therefore we could shew no "pluck" in this boxing match in which good Mr. Christopher wishes to make his read

ers believe we have engaged. But we are told that Mr. Letts "bears himself boldly in the fight." If it require bravery to strike at a man who will not lift a hand to you; we believe there is not a coward on the face of the earth. But, no doubt, Mr. Christopher will say, our fears kept us quiet. We beg to remind him that we have manifested no fears in exposing his, Mr. Christopher's, cant, inconsistency, and absurdity; and he has not had as yet, the courage to defend himself, or we should rather say, to *attempt* his defence, for to defend absurdity is beyond his power, except when he comes in contact with a fool, and if he finds us idiots, we are willing to submit to any chastisement which he may be able to inflict upon us. We shall now inflict a little upon him by way of shewing his transcendent powers as a critic, or to speak seriously, to shew what impudence he must have assumed in pretending to review a poem, neither the beauties nor the faults of which he was capable of perceiving. We shall give such parts of the poem as he has quoted at the commencement of his critique with his comments as he proceeds, taking the liberty, at the same time, of adding our own comments, in order to shew what value is to be set on Mr. Christopher North's criticisms. He begins with the beginning, and quotes the first lines of the poem thus:—

> "The Ritter Bann from Hungary
> Came back renowned in arms,
> But scorning jousts of chivalry,
> And love and ladies charms,
> While other knights held, revels he,
> Was wrapt"—

"in what?" says the gallant Christopher, wishing to insinuate that the poet had wrapped him in something unsuited to the time and place, and to the mood of mind in which he happened to be at the moment. But let us see whether the wrapper which the critic would throw over the shoulders of the knight was more naturally selected than that which the poet assigns him. "In what?" Surtout? Roquelaire? Poodle Benjamin? Bang-up? Doblado? Frock? Wraprascal? No, no! What then? Sheet? Blanket? Quilt? Coverlet? Counterpane? No: what then? why

> "In thoughts of gloom
> And in Vienna's hostelrie,
> Slow paced his lonely room."

Now whether "thoughts of gloom" became Ritter Bann at this same moment or not, the reader cannot probably determine until he reads, if not the sequel, at least a considerable part of the poem. But this notorious humbug of a critic, taking it for granted, that we ought to know at once what garment suited him, without waiting to know the situation in which he was placed, and the mood of mind consequent upon this situation, will have it that he should be at once wrapped up in a Bang-up, or Wraprascal,—that the poet has clothed him in those mental robes which became him at the moment, for he sought not to describe his material garments:—the reader will easily perceive when he discovers from the subsequent part of the poem that Ritter Bann was at this moment the victim of jealousy; and even his slowly pacing the room might lead any reader to suppose from its harmony with "thoughts of gloom," that his mind must be under the influence of some mental agitation. But says Mr. Christopher "this is a very novel and original character in our now-a-days poetry." If it be both novel and original the poet has the greater merit: if it be neither, it may still have very great merit; for at this time of day it is nearly impossible to create a character perfectly novel and original, so that whether the character be original or not, the critic's observation is equally absurd, unless he maintain that there is no merit where there is no originality; but to maintain this would be to prove himself, and almost all the writers of the day, a parcel of dunces and imitators. How different were the ideas of Boileau on this subject from those of Mr. Christy; but to quote his sentiments on the subject, in reviewing Mr. C. North's absurdities would be throwing pearls before swine: it would be telling him a something which he could not understand. But one quotation more from the poem, and we have done with this humbug. We shall not go beyond the next quotation:—

> "There entered one whose face he knew,
> Whose voice he was aware
> He oft at mass had listened to
> In the holy house of prayer."

Here the rhodomontade Christopher triumphantly asks, "who is this fine

fellow? Wait a moment and you will be told." The reader cannot but perceive that the object of the critic's remark is to shew that the person who enters is a very different person from what we might expect from the preceding stanza. According to the critic it seems these lines give us reason to expect some "fine fellow," but for our parts we should be rather inclined to expect some godly and reverend minister of the gospel, and such the poet represents him:—

"'Twas the abbot of St. James's monks,
A fresh and fair old man,
His reverend air arrested e'en
The gloomy Ritter Bann."

The critic also quarrels with the word *fresh* as not suited to an old man; but we are certain the poet could not select from the English language a term more appropriate to the character whom he paints, for by the term fresh he wishes to evince that a holy and virtuous life is calculated to make us look young, even in our old age, that is, it throws a freshness over the countenance which is the joint result of a temperate life, and a conscience at peace with itself.

We have now quoted sufficient to shew that the beauties of poetry are in the eyes of Christopher North, Esq. its greatest blemishes, and our object in doing so is to guard our readers against the influence of bad taste, and to shew them how liable they are to be humbugged by such vile productions as Blackwood's Magazine.

A VISION.

(Continued from page 43.)

A mist, intense as if the blue air breathed
By half a generation, had imbued,
With all its depth of azure, one dense veil
Of vapour, which had gather'd round me, now
Dissolving, shew'd the visionary scene
Was shifted; but, alas! I quickly found
The same dark tragedy was acting still,
And still the same sad part in it was mine.
  On the steep rising of a dun moss-bank,
A woman couch'd:—the stream that crept thereby
Was shrunken as the veins of bloodless Age;
While the red leaves dropt round her, as the year
Sigh'd out its death-gasp on their sickening leaves;
And many a leaf fell on the brook, which drifted them
To its dim edge, and would not bear them further,
Upon that wave whose thin and faltering flow
Was all the desolate scene retain'd of life,
Or light, save one lone cloud above the west,
Still gazing after the last sun, and seeming
To shout in triumph, "*I* behold him yet."
A rough-hewn bridge had, by some peasant hands,
Been bent across the rill; but its bed yielded,
And all that summer's thirsty noons had left,
Now rippled through the piles of the sunk pier,
Leaving the mid arch waterless. A lorn,
Though haply once joy-tenanted cot, uprear'd
Its roofless wall, in a wood's growing shadow;
The blossom-briar through the bare lattice held
Its fragrant offering; but no *rosier* maid
Was there to cull it for her bosom. Fresh
And flowery hillocks varied the smooth vale;
But they were drear as tombs, for no young cherubs
Were bounding over them; and the deep verdure
Of their small summits gave the heart a pang,

To think how many a summer must have died
Since the gay foot of childhood wanton'd there,—
To think, that just such gorgeous green, perchance,
Now flourish'd o'er that very childhood's grave.
A low and half articulate murmuring told
That winds were somewhere on the wing; but far
Or fearful seem'd their flight; for if they kiss'd
The night-flowers in their dewy sleep, it was
Without disturbing them. Aye, Night already
Rear'd high her sable standard o'er the earth,
And all did homage; whatsoe'er had earliest
Been basking in the smile of morn, was now
The first to own her dark-eyed rival's power.
That fairy time of light and loveliness,
When the last beamy stragglers after the sun's
Bright host of unstain'd splendours, many-hued
As the magnificent though motley train
Skirting an emperor's march, over the fields
Of heaven display their variegated garbs
In beautiful disorder; when the embrace
Of kindred colours melting into one,
Or the more exquisite severing of soft streaks,
Which in the brilliant breaking of their tints
Unfold the richest, as when lovers part,
And HOPE is left between them,—told such tales
Of love, of light, of grandeur, and of glory,
As none would have believed, had *earthly* pencil
Dared vouch those wonders of a sunset sky.
That time of sweet sights, and of sweeter thoughts,
Had fallen asleep, like an ill-watching slave,
Even on the lap of Day, o'er whose repose
'Twere sure an easy task to hold, until
Its ending, such a gossamer canopy
As the loose beams and clouds enwove together!
No stars were out, and Cynthia's half-closed eye
Scarce overpeep'd the black and tufted crags
That lay piled up against the faded east,
Giving its very gloom an air of pale
Comparative lustre; while on the opposite verge
Of earth, a dull cold length of duskier brown
Than Autumn throws upon her latest leaf,
Lay withering—the cast chrysalis of light.
Methought, as I moved onward, the chill power
Of murk o'ershadowings, and purblind gleams,
More dismal than impenetrable shade,
Fell on my soul as might the curdling touch
Of Death's damp hand upon a breathing breast.
And yet that soul had long been darkly bound
Within the icy zone of its check'd feelings!
Why should it shudder *then?* Was there a woe
Still to be fear'd, more deadly than those deadliest
With which a wanton fate can wound the young—
The fond, and bid them, in their writhings, live,
Than scorn'd affection—hope for ever blasted—
Than phrenzy, which for every lucid thought
It quenches in the brain, seats there, instead,
A rayless and corroding fire, that eateth
Sluggishly inward, burning not the less
For that it never brightens into flame?
We know not half how keen the shaft of pain,
Until it speedeth to us through the heart
Of one we love, *however* wrong'd by her.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Sweepings of my Study. By the Compiler of "The Hundred Wonders of the World." London, Whittaker.

NOTWITHSTANDING the discrepancy which our author is guilty of at the very threshold of this performance, we allude to the silly bit of affectation conveyed in the idea, that what he himself at first neglects and discards, should afterwards, and from the taste of a servant, be deemed of value; and although we think Sweepings but an uncomplimentary title to catch the reading world, which, in these days of improved authorship, looks for something better than the mere refuse, the cast away offerings of composition, offerings which that term certainly implies, we yet hesitate not in placing the author of the single volume before us, tolerably high as an amusing, and diligent, if not very deep, and very instructive companion. And this, in an age which is daily, almost hourly, fed with something above mere mediocrity, and when genius is springing up not only in the high places of literature, but also in the lowly vallies—the quiet retreats; for each hamlet has its poet and its chronicler: in such an atmosphere, peopled with such spirits, it is, we repeat, no light praise to have produced a book which has enticed readers enough, not only to ease its publishers' counters of a first, but to supply them again with a second edition.

Fortunately for us reviewers, whose labours are even more multifarious, and almost as awful as those enacted by the son of Jupiter and Alcmena, we have not in this instance to unravel the intricacies of a continuous tale, or the labyrinth of a wire drawn mystery; the book, excepting, in its title page and its "finis," has no particular beginning, nor middle, nor end, but rather, has a hundred beginnings, and middles, and ends—it is an Olla-podrida—a Gallimaufrey—

"———— an olio
Compiled from quarto and from folio,
From pamphlet, newspaper, and book"—

And contains also, which is quite as good a thing, the gleanings of the author's own peregrinations, which appear to have been by no means restricted and bounded by the white cliffs of Albion; for like the wise Grecian, he seems to have visited many countries and cities, and therein to have given us a smattering of his observations. Our readers, however, will be as little disposed to expect an encounter with an Odyssey as we were—there was but one who could bend the bow of Ulysses.

How many of us, in the museum of a conchologist, or the aviary of a bird fancier, would fix upon the same shell, or the like chorister—perhaps no two would be of the same opinion, and we apprehend the result will be pretty much the same with reference to the curiosities of our author's study. We therefore would not have it thought that the few specimens we give are, in our opinion, certain of propitiating the sympathies of all, but only as appearing, some of the best to our judgment and taste, as well as being from their brevity more amenable to extraction. They are also, as far as our recollection serves, *new*, which we cannot say of several in the volume; for, be it known to the relator, and his coadjutress *Sukey*, that we (that is, the writer of this notice) have before us at this moment, the work of our own hands, sundry inestimable scrap books, the result of our observations and our reading, and where, among other equally clever, and facetious, and choice bits of literature, are not a few word for word prototypes of our friend's "Sweepings." In very truth, and out of all question, we need not travel to Syracuse or Ephesus to match his Dromios, and we can find a brother to his Antipolis in the land we live in. But this is a trifle; and if there be two Simon Pures in the field, why, the more merriment for the Commonwealth. Can the following be the origin of a very old, and much bruited proverb—

"ROGUES IN GRAIN.

"Some years ago, the Welsh curate of the Isle of Grain, on the borders of Kent

went stark mad through the force of drink, and was sorely teased by his flock, by the young fry more especially, 'Rogues,' said the indignant Taffy, 'are to be found in all parishes, but my parishioners are *Rogues in Grain*.' "

There is a good deal of ingenuity and ready wit, discoverable in the anecdote that immediately follows this—judge for yourselves readers.

"THE BOLOGNESE EXPECTANTS.

"A Bolognese cardinal having been raised to the Papal dignity, not only his relatives, but all who had the slightest knowledge of him, flocked to Rome from Bologna, each seeking his share of the good things in his Holiness's gift. The newly-elected Pope, however, was resolved to bestow his favours on such only as had merit—a commodity which, it seems, was with his countrymen somewhat scarce. A wag bit on the expedient of posting on the walls of the capital: *Sedie di ritorno per Bologna*. Return-chaises for Bologna. The Bolognese took the hint; and Rome was soon freed of their importunate presence."

And the next which bears our note of admiration, will, without doubt, excite speculation and wonder, in those who have been in the habit of considering Johnny Bull superior in every thing, and Johnny Bull's policemen the cleverest conjurors at this hour, beneath the sun. We should fancy this proof, won from the Adriatic, will shake some people's faith, and create sceptics from the national creed. Every body could steal, but who could restore undetected the rifled property. The poor madman thought it a much cleverer trick for his victim to leap up on his "tower on high," than to throw himself down it.

"A NEW TRICK OF LEGERDEMAIN.

"Venice was anciently famed for its admirable police. It happened one morning that a French nobleman, in taking a few turns in the square of St. Mark, had his pocket picked of a valuable family watch. Instantly on ascertaining his loss, he repaired to the police department, and expressed, with little discretion, and in unmeasured terms, his surprise that under its so-much-vaunted regulations, such an accident should have befallen him in the middle of the day, and in so public a place.

"'Be careful how you speak of the police of Venice,' said the Commissary to whom he addressed himself; 'your quality of foreigner will not shelter you, if your invectives should run to too great a length. Deposit here four zechins, and repair to-morrow morning, at eleven o'clock, to the spot where you lost your watch, with an assurance that it will be restored to you.' The Frenchman was punctual, and waited until two without any tidings of his watch. Still more enraged than before, he again presented himself to the Commissary, venting the bitterest imprecations, and swearing by the Blessed Virgin, the devils in hell, and all the saints in Paradise, that he had been shamefully bubbled, having not only lost his watch, but his zechins, together with his time, which he held to be equally valuable. 'Look to your fob,' said the Commissary, and there, to his utter astonishment, Monsieur found *his watch*.

"'You have to learn something further of the Venetian police,' added the Commissary, 'for which purpose here is an officer who will accompany you.' Having descended to a subterranean apartment, his guide led him, by several gloomy, vaulted passages, in crossing which he became more and more anxious as to what was to befal him, to a chamber, dimly lighted by a lamp, where, in a recess, the curtain of which was drawn aside for his inspection, suspended by a cord, he saw *the thief*."

We have room but for one more. It verifies what we have before heard of our Gallic neighbours—of the olden time of course—their light-heartedness, if not light-heartedness in defeat. As for the epigram and the challenge to the Blackwood men, we have little to say, excepting to wonder that our author should wish a Scotch translation of an eloge, as old as our grandmother, and which has been done into English, we know not how long a time, and been sported into collections bad, good, and indifferent. We would have given the northern tomahawks a tough bit of novelty at least to mutilate.

"EL HICHO AL DICHO HAY GRAN TRECHO.

"*Between the Deed and the Word the odds is great.*

"Being, in the year 1800, at the great fair of Beaucaire, in Languedoc, which was then sufficiently crowded, and where, in more peaceful times, were to be seen throngs of individuals belonging to every nation of continental Europe, without reckoning the Asiatic and African traffickers who proceeded thither, by the Gulf of Lyons, with goods for barter or sale, I entered a picture-dealer's booth, and there, among other curious prints of the same cast, met with one representing Lord Nelson, on the quarter-deck of the

flag-ship l'Orient, in the act of delivering his sword to Admiral Bruyes, the French commander-in-chief. This must have happened, agreeably to the version of the print, in an early part of the battle of Aboukir, the ship being described as without injury to hull, masts, sails, or rigging; or, to employ the sailor's phrase, as having *all standing*. So far the British hero, Nelson, was lucky in his disaster, as he might otherwise have been at the side of his gallant adversary, Bruyes, when, by the explosive force of gunpowder, his flag was seen floating in the ambient air.

"The reader is not to be told, that, after the battle of the 4th of June, the representative of the people, Jean-Bon-Saint-Andrè, landed at Brest, to proclaim on his side the victory commonly ascribed to Lord Howe; and he may likewise have heard that the battle of Trafalgar was followed by a like gasconade. He may have yet to learn, however, that this *rêve de guerre* is as old as the batfle of Oudenarde, when so signal a victory over the French was gained by the confederates under the great Duke of Marlborough. For this reason I shall present him with an epigram, which, I have good authority for saying it, now makes its first appearance in print. I have also to say, that, if any one of the ingenious contributors to Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine will favour the numerous readers of that valuable miscellany with an English version of this epigram, I will endeavour, without binding myself by an absolute promise, to select for him, from my store of French manuscripts, at least half a dozen others, equally original, and of equal point. They shall be sent to any address in London or Edinburgh he may name, under the signature of any one or several, of the twenty-six letters in the English alphabet, at his choice.

"ELOGE DES FRANCAIS.

Quelqu'un fit ces vers après la bataille d'Oudenarde en 1708, en l'honneur des Français.

Un Gascon, d'humeur goguenarde,
Arrivant du camp à Paris,
Après l'affaire d'Oudenarde,
Se trouva, dit-on, fort surpris;
C'étoit de voir que, dans les rues,
On faisoit partout grands feux.
Pour un bataille perdue,
Comme pour un succès heuraux.
Ah! cadedis, riant sous cape,
Badauds, vous faites, leur dit-il,
Ainsi que la pierre à fusil,
Plus de feu tant plus on vous frappe.

"He may not disapprove of the following, as an easy exercise for his pen.

"Monsieur de Condé offered a reward of a thousand crowns to the poet who should make the finest quatrain, to be placed at the foot of the statue of the Great Condé. This one was the production of a Gascon.

"Pour célébrer tant de vertûs,
Tant de hauts faits, et tant de gloire,
Mille écus, morbleu, mille écus,
Ce n'est pas un sol par victoire."

The author, further on, felicitates himself on the total absence of impropriety and indelicacy from all his writings; but we apprehend there would be no great difficulty to dissipate in some measure the complacent effects of this flattering unction, by a mere citation of more than one of the anecdotes which these "Sweepings" have preserved. For instance, now might not the inuendos, which are pretty nearly allied to scandal, have been swept out with the dust of his study, without injury to his book, and which appear at the conclutions of his sensible observations, from the axiom "Comparisons, however smart, seldom fails to be odious," and does the "exhibition of a prude," selected by the particular desire of maid Sukey, say much for her delicacy, or her pity for the failings of her sex. The anecdote, at all events, does little credit to "the bold Colonel of Dragoons," who, it appears to us, was within an ace of a lunatic, in the achievement of the affair chronicled, let the lady so insulted be ever so much of a Joseph Surface in petticoats. Neither are we much better pleased with the unnecessary rakings up of bye-gone disgraces and errors, as evinced in his portentous story, which is heralded by the quotation, "and do not say 'tis superstition," from the Winter's Tale; there seems much ungenerous sarcasm, much of reminiscent hate mixed up in its composition. The person attacked has received the punishment of shame and contempt, and therefore there can be neither valour nor discretion in hunting him down to the death, gibbeting him afresh upon old racks, or pelting him with superstitious and silly appliances. We know no more of this general, of whose misrule in Spanish America, the records of the period speak, than we did of Khubla Khan, or do of his late majesty of the Sandwiches; but we feel that our author would not have done ill, by keeping the anecdote to himself, and that he will do well in cashiering it previously to a third edition.

The style of the work, and to conclude our summary, is rather plain

than ambitious, perhaps it is better that it should be so; for we have almost as great an antipathy to a flower-strewing teller of stories, as we have to gilded embellishments upon the monuments of antiquity; still some of his expressions might have admitted of a pruning application, and as brevity is the soul of wit, we are quite sure that not a few of the anecdotes would have suffered nothing by a departure from prolixity, the sting in the tail, the ultimate of epigrammatic bounce, would even have been heightened by the process.

We speak these things out of our great love, and not from the proverbial acerbity of our calling; for spite of the malversions we have noticed, and which, like the dips and un-Mac-Adamised flints of the road we travelled, continually put us in mind that the course of man's pilgrimage never did run smooth, we have to thank the anonymous collector for rendering an otherwise barren journey we have just taken, not only tolerable, but for even scattering plants of verdure and refreshing pools upon the desert down. For this and these, we wish him and Sukey "hail and farewell," and may *he* have more work for his pen, and *she* for her brush—he is welcome to mutilate as long as she can restore.

July, 1824. S.

The Chimney Sweeper's Friend, and Climbing Boy's Album. Dedicated by most gracious permission, to his Majesty. By JAMES MONTGOMERY. *With illustrative designs by Cruickshank.* 12mo. London, 1824.

THE wish to assist in the good work of ameliorating the condition of that class of little beings, who, in the prosecution of their calling, seem almost to undergo a domestic slavery, for our use and benefit, and an anxiety to extend and recommend to every one within the sphere of our interests, and may we add, our attractions, the employment of those means to safety and comfort, which art has compassionately substituted for the prevention of nature's degradation; these considerations would alone have induced us to peruse, and to notice, this volume of variously contributed poetry, the title of which, for the want of a due understanding of its contents and intents, might, we fear, have deterred the mere casual and hasty reader, and those who form their judgments from "the outward flourishes," from becoming the purchasers of an amusing olio, the patrons of an unostentatious, undisputed charity. To these reasons, if any apology were necessary, we may add that the King's name—"a tower of strength," as the gracious patron of the work, leads us to do homage to the real royalty of mind he thereby displays; and lastly, that James Montgomery, as a poet, is well worthy of passing greeting, and a gratulation of fellowship.

The commencement of the volume comprises the documentory evidence laid before Parliament, and other commissions relative to the condition of the climbing boys, and the suggestions started to alleviate and abolish the worser portion of their labours. These, as having for the most part appeared before, and evidently, from their nature, not calculated to undergo the necessary abbreviation our selection would require, we pass over, and come to the other and concluding portion, which consists of pieces in prose and verse, by various writers of notoriety—the contributory gifts of genius, and friendship, and charity. Besides the editor, himself no ignoble champion, we find Bernard Barton, Allan Cunningham, Wiffen, Neele, Bowles, and other kindred spirits, writing in this labour of love, and stringing their beads of fancy together, till it become as we will hope it will, as powerful in duty as the linked wand of the Lictor's rod—as bright as the axe they bind.

We have not room for many quotations—we do not regret this. Let us but once awaken sympathy, and we send our readers itself for admiration. The single specimen we now give is by the pen of Montgomery, and is worthy of the author of the "Wanderer of Switzerland." It is simply but pathetically beautiful—

"I know they scorn the climbing-boy,
The gay, the selfish, and the proud;
I know his villainous employ
Is mockery with the thoughtless crowd.

So be it;—brand with every name
Of burning infamy his art,
But let his *country* bear the shame
And feel the iron at her heart.

I cannot coldly pass him by,
Stript, wounded, left by thieves half-dead;

Nor see us hurl Labour's life
At rich men's gates, imploring bread.

A frame so sensitive as mine,
Limbs moulded in a kindred form,
A soul degraded yet divine,
Endear to me my brother-worm.

He was my equal at his birth,
A naked, helpless, weeping child;
And such are born to thrones on earth,
On such hath every mother smiled.

My equal he will be again,
Down in that cold oblivious gloom,
Where all the prostrate ranks of men
Crowd, without fellowship, the tomb.

My equal in the judgment day,
He shall stand up before the throne,
When every veil is rent away,
And good and evil only known.

And is he not mine equal now?
Am I less fall'n from God and truth,
Though "wretch" be written on his brow,
And leprosy consume his youth?

If holy nature yet have laws
Binding on man, of woman born,
In her own court, I'll plead his cause,
Arrest the doom, or share the scorn.

Yet, let the scorn that haunts his course
Turn on me like a trodden snake,
And hiss and sting me with remorse,
If I the fatherless forsake."

Will not these affecting lines, with the assurance that there are many such scattered over the volume, together with the explanations and intreaties we have, we fear, but too weakly, though conscientiously urged, excite attention, and procure suffrages? Considering that the cause of the climbing boy involves nothing, as do some of our societies and institutions, which can cause a suspicion as to its ultimate advantage, or actual consequences; considering that it is not a cause bruited by a party, whether of religion or politics, or in which the sectarian is looked upon ungraciously by him of the establishment, and vice versâ, or where the whig thunders his anathemas against the tory, by and by to be attacked in his turn; but that it is solely and truly the cause of charity, the removal of degradation, the striking off *an English fetter*, and to effect which, they of all interests might safely congregate beneath one hallowed temple; when this is considered, we will not fear but that the cause shall be won, and the election carried, with only dissentients enough to vindicate the wisdom and the power of a mightier than man, and to show that perfection is not attainable by mortality. Should the little pinnace which Mr. Montgomery has freighted with more than the riches of a golden fleece, obtain her victory and win her port, it will not be among the least happy of our reminiscences to look back upon our labours, and to say we too have invoked the gales that breathed prosperously upon his canvas, we too have prayed for a glory upon his flag.

July, 1824. S.

Aureus, or the Life and Opinions of a Sovereign. Written by himself. G. WIGHTMAN, Fleet-street.

As it is not usual for sovereigns to give to the world their life and opinions, we hailed the title of this work with some curiosity, wondering who this communicative sovereign could be. We rubbed our memory, and referred to the list of royal and noble authors, but could not find his name; from which one would think he belonged to the *golden* age. The thought then struck us, that it was another species of sovereigns of a very extensive dominion, to whom we wish always to own the firmest love and allegiance. In fact, to this description of sovereigns we have always been much attached, although they never *rained* over or about us. The secret has, we dare say, by this time come out, that this sovereign instead of being the head of the people, is merely the representative of twenty shillings; who now comes forward in the most friendly manner to relate the whole of his adventures, which as we all know, his appearance is a passport to *all* classes of society, must doubtless "come home to every man's business and bosom."

The idea of giving an inanimate thing the faculty of communication is clever, though we all know as old as Æsop himself. "Chrysal, or the Adventures of a Guinea," was the best of this kind. In the present instance, the book before us contains some very accurate delineations of life and character, joined to a very considerable portion of penetration. The author also displays much of that knowledge, which is called "of the world:" in unravelling many of the petty frauds that the

inexperienced are daily subjected to in this vast metropolis. Although displaying some meagreness of style, and occasionally a portion of insipidity, it is a book we should feel much inclined to take up for an evening's lounge, or throw into our chaise as a companion for the journey. Its principal fault is a perpetual raising of curiosity, and never sufficiently gratifying it: an evil that is apt to put the reader in ill-humour both with the author and his book.

SCHEDIASMS *prose and verse.* By W. Hatton Hands. 1 vol. G. Wightman, Fleet-street, 1824.

THIS is evidently the work of a young author, and one of no mean promise, it is as the title indicates, a series of unconnected pieces in prose and verse. Mr. Hands appears to be labouring under the discontent so natural to genius, but as he possesses sufficient talent to produce a sketch so full of feeling and interest as "Eliza Bateman;" he has no reason to find fault. We must therefore, in the words of the poet, remind him, that

> ——— Nature has done her part.
> Do *thou* but thine.

This is a book we can with confidence place in the hands of the general reader, as affording means for relaxation, after graver or more important pursuits.

THE FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION AT SOMERSET HOUSE, CONTINUED FROM PAGE 462, VOL. 84.

IT is not exclusively for the sake of *modern* art and modern artists that we print our monthly lucubrations, but for the sake of the public taste of ART, collectively speaking. Wherefore we shall, from time to time, advert to such Exhibitions of the works of deceased masters as are set before the public, either by the Directors of the British Institution, or other of the opulent proprietors of those graphic treasures.

Notwithstanding that these annual shews at the British Gallery, have the effect which some years ago drew forth the witty sarcasms of "*the Catalogue Raisonnée*"—namely, that of bringing together a selection of works of long approved merit, and which have stood the test of ages, and placing them in comparison, as it were, with those *miscellaneous assemblages* of pictures of which modern Exhibitions must consist; and notwithstanding the obvious disadvantages to the modern artists, of placing the standard works of those painters who have obtained high reputation, by the side of the works of those who are only probationers or candidates for that meed of exalted minds, yet on the whole, we cannot but deem these annual Exhibitions of the select works of the ancient masters, among the best good things that the British Institution has done for the public. To whatever the supposed disadvantage to modern artists, of this species of influence may amount, we must bear in mind that modern sculpture, modern literature, and other arts, have ever been subject to a similar species of influence. The public know this; and this knowledge incontinently mingles with their sympathies; and probably—from a certain natural *vis inertiæ* of sentiment—in the case of most persons, inclines them in favour of living merit.—At least we apprehend this to be the case with a large majority of picture-gazers: and even were it otherwise, the influence of these Exhibitions of performances of high and long established reputation, cannot fail to have a salutary influence on the taste of the public—and that, as we have asserted above, is the principal matter at issue. *Art* there-

fore must be benefited, however certain inferior professors of the present race of *artists* may suffer eclipses.

We do not, however, deem it necessary for us to dwell on these ancient works—which for the most part have already employed the pens of the learned in art—so much in detail, as on those works of the moderns which are entirely new, or which have not hitherto been *reviewed.*

No. 134, in the north end of the south room, is a *View on the Grand Canal at Venice,* from the pencil of CANALETTI, and from the cabinet of the EARL of CARLISLE, K. G. This picture is so multifarious in its parts, that it would be impracticable, in our limited space, to dwell upon the details of its various merits—its grand quays, and embarking stairs, rendered highly picturesque by the peculiar style in which they are treated; its beautifully rippling sea, putting to shame and vulgarity scores of other views of Venice, which have been made to pass under the name of Canaletti; the clear transparency of its shadows and reflections; its painted gondolas, and heraldic barges; its richly coloured mercantile and noble palaces; the church, with its noble portico, and its elegantly fluted dome, crested with a glazed lantern cupola, through which the sparkles of sunlight play with magic effect; and the various excellencies of its almost interminable details—throughout which the artist's patience is sustained by his taste: in fine, it is ample vindication of the great abilities of a master on whom the copyists and picture-dealers have committed so many forgeries.

Though Canaletti is minutely local, he is never laboured; a few lines and touches of his pencil soon raises an edifice, or floats a superb galley. In the present picture, the gondolas of pleasure and the barges of business are numerous; and a large and highly decorated state barge, having ladies on board, comes in grandly at the left hand corner.

But we cannot pass without notice here, a remarkable similarity of sensibility to the picturesque peculiarities of Venice between this great painter, and our noble poet who now

> ——"lies number'd with the mighty dead:"

Let then the reader, who indulges himself in an inspection of the beautiful Canaletti's that embellish the present Exhibition, and more particularly of the present picture, carry with him in his hand or mind the following brief description of Venice from the pen of our lamented Lord Byron. His Lordship, after asserting that "there can be nothing more poetical in its aspect than the City of Venice," employs the following sentences in discussing with the Rev. Mr. Bowles the reasons why it is so. The metaphysics of this dispute, having since been rectified by Mr. M'Dermot, in his printed "Letter to the Rev. W. L. Bowles," we do not mean to enter upon the question which was then at issue between them, but merely to quote those expressions of his Lordship which mark his Canaletti-like sensibility to the beauties of this ancient city. "Is it (he asks) the canal which runs between the palace and the prison, or the bridge of sighs which connects them, that render it poetical? Is it the *Canal Grande,* or the Rialto which arches, the churches which tower over it, the palaces which line, and the gondolas which glide over the waters, that render this city more poetical than Rome itself?" [Most of the objects here mentioned are seen in Lord Carlisle's picture.] His Lordship proceeds, "There would be nothing to make the canal of Venice more poetical than that of Paddington, were it not for the artificial adjuncts abovementioned, although it is a perfectly natural canal, formed by the sea, and the innumerable islands which constitute the site of this extraordinary city."

But (we may here add, that) to this circumstance of its being formed "by the sea," we owe that peculiar local colour, that cool green, which, in the pictures of this master, confer such richness on the reds, and form such an excellent general contrast with the warm tints of the buildings.

We confidently anticipate that the reader will not be displeased with this tracing of the sisterhood of hearts. It cannot but flatter the complacency of human nature to find men of genius expressing their similar feelings and observations, by means of different arts and so nearly to the same effect.

Another small CANARETTI, also a *View in Venice,* from the collection of SIR ABRAM HUME, Bart. No. 138, is a most bewitching little gem, paint-

ed in his very best taste, and containing within itself, though but small, all the characteristic excellencies of the master. It is striking in effect, and the colouring is wrought up to the true point of richness; nor could the forms of the most skilfully arranged composition come more happily together. An equestrian statue placed on a lofty and picturesque pedestal; a Gothic chapel, chiefly of brick-work, projecting from apparently a cathedral church; a flight of steps leading towards the canal; a gentleman dressed in the ancient costume of Venice, descending those steps, in order to embark in a gondola—with a few houses and Venetian chimneys seen beyond, constitute the subject matter of this charming effusion of the pencil, which we place on a par with that from the collection of the Earl of Carlisle.

His Majesty's Canaletiis—those of them we mean, which adorn the British Gallery at present—are not quite of so high a quality, though still genuine, and very fine; especially No. 150, of which the subject is *the Pantheon at Rome*, with its noble portico of Agrippa, and its still more ancient and magnificent dome, seen beyond. It is at once rich and mellow in colour; painted in fine taste, and in the execution of the details, with all the exactness of an architectural antiquary. Near the fore ground, is a fountain at which servants, &c. are busied; and at a little distance is a heavy and richly gilded Roman coach of the last century, drawn by prancing horses, and with the obsolete appendage of a running footman beside it.

No. 140, from the Royal Collection, is also a *View in Rome*, by the same artist, the principal object being the remaining three columns with their foreze architrave, of an antique temple which stands in the Roman cattle market. Antiquarian spectators are introduced in the act of admiring the ruin. The characteristic merits of this picture are the same with that of the above.

To trace the progress of the mind of a great artist (where we may be able) on the subject of his art, is both profitable to our taste, and pleasing in itself. If we listen with interest to the apostrophe of the poet,

> "Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
> The steep, where Fame's proud temple shines afar!

How much more are we interested, when any of the very foot-marks by which genius has ascended this laborious steep, can be discovered and pointed out. That the youthful Demosthenes harangued with pebbles in his mouth to the raging sea; that Swaneveldt devoted himself, with hermit-like seclusion, to a sylvan life, for the sake of indulging his passion for landscape; and that Ceandi forth issued from his pastry shop to contemplate Nature, as she presented herself to his youthful vision on the banks of the Tyber—are anecdotes that warm our imaginations, and fail not to call forth a corresponding enthusiasm. Nor should it, nor will it affect our readers less, should we be able, in any respect, to trace the early progress of our countryman, Wilson, one of the most powerful and original landscape painters that the world has produced, and whose reputation—as Coleridge has grandly said of Shakspeare's, "is but beginning."

Wilson is *our own*. He already classes with the best of the old masters; and his merit; his memory; the romance of his professional progress, and the contemporaneous neglect which attended his high attainments, have carved out for him a tenfold claim on our present attention. Nor will the present generation hold itself responsible for the blindness of the last.

The Gallery of the British Institution presents us with a duplicate of Wilson's very first landscape, or that which has the reputation of being so; and we have placed the name of Canaletti immediatly before that of the English landscape painter, because the study of the works of this celebrated Venetian became the subsequent stimulus and means of Wilson's improvement. It is pretty well known that the latter was not in the beginning of his career a painter of landscapes, but of portraits, or any thing else that fell in his way. Among the curiosities at the Hyde in Essex (the seat of Mr. Disney) is a very clever portrait by Wilson; and there is extant somewhere a picture of two fighting cocks, an early work from his hand, of which we have heard the late Mr. Hearne speak highly.

It does by no means destroy, or even impair, Wilson's claim to originality, that we discover his style of landscape

to have been formed on a careful study —or rather, we think, enthusiastically caught, from that of Canaletti. The present Exhibition shews it, and in the collection of Sir George Beaumont is a very capital Canaletti, which bears still stronger testimony to this fact, The landscape to which we have alluded as being a duplicate of his first, is here numbered 174, and entitled *A View of Anconetta*, from the collection of Jno. Hawkins, Esq. We have stated this on the authority of the late S. Davis, Esq. of Portland Place, a gentleman of considerable taste and talent in landscape painting, who possessed a picture of this subject, and whom we have heard relate, that, on Wilson's arrival at Venice, he brought with him letters of introduction to a certain artist there, whose painting-room window commanded the view of the little convent chapel of Anconetta. Arriving during the absence of the Venetian, finding a little canvas on the easel, and a pallette, &c. ready prepared, and recollecting perhaps

"How painters left their names at Cos;"

he made a sketch in oil of the subject before him, while he waited the artist's return, who was so enthusiastically pleased with what Wilson had done, that he recommended to him by all means to abandon his project of studying historical painting, and to become a painter of landscape. As Wilson followed this advice, the present picture marks an important era in his life; and as we have never seen this anecdote in print, we are not displeased at the opportunity of putting it upon record.

A fine tranquil tone of colour and chiaro scuro connects this landscape with the sentiment of the religious procession which is approaching the convent * chapel; while the stone-pine, the poplars, and the sea which laves the shore of the little island of Anconetti, connects it with Italy and the Adriatic. And in the forms and keeping of the sky, taken with reference to the source of light, may be seen a great deal of what became a primary element in the subsequent works of Wilson.

Let us now direct the reader's attention to No. 158, a charming little work from the pencil of this admired master, and from the collection of Cole Hugh Baillie; wherein, if he compares Wilson's colour; his calm water with reflections; his mode of introducing, and manner of painting, his figures; his solicitude to have grand leading lines in proper places, with parallel passages in the works of the Venetian, much may be traced of what has been called family resemblance in painting. In the airyness and colour of his skies; in the grand forms of his clouds; in the bold freedom and vigour of his trees, and in those magical tones which have bound the taste of Europe in their spells. Wilson is undoubtedly very superior; but still the connoisseur may trace, that the latter was pleased and improved with looking at Nature, as it were, through Canaletti's spectacles; or were we to go back with Horne Tooke, to "the pure wells of English literature"—we should perhaps say he *trowed* both of nature and art, as Canaletti trowed, yet without the least particle of the servility of a copyist. On the contrary, he often deviates boldly from his predecessor in practice, although their practice was held together by congeniality of principle. Canaletti attached himself more to artificial objects, such as boats and buildings, the work of the hand of man; Wilson to rocks, trees and cataracts as nature left them. And if Canaletti displayed more of precision, and of beauty in his details of the several parts, Wilson exhibited more grasp of mind, more of simplicity, more of unity, and more of grandeur. The present view is taken from the border of an Italian lake. Those Canaletti-like figures are near the fore ground, consisting of a fisherman producing what he has caught; his white shirt catches the light sharply, as we frequently see in the works of Wilson—

* "Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer!
"Soft hour! which wakes the wish and melts the heart,
"Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way,
"As the far bell of vesper makes him start;
"Seeming to weep the dying day's decay."

another fisherman remains in his boat at a little distance.

A little beyond the principal group, an antique sarcophagus, or saros, is conspicuously introduced, with a stone leaning against it, which has probably been its cover. Forming a grand and decided form in the right part of the composition, this sarcophagus gives at once an emphasis that fixes the spectator's attention, and a certain classical character to the whole. A picturesque ruined temple—that of Minerva, if we rightly recollect—stands so near the further margin of the lake, as to be reflected in its waters; and being homogeneous with the saros, keeps up the classical character of the work. The whole is in fine harmony, and was doubtlessly painted during the prime of Wilson's life.

Every body knows *Cicero at his Villa* (No. 170,) which is from the collection of the same gentleman (John Hawkins, Esq.) who possesses the *Temple of Clitumnus* (No. 176,) and the view we have already noticed of Anconetta; but every body knows it,—wherefore there is the less occasion to dwell upon it,—from the admirable engraving by Woollett. The print does ample justice, and even somewhat more than justice, to the original, with regard to *forms*, especially those of the fore-ground trees and weeds. The picture on the other hand possesses superior brightness of sky, which, now that we see it, raises the work in our estimation, inasmuch as it represents such cheerful weather as Cicero would choose, in order to walk forth with his friend Atticus. To shew his grounds, and that about "the oak of Arpinum;" for hereby hangs a celebrated classic bon-mot, with which every spectator may not be acquainted, and which we shall therefore add. One of the party assembled at Cicero's villa enquired of their host, whether a certain oak, before which they stopped, was "the celebrated oak of Arpinum?" In what poem this oak had been mentioned, we have forgotten; but the querist was an advocate, like Cicero himself, who immediately replied, that poetry was "not to be cross-examined *like a witness at the Bar*." The group which Wilson has introduced in the present picture, is a record of this piece of antique topography, and of the above classical anecdote.

Wilson's *View at the Gardens of the Villa Madama*, No. 148, from the gallery of the EARL OF EGREMONT, is also a very capital performance. It consists of a Roman ruin, overhung with trees and trailing plants, and thus converted to a very romantic hermitage. The group of figures which he has introduced, consists of the hermit and two visitors, of which one is an Italian female, in a round hat, and with a theorbo, which imparts a touch of romantic sentiment to the whole composition. These figures are painted with great care and considerable taste. Indeed the style of the whole picture, at once careful and masterly, proclaims it to be a work of his very best period. Beyond the forest gloom which overshadows the hermitage, is a gleam of light, stealing in, and falling on a glade at a little distance, which reminds us of a much admired passage in Dr. Croft's oratorio, where a lively air breaks in upon a solemn gloom. The trees in this picture are abundant, and painted with great breadth and power.

What the study of Canaletti did toward the education and professional advancement of Wilson, the study of the works of Rembrandt effected for Sir Joshua Reynolds. Although Sir Joshua, as president of the Royal Academy, and a public instructor of the students in painting, was constantly, and very properly, holding up the merits of the Italian schools to their imitation; yet the stream of his mental and professional *feelings* ran in favour of the Flemish and Dutch masters; and his whole practice shews that the harmonies and enrichments of chiaro scuro and colour, had charms for him far superior to those of form. It is no uncommon thing, however, in the arts—aye, and out of them, too—for the current of a mans' feelings to set one way, and that of his reason another.

We shall proceed to illustrate these positions from the works of these great artists, now exhibiting at the British Gallery; conceiving that no consideration can be more interesting to our readers of taste (whether artists or not) than the professional steps of painters so endeared to us by merit and country, as Wilson and Reynolds.

And firstly of REMBRANDT'S *Finding of Moses*, (No. 93,) from the

cabinet of the Right Honourable R. Peel, M.P. If Sir William Jones's statement be true, that the first law of poetry, is the indulgence of the will of the poet; it is at least equally true of the art of the painter, of which the present work is a remarkable instance;—for Rembrandt has here indulged his will—stimulated by those innate and original energies, and that conscious power over the means of painting, which he is become so celebrated for having possessed—even at the expense of history, drawing, and costume; and has done this so successfully, that as we gaze, we forget all these defects, and criticism is absorbed in the wonder with which we behold those magic spells of his chiaro scuro and colour, to display and enforce which was *his purpose*. Here are no temples, no pyramids, no sphinxes, nor aught else to denote that Egypt is the scene; and no royal costume, or Ethiopean complexion, or character of countenance to tell of the daughter of Pharaoh and the damsels of the Nile; too reckless of these matters, or too uninformed of Egypt, to transport us to that ancient country: he nevertheless carries the mind back to a remote era—indefinitely speaking—with the greatest success. While you gaze, all modern modes and habits seem erased from your recollection,—pushed aside, as it were, in the picturesque and antiquarian transport of his pencil. The catalogue informs us that the subject represented, is *the finding of Moses*. The information was necessary. It might else easily have been mistaken for a party of the fair sex of no very elegant forms, who had issued from a dark grove, in order to enjoy the retired luxury of bathing, having brought with them a child in a basket, for the same purpose.

It was equally necessary, to inform us, that Rembrandt's No. 57. from the collection of Sir Thomas Lawrence, P. R. A., was *Joseph accused by the wife of Potiphar*, since we might else have supposed, that some Flemish Vrow, not of the first order, was accusing a petty-fogging puritanical culprit, of an attempt, which even the Turk, to whom the complaint is preferred, could not half believe, and that a reciprocity of cant prevailed throughout the picture.

Potiphar, far from being resentful, seems to listen very coolly to the lady's story, while Joseph holds up his wretchedly ill-drawn hand, with a god-forbidding surprise on his countenance. If either of the parties present, appears in danger of a dunkeon, it is the mean-looking *Potipherah*: an appropriate touch of the salacious, must however be granted to this vulgar and vindictive face.

The antecedent part of the story is far differently told in No. 37, by *Gentileschi*, which hangs within view, and where the enamoured Egyptian is represented as beautifully fair, and the whole of the pictured legend is so elegantly treated, that, for the sake of contrast it affords, it is well worth the spectator's while to glance his eye to the left-hand-ward.

Neither is Rembrandt's costume in this instance, more than in the former, in any respect Egyptian. Far from it. In fact, the old green bed-furniture looks like that which we may suppose Mrs. Rembrandt to have used in the winter season,—and so we might say of the apartment; the red-backed chair, and Joseph's robe, which lies beneath the feet of his virago of a mistress.

Nevertheless the present picture is rich in colour; powerful and harmonious in chiaro scuro; and delightful for that "wanton heed and giddy cunning"—those "inimitable feats" of the brush, which perhaps no other painter has so deeply felt, or so successfully imitated, as Sir Joshua Reynolds.

And *Rembrandt's own portrait*, No. 118, from the gallery of William Gosling, Esq., is not less remarkable for merit of the same kind. He has here introduced—though not for the sake of shewing himself in finery, but, because such objects were analogous to the native energies of *his* art—a picturesque cap, jewellery, and fur. His rich red dress is fastened with a ruby broach, and his hand grasps, or rests on a dagger, hilted with precious stones.

The character of the head is of great energy, and seems well to belong to the abstract idea of Rembrandt. There is the evident stamp of bold and original thinking about it, and an independent disdain of adopting aught from the works of other painters, or that he did not find

in nature, and in the profound resources of his own mind. Yet all his pictorial purposes, seem accomplished by accident, rather than design, and his colours, as it were dropped from the clouds. Others have laboured by fancied rules to attain the same ends in vain, with the exception of Sir Joshua: and he has not done it by rule, but by some occult magic of congenial sympathy, and in seeming emulation of nature herself,

"Performing such inimitable feats
As art with all her rules can never teach."

Let the reader who has looked attentively at these Rembrandts, forthwith step into the south room, and examine with the same careful attention, the portrait and other works which are there exhibited from the pencil of SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS. In particular let him look at *Sir Joshua's own portrait*, No. 147, and the *Girl leaning on a pedestal*, No. 152, which has been so beautifully engraved by Bause. The latter is transcendently fine in all respects, excepting where its merits have been invaded by certain frightful cracks, from having been varnished too soon after it was painted. Let the reader —in particular, let the student in art, regard, and compare with similar passages in the works of Rembrandt, the mellow grey which mingles in the shadows of the flesh tints, and the rich colours that seem as it were, accidentally woven in the girl's scarf. But for sweetness of character and expression, and for a certain poetry of the internal enjoyment of an innocent and happy spirit, which Wordsworth should describe; this face far exceeds all that Rembrandt ever could have thought of; but in this respect, the two painters are not to be compared.

No. 162, *Lady Cawdor, when a child*, sitting, or crouching down to gather a rose, is also very charmingly treated; the action is child like, natural and engaging: she is dressed in a cap, which looks very becoming, although now unfashionable; and in a black cloak which appears at once suitable, picturesque and novel. Perhaps you will no where find in a picture, a more interesting and lady like little girl. The vase in which grows the roses, is sadly out of perspective; but this is mere oversight; a spot on the sun which only a critic's vanity would notice for the sake of letting you see that it had not escaped him. This beautiful picture is from the gallery of the EARL OF CARLISLE, K. G.

No. 159, intitled *the Nymph and Boy*, by the same superlative artist, and from the collection of JOHN ANGERSTEIN, Esq., is rich and mellow, and on the whole, a capital work. The boy wakens, the sylvan echoes with the music of a simple pipe; and the nymph is naked, and reclining on a drapery, partly of changeable silk of blue and lilac, in a finest arbour over-arched with vine leaves, among which the fruit hangs clustering. A festoon of red drapery also hangs from above.

The subject is very poetically conceived. Though the eye and the hand of the painter have been in in great measure guided by Rembrandt, the parallel reaches no further. Rembrandt would have painted a burlesque, where Reynolds has treated us with

—"all the pleasures
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts
When the fresh blood grows lively."

And it is rather the spirit of Theocritus or Thomas Moore, that hovers over the scene and the group before us.

The scene is a sort of forest glade, through which winds a river, which seems to mingle its soft murmurs with the music of the rustic pipe. The head of the listening nymph is bound with a wreath of roses and other flowers. The boy, although habited in a bright red drapery, with slashed sleeves, is, if we are right in our suspicions, intended for Cupid in disguise. The beauty and peculiar character of his head, and the seeming witchery of his music, (judging by its effects) agree to this account. In this case, the beautiful nymph is listening with innocent interest to the music of love—the expression of which sentiment, chiefly resides in her large black eyes. We trust by these to justify our conjecture.

The Society of British Artists in Suffolk-street, publicly advertised, that their exhibition should remain open *four months*, and we, with too little reflection, relying on this promise, promised in our turn, and intended at this time, to have attended

our exhibitions, particularly on the engraving, statues and reliefs, of which some were very good. But their show is closed, and we are consequently prevented.

We beg to assure our readers, if necessary, that *we* were sincere, though probably we ought not to have relied on the word of persons so incompetent to form a permanent institution, meriting a title so assuming and imposing as that of THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, as their own printed laws have proved these forward and forfeiting gentlemen to be: and perhaps we ought to have foreseen, that they would be both unable and unwilling to perform this part of their contract with the public, inasmuch as the *mere filling* of large rooms, will not cause the same exhibition to be frequented for four months successively.

Perhaps the *forfeiting* gentlemen will plead, that they did not retire from the public, but the public from them. In as far as there were some few excellent performances, which we thought to have had the pleasure of noticing, we regret this early closing; but when we turn our eye to their unprincipled laws and canting exordium, we cannot be surprised; however we will say no more at present.

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

SIGNOR GARCIA took his benefit at this theatre, when he prevailed upon Signor Rossini to produce (for the first time in London) his serious opera, named *Semiramide*, which has been performed, without any great success, in Italy, and at Vienna. We cannot now enter sufficiently into its merits, which we shall have some early opportunity of discussing. For the present we have only time to observe, that it is full of what the French, in their well-bred language, term *reminiscencies*—that though there are three, perhaps four, things in it deserving of praise, yet that it is, upon the whole, as heavy as it is long; is replete with plagiarisms, from Mozart particularly, and owes all the indulgence with which it was received to the incomparable performance of Mad. Pasta, and the great support afforded it by Mad. Vestris. At the end, the *claqueurs*, or those foreigners who obtain orders of admission, and contrive, by dint of assurance and noise, to controul the public opinion in this theatre, called for Signor Rossini, who at length appeared on the stage, where, considering how little he has done there, and how small a part of his engagement he and his lady have fulfilled, he must have felt himself placed in rather an awkward situation; but as all those who really have a right to express their sentiments remained silent, the mockery passed off without any disapprobation. It is said abroad, and there generally believed, that the English are but indifferent judges of the fine arts, music particularly; but that they are excellent dupes, none in Paris, Rome, or Naples, ever denied. —*Chronicle, July 16th.*

Mademoiselle Noblet, took her benefit this month. She selected for the occasion Rossini's opera of *Tancredi*, which, aided by the rare genius of Madame Pasta as the hero, and Madame Ronzi de Begnis as the heroine of the tale, went off with very great eclat. Madame Pasta's delicious execution of *Di tanti palpiti* insured, as it uniformly does, an enthusiastic *encore*. After the opera, a new comic ballet, composed by M. Aumer, was produced. It is entitled *Jadis et Aujourd'hui; ou, Les deux Tantes:* and the story which has been dramatized, turns on the opposite disposition of the two aunts of *Rosalie*. One of them conforms to the taste of the time present, but the other, under whose especial care *Rosalie* is placed, delights in nothing that does not savour of the time past. Actuated by this feeling, she determines to bestow the hand of *Rosalie* on an ancient coxcomb. But the lady not having any predilection for antiquity, places

her affections on a young French officer, to whom her reasonable aunt has introduced her. The plots which this spark, assisted by a roguish servant, and an equally roguish dancing-master, sets on foot to defeat his ancient rival, form the incidents of the scene. There are several well-imagined and well-executed dances in this ballet, particularly in the last, or ball-room scene; there is also some very good comic acting by Mademoiselle Noblet and Messieurs Ferdinand, Boisgerard, Bertrand, and Venafra. The music, by Gyrowitz, is of too solemn a character for a trifle of this kind. The ballet was well received.

Rossini's serious opera of *Semiramide*, which was first produced in this country for the benefit of Signor Garcia, was repeated. The plot possesses more interest than is usually found in the subject dramatized by the modern Italian poets, who seem to think that if they produce a given number of verses, no matter how trite and trifling, their work is done: the rest is left to the ingenuity of the composer, whose pleasant duty it becomes to clothe these poetical abortions in the rich robes of tasteful harmony. The fable, in the present instance, embraces some strikingly interesting situations—situations which have given the composer an opportunity for describing the more violent as well as the gentler passions of our nature. The music of this opera is of an elevated and heroic character, Rossini felt that the personages introduced were "the honourable of the earth"—princesses, princes, and warriors; and he has endeavoured very successfully to give them strains befitting their proud and lofty fortunes. We think, however, that the opera never will be popular. It is from beginning to end too abstrusely and elaborately scientific to please the million. To those who are well acquainted with the science of harmony, many of the marches and choruses will afford great delight; but there is little in the opera that can give pleasure to the lover of pure melody. From this general observation, we must, however, except the love scenes of *Idrenis*, which are very tender, and the duet between *Assur* and *Semiramide*, in the second act, beginning,

"Quelle ricordate,
Natte di morte,"

which is distinguished by profound feeling. The scene to which this duet belongs is, we think, the finest in the opera. The violent temper of the disappointed *Assur*, and the scornful dignity of the insulted queen are beautifully preserved in every movement. Great knowledge has been displayed in the composition of the choruses. They are perhaps, too powerful for any theatre however extensive. The concerted pieces are full of power and energy. The finale to the first act,

"Ah! Sconvolta nel l'ordine eterno
E' natura in si orrible giorno,"

was excellently descriptive of a state of chaotic confusion. The music, in the scene where the spirit of *Ninus* appears, was also very appropriate. Its deep and solemn character reminded us a good deal of the statue in *Don Giovanni*. The opera has been considerably curtailed—in some parts, we think injudiciously. Thus the greater portion of the scene in which *Arsaces* discovers to *Semiramide* that he is her son—one of the finest incidents in the opera—has been omitted. Madame Pasta represented *Semiramide* with admirable effect. She wore her royal robes with dignity, and looked "every inch a queen." Her efforts were ably seconded by Signor Remorini, who sustained the character of *Assur*. We have rarely heard a singer, with a voice of equal depth, who could introduce with so much success, so many ornaments as this gentleman does. Signor Garcia, as the Indian King, *Idrenus*, had a mere *sinecure*. The little, however, which was allotted to him, he executed with his accustomed excellence. Great attention has been paid to the getting up of the opera. The scenery is splendid, and the dresses rich and appropriate. The opera was very well received by a very full house.—*Times, July 19th.*

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

This house had a bumper on a very mournful occasion. Mrs. Bland, independently of her old acquaintance with the Public, had another claim upon them—that of misfortune. She who has lightened many a heart, is now, in her old age, pressed down with affliction, and her friends have called the public attention to her case. A subscription has been entered into, in the list of which we notice some names of the first distinction, and the performances last night were likewise for the same purpose. The performances commenced with Foote's farce of *The Liar*, which is too well known to admit of any comment. Elliston appeared in high spirits, and acted admirably. Several of the principal dancers from the Opera House had volunteered their services, and a sort of *Divertisement* was got up, in which they obtained their full meed of reward from the approbation of the audience. Mathews shone as usual in *Monsieur Tonson*—his conception of this character is beyond all praise. Mrs. Harlowe performed the little French house-keeper, as she does every thing—well; but on her entry there seemed to be a general recollection that Mrs. Bland had been the original personator of this character.

Among the good things of the evening, Knight did justice to the old favourite of 'Kitty Clover,' and in his encore, introduced the following verse at the conclusion:—

"Sweet Kitty Clover, my bliss does not know,
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh!
For he never has heard the rapturous hand
Give justice and praise to our favourite as Bland,
Whose voice always made all our bosoms to glow;
But, why need I speak what our patrons well know?"

It was more the manner than the words that gave effect to this unexpected sally from the fiction of a Lady's love, to the reality of the evening. In addition to his performance of *Monsieur*, Mr. Mathews sang two of his best songs, which were encored. Between his songs, Mr. Elliston came forward, and, after announcing the arrangements for the following evenings, addressed the audience nearly as follows:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen—It now falls to my lot to perform a grateful and satisfactory task, though the object to which I allude is most melancholy. I have to bear to you the thanks of Mrs. Bland's family, for the sanction which you have lent to the endeavours of the Committee to obtain a subsistence for her future life: those endeavours have been seconded by the very considerable subscription, which is dignified by the names of men of the highest character, and supported by the general voice of the public: but how, indeed, could it be otherwise, when it is remembered that this lady has been before you during a period of forty-two years? You have attended here in great numbers—the subscriptions received have been most liberal; and by these exertions we hope to be able to provide for her future life, while labouring under mental aberration: for this we hope God will bless you—we bless you all."

The performance concluded with *The Mayor of Garrat*, in which Russell resumed his well-known character of *Jerry Sneak*, and received on his entrance a most kind reception from the audience.—*Chronicle, July 6.*

The comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer* was represented, for the purpose of introducing Miss J. Paton to the public, in the lively character of *Miss Hardcastle*. Her performance, which was arch and pleasant, more than justified the praise which her preceding effort, as *Letitia Hardy*, had elicited. In her bar-maid scene with *Young Marlow*, she displayed no inconsiderable portion of arch humour. In rallying *Young Marlow*, "the agreeable rattle, who keeps it up with *Lady Betty Buckskin* till three in the morning," she made every point tell very effectively. Mr. Dowton's *Hardcastle*, and Mr. Elliston's *Young Marlow*, were excellent. Mr. Harley played *Tony Lumpkin*. He created a good deal of laughter, but he is not the *Tony* of Dr. Goldsmith. He is too mercurial in his movements, and too rapid in his utterance, to give us any competent idea of the over-fed, ale-guzzling, booby 'squire. The house was thinly attended.

The *Belle's Stratagem* was performed 16th July. In spite of an absurd plot, a superficial and inconsistent delineation of character, and a strain of dialogue by no means remarkable either for brilliancy or wit, this comedy has always held its place on the stage, and constituted the amusement of many an audience, by its vivacity and variety, or, to express in one word a number of subordinate advantages, by the stage effect which it certainly possesses in a high degree. We shall pass lightly over the notice of the two principal male characters, Mr. Elliston's *Doricourt*, and Mr. Dowton's *Old Hardy*, for the purpose of coming to the only novelty of the evening, Miss L. Paton, in the character of *Letitia Hardy*. *Doricourt* was at one period one of Mr. Elliston's most attractive performances; and though time is no improver of the qualities required to exhibit the fervour and impetuosity of youth, he still retains enough of the manner to carry him through the task with *eclat*. *Old Hardy* was as well sustained by Mr. Dowton as it could possibly be. To read this character in the closet, and see him perform it afterwards on the stage, must strike the mind with a contrast most favourable to the estimate of his dramatic talents. Miss L. Paton, the young lady who made her first appearance at this theatre last night, is the sister of the lady so celebrated for her vocal powers. Her figure is slight and graceful, and her countenance animated and pleasing. She possesses, if not a knowledge of the stage-business derived from practice, an aptitude which is sufficient to supply the want of experience. Her reception was very flattering, and the spirit with which she entered into *Letitia's* singular devices to catch the heart of *Doricourt*, soon changed what was at first but complimentary into a well-earned tribute of genuine applause. She acted the rude simpleton with the most happy imitation of awkwardness and rusticity, and when it behoved her to exhibit gracefulness of motion and deportment, she was equally perfect in the execution. She sang the song in the scene with *Doricourt* in a manner not unworthy of the associations inseparable from her name. In the masquerade scene, Miss L. Paton did all that was to be done by graceful pantomime. The effect, considered as a whole, was eminently successful; but we must confess that *Miss Letty*, with all her frolic, is so far from being a favourite of ours, as to prevent us from assigning a high place in the comic drama to any lady, merely upon the credit of that single performance. In fact, there is no intellectual distinction in the portrait; it belongs rather to the department of farce than of comedy; the contrast which the writer drew was not between assumed idiotcy and real talent, but between it and grace, and the performer is of course restricted to the same delineation. But from one who could play such a part so well, we expect still more when she aspires to a higher undertaking. The other characters were well distributed, and the whole was got up in a manner which shewed the strength of the company to advantage. After the play, Mr. Elliston came forward to make an apology for Madame Catalani. The audience exhibited some impatience and disapprobation in the first instance, but when Mr. Elliston assured them that Madam Catalani was in the house, and would do her best to discharge her duty to the public, though labouring under a severe cold, that he came forward to apologise, not for her absence, but for any deficiency that might take place in her execution, as compared with her former efforts, in consequence of indisposition. Good humour was immediately restored, and the curtain rose for the appearance of this extraordinary vocalist. It was quite evident that the apology was not without foundation. The execution was less brilliant than usual, for with the tact of true judgment, she knew how far she could go, and would attempt to go no farther. The pointing of the finger to the neck —an action which this lady performed twice in the course of the evening, was sufficiently descriptive of her own feeling on this occasion. Great applause, however, attended her throughout, for even with the impediment we have noticed, she realized the sublime of music.

The comedy of *The Hypocrite* was performed with the usual cast. Though we have often expressed our admiration of Mr. Dowton's talents, in *Dr. Cantwell*, and though we allow that the characters of the play are well sustained in general, we must

confess that such constant repetitions of the same thing become quite tiresome. The managers themselves will, perhaps, concur with us in opinion, when they look to the returns of the last night. Mr. Harley was obliged to repeat *Mawworm's* pulpit address; and perhaps if the custom had not obtained the sanction of high authority in a former instance (we allude to the *encore* of Mr. Liston, when he had the honour of playing the same part in the presence of his Majesty) people might consider and pronounce it to be a very absurd innovation on the old practice of the stage. After the comedy, Mr. and Mrs. Noble, assisted by other dancers, performed a pastoral ballet with considerable grace. Then came the farce of *The Citizen*, in which Miss L. Paton undertook the part of *Maria*. It was an effort in the same line with those already so successfully executed by this young lady, and being of an inferior stamp, and consequently requiring less talent to meet its demands, we need only say, that she appeared to exercise more than ordinary power, when she virtually exercised less.

VAUXHALL.

A grand *Juvenile Fête* was given at these gardens, and the young holyday folks, who seemed to rush with delight to the enlivening scene, crowded the walks, and manifested their astonishment at the novel entertainments of the place. The proprietors adopted the proper precaution of throwing open to the children, without any additional expense, the galleries near the theatre, and thus securing from the pressure of the crowd those who were least able to resist its influence. The galleries were early filled, and there was something peculiarly interesting in the unusual appearance of such a number of children, manifesting by the most varied and playful gesture, their gratification at the pantomime, the rope dancing, the fireworks, and the round of other entertainments which were liberally provided for the occasion. The music, the French juggler, the Fantoccini, had their separate attractions. The gardens were brilliantly lighted, and the whole of the entertainments finished with eclat at half past ten o'clock. The juvenile efforts were then directed to the supper-boxes, which were soon relieved from the weight of pastry, which furnished the last attraction for the night. The gardens were crowded, and all the arrangements for the entertainment and accommodation of the young visitors were well planned and executed.

The proprietors of these gardens, in honour of the patronage of His Majesty, commemorated the anniversary of the coronation by a grand *fête*, prepared in a style suited to the occasion. It was said there were illuminated for this evening, 14,500 additional lamps, and the blaze of beautiful and appropriate devices which glowed upon the eye in every direction, seemed to confirm the statement. There was certainly a greater magnificence of effect from the illumination than we remember to have seen on any former occasion during the season. The efforts of the proprietors were not confined to the additional number of lamps, for new attractions appeared to have been imparted to the different entertainments for the night; the vocal and instrumental concerts were more numerous, and selected with attention to the object of the fete. Miss Witham and Miss Waite were particularly applauded. The fire-works were very magnificent, and seemed to shoot forth

"As if their fires were beams of coming day."

The pantomimic performances, and the other amusements in the bill of fare for the evening, went off with considerable *eclat*. The juggler and the rope dancing, the Fantoccini and the cosmoramas, furnished their several attractions according to the respective tastes of the company; and the spectators, who, availing themselves of the fineness of the weather, crowded to these gardens in unusual numbers last night, appeared everywhere to be occupied with the varied entertainments which were so amply provided for this fête. The attendance, considering the advanced period of the season, was very fashionable; the crowd was indeed excessive throughout the evening, but the arrangements in the gardens were so provident, that very little inconvenience was felt from the pressure.

VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the dull aspect of the political world—notwithstanding the universal dearth of intelligence—a panoramic view of Europe, would time and space admit of the requisite survey, could not be altogether without interest. Such a view we may possibly offer to our readers at a future period. At present, we can but slightly advert to a few passing occurrences, the greater part of which are as evanescent and as harmless as the lambent lightning of a summer's eve.

France and Russia, Spain and Portugal, and the new governments in South America, are by turns the bugbears of the stock exchange, the phantoms with which our money-changers terrify themselves, and endeavour to terrify others. Recently, we have had many rumours of war, though we finally believe that every power of Europe is peaceably disposed. Great alarm has been excited by the receipt of accounts, that a French fleet had appeared in the Mediterranean, and that several Russian ships of war had put to sea. No specific object of these naval expeditions, however, was announced. The French, it appears, plead guilty to the charge of sending out a squadron; but they allege that it is only on a cruise for exercise, and for the health of the sailors. So many and so vague have been the baseless speculations on this subject, that we altogether refrain from mentioning them.

From other quarters, we are told of a new and secret league, or rather of a new result of the Holy Alliance, in virtue of which, Russia, stimulated by France, and countenanced by the existing government of Spain, is to seize upon and occupy the Islands of Majorca and Minorca; and that, consequently, Britain, whether she will or no, must go to war for the sake of maintaining, not only her superiority, but her independence.

That the autocrat of Russia is ambitious, we entertain not the shadow of a doubt; that a station on the Mediterranean would be an acquisition of vast importance to him, is a proposition self-evident in its nature. We are not, however, at present, disposed to think that any schemes are on foot for this specific purpose. In our humble opinion, there is another part of the world in which it is more necessary to look after the views and proceedings of the Emperor Alexander. Most of our readers must be aware of the recent decease, in London, of Tamehameha and Tamehamelu, the king and queen of a cluster of islands in the northern Pacific Ocean, who have paid us a visit, as it was understood at the time of their arrival, for the purpose of obtaining the protection of Britain against an expected attempt upon their independence, by the Emperor of Russia. Russia, some time ago, claimed an immense tract of continent on the north-west coast of America. Her claim was resisted by the British and American governments, and she refrained from enforcing it; but, defeated in that object, her views are known to have extended to the Sandwich Islands. Those islands lie midway between the north-western coast of America and China; not more than five weeks' sail from either country; and, should an attempt from Europe ever be made upon the empire of China, a finer *point d'appui* cannot be imagined than one of those islands, which might, in fact, be converted into a Malta, or a Gibraltar. Russia, with those islands at command, would possess a controlling power in that part of the world.

We trust that, notwithstanding the unfortunate decease of the king and queen of the Sandwich Islands, their intended claims will not be rejected by our government. The islands were discovered by a British navigator, and they seem to have a natural right to be numbered amongst our settlements. Their population, now amounting to nearly 500,000, are industrious, active, courageous, and admirably disposed to receive the discipline and civilization of European masters, in which, indeed, they have made considerable progress. Captain Turnbull says, "they have made such a leap in civilization, that if the progress should at all correspond with the vigour of their first start, they will soon cast off the habits and vestiges of savage life." Since the time that Captain Turnbull wrote, they have made further improvements; they have acquired some of the tactics of European warfare; they have schools for reading, writing, and arithmetic; and they have evinced a considerable degree of skill in naval as well as in civil architecture. Fifty years ago, the majority of these people were

nibals, and offered human victims on their bloody altars!

The king of Portugal has made a grand triumphal entry into his capital, and many of the queen's friends have been subjected to temporary exile. The government, however, does not appear to be in a state of security. An application is understood to have been made to England, for the aid of troops to preserve tranquillity in the dominions of his most faithful Majesty. Our cabinet alleged, that it could not so far countenance the proceedings of the French government, in its occupation of Spain, as to comply with such a request. It was then solicited, that the king of Portugal might be allowed to raise ten regiments in Ireland for his own service. This was also declined, partly upon the same plea, and partly from the recollection of serious inconveniences which had been formerly felt from the incorporation of Irish regiments for the service of foreign princes of the Roman Catholic religion. King John, however, determined to rely as little as possible upon his native army, he next applied for, and is said to have obtained leave to take into his service 7000 Hanoverians.

There is no decisive intelligence from South America; but expectations are entertained that ministers intend, at an early period, to recognize the Columbian Republic, which is unquestionably the most firmly established of all the new states in that part of the globe.

In the United States, the Tariff Bill has at length been carried into a law. The government papers say, that it will produce an additional revenue of three millions of dollars per annum; their opponents, on the contrary, contend that that estimate is far beyond the truth, and that smuggling will be carried on to so great an extent as nearly to defeat the object of the new law.

At home, we rejoice to find that our trade, commerce, and manufactures, and consequently our revenue, continue to increase. By a comparison of the net revenue for the years ending July 5, 1824, with that for the year ending July 5, 1823, it appears that there is an increase of £1,038,281.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

This day is published, price 4s. the Czar, an Historical Tragedy, by Joseph Cradock, Esq. M. A. F. S. A. This Tragedy forms the commencement of a publication that may extend to four octavo volumes. All Original Papers and Letters are consigned to Executors, as the Author is at an advanced age, and it is his chief wish that nothing unauthenticated may be given to the Public after his decease. Printed for the Author, by John Nichols and Son, 25, Parliament-street; and sold by Payne and Foss, Pall-mall; T. Cadell, Strand; Ridgway and Son, Piccadilly; Budd and Calkin, Pall-mall; and all other Booksellers.

Lord Byron's Works, viewed in connection with christianity, and the obligations of social life, A Sermon delivered in Holland Chapel, Kennington, July 4th, 1824, by the Rev. John Styles, D. D.

This day is published, in 3 vols. 12mo. price 12s. Preference, a Novel, by Selina Davenport, Author of Leap-Year, Hypocrite, Original Miniature, An Angel's Form and Devil's Heart, &c., Printed for A. K. Newman and Co. London. Where may be had, just published, A Father as he should be, by Mrs. Hofland, 4 vols. second edition 1l. 4s.—Polish Bandit, by Francis Lathom, 3 vols. 18s. Adele, or the Tomb of my Mother, a Romance, 4 vols. 1l. 4s.—Julia Severa, an Historical Tale, by Sismondi, 2 vols. 12s.—Festival of Mora, by L. S. Stanhope, 4 vols., second edition, 1l. 4s.—Siege of Kenilworth, by the same Author, 4 vols, 1l. 4s.—St. Clair of the Isles, by Eliz. Helme, third Edition, 4 vols. 1l.

In a few days will be published, in one volume, the Poetical Note-Book, and Epigrammatic Museum. Containing upwards of One thousand choice Epigrams, Fanciful Inscriptions, and Poetical Morceaux. Selected from the most approved Sources. By G. Wentworth, Esq.

In the Press, and speedily will be published, A new and elegant Work, entitled a History and Description of the Ancient Town and Borough of Colchester, in Essex; illustrated with engravings executed in the first manner. This work will be published in one volume, of which there will be two editions, the first in Royal 8vo. with proof plates; the second in Royal 12mo., with good im-

possions of the plates: and to gratify the curious in Engraving, the plates to a few copies of the Royal 8vo. edition, will be worked on India paper. Those Ladies or Gentlemen who may feel inclined to patronize this Work, the proprietors beg to say, that they shall feel obliged by the transmission of their names to the Publishers, or to their own Booksellers; and the utmost care will be taken with regard to regularity in delivering the Work in the order of Subscription. Colchester: Published for the proprietors, by Swinborne and Walter. P. Youngman, Witham and Maldon. Simpkin and Marshall, London.

The Rev. Dr. Wordsworth, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, has in the press, "Who wrote Jeân Basilike?" considered and answered in Two Letters to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Early in the ensuing winter will be published in one volume, 4to. A Description of the Island of Madeira, by the late T. Edward Bowdich, Esq., Conductor of the Mission to Ashantee; to which are added, a narrative of Mr. Bowdich's last Voyage to Africa, terminating at his death. Remarks on the Cape De Verd Islands, and a description of the English Settlements on the River Gambia, by Mrs. Bowdich.

Speedily will be published, Rothelan, A Tale of the English Histories, in three volumes, 12mo., by the author of "Ringan Gilhaize," the "Spaewife," &c. &c.

Nearly ready, in one volume post 8vo. A Practical Guide to English Composition, or, a comprehensive System of English Grammar, Criticism, and Logic; arranged and illustrated upon a new and improved Plan; containing apposite Principles, Rules, and Examples, for writing correctly and elegantly on every subject; adapted to the use of Schools, and of Private Students. By the Rev. Peter Smith, A. M.

In a few weeks will be published, 8vo, Mathematical Tables; containing improved Tables of Logarithms of Numbers, Logarithmic Sines, Tangents, and Secants, together with a number of others, useful in Practical Mathematics, Astronomy, Navigation, Engineering, and Business; preceded by a copious Introduction, embracing their Explanation, and Rules and Formulæ for their application, with a Collection of appropriate Exercises. By William Galbraith, A.M. Lecturer on Mathematics, Edinburgh.

A Stereotype Edition of Sallust, for the use of Schools, with English Notes at the foot of the page, and a Historical and Geographical Index at the end of the volume. By Mr. Dymock, Glasgow, will be published in a few days.

Preparing for publication, A Guide to the Lord's Table in the Catechetical Form; to which are added, An Address to Applicants for Admission to it, and some Meditations to assist their Devotions. By the Rev. Henry Belfrage, D. D.

Nearly ready, in post 8vo., A Scotish Series of the Scrap Book. By John M'Diarmid.

Mr. John Malcolm, late of the 42d Regiment, has nearly ready for publication, a volume of Poems in foolscap 8vo, entitled "The Buccaneer and other Poems."

Shortly will be published, in post 8vo, The Life and Administration of Cardinal Wolsey. By John Galt, Esq. Third Edition, greatly improved.

LIST OF PATENTS.

To John Hobbins, of Walsall, in the county of Stafford, ironmonger, for his invented improvements in gas apparatus.—22d June—2 months.

To John Benton Higgon, of Gravel Lane, Houndsditch, in the county of Middlesex, gentleman, for his invented improvement or addition to carving knives and other edged tools—22d June—2 months.

To Humphrey Austin, of Alderly Mills, in the county of Gloucester, manufacturer, for his invented certain improvements on shearing machines—22d June—6 months.

To William Busk, of Broad-street, in the city of London, merchant, for his invented or found out certain improvements in the means or method of propelling ships, boats, or other floating bodies—29th June—6 months.

To William Pontifex, the younger, of Shoe Lane, in the city of London, coppersmith and engineer, for his invented new or improved modes of adjusting or equalizing the pressure of fluids or liquors in pipes or tubes, and also an improved mode of measuring the said fluids or liquids.—1st July—6 months.

To John Leigh Bradbury, of Manchester, in the county palatine of Lancaster, for his invented or found out a new mode of twisting, spinning, or throwing silk, cotton, wool, linen, or other threads or fibrous substances—3d July—2 months.

To Philip Taylor, of the City-road, in the county of Middlesex, engineer, for his invented certain improvements on steam engines—3d July—6 months.

To John Lane Higgins, of Oxford-street, in the county of Middlesex, esq., for his invented certain improvements in the construction of the masts, yards, sails, and rigging of ships and smaller vessels, and in the tackle used for working or navigating the same—7th July—6 months.

To William Hurst and John Wood, both of Leeds, in the county of York, manufacturers, for their invented certain improvements in machinery for the raising or dressing of cloth—7th July—6 months.

To Joseph Clisild Daniell, of Stoke, in the county of Wilts, clothier, for his invented improved method of weaving woollen cloth—7th July—2 months.

To Charles Phillips, of Upnor, in the parish of Frindsbury, in the county of Kent, esq., for his invented certain improvements on tillers and steering-wheels of vessels of various denominations—13th July—6 months.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Friday, July 23, 1824.

COTTON.—The Cotton market has been rather heavy for some time, and sales could not be effected, without submitting to a small reduction in the prices; the holders, however, evince considerable firmness; the consequence is that few purchases are reported. The accounts from Liverpool this morning, state the market rather heavy.

SUGAR.—The demand for Muscovades during the week has been inconsiderable, and generally the prices of the good and fine are without alteration; the low brown qualities have been in more request, and generally prices a shade higher have been obtained for the latter. This forenoon few purchases were reported by private contract, the buyers waiting the event of a public sale.

The sale consisted of 190 hds. 24 tierces, 73 barrels, St. Lucia Sugars, and sold in several instances about 1s. per cwt. under the market currency, from 51s. per cwt. dry brown, up to 60s. good quality.

In Refined goods there has been more business doing, particularly in the lower qualities, and the prices have improved, and firm at the advance.—Molasses are 25s. 6d.

The public sale of Havannah Sugars this forenoon, 355 chests, went off freely at very full prices, 24s. a 27s. 6d. very good strong brown to fine yellow.

COFFEE.—The public sales continue very extensive; the late prices were fully supported up till yesterday, but towards the close of the large sale, the market became heavy. This forenoon six sales were again brought forward, and continued selling up till a very late hour; the advance in the prices of Tuesday, 1s. a 2s. in the ordinary qualities, has been maintained, and the whole have sold well, but there is no alteration, except in Demerara and Berbice Coffee, which sold with briskness 2s. a 3s. per cwt. higher; the Coffee market generally may be stated very firm, notwithstanding the immense public sales lately brought forward.

RUM, BRANDY, AND HOLLANDS.—The rum market is without alteration in prices, but the request for export, and the business reported, still continues extensive. In Brandy there is little alteration, the last sale reported free on board to arrive 2s. 7d.—In Geneva no purchases are reported.

FRUIT.—A public sale was brought forward yesterday, consisting of 76 butts, 4 pipes, 26 caroteels Currants, a great part damaged; price of damaged from 90s. to 98s.; sound, a great part appeared to be taken in from 99s. to 102s.; 90 small barrels Carabourna Raisins off the stalk, 46s. to 47s.; 24 barrels Beglerge do. 38s. a 39s.; 40 barrels and 212 cases Cape Raisins do. 36s. a 42s.; by private contract there has been very little doing of late.

TALLOW.—There has been a very considerable improvement in the demand for Tallow; yellow candle Tallow here sells freely at 34s. 6d.

CORN EXCHANGE, JULY 26.—Our market having been supplied from week to week for a considerable length of time with Grain in general more liberally than the advanced state of the year had led us to expect; and especially with Wheat from the neighbouring counties, and Flour from the coast beyond the general anticipation, after the opinion to

currently expressed, that the Crop of 1823 would ultimately prove deficient—the Trade here has, for an almost unprecedented duration manifested, on the part of the buyers, an increasing disinclination to enlarge their stocks, beyond the call of the moment; and on the part of the Factors, a fruitless endeavour to effect any thing like a clearance at the close of the week. Our advices from hence on each succeeding Monday have consequently been little more than a repetition of the preceding, our markets having continued for many weeks past in the same state of stagnation.

The trade here during the week immediately past, has proved as unsatisfactory towards establishing a governing currency for Wheat, as many of the preceding, the sales effected having been too trifling to warrant an attention.

This morning, however, the Factors seeming disposed to yield somewhat in point of price, more business was transacted than for some time past; the finest qualities of the fresh arrival and some quantity of the worst standing over, were disposed of with tolerable facility at a decline of 2s. per quarter; but there is still much on hand of a quality not fine enough for the Mealmen—and yet thought too good to sacrifice at a kiln-drying price, which remains without any thing like an intermediate offer.

There is no alteration in other articles, except as regard Oats and White Peas; the former of which is 1s. and the latter full 2s. per quarter lower than our last currency.

We have a few cotchels of Rapeseed, and a sample or two of Carraway Seed, of the growth of 1824, here on sale; the former fetched 24l. and in some instances 25l. per last, and the latter 40s. to 44s. per cwt.

LIST OF BANKRUPTS AND DIVIDENDS,

FROM TUESDAY, JUNE 29, 1824, TO TUESDAY, JULY 28, 1824, INCLUSIVE.

Extracted from the London Gazette.

N.B. All the Meetings are at the *Court of Commissioners, Basinghall-street*, unless otherwise expressed. The Attornies' Names are in Parenthesis.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

S. Davis, Devonport, grocer.
J. Fielding, Mottram-in-Longendale, Cheshire, corn-dealer.
W. Fishwick, Habergham Eaves, Lancashire, timber-merchant.
J. Perkins, Upper Thames-street, stationer.
J. Wall, Brentford-Butts, broker.
C. Waterhouse, Bridgnorth, Shropshire, druggist.

BANKRUPTS.

Allen, W. Greenwich, coal-merchant. (Setor, Greenwich.
Archer, J. King's-Lynn, Norfolk, draper. (Phipps, Weavers' hall.
Austin, E. Bedford-place, Commercial-road, baker. (Bromley, Copthall-court, Throgmorton-street.
Air, R. Lower East Smithfield, wine-merchant. (Smith and Weir, Austin-friars.
Atkinson, W. Clement's Lane, Lombard-street, merchant. (Mr. Richardson, Walbrook.
Blundell, R. Liverpool, distiller. (Lowe, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane.
Bonteville, W. H. Aldermgate-street, jeweller. (Dawes and Chatfield, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street.
Barnard, J. G. Skinner-street, Snow-hill, printer. (Tilson and Preston, Coleman-street.
Bardwell, G. Bungay, Suffolk, linen-draper. (Clarke, Richards, and Medcalf, Chancery-lane.
Blake, J. Constitution-row, St. Pancras, boot-maker. (Mr. Wragg, Ave-Maria-lane.
Battey, W. and E. Stafford, boot and shoe-manufacturers. (Mr. Chester, Staple-inn.
Blakey, T. Mould-green, Yorkshire, fancy-manufacturer. (Lambert, Gray's-inn-square.
Brown, J. Waterloo-wharf, Strand, coal-merchant. (Gates, Cateston-street.
Burn, W. A. Three Tuns-court, Miles's-lane, Cannon-street, wine-merchant. (James, Walbrook.
Barber, J. Pump-row, St. Luke's, glass and china-man. (Smith and Weir, Austinfriars.
Bower, J. jun. Wilmslow, Cheshire, cotton-spinner. (Hurd and Johnson, King's Bench-walk, Temple.
Cluet, R. Liverpool, Lancashire, soap-boiler. (Blackstock and Bruce, King's Bench-walk, Temple.
Critchley, J. Manchester, spirit-merchant. (Brownlow, Hatton-court, Threadneedle-street.

Caphag, J. Holloway, innkeeper. (Bicknell, Roberts, and Blewitt, New-square, Lincoln's-inn.

Crooke, C. Burnley, Lancashire, cotton-spinner. (Norris, John-street, Bedford-row.

Collingwood, W. Sunderland-near-the-Sea, baker. (North and Smart, King's Bench-walk, Temple.

Crawford, W. jun., Cheapside. (Gale, Basinghall-street.

Driver, J. Knowl-green, Dutton, Lancashire, cotton-spinner. (Wiglesworth and Ridsdale, Gray's-inn.

Dubois, C. King-street, Covent-garden, auctioneer. (Withy, Buckingham-street, Strand.

Duff, G. Gloucester, draper. (King, Sergeant's-inn, Fleet-street.

Eaton, S. and T. Sheffield, cutlers. (Rogers, Canterbury-square.

Fawcett R. and Atkinson, J. Albion-place, Bartholomew-close, colourmen. (Dean, Dyers'-buildings, Holborn.

Fry, W. Type-street, letter-founder. (Walker, Hatton-garden.

Fielding, J. Mottram-in-Longdendale, Cheshire, corn-dealer. (Milne and Parry, Temple.

Field, S. L. Martin's-lane, Cannon-street, silk-manufacturer. (Bowman, Union-court, Broad-street.

Gibbons, T. Hollywell-street, Westminster, scavenger. (Turner, Lincoln's-inn-fields.

Green, T. Vassal-road, Kensington, builder. (Gates, Cateaton-street.

Gibson, J. Liverpool, merchant. (Wheeler, Lincoln's-inn-fields.

Green, W. Wellingborough, Northamptonshire, carpenter. (Hodson, St. John-street-road, Clerkenwell.

Gilbert, E. Liverpool, spirit-merchant. (Makinson, Temple.

M'George, W. Lower Fore-street, Lambeth, brewer. (Sloper, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn.

Gamperiz, H. Clapham-road, merchant. (Hutchinson, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street.

Green, J. Ross, Herefordshire, innholder. (King, Sergeant's-inn, Fleet-street.

Harrison, J. Padiham, Lancashire, cotton-spinner. (Milne and Parry, Tanfield-court, Temple.

Holdsworth, R. Calcutta, flax-spinner. (Battye, Chancery-lane.

Holt, T. Piccadilly, tavern-keeper. (Glynes, Burr-street, East Smithfield.

Hendrick, J. Liverpool, watchmaker. (Chester, Staple-inn.

Hilton, W. Brixton-hill, stage-coach-master. (Gates and Hardwick, Cateaton-street.

Holar, G. Size-lane, tea-dealer. (Burra and Neild, King street, Cheapside.

Harnett, E. and Kelly, J. J. Lower Shadwell, coal-merchants. (Smith and Weir, Austin-friars.

Halse, T. Bristol, chymist. (Nethersole and Barron, Essex-street, Strand.

Hooker, J. Sheerness, woollen-draper. (Tanner, Fore-street.

Jones, J. Liverpool, brewer. (Blackstock and Dunce, King's Bench-walk, Temple.

Izod, J. London-road, Southwark, baker. (Norton, Whitecross-street.

Japha, D. M. Colchester-street, Savage-gardens, merchant. (Score, Tokenhouse-yard, Lothbury.

Johnson, J. Shelton, Staffordshire, grocer (Wheeler, Lincoln's-inn-fields.

Kentish, N. L. St. Michael, Hampshire, land-surveyor. (Bremridge, Chancery-lane.

Laing, B. Fenchurch-street, ship-owner. (Lavie, Oliverson, and Denby, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry.

Lees, J. N. Wigan, Lancashire, linen-draper, (Hasker, Gray's-inn-square.

Lowirestin, D. Manor-row, Rotherhithe, master-mariner. (Williams, Bond-court, Walbrook.

Marchant, T. Brighthelmstone, Sussex, miller. (Izard, Took's-court, Carsitor-street.

Moody, W. Holywell-row, Shoreditch, carman. (Cottle, Aldermanbury.

Meek, W. Knaresborough, Yorkshire, linen-merchant. (Holme, Frampton, and Loftus, New-inn.

Nicholson, R. Plymouth, wine-merchant. (Scargill, Hatton-court, Threadneedle-street.

Newbold, W. Bouverie-street, Fleet-street, tailor. (Mayhew, Chancery-lane.

Newell, J. Beaconsfield, Buckinghamshire, draper. (Langham, Bartlett's-buildings.

Nathan, N. and W. Mansell-street, Goodman's-fields, quill-merchants. (Abbott, Mark-lane.

Nichols, F. Otley, Yorkshire, corn-merchant. (Slade and Jones, John-street, Bedford-row.

Neise, M. G. Parliament-street, Westminster, accoutrement-maker. (Dewey, Dorset-street, Fleet-street.

Pearce, W. Oreston, Devonshire, flour-merchant. (Wimburn and Collett, Chancery-lane.

Parker, T. Charles-street, City-road, grocer. (Steel and Nicol, Queen-street.

Ritchie, R. P. London, merchant. (Parten, Bow-church-yard.

Rooke, R. Halifax, merchant. (Wiglesworth and Ridsdale, Gray's-inn-square.

Robinson, W. Liverpool, Upholsterer. (Steel and Nicol, Queen-street, Cheapside.

M'Rae, J. Liverpool, grocer. (Adlington, Gregory, and Faulkner, Bedford-row.

Sheffield, T. Durham, ironmonger. (Griffith, Gray's-inn.

Swindells, J. Brinnington, Cheshire, house-builder. (Wilson, Greville-street, Hatton-garden.

Stenning, H. Reigate, Surrey, coal-dealer. (Nicholson, New Clement's-inn-chambers.

Sykes, J. Wood-street, woollen-warehouseman. (Coote, Austinfriars.

Shortis, T. Bristol, soap and candle-manufacturer. (Clarke, Richards, and Medcalf, Chancery-lane.

Speakman, J. Hardshaw-within-Windle, Lancashire, shopkeeper. (Chester, Staple-inn.

Shave, W St. Alban's, victualler. (Wilson, King's-Bench-walk, Temple.

Smith, J. Bristol, tallow-merchant. (Bourdillon and Hewitt, Bread-street.

Thiery, C. B. de, Cambridge, patentee of patent-bits. (Beeke, Devonshire-street, Queen-square.

Travis, W. Audenshaw, Lancashire, hatter. (Appleby and Sergeant, Gray's-inn-square.

Wise, C. Sandling, Kent, paper-maker. (Richardson, Cheapside.

Williams, M. Old Bailey, eating-house-keeper. (Farris, Surrey-street, Strand.

Watson, J. Broomsgrove, Worcestershire, draper, (Benbow, Alban, and Benbow, Lincoln's-inn.

Wise, R. and Wise, G. Wood-street, merchants. (Vandercom and Comyn, Bush-lane, Cannon-street.

Wasse, L. Warwick-place, Great Surrey-street, merchant. (Score, Tokenhouse-yard, Lothbury.

Wake W. J. and Wake, T. M. Southwick, Durham, lime-burners. (Blakiston, Symond's-inn.

Wright, E. Oxford-street, linen-draper. (Robinson and Lane, Charterhouse-square.

Witham, R. Halifax, banker. (Wiglesworth and Ridsdale, Gray's-inn-square.

Wood, J. Leeds, woolstapler. (Battye, Chancery-lane.

Wright, R. Low Ireby, Cumberland, grocer. (Fisher, Warnford-court, Throgmorton-street.

Wintle, J. North-street, City-road, silversmith. (Towers, Castle-street, Falcon-square.

DIVIDENDS.

Archbell, R. York, Cornfactor, July 27.
Angel, J. Sculcoates, Yorkshire, Blockmaker, August 17.
Allum, T. W. Great Marlow, Buckinghamshire, Bricklayer, August 14.
Buchanan, J. and W. R. Ewing, Liverpool, Insurance brokers, July 21.
Broadbent, J. and A. Tunstead, Yorkshire, merchants, July 22
Bickers, W. Great Tichfield-street, Oxford-street, linen-draper, July 24.
Burrow, T. Kendal, grain and meal-merchant, July 26.
Bellen, J. Oxford-street, jeweller, July 24.
Brown, G. New Bond street, oilman, July 24.
Bury, J. Manchester, J. Bury, Pendlehill, Lancashire, and T. Bury, Bucklersbury, calico-printers, July 30.
Brown, J. Fleet-market, grocer, July 27.
Bradock, J. Manchester, merchant, August 3.
Blair, G. and W. Plempton, Lower Thames-street, seedsmen, July 19.
Beaumont, J. and D. Maidstone, Upholsterers, July 31.
Barge, B. Clifford-street, wine-merchant, July 31.
Busbery, R. Coventry, silk manufacturer, July 31.
Bush, H. London, Norfolk, grocer, August 14.
Brown, G. Bridge-road, Lambeth, tallow-chandler, July 17.
Brown, W. Sutton-at-Hole, Kent, sheep-dealer, July 17.
Buxton, T. Ingol-lodge, near Preston, Lancashire, corn-merchant, July 19.
Banbury, C. H. Wood-street, Cheapside, silk-manufacturer, August 14.
Champion, J. Lloyd's Coffee-house, underwriter, July 20.
Cannon, W. Molyneux-street, Portman-square, grocer, July 27.
Cripps, J. Wisbeach, Cambridgeshire, draper, July 27.
Cout, R. and W. Haigh, Leeds, dyers, July 29.
Cox, C. St. Martin's-lane, Charing-cross, draper, August 7.
Cogger, T. Haymarket, Glassman, July 31.
Carren, T. and W. Wilson, Langbourn-chambers, Fenchurch-street, coal factors, August 7.
Cowing, J. and S. Calesby, Bedford-court, Bedford-street, Govent-garden, woollen-drapers, August 28.
Duncalfe, J. sen., Donnington Wood-mill, Shropshire, miller, July 20.
Downs, W. Cheadle, Cheshire, calico-printer, August 6.
Drakes, D. and G. Smith, Reading, linen-drapers, July 10.
Downs, W. Cheadle, Cheshire, calico-printer, August 16.
Dicken, J. Burslem, Staffordshire, hatter, August 3.
Daniels, H. and M. Bury-street, St. Mary Axe, merchants, August 7.
Delvalle, E. York-street, Covent-garden, wine-merchant, July 17.
Dow, J. Bush-lane, Cannon-street, merchant, July 3.
Dowman, T. and J. Offley, Bread-street, Cheapside, warehouseman, August 14.
Duke, M. York, comb-manufacturer, August 17.
Ellis, S. Aldersgate-street, drysalter, July 24.
Elliot, W. Westgate, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Nurseryman, July 22.
Evans, D. Marchmont-street, draper, August 3.

Ebbs, J. E. Minories, jeweller, July 31.
Engledew, C. Stockton, Durham, grocer, August 9.
Edwards, J. Gough-square, Fleet-street, farrier, July 17.
Forbes, J. Oxford-street, Chemist, July 27.
Ford, W. Black Prince-row, Walworth-road, linen-draper, July 31.
Fentiman, W. Peterborough, Northamptonshire, linen-draper, August 11.
Flindit, G. London-wall, merchant, July 17.
Goodair, J. Queen-street, Cheapside, merchant, July 24.
Goubau, L. J. Haymarket, hotel-keeper, July 31.
Gatenby, A. Manchester, wholesale-grocer, August 4.
Hill, T. and H. Wood, Queenhithe, oilmen, July 20.
Hopkins, T. Woolwich, carpenter, July 27.
Hart, S. G. Harwich, Essex, merchant, July 27.
Hall, R. S. Bank-buildings, merchant, July 27.
Hart, W. Manchester, grocer, August 2.
Howden, W. Cannon-street, insurance-broker, July 31.
Hopkins, J. jun., Cholsey, Berkshire, farmer, July 31.
Hewlett, J. Glocester, cabinet-maker, August 9.
Houghton, W. L. Kingston-upon-Hull, stationer, August 17.
Hone, J. W. Brixton, draper, July 24.
Howard, E. Cork-street, Burlington-gardens, money-scrivener, July 27.
Hammond, W. Wickhambrook, Suffolk, shopkeeper, August 14.
Hannum, E. Threadneedle-street, ship-broker, August 14.
Ker, T. Strand, boot-maker, July 27.
Lawson, P. Bowness-hall, Cumberland, cornfactor, July 22.
Mingins, G. and J. Boothman, Carlisle, hat-manufacturers, July 21.
Myers, J. Preston, wine-merchant, July 26.
Moore, E. Hanway-street, Oxford-street, silk-mercer, July 24.
Mytton, J. M. Jones, and P. G. Mytton, Pool, Montgomeryshire, bankers, August 7.
Morgan, G. M. Queenhithe, Upper Thames-street, stationer, July 17.
Ness, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Chemist, July 28.
Nightingale, T. Watling-street, warehouseman, August 7.
Nathan, J. Liverpool, watch-manufacturer, August 12.
Owen, J. Stourbridge, Worcestershire, ironmonger, July 19.
Parker, J. L. and T. Roberts, Birchin-lane, merchants, July 27.
Pierce, D. D. Tottenham Court-road, grocer, July 24.
Pitcher, W. Salisbury-square, carpenter, July 31.
Pigram, J. Maidstone, grocer, July 17.
Politt, J. Manchester, cotton-spinner, August 11.
Ransom, J. Stoke Newington, coach-master, July 20.
Roach, R. L. Bishop's Waltham, Hampshire, tanner, August 13.
Richardson, R. Holborn, linen-draper, July 17.
R. C. and F. Coupland, Leeds, and E. Coupland, Salford, Lancashire, spirit-merchants, July 31.

Sanderson, B. P. Newgate-street, wine-merchant, July 24.
Smith, E. Green Lettuce-lane, tea-dealer, August 7.
Sinclair, J. Bow-lane, warehouseman, July 20.
Scholey, R. Paternoster-row, bookseller, July 17.
Stephens, R., Goswell-street, saddler, August 17.
Sparks, W. and J. Frome-Selwood, Somersetshire, grocers, September 10.
T. W. and J. Gimson, Nottingham, merchants, July 22.
Townsend, E. Maiden-lane, Covent-garden, wine-merchant, July 3.
Thompson, T. Camomile-street, merchant, July 20.
Truelove, W. Dunchurch, Warwickshire, farmer, July 29.
Thorndike T. and J. Ipswich, cheese-factor, August 4.
Tarleton, J. Glocester-place, merchant, August 7.
Tonge, G. M. B., East India Chambers, Leadenhall-street, merchant, June 29.
Vivian, S. Tyward-vath, Cornwall, linen-draper, August 12.
Welsh, J. High Holborn, master-mariner, July 19.
Waistell, M. Conduit-street, Bond-street, milliner, July 20.
Webb, T. New Sarum, Wiltshire, baker, July 24.
Winde, J. Leominster, Herefordshire, merchant, July 29.
Winch, B. sen., Hawkhurst, Kent, farmer, July 17.
Wathen, C. Salter's-hall-court, and Albany-road, Camberwell, merchant, July 17.
Wathen, C. Albany-road, Camberwell, merchant, July 17.
White, M. Finsbury-square, merchant, July 27.
Ward, J, Stratford-upon-Avon, stationer, August 5.
Wetton, J. W. James, and T. Payne, jun., Wood-street, riband-manufacturers. July 24.
Wharton, G. A. Maidenhead, Berkshire, wine-merchant, August 7.
Walmesley, R. and M. and W. J. Turner, Basinghall-street, merchants, August 7.
Wolf, J. and J. Derville, New Bridge-street, August 14.
Wood, J. Cardiff, Glamorganshire, banker, August 9.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

July 2. Mrs. Byers, of Prince's-street, Leicester-square, of a daughter.
5. In Old Burlington-street, Mrs. Nathaniel Hoopef, of a son.
5. The Lady of J. Heath, Esq. of Bloomsbury-place, of a son.
6. The Lady of J. W. May, Esq. of Nelson-square, of a son.
7. At Bolton-house, Russell-square, the Lady of Thomas Starling, Benson, Esq. of a son.
9. At Sheffield-house, Kensington, the wife of Dr. Lang, of Newman-street, of a son.
13. The Lady of Charles Shebbare of a son and heir.
18. Mrs. Samuel Flood Page, of a daughter.
22. In York-street, the lady of Thomas Mitchell Smith, Esq. of a son.

MARRIAGES.

July 1.—Lieutenant Buchnan, R. N. to Isabella, third daughter of Thomas Shakelton, Esq. late of Bush-hill, Enfield.
2. At Hampstead, Middlesex, George Thomas Stephenson, of the same place, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late W. M. Bretton, of Stoke Beverne, Northamptonshire.
3. At Marylebone church, by the Rev. William Jardine, the Rev. William Hicks, A. M. Rector of Whittington and Coberely, in the county of Glocester, and Chaplain to the Right Hon. the Countess of Orkney, to Amelia Maria, widow of George Eleves, Esq., of Marsham-park, Berks.
3. At Cambridge, by the very Rev. the Dean of Ely, the Rev. Henry George Keene, Fellow of Sidney Sussex College, and Assistant Oriental Professor, at the East India College, to Anne, third daughter of the late Charles Apthorp Wheelwright, Esq. of Highbury.
6. At St. John's Hackney, by the Rev. Dr. Watson, Archdeacon of St. Alban's, Philip Barrett Cooper, Esq., of Clapton.
7. At St. Marylebone church, George Gould Morgan, Esq., M. P., of Brickendenbury-park, Hertfordshire, second son of Sir Charles Morgan, Bart., M. P., of Tredagar, Monmouthshire, to Eliza Ann, only daughter of the late Rev. William Beville, of King-street, Portman-square.
10. The Right Hon. Lord de Dunstanville, to Miss Lemon, daughter of Sir William, Lemon, Bart.
12. At Le Campham church, by the Rev. Wm. Dealtry, B. D., Mr. Thomas Howell, jun., to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of the late Wm. Pizzy, Esq.,
15. At Durham, Carlesee Bamlett, Esq., to Ann, second daughter of the late Adam Alderson, Esq., of Tokenhouse-yard, Lothbury.
20. James Taylor, Esq., to Mary, youngest daughter of the late Jesse Ainsworth, Esq.

DEATHS.

Died at his seat, Coolavin House, in the county of Sligo, Hugh M'Dermot, Esq. M. D. He was a man of the most extensive attainments, as well natural as acquired, and the representative of one of the most ancient families in Ireland—the M'Dermot's, princes of Moylurg. His elegance of manners, extensive learning, and amiability of character rendered his society universally courted; but, though his skill as a physician placed him, if not at the head, at least among the first of his profession in the west of Ireland, he soon found the practice of it unsuited to his contemplative habits and love of retirement. Contenting himself, accordingly, with his paternal inheritance, a small estate of about £1600 a-year, he withdrew from the world to embosom himself in solitude and domestic felicity. He died in the 68th year of his age, leaving by his wife, Eliza O'Conor, sister to Mr. Owen O'Conor of Belanagare, the present representative of the house of O'Connor, being the lineal descendant of Roderick O'Conor,* the last of the Irish monarchs, a family of eleven children. He was critically acquainted not only with Hebrew, the Greek and Latin classics, and the ancient Irish, but with most of the modern European languages. From his grandfather, Charles M'Dermot, Miss Owenson took her idea and portrait of the prince of Innismore. His memory will be long regretted by his friends and relatives, and by none more sincerely than by the Editor of the European Magazine.

30th ult. At Winchester, after a long illness, The Rev. Thomas Rennell, B. D., Vicar of Kensington, and Prebend of South Grantham, Lincolnshire.

* The public have been imposed upon by a late spurious History of Ireland, written by Mr. Roger O'Conor, who calls himself the representative of the house of O'Conor. This is in harmony with the many other idle facts related by this pedantic historian.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS from the 25th of June, to the 24th July, 1824.

Days.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. C. Red.	3 Pr. C. Cons.	3½ Pr. C. Cons.	4 Pr. P. Cons.	N4Pr.C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Bds.	Ex. Bills.	Consols for acc.
25	238¼ ¾	95 4⅜		101⅜	101		22 15-16 3		82 84p	26 32p	96 5/8
26	238¼	94⅜ ⅜		101⅜	101		22 15-16 7/8		81 83p	26 34p	96⅝ ½
28	238¼	94⅜ ⅜		101⅜	101⅛		22 15-16 ⅞		83 84p	31 36p	95½ 6
29	Holiday										
30	239 8¼	95⅛ 5		102	100½		23 22 15-16		83 81p	32 37p	96⅛ 5/8
1		95⅛ 4⅜		102	101½		23 22 15-16		83p	34 38p	96⅛ 5/8
2	237⅜ ⅛	94⅜ ⅜		101⅜ ⅛	101⅛		22⅞ 13-16		83 84p	33 37p	95⅝ 5
3	236	94⅛ 3⅛		101 100¼	101⅛		22⅛ ½			33 38p	94⅜ 3/8
5	236	93⅝ 4⅜		101⅛	101⅛		22⅜ 11-16		83 84p	37 34p	94¼ 5
6	237¼ 7	94⅜ 3/4		101⅛ ¼	101⅛		22 11-16		84 82p	39 32p	95 4⅜
7	236¾ 7	93⅜ 4		101⅛ ⅛	101⅛		22 11-16		78 80p	33 39p	94⅜
8	237 ¼	94⅛ 4		101⅛ ¼	101⅛		22 13-16		78 75p	34 41p	95 4⅛
9	236¾ 7	93⅝ 4⅛		101⅜ ⅛	101⅛		22⅜ 13-16		77p	37 45p	94⅝
10		94 ⅛		101⅜ ⅛	101⅛ ¼		22⅝ ⅞		80 84p	42 50p	94⅝ 5/8
12	238 7⅛	94⅛ ⅛		101⅝ ⅛	101⅜		22⅞ 15-16		80 82p	48 36p	95¼ 5
13	237⅞ ¼	94⅛ ⅛		101⅝ ⅛	101⅜ ¼		22⅝ 15-16		80 83p	40 47p	95⅝ 4⅛
14	237¼	94⅛ 3⅛		101⅛ ⅛	101⅛		22⅝ 15-16		82 83p	40 47p	94⅝
15	236¼ 7	93⅝ ⅛		101⅛ ⅛	101⅛		22 13-16 ⅞	290¾ 1½	83 81p	39 47p	94⅝
16	236¼ 5⅛	93⅝ ⅜	92⅝ 3⅞	101 ⅛	101⅛		22⅞ 13-16	291¼	81 83p	44 38p	92⅞ 3/8
17	236 ½	93⅞ ⅛	93⅛ 2⅜	101⅛ 100⅝	101⅛		22 15-16 13-16	290 ½	83 82p	39 45p	93⅛ 2⅜
19	236	93⅝	93⅜ ⅛	101	101⅜ ¼					39 45p	93 2⅜
20	236 5⅛	93⅞ 2⅜	92⅞ 1⅝	101 ⅛	101⅛			289	83 86p	39 45p	92⅞ 1⅞
21		92 ⅜	91⅞ *2	100⅝ ¼	101⅛		22 9-16 ⅜		84 86p	37 43p	91⅞ 2⅛
22	235	92⅝ 3⅛	91⅝ 2⅜	100⅞	101⅛	105⅝	22 13-16		88 89p	38 45p	91⅝ 2⅜
23		93⅜ 3⅛	92⅛ 1⅞	101⅛ 100⅝	101⅛ ¼	105⅞	22 13-16 15-16		86 90p	38 44p	92⅜ 2⅝
24		92⅞ ½	92⅞ 1⅜	100⅞	100	105⅝	23 22 15-16	287	89 87p	39 43p	91⅝ 2⅛

All Exchequer Bills dated prior to April, 1823, have been advertised to be paid off.
JAMES WETENHALL, 15, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

From the 20th of June, to the 19th of July, 1824.

By Messrs. Harris and Co. Mathematical Instrument Makers, 50, High Holborn.

May	Moon.	Rain Guage.	Therm. 9 A.M.	Therm. Max.	Therm. Min.	Barom. 9 A.M.	Barom. 10 P.M.	De Luc's Hygrm. 9 A.M.	De Luc's Hygrm. 10 P.M.	Winds. 9 A.M.	Winds. 10 P.M.	Atmo. Variations. 9 A.M.	Atmo. Variations. 2 P.M.	Atmo. Variations. 10 P.M.
20		30	52	60	53	29	30	29	30	74	89	SW	SSW	Fine	Rain	Rain
21			57	63	58	29	3[illegible]	29	40	75	80	SW	W	Rain	Fine	Fine
22			60	68	5[illegible]	29	43	29	40	65	75	WSW	SSW	Fine		
23		70	60	60	55	29	24	29	34	85	90	SE	NE	Rain	Rain	Rain
24			57	57	50	29	33	29	50	90	90	N	W	Clou.		
25			55	58	52	29	62	29	80	85	70	W	NW		Clou.	Clou.
26	●		60	65	60	29	94	30		65	65	W	WSW	Fine	Fine	Fine
27			63	68	58	29	97	29	88	60	62	SE	ESE			
28			58	69	59	29	90	29	84	67	65	WSW	SSW	Rain		
29		25	63	72	65	29	65	29	70	65	66	SSE	NW			
30		280	65	69	57	29	83	29	82	67	65	WSW	WSW	Fine		
1			64	66	55	29	82	29	70	65	70	W	SW		Fair	Rain
2		42	57	68	58	29	50	29	52	80	79	SW	SW	Rain	Show	
3	)		63	68	55	29	57	29	53	65	70	W	NW	Fine		Clou.
4			60	67	56	29	65	29	86	68	69	W	NW			Fine
5			63	66	54	29	92	29	90	63	69	WSW	SW		Fine	Clou.
6		17	57	61	56	29	84	29	80	70	74	SE	SW	Rain	Rain	
7			57	67	54	29	83	29	83	73	70	SW	W	Clou.		
8			57	69	58	29	95	29	97	65	70	WSW	SW	Fair	Fine	Fine
9			60	70	57	29	92	29	85	70	70	SSW	NNW	Clou.	Show.	
10			65	71	57	29	87	29	96	65	64	WNW	NW	Fine	Fine	
11	○		65	73	58	30	7	30		60	64	W	W			
12			65	75	55	30	7	29	95	62	62	SW	WSW	Fair		Clou.
13			67	78	60	30	1	30		65	60	W	SSW	Fine	Fine	Fine
14			75	78	60	29	90	29	80	55	65	E	E		Show.	Th. St.
15		70	63	75	60	29	86	30		73	70	W	W	Clou.	Fine	Fine.
16			67	73	57	30	01	30	4	66	64	W	W	Fine	Show.	Clou
17			66	70	57	30	18	30	20	65	64	ENE	E		Fine	Fine
18			60	69	56	30	29	30	35	60	62	ENE	NE			
19	☾		62	69	58	30	40	30	40	58	60	NW	N			

THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AUGUST, 1824:

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF WILSON LOWRY, F.R.S. &c.

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LONDON:

Published for the Proprietors.

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And Sold by all the Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

[TWO SHILLINGS.]

MACHELL AND ARROWSMITH, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

ADDRESS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We agree with G. W. that dramatic performers are entitled to as much respect, and capable of as much virtue as any other in society. But we are not of opinion that their character stands in need of any defence. A fanatic, it is true, may abuse them, but who would think of defending a man's character when it is aspersed by a madman, or perhaps rather, a hypocritical knave. It is only when the public think slightly of actors that the press should come forward in their defence; but we believe the present age is too enlightened not to give them their due portion of respect and applause. Under these impressions we return his defence. If we thought a defence necessary, we should gladly give it insertion.

The conclusion of Ali will appear in our next, with a critique on the genius of its author, and the merits of the poem. We intended it to appear this month, but the critique extended beyond the space which we had appointed for it.

We hope to make amends to B. for our long silence.

On the immoral Effects of civilization is left for its author. We are sorry he has become a convert to the arguments of his savage philosopher. Their speciousness proves that nothing is easier than to find specious arguments on general topics, as they are capable of being examined under many different points of view.

If the writer of a letter, signed X. Y. Z. will acknowledge his name, we shall not only reply to him, but insert his letter at full length. We know, however, he is too conscious of his own stupidity to do so. He will, like the Editor of Blackwood's, find it safer to remain silent, and conceal himself in the obscurity of his native night.

Safe to the bottom, see Concanen creep,
A low, long-winded native of the deep.

Wilson Lowry

THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND

LONDON REVIEW.

AUGUST, 1824.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF WILSON LOWRY, F. R. S., &c.

On Tuesday the 22d of June, about two o'clock in the morning, died Mr. Wilson Lowry, Fellow of the Royal and Geological Societies, and one of the most eminent engravers in Europe. He entered the sixty-third year of his age on the 23d of January last. Nothing is known of his ancestry beyond his father, whose baptismal name was Joseph; who is believed to have been a native of Ireland; and who, at the time of the birth of Wilson, was a portrait-painter, residing in Whitehaven, scarcely known in the metropolis, but of no mean ability, as far as may be judged from a single specimen of his talent, of which the subject is a head of himself, bearing considerable resemblance to the portraits of Algernon Sydney. Joseph carried his son Wilson with him to Ireland when quite a little boy, whence, after remaining some years, they returned to England, resided in Staffordshire, and subsequently at Worcester, where we lose sight of the senior Lowry.

The proper subject of this memoir was tall in person, and bore a strong family likeness to the portrait of his father, but was somewhat more eagle-browed; and in the general character and cast of his features, was such a mixture of thoughtfulness, with benignity, as would have looked well in an historical picture; and as did look well in society,—announcing the entrance of no common man wherever Wilson Lowry appeared. Indeed there were times and smiling occasions, when this benignant expression quite beamed from him; but his biographer must regret that it was too often clouded by the anxieties and disappointments which all men are condemned to feel, who exercise any of the liberal arts at the dictation of mercenary traders; for mercenary traders in art are seldom well informed; and some were so ignorant, when Lowry first put in practice that refined mode of engraving by means of which he terminated architectural forms, as Nature terminates *her* forms, that is to say, without those *outlines* which may be seen in the works of his predecessors,—as to argue with him that he ought to afford his plates cheaper than others of his profession, since he had not the trouble of engraving outlines. No artist, who is obliged to meet the public under such mediation, can derive much habitual cheerfulness from the state of the patronage of his art. However, after the commencement of

Dr. Rees's Cyclopædia, he had no longer occasion to complain of this grossness, his superiority beginning then to be duly appreciated. But we must return to earlier events, and earlier developements of the character of Wilson Lowry.

When a boy at Worcester, he was less fond of play, and more so of books, than most other boys, recreating himself occasionally with nutting and angling. Here he became known, and was favourably noticed, by Mr. Ross, a sensible and ingenious man, but not a very well qualified engraver, from whom Lowry obtained his original, but very slight and imperfect, acquaintance, with the art in which he afterward so much excelled. He is supposed to have been under articles, and to have served with Mr. Ross for the space of three years or so; but this is less certain than is the fact that in Worcester, Lowry engraved his first plate, of which the subject, or more properly the occasion and object, was to attract customers to the shop of a certain fishmonger of that city. That important consequences should originate from trifling beginnings is nothing extraordinary, since were we to retrospect far enough, we should probably find this to be generally, if not always, the case: but still, we should feel the same kind of gratification of curiosity, or perhaps of a better principle, at a sight of this fishmonger's card, as at viewing the first bubbling up of the spring-head of the Thames, or any other river that has flowed on till it became a port of commerce. The price for which our juvenile artist agreed to engrave it was seven shillings, the amount of which sum was to be receivable, and was actually received in red herrings! As the waters of the Severn are neither insalubrious nor expensive, it seems probable that honesty, and perseverance, and hope, and a good youthful appetite, induced him to subsist on these herrings,—unless when friendship and perry cheered his prospects, and gave relief to his meals and studies—as long as they lasted. Indeed what else could he have done with herrings?

No man has ever, in any mental pursuit, far outstripped his fellows, who possessed not considerable native energy of mind. Between the ages of puberty and manhood, when this faculty is most vigourous, youth are frequently enterprising, and more or less reckless as to ulterior consequences. From some affront conceived, or some hope entertained, which cannot now be traced, our artist left his paternal home, and his employ, if any he had at the time, at about the age of sixteen, with an inconsiderable sum in his pocket, and travelling on foot to Warwick, obtained a further supply by engaging to assist Mr. Beavan (a herald painter of that town) in painting a castle; and by means of this addition to his finances, was enabled to make his way to the metropolis. Here our adventurer was probably without friends when he most needed them, and soon bewildered,—though by what course of accidents he came to fill an inferior station in the hospital of St. Thomas, is not known. It however gave him an opportunity of listening to the lectures that were delivered there on medicine and anatomy, and hence he acquired his taste for, and his rudimental knowledge of, Chemistry, and the healing arts, in which he always took considerable interest, and was no mean adept. He was particularly struck with the experiment of freezing mercury, and it led him to several results, both theoretical and practical; for, give him but an opportunity of seeing, and he saw at once, with intuitive perception, much further than most other men into the rationale of a subject; and hence, like Dr. Franklin, he was very adroit in ascertaining and mastering the true cause of any effect that was set before him. To the readiness with which he exercised this talent, even from an early age, we owe much of the various ability which he manifested; for, with regard to innate genius, he early adopted the salutary, though questionable, theory of Helvetius, which teaches that no such faculty or gift as genius exists, and that all the diversities of human attainment which we behold, are the result of education; understanding by that word, not always what preceptors intend to teach, or impress on the minds of their pupils, but what those pupils really acquire from experience and their own views of things, whether designed or not on the part of their instructors. By this first rate genius, genius was altogether disclaimed.

How Lowry came to devote himself professionally to an art so ill patronised, so ill understood, so publicly dishonoured at the English Royal Academy of Arts, and so unprofitable, unless followed as a trade, as Engraving,—is not known to the present writer from any actual communication with himself, or from any other communication on which he can place certain reliance. If a judgment be formed from the above circumstances, and they be supposed to have been known at the time to our artist, necessity must have driven him on this course; if from his works, the arts must have had charms to attract him, in spite of the eternal war which he must wage with fortune when thus enlisted. But his initiation was certainly owing to Mr. Ross's kindness; and he appears to have had no other alternative than an offer of instruction in surgery, of which we shall presently speak. Perhaps he reflected, that to an unknown youth without pecuniary means of commencing business, surgery was still less eligible than a profession which called for an outfit of no greater expense than a plate of copper, a few slender bars of steel, and an oil-stone.

However these things may have been, the present writer first became acquainted with him when a young man, residing in the neighbourhood of Vauxhall, and in the employ, or under the patronage (as the prostituted phrase was) of Alderman Boydell, to whom he is believed to have been introduced by a letter from the good-natured Ross, of Worcester; though, according to one of his early friends, this introduction was written by a gentleman of Shrewsbury, whose name is unknown. Lowry at the same time derived instruction in the art of Etching from his neighbour Mr. John Browne, the very ingenious coadjutor of Woollett. For Boydell, in addition to anonymous assistance on works not known to his surviving friends, he engraved three large plates; namely, a varied landscape, after Gaspar Poussin; a rocky seaport, after Salvator Rosa, a difficult and very meritorious performance for so young an artist; and a view of the interior of the Coalbrook Dale smelting-house, after Geo Robertson; for which engravings he was very sparingly remunerated.

It must have been during this period, that Mr. Surgeon Blizard, who was afterward knighted, enquired at Boydell's for some young artist to make a drawing for him of Lunardi's balloon, and the alderman recommended Lowry, who performed the drawing, and behaved himself in other respects so much to the satisfaction of this eminent and benevolent surgeon, that he became his friend, gave him a perpetual ticket of admission to his own and other surgical lectures, and offered to instruct him professionally in the art of surgery; and Lowry actually became so far his pupil as to attend the hospitals at every interval of leisure from his engraving, for four years successively.

It was during this period too, that he became intimately acquainted with the elder Malton, author of the elaborate folio treatise on Perspective, whose work and conversation considerably augmented, if it did not impart, our artist's passion for the mathematical sciences. The book, which it has been said he at first walked twenty-one miles to read, induced him to inquire out the author; but it is believed that he had previously been a solitary student in Euclid. And now he was stimulated to the mastery of algebra, perspective, trigonometry, the conic sections; and, in short, all the higher branches of geometrical science. His friend Landseer was present at Lambeth, and recollects the time when Malton explained to them both, with the river Thames and the reflected scenery on its banks for examples, the doctrines relating to that angle of incidence which regulates the perspective of the downward and sideward reflections of objects, from luminous bodies; and that Lowry himself struck out some useful hints in solving the difficulties of a view down a geometrical staircase.

It was moreover during this period of probation and rapid improvement, which comprehended several years, that he was used to call, not unfrequently, upon the late Mr. Byrne, the landscape engraver, for professional advice, which he always received with great deference and ingenuousness. The spirit of inquiry was then, as it has ever been, strong in him. His conversation abounded

with tasteful observation and deep sensibility to the charms of nature and art. He was ardent and communicative, with great suavity of manners; and particularly studious of improving those manual means of professional excellence which were in ordinary use amongst engravers, in which his natural sagacity saw many defects. In other words, he would possess himself of the best mechanical apparatus, and the best materials of engraving, and would then busy himself in improving on those best, at any expense of time and money that was within his reach or anticipation.

The above-mentioned works, after Poussin and Rosa, shew that he was eminently gifted to have excelled as a landscape engraver, particularly in the treatment of such scenes as contained rocks and ruined edifices, which is further attested by his etchings of Holyrood palace, the round tower of Ludlow castle, and the ancient market cross at Malmsbury, all after Hearne, and for the antiquities of Great Britain. His style of etching picturesque antiquities, is evidently formed on a keen perception of, and sensibility to, the beauties of that of the elder Rooker, and of the analogies between that style and its archetypes in nature: but Boydell, as may be perceived by his own engravings, and his gross misappropriation of subjects to artists, possessed too little discernment to perceive these merits; and hence our artist was induced to contemplate emigration to America, and to seek other engagements; among which he executed some plates (though of no great importance) for Johnson of St. Paul's Church-yard, and Taylor of Holborn; began a large one of the Dublin parliament-house, for the junior Malton; and engraved the very capital back-ground* to Sharp's portrait of John Hunter, after Sir Joshua Reynolds. As, not landscapes and ruined edifices alone, but to excel in the engraving of finished architecture also, was within the scope of his views, his ardent and ever active mind gradually expanded into the invention of those machines which have since turned out of such vast advantage to art and society, and which have justly obtained for their inventor the reputation of being the first engraver of architecture and mechanism of every kind, that ever lived in the world.

In a volume of lectures on the art of engraving, delivered at the Royal Institution by Mr. Landseer, we find these machines described and discoursed of in the following terms: "The next mode of engraving that solicits our attention is, that invented about fifteen years† since by Mr. Wilson Lowry. It consists of two instruments, one for etching successive lines, either equidistant or in just graduation, from being wide apart to the nearest approximation, *ad infinitum;* and another, more recently constructed, for striking elliptical, parabolical, and hyperbolical curves, and in general all those lines which geometricians call *mechanical curves*, from the dimensions of the point of a needle, to an extent of five feet. Both of these inventions combine elegance with utility, and both are of high value, as auxiliaries of the imitative part of engraving; but as the auxiliaries of chemical, agricultural, and mechanical science, they are of incalculable advantage. The accuracy of their operation, as far as human sense, aided by the magnifying powers of glasses, enables us to say so, is perfect; and I need not attempt to

* The "Somerset-house Gazette" has imparted this circumstance to the public: we might else have felt some scruple in reclaiming for Mr. Lowry, that on which he had himself agreed to give or sell the reputation of to Mr. Sharp. The fact is as we have stated; viz. that the back-ground, including the anatomical preparation, &c., is from the hand of Lowry, but no part of the portrait as the readers of the "Somerset House Gazette" might be induced to suppose.

† This course of lectures was delivered in the year 1806: and it was in great part owing to Lowry's solicitude for advancing the general interests of engraving, that they *were* delivered at that institution. At a time when the other British engravers evinced but too much indifference as to asserting the intellectual pretensions of their art, and tamely acquiesced in its academical degradation, Lowry stood nobly forward, and was the bearer to Sir Thos. Bernard, who then managed the lecturing department at the Royal Institution, of Mr. Landseer's willingness to undertake the task.

describe to you the advantages that must result to the whole cycle of science, from mathematical accuracy. As long as this institution, and the Society for the encouragement of arts, manufactures, and commerce, shall deserve and receive the gratitude of the country, so long must the inventor of these instruments be considered as a benefactor to the public."

These instruments our engraver continued to use, and to impart the uses of them to others, to the commencement of his last illness; with what superlative success, the numerous and exquisite engravings which he performed for the cyclopædia of Dr. Rees, Dr. Tilloch's Philosophical Magazine, Mr. P. Nicholson's architectural publications, the Encyclopædia Metropolitana, and other similar works, afford the most irrefragable proofs. It is not believed that he followed up this branch of the art, or rather this *his peculiar art* of engraving architectural and mechanical subjects, because it was his *forte*, or from any such predilection as frequently determines the pursuits of men. In fact he had more forts than one; for in whatever direction his improving mind from time to time advanced, he might be said to build a fort; like Agricola and those Roman legions of old, who conquered and improved wherever they invaded. He was rather impelled in this particular direction by exterior circumstances—chiefly the imperious demands that are consequent to an encreasing family; and it is probable that he sighed in secret to emulate Piranesi and Rooker, as he surely would have done, had the public taste and patronage of the age in which he lived, been more auspicious to such studies. But this misdirection, if such it might be deemed, or this want of perception of the true indications, and pointing, of early talent, is far from having been confined to our artist. Rooker was bred a harlequin; Woollett a farrier; and it was not foreseen that the apprentice of an Italian pastry-cook would become Claude of Lorraine. And after all it may be questioned whether Lowry would not have made quite as distinguished a civil engineer, or experimental chemist, or physician, or geological traveller, as he did an architectural engraver, or as he would have made a landscape engraver, so various and so versatile were his powers. In short, with a remarkably clear intellect, and an enthusiastic thirst of knowledge, his scientific attainments were intuitively rapid, and of the most various descriptions. This general praise (as we cannot but recollect here) has been so frequently bestowed on others, that to some readers it may appear no more than ordinary reputation; but of Wilson Lowry it is as literally true, as of Lord Verulam; for very few men have known so many arts and sciences, and known them so profoundly; so much so, that like that distinguished philosopher, he could converse with ingenious men of almost any profession, without its being discovered that he was not of that profession: wherefore, in mathematics, chemistry, optics, and the numerous train of arts and sciences that depend on these, such as mechanics, mineralogy, geology, perspective, algebra, in its analytical application to logic and mathematics, and the department of art to which he professionally attached himself, few men were his superiors, speaking severally of those branches of knowledge, and not many his equals. The present writer during this middle period of his life, belonged as well as he, to three distinct societies, of which the objects were philosophical discovery and discussion, and of which Lowry was decidedly the most efficient member, although Drs. Dinwiddie and Tilloch, as well as several other gentlemen of considerable scientific attainments, were of the fraternities.

He became a Fellow of the Royal Society about twenty years ago, and of the Geological Society from the era of its institution, in both of which he was beloved and respected, and often consulted upon occasions interesting to the progress of knowledge. With the late Sir Jos. Banks, and Sir H. Englefield; and with the present Dr. Woolaston, Mr. Lee, Mr. Greenough, and other of the most learned members of those Institutions respectively, he was more particularly intimate: indeed from Sir Joseph's apparent friendship for him, and from the opportunities which that gentleman's experience and situation gave him of witnessing the merits of our artist, and the difficulties of climb-

ing to eminence in science from "life's low vale," there were those who expected that the president of the Royal Society would have done himself the honour of bequeathing Mr. Lowry some mark of his regard; but they were mistaken.

Parsimony, on public, or on scientific, occasions, formed no feature in the character of the subject of this memoir. He was a public minded man; and his zeal for humanity, and for improvement of every kind, did on various occasions induce him to subscribe more in aid of public, benevolent, and philosophical purposes, than perhaps a prudential view of his pecuniary circumstances and limited means of replenishment, would have warranted. And this same generosity of nature, united with an honourable hatred of oppression, and a consequent laudable zeal for the amelioration of society, occasionally warmed into patriotic and philanthropic enthusiasm. He hailed "the constellation of liberty," as it rose

"O'er the vine cover'd hills and gay regions of France."

And, as long as the French revolution continued to beam with the light of Bailly, Brissot, Lavoisseur, Condorcet, and the rest of those *savans* who were afterward engulphed in the horrid vortex of *sans cullottism*, continued to bathe his mind in its beams with the transport of a Persian devotee. Nor is it meant that the disastrous events which extinguished this light, extinguished also his patriotism, or did more than temper it into a milder ray of hope. In fact it was in Lowry, as it was in Sir Joseph Banks during the earlier period of his public life, and as it was during the whole of that of Charles Fox—a philanthropic aspiration, for which men are justly honoured, even when ulterior events prove them to have been mistaken in their anticipations. And Lowry was upon a congenial principle, equally hopeful—nay almost exulting for awhile—with regard to the knowledge and cure of diseases, when the theory and practice which Darwin and Beddoes had engrafted on Mayo and Brown, were first promulgated; and when Davy arrived in the metropolis, and began to set forth the important modern discoveries in chemistry and medicine.

In his youth, and during the heyday of life, he was also somewhat addicted to metaphysical disquisition—not that the employment of this term, addicted, is intended to convey the faintest shadow of reproach on those interesting studies, of which Lowry was at that time fond, and in which he greatly excelled. With the writings of Hobbes, Collins, Hume, and Helvetius, he was intimately conversant The writer of the present memoir has frequently heard him dispute with men of sense and erudition—if a style of argument so mild as his, may be called disputing—and always with advantage. Collins and Helvetius were his chief authorities; but he reasoned for himself; was subtle without sophistry, and always, from conviction, on the side of necessity, in the great question concerning the foundation of morals. Latterly, however, since he became a member of the Royal Society, his mind has apparently interested itself more in the practical details of science and the arts, and in imparting to others what he knew of these matters, which he always did most willingly. And, whether in lofty speculation he argued with the doctors, or instructed his pupils in the rudiments or minutiæ of mechanical or imitative art, his manner was ever kind-hearted and unassuming—as much so as if he was inquiring, or investigating a subject in concert with a circle of friends and by his own fire-side; and even when clearly victorious, he was the farthest of all men from appearing triumphant.

The nearest approach to any thing of the kind that is remembered, happened upon an occasion of meeting Holcroft at the house of a mutual friend; when the two philosophers fell into conversation concerning Holcroft's favourite dogma that "all crime is mistake." Whether Lowry questioned the truth of this position is not recollected; but he questioned the postulator, to whom he was then introduced for the first time, and who—perhaps a little disconcerted—said somewhat peevishly, "Why you're treating me like a child. You're catechising me." Upon which Lowry returned, "And what then? If you know your catechism, will you be affronted? Ought you to be affronted?"

He was, moreover, benevolent and

disinterested in conduct and in fact, notwithstanding that in argument he asserted and maintained the selfish theory. This, however, is scarcely more uncommon, than to find the reality of selfishness, attended with the hypocritical cant of disinterested benevolence.

It would seem as if—warned of the danger more than convinced of the fruitlessness of abstruse metaphysics, and of what are termed politics—he had of late years desisted from these species of philosophising, and attached or restricted himself, more to the study of physics: being in fact, a quiet English subject, and an excellent practical christian, although not professing it.

He had no desire to carry about with him the badge of a sect, having observed the inconvenient weight of such ornaments; and was perfectly conscious of the comparative comfort of indulging his own opinion in philosophical tranquility: accordingly it is believed among his most intimate friends, that he had rather ceased to notice and express, than to feel—the regrets which good men experience from those imperfections of society which result from the corrupt selfishness of those who are too frequently "put in authority," and that he voluntarily averted his mental vision, while he silently nourished the wish that Lord Verulam has so elegantly and pertinently expressed in a letter to Queen Elizabeth, that he were hooded like a hawk, so that, since he could not accomplish more, he might see less. There was, besides, a wise economy in this change of conduct, or rather of conversation; for he found by experience, that he really could accomplish more of good by thus restricting himself.

With this various proficiency, and this communicative urbanity of manners, his friendships and acquaintances among the learned in art and science, were numerous, as might be expected; and a large portion of the original matter, written for Dr. Rees's Cyclopædia, was supplied by Lowry's connections. Being a sort of living Cyclopædia, he could doubtless have supplied many of them himself, in addition to his highly valued engravings; but this he ever avoided, as the present writer believes, further than revising, in a friendly way, what some of the Doctor's coadjutors had written. As he resembled Socrates in his style of reasoning, and in his dispassionate mildness of demeanor, so, like that great philosopher, he would not undertake to write any regular dissertations, conceiving himself not qualified in point of literary attainment. In fact, he *was* learned in things, rather than in words: but yet, this avoidance is on that very account to be regretted, for the men who write most for the real benefit of society, are those who, like Bacon and Selden, are knowing chiefly in things. It is also to be regretted that no Xenophon has written his memorabilia.

We have mentioned above, his numerous acquaintance among the learned. But there are those also, who, without being learned, would be thought so, and from this quarter, one tax of being eminent and liberally communicative, has, during the latter portion of Lowry's life, been somewhat unfeelingly exacted of him. He has been too much hindered in his valuable pursuits, by the idle obtrusions of dandy philosophers, and those dabblers in virtù and experimental philosophy who are scientific, just as honorary secretaries and unpaid magistrates are attentive to their duties: *vidélicit*, only at their leisure. Such persons, of both sexes, will saunter in droves with their little canns, coming at every feasible opportunity to fill them at the accessible fountain of one who is habitually studious: and to drones and smatterers of this description, who contribute nothing to the general stock of knowledge, while their busy intermeddlings often retard the valuable labours of others; if the Royal Society is not impervious, Lowry must have been but too far within their reach.

In the year 1796 our artist married Rebecca Dell Valle, a lady of an ancient family—(the aunt, if we are rightly informed, of the late Mr. D. Ricardo, the political economist,)—who is become a public instructress of reputation, in the science of mineralogy, and is mistress of a valuable collection of minerals and fossils, formed and arranged for that purpose with the nicest discrimination and at a considerable expence, by her late husband. The offspring of this marriage, are, a son, who, having been

well grounded in mathematical studies, is striving with considerable promise of success to follow in the steps of his father; and a daughter, who is already the authoress of an elementary treatise on mineralogy, which is esteemed among the best works of its kind.

His former wife, who was of Birmingham, and the sister of that Mr. Porter, who, under the tuition of Lowry, is become an eminent engraver of architectural subjects, superintended his domestic concerns during the more arduous period of his life, performing the quiet duties that were becoming the real helpmate of a philosopher, without the least pedantry or vain pretension to science. By her he had a son, who died lamented at an early age, and two daughters, the eldest of whom is married to Hugh Stewart Boyd, Esq., a literary gentleman of small landed property in Ireland; and the youngest, who professes portrait and landscape painting in water colours, and possesses considerable talent, to Mr. Heming, formerly of Magdalen College, Oxford, and now a public writer on astronomy and other mathematical subjects.

On reading over what we have written of our deceased friend, a few words may seem wanting with regard to his professional modesty, and professional eminence abroad as well as at home.

No artist was ever more free from low-minded jealousy. On the contrary, his mind was made up of broad parts; and whatever feelings of rivalry, or hopes of professional superiority at any time possessed it, were of the most honourable kind, and tempered with the greatest deference for the attainments of other engravers, both contemporaneous and deceased. He always appeared to see more merit in their works, and far less in his own than impartial justice would warrant. If his estimates as an artist were ever incorrect, it was in these respects, and in these only. Moreover it is believed that those engravers of the present day who excel in the treatment of ruined edifices, as well as those who are famed for their engravings of finished architecture and apparatus, will readily acknowledge their deep obligations to Lowry's instructions, which were always freely and liberally imparted; and to his example, which was of course available to all: and that England hence derives in a great measure, her superiority over the engravers of the continent. These also, study and emulate his works, but, wanting that local information which he orally and most readily imparted, they imitate his style with less happy success than the artists of our own island.

LOVE.

'Tis sweet to eye
The cloudless sky,
When the stars are brightly beaming—
And sweet to gaze
On the rosy rays
Of the sun in the morn first gleaming.

And sweet's the hour
When music's power,
Soft o'er the senses stealing,
Holds heav'nly reign,
And its silken chain
Throws o'er each raptur'd feeling.

But yet more sweet,
The responsive beat,
Of love's twin hearts against each other;
When naught repels
Their wistful swells,
Or bids the sparkling flame to smother.

HONORARY SECRETARIES.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

MR. EDITOR.—A London journal of a few weeks old fell, lately in my way at an obscure Danish fishing town, where I was waiting to embark for England, which gave a pleasant account of the virtual legal defeat of a certain honorary Secretary. The event is no longer recent; but its *general consequences*, as far as concerns the public, are far from having grown old or obsolete; and a short lucubration on the subject may not prove unacceptable to your readers.

In the course of my past life I have belonged to three societies, of which the business was conducted by honorary secretaries: two of them were ostensibly Benevolent societies; but after a sufficient opportunity of experience and observation, I seceded from them all, in disgust, at the hypocrisy of their several secretaries, and at the selfishness that I saw parading it about under the mask and cloak of charity, which in these instances at least, covered "a multitude of sins."

I formed a sort of tacit agreement with myself thenceforward to belong to no society of which the concerns should be conducted by an "HON. SEC." I found that they all affected at first to be servants, in order that they might become virtually masters of the institutions respectively. They were all men of finesse; majority-managers, and so forth. And as secretaries of course always best know at what well or ill attended meetings to bring on the important concerns of the society, their friends Messrs. A. B. and C. were sure to succeed at their recommendation, to the offices of banker, president, treasurer, trustee, and collector. The *benevolent* honorary secretary had only to get up in his place, and amiably declare that his friend Mr. A. was a most honourable and unexceptionable character—

"So were they all—all honorable men—"

And who could gainsay so good an officer? who could oppose the kind suggestions of the benevolent Hon. Sec., who did the duties of his office gratuitously? Who could feel, or who express, the least doubt, or fancy it to be at all necessary to enquire further into the character of Messrs. A. B. or C.?

True, it was once my good fortune to know a virtuous honorary secretary; but I found this exception, the most efficient proof of the rectitude of the rule which I shall proceed to submit. Supposing you to agree with me that this hypocrisy should be put aside, and the nuisance abated, it strikes me that it may easily *be* put aside in the formation of philanthropic and charitable institutions, upon a very simple and straight forward principle. It must be granted that it is desirable, for effecting the purposes of such institutions, to have the services of a man of the pen and of business cheap. Set then the salary of the Secretary, Clerk, or whatever you may choose to call him, at a low rate. If you can get a clever man to accept of it—as surely you may, for this species of merit is not so very rare—and do the business efficiently—he is the paid *servant* of the society. Do his bowels yearn with benevolence? Does he wish to *appear* charitable? or to *be* so, without the hypocritical ostentation that attaches to subscribing his public documents with the addition *hon. sec.*? Let him from year to year present the fund of the institution with half, or even with the whole, if he pleases, of his 30 or 40*l.* per annum, or whatever his salary may be fixed at, which of course should in all cases be proportioned to the time and trouble actually expended in the duties of the office. He is then upon the footing of any other donor to the same amount, and may aspire to no more influence. Could any sincerely benevolent and truly honest man object to this? If not, let it be at once an assurance of the safety of the society, and a criterion of the disinterestedness of the secretary.

I venture to think, Sir, that we should thus have fewer of these daws and magpies strutting about the public highways in peacock's feathers; and I dare say you will agree with

me that the newspaper which is entitled the TIMES has achieved a considerable public good by its exposure of the HON. SEC. system. Perhaps you may not think amiss of inserting the following *jeu d'esprit* *address to the Editor* of that public spirited journal. The Prince of Denmark may claim to be considered as a *European* reader, although "so poor a man as HAMLET."

Those peacock feather'd honorary secs,
We've borne them long enough; they're sure an odd kin.
'Twas just the Times should their "quietus make;"
No instrument more fit than—"a *bare* BODKIN."

THE LOVER'S LEAP.*

* The Dargle, in the county of Wicklow, has long been celebrated for its wild and romantic beauties. To this chosen retreat the citizens of Dublin repair to regale themselves with a cold dinner, in Grattan's cottage, and to enjoy a rustic dance on "the flowery sod." A steep promontory on the northern side of the glen, commands an extensive view of the beautiful scenery attached to the domains of Lords Powerscourt and Monck. This fearful eminence, which is called *the Lover's Leap*, is an object of peculiar interest to all young men and maidens, both from its romantic situation, and the melancholy story which has given rise to its name.

BEHOLD yon beetling cliff whose brow
Hangs pending o'er the vale below;
A tale not easily forgot,
Is told of that same fearful spot;
And thus it runs—one summer's day
A bridal party blithe and gay
Came hither to enjoy the scene,
And dance at evening on the green.
Maria was the lovely bride,
Her parent's and her husband's pride;
That morning sun arose to shed
Its lustre on her happy head;
And ere its parting beams glanc'd down,
On valley green and mountain brown,
A mourning bride she was.—

They laugh'd and revell'd, till the sun
In heaven his mid-day course begun,
When to avoid the scorching heat,
In groupes they sought some cool retreat.
Maria, with a chosen friend,
In yonder grove retired to spend
An hour of confidence, and share
The breezes that were sporting there;
While William, full of hope and joy,
His happy moments to employ,
Wound through those rocky paths to gain
A prospect of the neighbouring plain,
Which bounded by the distant skies
In variegated beauty lies.

His steps were watched, his way pursued,
By one who thirsted for his blood;
Inflam'd with jealousy and fired
By fiendish rage, he but desired
To live to strike a deadly blow,
And stretch his hated rival low.
Maria he had lov'd, and strove
By all the stratagems of love
To captivate her gentle heart;
But still in vain he found his art,
That undivided realm to share,
For William ruled supremely there:
Enraged and stung, his hair he tore,
A deep and deadly vengeance swore;
And to fulfil his dark intent,
The bridal morn he chose to vent
His smother'd rage—he traced the way
Like blood-hound hov'ring on his prey,
Silent and sure—while gay and light
The happy bridegroom climb'd the height.
Borne on the wings of bliss elate,
And thoughtless of impending fate;
He just had gained the steepest place
And felt the fresh breeze fan his face,
When pale and trembling in his ire,
With quiv'ring lip and eye of fire,
His foe sprung on the fatal spot—
Their conference was brief and hot;
Insult began—defiance flash'd,
A rash and sudden blow was dash'd;
They grasp'd—they strove—they strain'd for breath
The struggle was for life or death.
Twice to the dizzy ledge they roll'd,
Clasped in each other's fatal fold,
And twice they backward roll'd and then
Renew'd the deadly strife again,
The aim of each was now to throw,
His rival on the rocks below.
To compromise they bade adieu,
And nothing short of death would do.
Again the frightful steep they ey'd,
And struggling hard again they tried
To fling each other down—at length
William's activity and strength
Had work'd his now exhausted foe,
Just to the gulph that yawn'd below.
One effort more and he was free—
But in this dread extremity
His rival drew a deadly blade,
One sure and fatal plunge he made,
The weapon pierc'd young William's breast
A groan and struggle mark'd the rest.

The murderer then the deed to hide,
Flung from the precipice's side
The reeking corpse o'er cliffs and all,
'Twas dash'd to pieces with the fall.
He saw it plunge from rock to rock,
And smil'd at each repeated shock;
Till all the mangl'd fragments lay,
Deep buried from the light of day;

And then he silently withdrew—
The fearful story no man knew.
But when the bloody tracks were found
The sad report was spread around
That William as he climb'd the height,
Fill'd with fond hopes of pleasures bright,
His footstep miss'd and thus he fell
All lifeless in the rocky dell
A mangled corpse—Maria's grief,
Was silent, but beyond relief;
Deep in a gloomy solitude
She kept her maiden widowhood
For three sad years—and when at last
That lonely boundary she pass'd
To mingle in the world again,
All friendly efforts were in vain,
Her cheerless moments to beguile,
Or raise one melancholy smile;
At last she died—and time roll'd on,
Till years were counted twenty one,
Since that sad bridal day—when lo!
There came a night of storm and snow,
And at a monastery in Spain,
A wearied man and worn with pain,
Implor'd admittance not in vain.
He fell exhausted on the ground
The pitying fathers gather'd round,
And strove to cheer his sinking frame,
Before their hospitable flame;
They us'd mild words of comfort too,
His mental suff'rings to subdue,
But all in vain—for scarce the day,
Had chas'd the stormy night away,
When worn with pain—life ebbing fast—
The wretched wand'rer breath'd his last.
Yet ere he died, 'twas said that he,
In deep remorse and agony,
Confess'd a murder he had done
Beneath the full meridian sun,
Just one and twenty years before,
In a wild glen on Erin's shore.
Since then he'd wander'd round the earth
A guilty wretch that curst his birth;
Alike to him each distant clime,
For still the victim of his crime
Pursued his steps—amid the storm,
Aghast he saw the bleeding form
Of him he slew—'twas pale and grim,
And did it?—yes!—it beckon'd him!

Such is the melancholy tale,
That's current in this peaceful vale;
And thus it is that yonder steep
Is nam'd by all "The Lovers Leap."

ALLAN FITZALLAN.

ON THE GENIUS AND WRITINGS OF BEATTIE.

It is difficult to determine whether Dr. Beattie belong to the classical or romantic school of poetry? He is too romantic for the former, too classical for the latter, taking these terms in their present acceptation. But in sooth, Dr. Beattie was a truly classical writer, for a romantic writer means neither more nor less than a writer who has something fantastic or whimsical in his style. It is a perfect abuse of terms to call a writer on romantic subjects a romantic writer, because romantic subjects may be treated classically, and have frequently become the theme of acknowledged classical poets. The term classical applies only to the style of a writer, the term romantic to his subject; or if applied to style, it either means, as we have already observed, a whimsical, fanciful, and consequently, ridiculous style, or it means nothing. In Beattie the language is always purely classical, the subject generally romantic—so that he is properly a classical poet on romantic subjects. He possessed a quick, lively, creative, and luxuriant imagination, but in his language he followed the purest and chastest models. He had none of those studied irregularities, those discords and falsettos, those tricks and shiftings, so much in vogue, or rather, so much in practice, at present—we must not therefore call him a romantic writer, because his genius inclined him to romantic subjects. Does he then, it will be asked, belong to the classical school of Pope? We reply he does, unless it be maintained that there is only one description of subjects that can be termed classical. Butler is a classical poet, though his subject and manner differs more from Pope, than Pope does from Beattie. The subject neither determines a poem to be classical or otherwise; for if it does, pray what is that subject which alone is classical? This is a poser—at least we think so; and in saying we *think* so, we should rather say, we are certain of it; for we challenge all the writers and critics on classical and romantic poetry, to point out a subject, to which alone the term classical can be applied. Who differ more in their style and manner than Virgil and Horace? Yet were they not both classical writers? Classical then applies neither to the ludicrous the satyrical, the epic, the romantic, the lyric, the sublime, or any other species of subject. It applies to the language alone, not to the subject. Whatever is elegantly and correctly written is classical, be the subject what it may. Beattie, therefore, differs from Pope, not in kind, but in degree. Both are classical, but the one is more classical than the other. In the character of their minds, however, and consequently, in the character of their subjects, they were totally opposite. Beattie delighted in the romantic and imaginative alone. He loved the softer and more retiring features of nature. In his opinion, poetry consisted in imagination alone; his minstrel has nothing of passion, nothing of ardour, energy, or heroic enthusiasm about him. He lives and feeds upon fancy—he is fonder of fairies and of elfish forms, than of the daughter of men. His feelings are exquisitely fine and delicate, but they rest not for a moment. Their very tenuity keeps them, like the winds of heaven, in eternal motion. They cannot endure to dwell long upon one object, or rather, to be long affected by its influence. A slight emotion immediately passes away to make room for another, but the strong emotion resists the influence of every new impression, and has therefore, more of solidity, intensity, and fixedness about it. Of this intensity the minstrel has not a particle. He is the light and airy creature of fancy—blessed or cursed, as we may happen to deem it, with a mind too restless to stop quiet for a moment, for

> "Oft he trac'd the uplands, to survey,
> When o'er the sky advanc'd the kindling dawn,
> The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain grey,
> And lake, dim gleaming on the smoky lawn;
> Far to the west the long, long vale withdrawn,
> Where twilight loves to linger for awhile;
> And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
> And villager abroad at early toil.—
> But, lo! the sun appears! and heaven, earth, ocean, smile.

E. M. August, 1824.

"And oft the craggy cliff he lov'd to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost.
What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,
Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast,
And view the enormous waste of vapour, toss'd
In billows, lengthening to the horizon round,
Now scoop'd in gulfs, with mountains now emboss'd!
And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar profound.

"In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,
Fond of each gentle, and each dreadful scene.
In darkness, and in storm, he found delight:
Nor less, than when on ocean wave serene
The southern sun diffus'd his dazzling sheen.
Even sad vicissitude amus'd his soul:
And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wish'd not to control."

These stanzas are eminently beautiful, but they do not prove the minstrel a poet of the first character. Too much of imagination cannot dwell with the pathetic, and can therefore never rise to the highest order of poetry; for the pathetic dwells upon one object, and will not suffer us to alienate its affections; but fancy is always on the wing, always shifting from one scene to another. It has no fixed object—all nature is before it, and it delights to revel amidst its infinite luxuriance.

In describing the minstrel, Beattie has described his own mind, and the character of his poetical genius. He excels in his way, that is, he excels in pure fancy, but he wants strength, nerve, energy, ardour, passion, fire, and enthusiasm. Perhaps no poets can be more nearly allied than he and Warton. To excel in fancy, however, is to excel in the lighter department of poetry. It is not fancy that has rendered Homer immortal—it was a passion rising to the highest degree of intensity—a species of mental madness. But who would wish Dr. Beattie to have written otherwise than he did? Had he attempted the pathetic he would never have excelled. In what he has attempted who can be happier? Nature herself is not uniform in her works—and why should man? Were all poets of the same order—were all poets equal to Homer and Virgil, neither Homer or Virgil would be esteemed as much as they are; and even those who equalled them would fall into equal oblivion. It is then happily ordained by nature, that different poets should possess different talents.

It is this diversity of talent that renders men of a different genius so agreeable to us, that we are at some loss which most to admire. If every hill were like another—if plain resembled plain—and valley, valley,—if all objects of the same species were exactly of the same cast and character, they would all become insipid. The genius of Beattie then consists in dwelling on the softer and milder objects and attributes of nature—and in this he excels. What can be more delightful? What can bring before us more fantastic, more romantic, more pleasing, more enchanting scenes, than is described in the following stanzas.

"See, in the rear of the warm sunny shower,
The visionary boy from shelter fly!
For now the storm of summer-rain is o'er,
And cool, and fresh, and fragrant is the sky!
And, lo! in the dark east, expanded high,
The rainbow brightens to the setting sun;
Fond fool, that deem'st the streaming glory nigh,
How vain the chace thine ardour has begun!
'Tis fled afar, ere half thy purpos'd race be run.

"Yet couldst thou learn, that thus it fares with age,
When pleasure, wealth, or power, the bosom warm,
This baffled hope might tame thy manhood's rage,
And disappointment of her sting disarm.—
But why should foresight thy fond heart alarm?
Perish the lore that deadens young desire!
Pursue, poor imp, the imaginary charm,
Indulge gay Hope, and Fancy's pleasing fire:
Fancy and Hope too soon shall of themselves expire.

"When the long-sounding curfew from afar
Loaded with loud lament the lonely gale,
Young Edwin, lighted by the evening star,
Lingering and listening, wandered down the vale.
There would he dream of graves, and corses pale;
And ghosts that to the charnel-dungeon throng,
And drag a length of clanking chain, and wail,
Till silenc'd by the owl's terrific song,
Or blast, that shrieks, by fits, the shuddering aisles along.

"Or, when the setting moon, in crimson dy'd,
Hung o'er the dark and melancholy deep,
To haunted stream, remote from man he hied,
Where Fays of yore their revels wont to keep;
And there let Fancy roam at large, till sleep
A vision brought to his entranced sight.
And first, a wildly murmuring wind 'gan creep,
Shrill to his wringing ear; then tapers bright,
With instantaneous gleam, illum'd the vault of night.

"Anon, in view, a portal's blazon'd arch
Arose; the trumpet bids the valves unfold,
And forth a host of little warriors march,
Grasping the diamond lance, and targe of gold.
Their look was gentle, their demeanour bold,
And green their helms, and green their silk attire;
And here and there, right venerably old,
The long-rob'd minstrels wake the warbling wire,
And some with mellow breath the martial pipe inspire.

"With merriment, and song, and timbrels clear,
A troop of dames from mrytle bowers advance;
The little warriors doff the targe and spear,
And loud enlivening strains provoke the dance.
They meet, they dart away, they wheel askance;
To right, to left, they thread the flying maze;
Now bound aloft with vigorous spring, then glance
Rapid along: with many-coloured rays
Of tapers, gems, and gold, the echoing forests blaze.

"The dream is fled. Proud harbinger of day,
Who scar'dst the vision with thy clarion shrill,
Fell chanticleer! who oft has reft away
My fancied good, and brought substantial ill;
O to thy cursed scream, discordant still,
Let Harmony aye shut her gentle ear;
Thy boastful mirth let jealous rivals spill,
Insult thy crest, and glossy pinions tear,
And ever in thy dreams the ruthless fox appear.

"Forbear, my, Muse. Let love attune thy line.
Revoke the spell. Thine Edwin frets not so.
For how should he at wicked chance repine,
Who feels from every change amusement flow?
Even now his eyes with smiles of rapture glow,
As on he wanders thro' the scenes of morn,
Where the fresh flowers in living lustre blow,
Where thousand pearls the dewy lawns adorn,
A thousand notes of joy in every breeze are borne.

"But who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

"The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crown'd with her pail the tripping milk-maid sings;
The whistling ploughman stalks a field and, hark!
Down the rough slope the pond'rous waggon rings;
Thro' rustling corn the hare astonished springs;
Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour;
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tour."

Of all poets, Beattie excels in the natural romantic. We cannot discover in all his works, a single trace

of modern idealisms, or far fetched images. He seeks not to wander beyond the neighbouring field to discover all he wants to discover, and yet in this little spot, he finds more ample subject for his muse, than other poets can, after traversing the universe, admitting that term to embrace the real and ideal world. In the minstrel there is not an image, a scene, a portrait, a simile, a feature, that is not taken from real life; but what poet has ever stolen from the ideal world sweeter images, softer scenes, more faithful portraits, happier similes, or more expressive features. Perhaps Beattie was the only poet who discovered the secret of being always romantic, and yet always natural. What can be more romantic than the scenes described in the following stanzas, and yet what more simple and natural.

"And now the downy cheek and deepen'd voice
Gave dignity to Edwin's blooming prime;
And walks of wider circuit were his choice,
And vales more wild, and mountains more sublime.
One evening as he framed the careless rhyme,
It was his chance to wander far abroad,
And o'er a lonely eminence to climb,
Which heretofore his foot had never trode;
A vale appear'd below, a deep retir'd abode.

"Thither he hied, enamour'd of the scene;
For rocks on rocks pil'd, as by magic spell,
Here scorch'd with lightning, there with ivy green,
Fenc'd from the north and east this savage dell;
Southward a mountain rose with easy swell,
Whose long long groves eternal murmur made;
And toward the western sun a streamlet fell,
Whence, through the cliffs, the eye, remote survey'd
Blue hills, and glittering waves, and skies in gold array'd.

"Along this narrow valley you might see
The wild deer sporting on the meadow ground,
And here and there a solitary tree,
Or mossy stone, or rock with woodbine crown'd:
Oft did the cliffs reverberate the sound,
Of parted regiments tumbling from on high;
And from the summit of the craggy mound
The perching eagle oft was heard to cry,
Or on resounding wings to shoot athwart the sky.

"One cultivated spot there was, that spread
Its flowery bosom to the noon-day beam,
Where many a rose-bud rears its blushing head,
And herbs for food with future plenty teem.
Sooth'd by the lulling sound of grove and stream,
Romantic visions swarm'd on Edwin's soul:
He minded not the sun's last trembling gleam,
Nor heard from far the twilight curfew toll;
When slowly on his ear these moving accents stole."

Some poets have imagined that all poetic excellence consists in obscurity, or rather, that the highest order of poetry consists in the sublime, and the sublime in obscurity. Beattie thought otherwise—and Beattie was right. He places his scenes and images so distinctly before us, that we cannot help imagining ourselves actual spectators. Who does not think himself wandering with the minstrel and enjoying the surrounding scene, when he reads the following stanza—

"He said, and turn'd away; nor did the Sage
O'erhear, in silent orisons employ'd,
The youth, his rising sorrow to assuage
Home as he hied, the evening scene enjoy'd:
For now no cloud obscures the starry void;
The yellow moonlight sleeps on all the hills;
Nor is the mind with startling sounds annoy'd,
A soothing murmur the lone region fills
Of groves, and dying gales, and melancholy rills."

Beattie was more the votary of fancy than the creature of feeling, but yet his good sense taught him that fancy ought to be subjected to reason, and that when left totally to itself, it serves only to bewilder and mislead. Of this we have a beautiful instance in the conversation that takes place between the minstrel and the hermit. The minstrel speaks first.

"This praise, O Cheronean Sage, is thine!
(Why should this praise to thee alone belong?)
All else, from Nature's moral path declining,
Lur'd by the toys that captivate the throng;
To herd in cabinets and camps, among
Spoil, carnage, and the cruel pomp of pride;
Or chant, of heraldry, the drowsy song,
How tyrant blood o'er many a region wide,
Rolls to a thousand thrones its execrable tide.

Oh who of man the story will unfold
Ere victory and empire wrought annoy,
In that elysian age, (misnam'd of gold)
The age of love, and innocence, and joy,
When all were great and free! man's sole employ
To deck the bosom of his parent earth;
Or toward his bower the murmuring stream decoy,
To aid the floweret's long-expected birth,
And hail the bed of peace, and crown the board of mirth.

"Sweet were your shades, O ye primeval groves,
Whose boughs to man his food and shelter lent,
Pure in his pleasures, happy in his loves,
His eye still smiling, and his heart content.
Then hand in hand, Health, Sport, and Labour went.
Nature supply'd the wish she taught to crave.
None prowl'd for prey, none watch'd to circumvent.
To all an equal lot Heaven's bounty gave:
No vassal fear'd his lord, no tyrant fear'd his slave.

"But ah! th' Historic Muse has never dar'd
To pierce those hallow'd bowers: 'tis Fancy's beam
Pour'd on the vision of the enraptur'd Bard,
That paints the charms of that delicious theme.
Then hail sweet Fancy's ray! and hail the dream
That weans the weary soul from guilt and wo!
Careless what others of my choice may deem,
I long, where Love and Fancy lead to go,
And meditate on Heaven; enough of earth I know.

"I cannot blame thy choice," the Sage replied,
"For soft and smooth are Fancy's flowery ways,
And yet even there, if left without a guide,
The young adventurer unsafely plays.
Eyes, dazzled long by Fiction's gaudy rays,
In modest Truth no light nor beauty find.
And, who, my child, would trust their meteor-blaze,
That soon must fail, and leave the wanderer blind,
More dark and helpless far, than if it ne'er had shin'd?

"Fancy enervates, while it soothes, the heart,
And while it dazzles, wounds the mental sight
To joys, each heightening charm it can impart,
But wraps the hour of woe in ten-fold night.
And often, where no real ills affright,
Its visionary fiends, an endless train,
Assail with equal or superior might,
And thro' the throbbing heart, and dizzy brain,
And shivering nerves, shoot stings of more than mortal pain."

Even in describing reason Beattie is romantic, so that he may be truly said to have the genius of philosophy and romance always at his side. There cannot be a happier or truer description of reason, than we have in the following stanzas, and yet what can be dressed out in more romantic colouring.

"And Reason now, thro' number, time, and space,
Darts the keen lustre of her serious eye,
And learns, from facts compar'd, the laws to trace,
Whose long progression leads to Deity.
Can mortal strength presume to soar so high?
Can mortal sight, so oft bedimm'd with tears,
Such glory bear? for lo! the shadows fly
From Nature's face; Confusion disappears,
And order charms the eyes, and harmony the ears.

"In the deep windings of the grove, no more
The hag obscene, and grisly phantom dwell;
Nor in the fall of mountain-stream, or roar
Of winds, is heard the angry spirit's yell;
No wizard mutters the tremendous spell,
Nor sinks convulsive in prophetic swoon;
Nor bids the noise of drums and trumpets swell,
To ease, of fancied pangs, the lab'ring moon,
Or chase the shade that blots the blazing orb of noon.

"Many a long lingering year, in lonely isle,
Stunn'd with the eternal turbulence of waves,
Lo, with dim eyes, that never learn'd to smile,
And trembling hands, the famish'd native craves.
Of Heaven his wretched fare: shivering in caves,
Or scorch'd on rocks, he pines from day to day;
But Science gives the word; and lo, he braves
The surge and tempest, lighted by her ray,
And to a happier land wafts merrily away."

As a metaphysical writer, Dr. Beattie stands very high. His essay on truth, however, is far from being a complete refutation of Hume. His poetical criticisms, or rather, his critical observations on poetry, are entitled to great credit. He is a greater admirer of Dryden than of Pope, but here we certainly cannot become his disciples. Dryden was inimitable in some respects, but taking him "all in all," we think we shall be able to prove in some ensuing number or numbers, that Pope was the greater poet.

HONOURS, TITLES, AND NOBILITY.

"Virtus sola nobilitas."

"I'm sure I did not intend to affront Lady Labradore yesterday, when I called her Ma'am. 'Ma'am,' said she, 'you little ill-bred cur, why don't your mamma teach you breeding, when she boasts of your being so clever; the first thing that people of quality ought to do, is to teach their children politeness,—to make them get the Court Calendar at their fingers' ends, in order that they may pay due respect to their friends and visitors. You well know that I am *Lady* Labradore, and your not saying, 'your ladyship,' was from impertinence:—you could have said no less than *Ma'am* to *Mrs.* Cleveland, your sister's governess.'" Thus spoke Harry Pearce, with tearful eye, to his mother, in relating what had just happened, and concluding his complaint by, "for my part, I wish that there were no titles or distinctions at all; they only get one into scrapes, and breed confusion, envy, and strife. There's Lady Bab, my aunt, was in a fever because Cousin Rosa took precedence of her, from inadvertence, who, 'forsooth,' to use Lady Bab's own word, was only the Honourable Miss ———. Now, I should think that *Honourable* was beyond Lord or Lady; but I am told that it is otherwise. A plague upon all quality; the more I learn the more I am perplexed on the subject. There are Lady Labradore, and the Countess of Grandville and her sister the Marchioness, and Sir St. Leger Neville's wife,—every one of them is called My Lady, Your Ladyship, and yet one of them is the wife of a general, the other of a tradesman, and the other two belong to what you call the old nobility; to tell you the truth, I don't know what is meant by old nobility, when young people are such; then you talk sometimes of inheritance and creation, now I should think that this was putting the cart before the horse, I am sure that creation goes before inheritance, and yet I saw a peer of creation as you call it, give way to one by inheritance. Now I can swear that the latter was a peer, for I saw him created, as you call it, in the Gazette, and yet I beheld him take his place below the other, who could not be quite so sure of his title, after passing through so many generations and so many centuries as are set down in the almanack. "You talk like a little simpleton," replied his mother mildly, "Lady Labradore showed her pride and ill temper, by rebuking you so sharply; she speaks with the warmth of a *novice* in advocating the cause of nobility, and it is not astonishing to

me that the lowest rank thereof, should fight for the higher ones" (there was satire and a little innocent maliciousness in this remark) "but yet, my child, she has a right to be called Lady Labradore, to be addressed *occasionally* as your ladyship, although madam can never offend the lady, and is, on some occasions, applicable to a duchess, nay further, Madame de France is the highest rank of the female blood royal, as Monsieur is of the male (there being no Dauphin), and indeed to be the first lady or gentleman of a country, is a proud title, and has something elegant and amiable in it; the latter is such as would well have suited his present Majesty George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales, but, in order to avoid those unpleasant scenes happening again, I shall give you a short lecture on nobility, and, first to begin with Lady Labradore, never omit her title, and do not consider her husband as a mere tradesman, he is a very respectable character, a magistrate, a landholder, a man of fortune, and, what is better than all that, an honest man. He made his money in India, and is now a great indigo merchant; he has been knight a few years ago, for what was conceived his meritorious services, and any one who is considered worthy of elevation by his king, ought to be considered so by his subjects in society. Lady L. married Sir John for his title, and is, of course, jealous of it. It becomes a matrimonial property and inheritance —but of that no more. Come into the library, and I will begin my lesson, however unfit a woman may be for such a task. "Knights are a most ancient, illustrious order; their achievements stand high on record. Palestine resounded with their praises. We read in the ancient history of a sister kingdom, Ireland, that the elective monarch could not be such, without having previously received the honour of knighthood; all monarchs bear orders of knigthoood, and this alone must give a dignity to the name, when former deeds of high desert have not stamped it with a more personal impression of actual service performed. Knights are military and civil, decorated with ornaments and badges, or merely distinguished by a name which gives them a step above the commoner, however well born; and of this last class is Sir John Labradore. The term Lord is applicable to all nobility from the monarch to the Baron. Our Sovereign Lord the King, my Lord Duke, the Lord Bishop, the Earl, Viscount, and Baron, these are all Lords There are also Lords of the Manor, Lords of the Admiralty, and even a Lord Mayor, and Lords of Trade, however at variance with the ideas of chivalry, from which the pomp and pride of heraldry are drawn. These lords make ladies by forming matrimonial alliances with them; and as such contracts should be honorable, in order to preserve purity of race, the last order, that of barons, has the privilege of making their children honorable, whilst right honorable is prefixed to the baron's title; simplying that the higher the title, the more scrupulously should honor be kept in view, and held up to higher notice. The viscount has the same prerogative. The earl confers a title of courtesy on his *elder* son, and makes his daughters all ladies by like tenure—Lady Mary, Lady Louisa, Lady Anne. The marquis follows in higher succession —most noble, the duke, who, in the olden times, was always considered as duke and prince*, confers a more exalted name on his heir of primogeniture, who is a marquis or earl by courtesy, all the other children being ennobled, such as Lord John, Lord Spencer, Lady Georgina, &c. &c. The duke is occasionally addressed as my lord duke, and your grace, *her* grace is a charming title, when she appears so by name and by nature, but at all events, her coronet fixes the honor on her brow. An archbishop is his grace, an impressive title, and one which he ought ever to

* Dux et Princeps, the leader and commander, just as Comes (from whence count is derived), is the companion of the commander, after him in command, and the vice Comes, or viscount, his lieutenant and next in authority. The knight and knight's companion (the esquire), figure also in chivalrous history, but the knight of an address is far different, and the esquire any body, now-o'-days.

keep in view. An ambassador and governor, as also a general commanding, are distinguished by "His Excellency," purporting that they should all excel in wisdom, in discipline, and (the latter) in valour. Right Reverend, and Reverend, give reverence to the clerical profession (in catholic countries), the cardinal is His Eminence, and the pope His Holiness, the former being required to be eminent in learning, in purity of life, and in holy zeal, the latter being the head of the church, and considered as the summit of sanctity to be looked up to. The imperial diadem gives the preference of imperial majesty, (and in the person of the Emperor of Austria) is the descendant of the Cæsars. The Czar means the same thing, although he certainly is not a king of the Romans. Imperial highness is a branch of the imperial stock. Royal highness is kingly every where. Highness is a step above duke; serene highness is still more characteristic. I had almost forgotten the doge of Venice, who is his serenity. Thus holiness, eminence, serenity, majesty, altitude, grace, excellence, most noble character, right honorable name and conduct. Honor (the honorable), lordliness, and command, are the ingredients of nobility, the origin of titles, the cause of distinction, the objects for precedence, and the leases of inheritance. Creation must be prior to succession—succession follows it; merit ought to be the cause of them, and we accordingly see grants and patents of nobility, made for either for a term or in perpetuity. Long possession, like age, commands respect and precedence, although the deserts of the ancient and modern peer may be the same." The good lady concluded by observing, "That an unholy pontiff, ignorant eminence, grovelling majesty, his highness attached to low vice, and serenity so miscalled, were monstrously out of place, graceless graces, ignoble nobles (so by their conduct), dishonorable right honorables and honorables, proud ladies and simple knights without any thing else to recommend them, must be very apt to bring nobility into disrepute. In point of decorations, the star ought always to glitter upon the breast of exalted sentiment, and the military badge should alone be affixed to the brave and bold heart, fraught with manhood and feeling." Thus ended the first lecture. Henry shook his head, for he was not thoroughly convinced, nor as yet, sufficiently informed upon the subject; it was therefore agreed, that it should be resumed at a future period, with the history of England and the peerage upon the table.

MINE ALONE.

To Nature's face from thine I fly,
Some rival charms to view;
And she can boast a brighter eye,
Shining in deeper blue.
But sunny gleams for all are given,
And skies o'er all are thrown:
While oh! I feel I want a heaven,
To smile on me alone.

To mount or vale, to glen or grove,
How oft I fondly hie;
And breathe my sorrowing tale of love,
Where echo makes reply.
But when I think she thus gives ear,
To *every* lover's moan;
I long for one who will but hear,
And answer, *mine alone.*

PATRIOTISM NO VIRTUE.

HAVING long indulged many sceptical opinions on the subject of patriotism, I beg leave to communicate the substance of them to my readers. If they be erroneous, some of my learned correspondents will probably be able to detect the latent fallacy which they contain: if founded in truth, they will tend to remove some popular prejudices which have been long entertained on the subject. It is said that the knowledge of some truths is more hurtful than beneficial to society; but this can happen only when society has, in some former instance, lapsed into error, and finds new errors necessary to defend the old; for nature never rendered it the interest of man to turn aside from the light of truth.

Patriotism is considered to be an affection of the soul, rigidly confined to the love of our country; neither verging beyond it, nor contracting itself within narrower limits. He whose affections verge beyond it, is a philanthropist; he who confines his attachment to the parish that gave him birth, as is generally the case in Ireland, yields to a species of blind and contracted affection, for which the framers of language have invented no term. It appears to me, however, that the emotion which extends our attachment to the whole of our country, but suffers it to proceed no farther, or in other words, the patriotic emotion, strictly so called, has not its origin in the nature of man, and that it is solely to be traced to adventitious circumstances, and the corresponding associations by which they are accompanied. Circumstances, and circumstances only, can make a man love his country, in any sense different from that which makes him love all mankind; and if these circumstances do not take place, the attachment to country will never be felt. But that cannot be called a natural attachment, which some men never feel, and which no man would feel, were it not for the intervention of circumstances. Whole nations have been found in the full enjoyment of peace and happiness, the natives of which, so far from feeling the emotion of patriotism, never formed even an abstract idea of such an emotion. Every individual confined his particular attachments to his own relatives, and the narrow circle of his friends and acquaintances. As for those with whom he was unacquainted, he loved them all equally alike, whether his countrymen or not; or rather, he never asked himself the question, whether he loved or hated them, but treated every man as he found him. When he found any man to act honourably, and in a manner in which he would be proud of acting himself, he felt a secret impulse that prompted him to esteem him; and to this impulse he would have yielded whether he was his countryman or not; and whenever he found any man acting contrary to those ideas which he had himself formed of right and wrong, the same honest impulse prompted him to despise him, without waiting to examine whether he was or was not his countryman; and perhaps if he knew him to be such, he would only have despised him the more. When, therefore, an entire nation is found destitute of the patriotic impulse; when the affections of each geographical or political district into which it is divided, never strays beyond its own niggard empalement; when a particular clan or sept imagine it profane and impious to extend their friendships to any other but themselves, we are not to consider these men incapable of the more expanded impulse of the patriot mind, or suppose that they would not feel it in all its meridian warmth, if placed in similar circumstances with those who claim to themselves the peculiar and exclusive merit of feeling, as men ought to feel, for the glory, the honour, and the independence of their country. When a nation, therefore, boasts of its patriotism, and looks down with contempt on those who contract their affections within narrower limits, it appears to me only to publish its own ignorance, and to boast of a virtue, if it may be so called, which circumstances alone

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has placed in its possession, and which it owes not, *à priori*, to itself. Nothing can properly be called our own which is the gift of chance; at least the merit of possessing it belongs not to us. The patriot has no advantage over the slave, but what he owes to circumstances which might have never occurred, and had they not occurred, he would never have been a patriot. Every man born in a land of patriots becomes a patriot: every man born in a land of bondage degenerates into a slave. The exceptions are so few, that they are not worth naming. Let us not then ascribe the noble ardour of the one, or the compromising obsequiousness of the other, to themselves, but to the circumstances from which these different habits of mind have originated. The patriot and the slave yield equally alike to the immediate circumstances by which they are acted upon: reverse the circumstances—the patriot becomes a slave, and the slave a patriot. If we can entertain any doubt of this truth, let us look back to Greece, a country that carried patriotism to a pitch of enthusiasm unequalled by any other nation, and let us consider what a generation of slaves she has since produced. Will not the prospect incline us to think, that those who are most susceptible of the patriotic impulse, are also most liable to yield to the unmanning influence of ignoble slavery. This opinion appears to me not only probable, but to be strictly founded in the nature of man. Extremes are always closely allied, because extremes are always the effects of weakness. He who is easily moved to laughter, is also easily moved to tears. He whose piety inclines him to discharge all the severer exercises of a religious life, with zeal and ardour, generally falls into the opposite extreme of coldness and indifference, if he once begin to relax in the least. The writer who always affects to be sublime, is he who falls most frequently into the ridiculous. If then there be a

———Modus in rebus
Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum;

if mirth be so closely allied to grief—the sublime to the ridiculous, and even the ardour of piety to the rigid apathy of indifference, it is not arguing contrary to the strictest analogy to conclude, that a nation which carries patriotism to excess, is most likely to fall into the opposite extreme of servitude. So far as we can extend our inquiry into the harmony that connects all the works of creation, we find, that whatever strengthens the chain of universal being is good; that whatever weakens it, or breaks it in one place, in order to strengthen it in another is evil.

From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth or ten-thousand, breaks the chain alike.

That an excess of patriotism tends to break the moral harmony that should exist among all nations, needs not to be proved by argument, because it is matter of fact. Experience shews us, that it creates a spirit of opposition, animosity, and prejudice against the people of every nation whose interests are opposed to our own; while it makes us look upon ourselves with that self-complacency which arises from a belief that we possess virtues denied to other nations. It creates a selfishness that prevents us from seeing their good qualities; and though we may be willing to acknowledge that many of the foreigners with whom we are acquainted are good and honest men, yet we cannot divest ourselves of a certain feeling, that we are superior to them in every respect. Neither can we suffer ourselves to be convinced, that the rest of their countrymen are as good as the few with whom we happen to be acquainted. That this is matter of fact will be acknowledged by every man who has left his own country for a time. I believe I adhere very strictly to truth in saying, that of the Irishmen who come over to England, not one out of a hundred entertains so good an opinion of Englishmen before he leaves his own country, as he does after remaining here a few months. The constant habit of hearing his own countrymen cried up, and generally, perhaps, at the expence of English-

men, makes him ignorantly imagine that the higher virtues of human nature are the birthright of Irishmen alone, and that an Englishman is incapable of that generosity of sentiment which he feels himself. The same spirit of exclusive attachment to our own country, produces the same effect in the minds of Englishmen; and accordingly we find, that every Englishman who has been a few years in Ireland, acknowledges after his return, that the Irish are a much better sort of people than he imagined they were before he went to live among them. But why did he not form as favourable an opinion of them before as after? It was not, surely, because he believed human nature to be naturally corrupt; for if so, he could have no reason for esteeming his own countrymen more than the Irish. It is obvious, then, that his prejudice against them arose entirely from being taught to confine his affections to his own countrymen; for this was telling him, in other words, that none else were worthy of them.

If patriotism taught us to love our own countrymen, but not to limit our attachment exclusively to them; if it taught us, that so far from indulging any sort of prejudice against the inhabitants of another country, we should think as well of them as we do of ourselves; that they possess the same virtues, and are consequently entitled to the same esteem; or that if they do not manifest the same independence of mind, and the same thirst after liberty, it is not because nature has made them less impatient of controul, but because, perhaps, the iron hand of oppression has extinguished every ray that illumines hope, and consequently every hope that anticipates liberty;—if these were the principles of the patriot creed, who would not glory in being a patriot? But that they are not the principles of professed patriots, is either certain, or otherwise it is certain that the term *patriotism* is not understood by any man who makes use of it. Irish patriotism will not suffer Irishmen to think favourably of Englishmen, until an actual residence in this country convinces them of their error; and English patriotism produces the same effect, and is corrected by the same experience. The spirit of patriotism conceals the virtues of both nations from each other, so that each of them is better than the other believes, or even wishes to believe. The Irish patriotic news-writer proves his patriotism by dwelling on the catalogue of public crimes committed in England. He even wishes the list were larger, that the contrast between English and Irish men might appear the more striking; while the English news-compiler retorts upon him some other way, and endeavours to convince the world that Englishmen are saints compared to the inhabitants of the Holy Island.* The more generous we are, the more willing are we to believe that other nations possess all the virtues which we possess ourselves, and the less generosity we possess, the more difficult it will be to convince us of the virtues of other nations. Generosity, then, and patriotism, cannot be reconciled; and we have therefore to choose which of them to reject, as they cannot be both virtues, while they are at variance with each other; for as no two truths can contradict each other, all virtues must necessarily harmonise with each other. It is therefore an idle boast to talk of loving our countrymen, if we mean any thing by the expression, beyond loving every man in it who is worthy of our esteem; but if this be the principle that excites our affection, we have no pretensions to patriotism, in the strict sense of the expression, because the same principle must necessarily incline us to love every man, whatever be his country, provided his character entitle him to our esteem; or, perhaps, I should rather say, provided we find him to be a man who is as tenacious of virtue as we are ourselves, and who, so far from courting our esteem, would despise it, if he found us unwilling to bestow it, merely because he did not happen to be our countryman. Such a man has a proud and dignified superiority over us. He stands by himself, it is true, but he wishes to stand so. He has no ambition of holding a prominent situation among a race of men who cannot esteem him because he is not one of themselves. He despises us, and he despises us deservedly, be-

* A name formerly given to Ireland.

cause he feels a heartfelt consciousness that he possesses a virtue, and an elevation of mind which the best of us would be proud to emulate. The true patriot, therefore, is he who loves every man worthy of his esteem; but such a man is a philanthropist, not a patriot. The wild Indian who professes to love his own clan or sept, may indeed be allowed the credit of sincerity, because he may possibly be acquainted with them all; but he who says he loves every man in England, because he is an Englishman, either tells a tale, or otherwise loves millions of people of whom he is perfectly ignorant, and therefore acknowledges that he makes no distinction between the virtuous and the reprobate, but loves both equally alike.

It is true, indeed, that in the giddy delirium of youth we are taught to indulge an enthusiastic attachment to our country, and we feel as convinced that this attachment should be confined to it alone, as the geometrician does, that all the right lines drawn from the centre of a circle to the circumference are equal. But this fond and ungrounded belief only shews the necessity of distinguishing between conviction and certainty. We read with pleasure the example of other great men who fell in defence of their country, and imagine they died gloriously, whether they fought on the side of justice or injustice: we look into the splendor of their actions without penetrating into the heart, or examing whether they were prompted to these deeds by the sage dictates of reason, or the precipitate councils of predominating passion; whether they fought to humble oppression and uphold the oppressed, or sought only to gratify their own ambition at the expence of thousands; or whether, in fine, they were not blindly led forward by the powerful and inebriating influence of youthful associations, which had no reality but what they derived from the splendid colourings of an ardent, but misguided imagination. If every thing that warms us to rapture and enthusiasm be noble in itself, and worthy of admiration, it follows that the fanatic, the enthusiast, and the inspired defender of an exclusive religious creed, are influenced by feelings and emotions not less exalted than the devoted patriot. The virtue of patriotism must not therefore be measured by its degree of enthusiasm or enthusiasm. The Highlander is roused at the sound of his national bagpipe, and he engages in battle with a courage and resolution of which he would have been totally unconscious, had he not heard its inspiring sound. Of this we have a memorable instance in the battle of Quebec, fought in April, 1760. When the British troops were retreating in great confusion, the general complained to a field officer of Frazer's regiment, of the disgraceful behaviour of his corps. "Sir," said the officer, with warmth, "you did wrong in forbidding the pipes to play this morning. Nothing encourages Highlanders so much in a day of action; nay, even now they would be of use." "Let them blow them," said the general, "if it will bring back the men." The pipes immediately struck up a favourite martial air, and the Highlanders, the moment they heard them, returned, and quickly formed in the rear.

Now if this courage and patriotic impulse which the Highlander feels at the sound of his national bagpipe be virtuous, it follows that the Highland pipes have the quality of producing a virtuous emotion, and that all those who do not feel this emotion on hearing them, resist the sympathetic impulse of virtue. An Italian, however, is quite insensible to this virtuous emotion felt by the Highlander, though he must be allowed to possess a more exquisite ear for music. We must then, either maintain, that the Highlander is void of merit in yielding to the enthusiam to which he gives way, or that the Italian resists the sympathetic impulse of virtue; but if we maintain the latter, we involve all the nations on earth in the same dereliction from virtue, for no other people but the Highlanders themselves will feel the same patriotic enthusiasm at the sound of the Highland pipes. We must therefore conclude, that the patriotic impulse felt by the Highlander is neither virtuous nor the contrary, but the mere effects of mental associations. When a Highland youth first hears his national pipe, he is neither more nor less pleased with it than a youth of any other country, if his imagination has not been already heated by the wonders which he has heard ascribed to it, and the deeds which his ancestors performed through

its inspiring influence; but from the moment his head is filled with ideas of ancient fame, and the renown that has always attached to the Highland pipes, every time he hears it afterwards he is conscious of emotions which he would never have felt from the simple music of the pipe itself. But will it be said that these emotions are virtuous, and that he by whom they are felt is more virtuous after hearing the pipes, and feeling the corresponding emotions, than he was before he heard the one, or felt conscious of the other? If so, virtue is the mere creature of accident; for a man becomes virtuous who happens to hear a Highland pipe, who would not be so if he had not heard it. Such a virtue evidently depends on the blowing of a pipe, or rather on the circumstance or momentary whim which induced the piper to blow it. If it be argued that the enthusiasm which it creates must be virtuous, inasmuch as it renders us more attached to our country, and more willing to die for its defence, I reply that this patriotism, or this virtue, if it deserve the name, differs in no respect from intoxication or inebriety; and that he who has not courage to defend his country, his parent, his wife, and his children, unless he hear the sound of an instrument, is devoid of all virtual courage and patriotism; and that whatever impulse the pipe inspires is the effect of mental associations. I do not mean to say that we should not have recourse to every thing that can tend to promote our courage in battle; but I mean to say, that our having recourse to them is a proof that we are not sufficiently impressed with a sense of the justice of the cause in which we are engaged; for he who fights against oppression and tyranny, no matter whether he fight in defence of his own country, or enlist under the banners of an oppressed and persecuted people, needs not the sound of a trumpet or a bagpipe to lead him to victory. I grant, then, that the Highlander, who has neither courage nor patriotism to withstand an enemy, or oppose him successfully in the field of battle, is suddenly seized with a patriotic and military ardour the moment he hears the sound of his native bagpipes; but I deny that this sudden and irresistible impulse has any thing of virtue in it. The sound of a trumpet or of a pipe cannot therefore inspire virtue, though it may inspire courage.

"The fiery courser, when he hears from far
The sprightly trumpet and the shouts of war,
Pricks up his ears, and trembling with delight,
Shifts pace and paws, and hopes the promised fight;
On his right shoulder his thick mane reclin'd,
Ruffles at speed and dances in the wind;
His horny hoofs are jetty, black, and round,
His chin is double, starting with a bound,
He turns the turf and shakes the solid ground.
Fire from his eyes, clouds from his nostrils flow,
He bears his rider headlong on the foe."

The war-horse, then, is not less roused by the sound of a trumpet than the Highlander by the sound of a pipe. The emotion is that of courage in both, and in both the emotion is a mere animal impulse.

It is not then sufficient to prove that patriotism is a virtue, because a patriot feels conscious of a noble and heroic ardour which prompts him forward, and urges him to engage in the ranks of war with an utter contempt of death. He will find in the hostile ranks to which he stands opposed, warriors conscious of no inferior impulse; men who despise, like him, death in all its terrors. But is virtue inconsistent with itself, or does it prompt to actions that are in direct opposition to each other. If that impulse which urges the patriot to kill his enemy in battle be virtuous, it necessarily follows that he has a right to kill him, for if he had not such right, it would be a direct violation of virtue to make the attempt. Now, whenever there is right on one side, there is an obligation of granting the right on the other. If I have a right to obtain a reward for any public service which I have performed, the state is under an obligation of granting me the reward; nor can any instance be shewn, where a right exists without a corresponding obligation. Hence it follows, that if the patriot A. has a right to kill his enemy B., the enemy B. is under an obligation of suffering himself to be killed, and therefore bound by the moral law to make no resistance. But this very enemy B. who is deprived of the li-

berty of defending his life, comes into the field of battle with the same courage, the same heroic ardour, and the same patriotic attachment to his country, with that of the patriot A., who has a right to take away his life, for no other reason than that he feels a noble impulse that prompts him to do so. But if this noble impulse in A. be virtuous, and justifies him in committing the act, it must be equally virtuous in B., and will equally justify him in taking away the life of A. If B. then has a right to take away the life of A., because he feels a patriotic impulse; and if, as has been already shewn, he is under an obligation to suffer his own life to be taken away by A., because A. felt a similar impulse, it follows of course that A. and B. have a right to kill each other; while at the same time each of them is under an obligation to make no resistance to the other, but to suffer himself to be killed without lifting a hand. This places the two patriots in such a dilemma that I believe the ancient schoolmen themselves, with all their metaphysical subtleties, could not direct them how to act, or shew them how to kill and not kill each other.

It is obvious, then, that the patriotic glow by which these patriots are prompted to each others destruction, cannot be virtuous; for if it be, virtue is at variance with itself, inasmuch as it commands and forbids, sanctions and disapproves of the same individual act. If either of them, therefore, has a right to kill the other, it is surely he who fights on the side of justice. He is virtuous then only so far as he is just, not so far as he feels a patriotic impulse, and the virtue of patriotism reduces itself consequently to the virtue of justice. A patriot then is virtuous only so far as he is just; and that patriotism which has any thing of virtue in it, is that only which teaches men to "do to others as they would be done by." He therefore who fights in defence of his country, because he finds his country oppressed, or its liberties in danger, acts justly, and therefore acts virtuously. But we cannot call this patriotism, because he engages in battle not for the love of his country, but to discharge that obligation which he owes to justice. If it be the love of country alone, and not of justice, that makes him fight, then his patriotism is destitute of virtue, because it wants that condition which alone could stamp virtue upon it. There is nothing virtuous, therefore, in patriotism but what is founded on justice, and it is not the patriotic impulse that is even then to be pronounced virtuous, but the obedience which we yield to that moral instinct which always prompts us, however we may endeavour to stifle its voice, to act justly in all cases, whether it promote our own interest or that of others. If, then, England should attempt to deprive another nation of its rights and liberties by force of arms, every virtuous Englishman ought, and I am sure would, wish to see her attempts frustrated. Our love to our own country and to other nations should be entirely regulated by the principles of justice, and not by that selfish feeling which is called patriotic attachment. Every man should love that country most which possesses most national virtues; which stands, as it were, a bright example to all other nations by its cultivating those sciences and practising those virtues that ennoble and exalt our nature, and give it a nearer approach to those higher intelligences with whom it may as yet rank in a future state. Whoever inhabits such a country has a right to be attached to it, because it is worthy of his attachment; and we are so far from blaming such an attachment, that we admire it in proportion to the national virtue of the people. But how selfish is the patriotism of the man who, though his country knows not what it is to possess a national character, is still more attached to it than he is to that which commands, or at least which ought to command the admiration of the world. If this be patriotism, and if this patriotism be virtuous, it is a virtue founded in ignorance; for as the mind expands by the light of science, and extends the horizon of its intellectual views, it will insensibly give way to more exalted feelings, nor "confine to a part what was meant for mankind."

It is, I am aware, generally argued, that he who extends his affections too far, suffers them entirely to evaporate, or at least to be greatly weakened; but I am at a loss to conceive how a man, whose philanthropic mind embraces all mankind in the circle of its

affections, pretends to attachment further than he who pretends to love the natives of his own country more than all others. The moment we extend our attachments beyond our own kindred to those of our acquaintances, every individual attachment we form afterwards depends on the moral and intellectual sympathies that arise between us, and the individuals to whom we become attached; not upon any original law of our nature that attaches us more to a man who lives within half a mile of us, than to him who lives a hundred or a thousand miles off, for though a man should even be our neighbour, and though circumstances should render it necessary to conciliate his friendship, yet if we can like neither his person nor his mind, we find it contrary to the laws of our nature to become attached to him. In the whole circle of our acquaintances we are therefore attached only to those who possess some qualities of mind or body that are agreeable to us: to all others we are either averse or indifferent. Separating, then, such of our acquaintances as we esteem, from those to whom we are either averse or indifferent, we find that our attachments to the former are not in the least influenced by their proximity to, or remoteness from us, but by those congenial qualities of mind or body which incline us to them: and indeed any argument that would prove local considerations the cause of our attachments, would also prove it the cause of our aversions; for the man whom we do not like is only rendered more disagreeable by his proximity to us. If then we can have no attachment even within the circle of our acquaintances, but to those whose feelings, manners, and propensities, seem to correspond with our own, and if this attachment be entirely owing, as it obviously is, to the influence of these kindred feelings and propensities, it necessarily follows that we can have no attachment at all to those with whom we are unacquainted, because we cannot possibly know whether their feelings or sentiments be such as would attach us to them, except that attachment which results from the knowledge that they are our fellow-creatures, created with the same faculties and general affections with ourselves, however infinitely diversified by time and place, by culture, education, government, religion, and natural temper. This attachment is nothing but the law of a common nature; but the influence which the consideration of a common nature exercises over our affections cannot, from its very nature, incline us more to the inhabitants of one country than another. The Frenchman partakes as much of our nature as the Englishman: so does the German, the Spaniard, and the Greek. The influence of a common nature cannot therefore attach us more to the one than to the other. The philanthropist, then, who loves all mankind, does not extend his affections farther than he who loves only one individual with whom he is totally unacquainted, because he can have no motive to love such an individual but the influence of the law of a common nature; and this law attaches him to this individual only because it attaches him to every man, and all men. He then, who is capable of loving any individual with whom he is unacquainted, must be equally capable of loving all mankind; for he can assign no motive for being attached to him but what must equally attach him to the human race. If an Englishman, therefore, who lives in Cornwall, should affirm that he loves an Englishman who resides in Kent, but whom he never saw, merely because he is an Englishman, better than he does a native of Holland, I doubt much whether the philosophic genius of his country could enable him to assign any cause for the preference. The law of a common nature, as has been already shewn, will not incline him to prefer one man to another; and he cannot prefer him to the Hollander through the law of mental or physical sympathy, because he cannot possibly tell whether any such sympathy exists between him and the Kentish man, while he is unacquainted with him, not knowing whether such an acquaintance might not create aversion rather than attachment. By what law then, is he to prefer one to the other? I know of none but the two I have mentioned, except that law by which nature instinctively attaches us to our own kindred. But this cannot be the law by which he prefers the Kentishman to the Hollander. Perhaps it may be argued, that a person should love his countrymen because

he is governed by the same laws, and connected to them by mutual interests; but he who has no better argument to advance in defence of patriotism than this, reduces in my opinion the patriotic impulse to a mere selfish principle. He who loves his country because it is his interest to do so, and because he must unavoidably suffer in all the calamities that befal the state, imposes not only on himself, if he imagine that he speaks the truth, but also on his countrymen, if they be credulous enough to believe him. To say that he loves his country because it is his interest to do so, is saying, when properly understood, that he loves his interest and not his country. He does not like, forsooth, that his countrymen should be afflicted by any public calamity, because he could not avoid being involved in it himself; but this wish evidently does not arise from his attachment to them, but to himself. The love then that is founded on the mutual advantages that result from the general safety, is at bottom only a selfish attachment to our own interests; and he who is guided by no higher impulse, has little reason to boast of his patriotism. As for the argument, that we should love our countrymen, *because* they are our countrymen, and our country *because* it is our country, I must confess myself one of those inveterate blockheads who cannot perceive in either of these *becauses*, any cause at all, nor even the semblance of a cause. We must not love God himself because he is God, but because he possesses those benevolent qualities that entitle him to our love. We do not love God because he is omnipotent, or because he is omniscient, or because he is omnipresent: he might be all these, and every thing that he is, except benevolent; but if he were not benevolent, he could not possibly have any claim to our attachment. With his omnipotence we have nothing to do: we owe our existence to it, it is true; but our attachment to him does not result from exerting his omnipotence in giving us existence, but from exerting his benevolence in creating us after a manner which is so admirably calculated to render us happy. Had he created us only to render us miserable, and had employed all the objects by which we are surrounded with properties, dispositions, and instincts, that were repugnant to our nature, and only calculated to render us miserable; had every plant the sting of the thistle, and every herb the bitterness of the wormwood, we could not be bound by any law, human or divine, to love our Creator, because in creating us thus, he would not have consulted our happiness, but his own caprice. If then we are not bound to love our Creator merely because he is our Creator, but because he has exercised that benevolence in creating us which entitles him to our love, neither should we love our country because it is our country, unless it possess those national virtues that should command our admiration and esteem. He who is bred up in ignorance of the characteristic virtues and vices of all nations should love them all equally alike; but he who is made once acquainted with them should love every nation according to the public virtues by which it is distinguished. He cannot then love his own country above all others unless it excel them in the exercise of those virtues that exalt nations in proportion as it ennobles human nature. If we form any thing like a just conception of the Deity, we must grant that this is the manner in which he regulates his providential regard for one nation above another; and that abstracted from this motive, he looks upon them all with the same impartial eye. If then God does not *a priori* prefer an Englishman to a Frenchman, it is obvious that we set up our own will against the will of heaven by professing to give the preferance to a people to whom God does not give it. He loves all equally alike, and if the summit of human perfection consist in regulating our will by that of the Deity, so far as we are made acquainted with it, we must consequently deviate from virtue, if we do not consider every man as our neighbour, and esteem all mankind as he does, to whose will we profess the most unqualified conformity.

EDITOR.

COUNTRY SKETCHES.

A RAMBLE AMONG THE PENTLANDS:—GORDON THE BARD OF "CAERKETAN CRAIG."

"——Nature still will nature be,
While Burnies tis, or grows a tree."

The Pentland Hills begin about four miles west of Edinburgh, and extend a considerable way towards the western borders of Mid-Lothian. In the vallies between them run several romantic streams, particularly the North-Esk, Glencross, and Logan waters, the two latter of which dispute the honour of being the scene of Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd."

At the foot of one of these hills, which, if memory be not at fault, is denominated "Caerketan Craig," stands a little picturesque cottage, with its graceful vesture of honeysuckle and jessamine, their rapid shoots spreading over the whole surface of the walls, and their green leaves and sweet flowers, pending in the form of a beautifully diversified curtain, from the eaves of the thatched roof. In front of this tidy dwelling the ground is smooth and even, with a gradual declination towards the bed of the river Leith, which river rises several miles farther to the west, fertilizing and ornamenting the spacious fields and splendid scenery which it passes through, towards its confluence with the sea, in the *Firth of Forth*. At the back of the cottage, a foamy, noisy streamlet has, in the course of ages, wrought its way to a great depth in the rock, leaving the ground on both sides, precipitous and wild—in some places almost perpendicular.

With considerable labour, the occupant of the cottage has formed a part of this hanging ground into a garden, with terraced walks, and cockle stairs leading down to the very bed of the stream. Here a little and there a little of the useful and delightful of nature's favorites, appear in patches of fruitful mould among the rocks. Tulips and roses and kitchen-stuffs, have each their share in the freehold. Pleasure and utility are intimately blended together, and the shady bowers and crystalline fountain, with poetic inscriptions, indicate the abode of some votary of the Muses; while the peasantry of the country point the place out as the happy residence of William Gordon, (or, as he is pleased to call himself, from the place of his birth, *Willie Waderlea*,) the unassuming poet of "Caerketan Craig." Unassisted by education, the grand invigorator of poetic imagination, the lowly Gordon, whose acquirements in that way amounted to nothing more than being able to read, imbibed *his* predilection for the Muses, from the poetical effusions of Ramsay and Ferguson, and others of his gifted countrymen, amid the very scenes which their poems describe. With some of the *waes* of this world to combat, poverty not the least, he has brought himself into notice, both by his unadorned little pieces, many of which are before the public, and his uniform good behaviour through life.

The sun, on the morning of the 24th of June, 1823, told six o'clock on Gordon's sun-dial, when a small band of amateur musicians struck up with clarionets and other musical instruments, at the door of the cottage, the old merry tune "*Hey Johnny Cope are ye waukin yet*," from which they changed, (after allowing a reasonable time for one to be out of bed and get dressed,) to "*O but man ye're lang o' comin*," and which they gave with such a *birr*, that the grown echoes (the younger branches of the family were up three hours before with the lark,) were roused from their slumbers in astonishment, and roared out, half awake, "*Lang, lang, la-a-ng o' comin, dear me Willie Waderlea!*" At length the door opened, and the poet appeared; his long hair, which he always allowed to hang loosely down his back, streaming in the breath of the morning, while on his violin he played and accompanied

with his voice, Burns' "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." Every one present instantaneously recollected that this day was the anniversary of the battle of Bannockburn, and they received the poet and his accompaniment with a shout that might have been heard from Ravelrig to Castle-Law.

A visit to *New Hall* and the adjacent scenery, supposed to be the originals of the scenes described in Ramsay's Drama, was the object for this party; and from the intimate acquaintance of Gordon from youth upwards with these places, he was the best guide they could have selected. It is not intended here to give a particular account of what has been handled in a much abler manner in another quarter, suffice it to say, that though the localities are not of a sort stupendously sublime, or transcendently beautiful, there is much of the lovely and of the picturesque; and though mountain does not rise above mountain to the very eye of heaven; nor scene follow scene with the rich tints peculiar to more southern climes; yet there is enough of hill and of valley, of plain and of precipice to form a miniature picture of the more wonderful and magnificent of nature's works.

On the way back to Caerketan Craig the party climbed many of the highest hills, to enjoy the almost boundless prospects which they exhibited. On one of these occasions the bard broke out in the following strain, which he sung to a pretty little air indeed:—

"Ayont that mountain that looks sae green
An' doun in a vale sae bonny O,
Wi' jessamined porch, a wee cottie is seen,
Surrounded wi' beauties many O;
Behind and before, and around the door,
Kind nature has strewn her blessins O,
And wi' flowrets rare perfumeth the air,
But the loveliest flower is my Jessy O.

"O kind is her daddie, an' happy to see
Whan the sun's gane ahint the craigie O,
My bannet glintin o'er the lea
An' doun by the rustic briggie O;
An' blyth is her mammy when spreadin the board—
Wi' the supper sae clean an' sae cheery O;
But kinder an' happier, an' blyther than a'
Is the smile an' the glance o' my deary O.

"O fortune be kind, an' up in the glen,
Wi' the burnie rinnin by the end o't O,
Bestow me a cot, wi' a but and a ben,
And an acre or twa at the end o't O;
An' send me an income sufficient to scare
Pale want frae the door o' my housie O;
Then farewell the world, its wiles and its cares,
And welcome love an' my lassie O."

Such were the poet's sentiments, and thus did he express them on the same spot many years ago; since then fortune has realized, if not the whole, at least the *best* part of his wishes.

On their descent from this hill, the party found themselves amongst, what is very frequent in these places, an ocean of dense mist, which rolled its huge billows with great rapidity towards the Pentlands, from the north east; obscuring, almost in an instant, the whole objects round about. Their guide advised a speedy march homewards, and that by the most frequented paths. In pursuing their way through a thick wood, the travellers were not a little surprised by the loud exclamation, "a head there!" from some person approaching from the opposite side of the forest. The mist rendering vision rather imperfect, it was with difficulty the person, until he came very near, could be distinguished,

otherwise than a tall figure with a huge walking stick. "Yo ho! yo ho! my hearties whither bound, whither bound I say?" was the salutation when the parties met; and he continued, "I know the bearing of this place, and the navigation of them d—d trees well enough in clear weather, but here have I been boxing about for a full half hour, and ne'er a land mark can I make out, for that there mist. Canst tell us the way to Willie the rhymster's hut I say? Canst tell me that, an' I'll thank ye?" Gordon stepped forward and offered his services. "Holloa my *ould* boy," continues the bard's old friend, "Capt. Thomson and you are there, are you, how d' ye do, how d' ye do? Well now that's good, '*Speak o' the devil, and he'll appear.*' I've brought *Ould Burton* out to see you; I've left the poor fellow hard up with his walk, at the lee-side of a gooseberry bush, ha! ha! ha! but we'll soon pick him up, come along, come." In a few minutes, they "picked up Ould Burton," and then proceeded to the poet's cottage, which they reached in little more than half an hour.

A fast of eight hours continuance had, with the air of the mountains, whetted the appetites of the poet's guests, and ample justice was done on all sides to the repast laid out in the bower. After dinner Willie produced "*his ain gay big toddy bowl*," with its inscription; being a chorus from one of his own songs, which run thus—

"So a fig for old care, let us dip him in beer,
Till his droning grows fainter and fainter;
He may then sneak round our hearts like a thief, if he dare,
But the devil a bit shall he enter."

In this gay big bowl with the juice of John Barleycorn, and the assistance of the neighbouring Helicon, a beverage was composed which the gods themselves, notwithstanding the boasted superiority of the liquor in which they indulge after dinner, *wad hae been bauld to scunner at.*

How long Waderlea and his companions sat at the bowl, it shall not be our part to divulge; but we must say in vindication of *our* own sober habits that we reached town a full half hour before "witchin time o' night," highly pleased with the occurrences of the day.

July, 1824. D. H. W.

FRIENDSHIP—WRITTEN AT BATH.

I marked a rose on its parent tree,
As amongst its companions it bloom'd;
Its sweets they were fresh as sweets might be,
And afar the air perfum'd.

I mark'd the rose, when no longer upon
The tree where it flourish'd before:
Its sweets they were wither'd—its freshness gone—
And its brightness and bloom no more.

So blooms the heart in life's young morn,
When friends belov'd surround;
So droops it when, bereft and lorn,
Far, far from all 'tis bound.

F. F.

GERTRUDE AND LOTHAIRE.

As our very numerous class of readers may (perchance) include several whose knowledge of the ancient French History is become somewhat rusty, the following hints of the situation of affairs at the opening of our tale, may tend to its elucidation. W. L.

Pepin, king of France, dying in 768, divided his dominions between his sons Charles, (usually called Charlemagne, or great,) and Carloman. The brothers married two daughters of Didier, king of the Lombards; and Carloman dying, Charles divorced his wife on slight pretences, and married Hildegarde of Suabia—Bertha, Carloman's widow, not thinking herself safe in France after her husband's death, fled with her children to her father; who, highly incensed against Charles, immediately took up arms; but Charles, leading a numerous army across the Alps, drove the Lombards from the field, and besieged their king in Pavia, and his son Adalgise in Verona—After a gallant resistance, both places fell into the hands of the French generals; Didier himself was taken, and Adalgise with his son Lothaire with difficulty escaped at Verona. Bertha (Carloman's queen,) was taken with her children, and with the conveyance of her and her daughter Gertrude to the king at Aix-la Chapelle, the tale begins.

GERTRUDE AND LOTHAIRE; OR, THE LAST OF THE LOMBARDS.

"Yes, they have come! morn, noon, and night,
The starlight rest, the morrow's waking,
Nor left for *Gertrude* of their flight
One record, but a *young* heart breaking."

WIFFIN.

"Be hushed, my dark spirit! for wisdom condemns,
When the faint and the feeble deplore;
Be firm as a rock on the ocean that stems
A thousand wild waves on the shore."

CAMPBELL.

THE sun had sunk behind the mountains which surround the city of Aix-la-Chapelle, and the shades of night had descended from their misty tops, and enveloped the valley in their darksome shadow, when a small party of horsemen were observaed winding up the hill, on whose summit the castle towered in gloomy vastness on the scene below. Their course was slow, and not a sound but the tread of the horses disturbed the silence of the hour. As they moved onwards up the hill, the dark outline of a single figure was disclosed, cautiously following the track they took: he was on foot, and the silent celerity of his movements, his evident desire of shunning recognition by shrouding in the darkest of the obscurity, and the studied distance he kept behind them, shewed he belonged not to their party. The castle was now gained, and the silence with which they were received evidently shewed they were not unexpected. After a few words exchanged in an under tone with the sentinel at the barbican, the noise of its heavy portcullis announced the opening of the gate: he who appeared

the leader having then, in the same tone said a few words to his companions, several dismounted, and proceeded to lift the litters which this halt now first discovered to be placed on two of the horses. The figure who had hitherto watched their motions so silently now appeared either to have forgotten that caution which had before actuated him, or to consider the present moment no season for its exertion; for he not only advanced nearer by degrees, but, emboldened by their non-observance, at last mingled among them. The darkness of the night, and their attention to the litters was at first his security, but one of them soon distinguished him, and in a rough tone demanded who he was, and what he did there—at the same time threatening, if he did not give back immediately, to make his head and the pommel of his own sword better acquainted.

The others had at this moment unfastened the litters, and the stranger's attention was too strongly directed towards them, to admit of his noticing the threat of the soldier, (for so the faint light of a torch from the barbican shewed him to be)—and the latter lost not an instant in putting it in execution. The blow sounded on the head of the unknown, and its force staggered him some paces backwards: he no sooner recovered his footing, than he rushed forward a step with the evident intention of revenge; but the next moment seemed to recollect himself, and paused—

The noise of the blow had in the meantime attracted the attention of the soldier's comrades, one of whom inquired, who he was belabouring so lustily?

"Only a rascal paysan," he replied, as a hint to mind his own affairs, and not to trouble his head about that which concerns him not.

"What!" cried the leader, riding hastily round; "Are we watched? Is this your vigilance? Where is the slave?"

"Nay captain," replied the other, "he only had a fancy to a peep as he passed by, but I doubt if he has a mind to another: he has gone on, no doubt, with his feelings quite satisfied as to—but no; by St. Dennis, there he stands. I can just glimpse his black looking figure through the darkness, and——"

"And you stand prating there, that he may escape," interrupted the chief. "Sieze him instantly, or by our lady, thy fool's head shall suffer for it."

Several immediately rushed forward to obey the mandate, which the unknown at first appeared inclined to dispute; but, suddenly checking himself, submitted in silence to his seizure, and was hurried, not very courteously, towards the officer, who, taking a torch, began to survey him with the most minute scrutiny. The stranger, whose habit and appearance was that of the inferior class of peasantry, sustained this with perfect indifference, nor appeared any way disturbed at the deep penetrating glances with which his examiner accompanied every interrogation, as though he would have read in his soul the truth or falsehood of his replies.

The man answered in the most simple terms, and stated himself to be a peasant residing in the vicinity, who passing accidentally, and seeing the party stop, had been impelled by curiosity to mingle with them—"a curiosity," he continued, "which your worthy dealer in hard arguments yonder, has now completely knocked on the head."

"This is no place for ribaldry," sternly answered the officer; "but ye vile servi have long wanted a curb upon your insolence. Beshrew me, if it would not better become thee to think of thy head, for maugre thy smooth tale, thy marvellous opportune presence looks not quite in the light thou wouldst have it"—he paused, and again fixed his searching eyes on the prisoner's countenance—"You call yourself a paysan; have you ever served?"

"Served what!" interrogated the peasant?

"Your king, dolt!" returned the inquirer; "have you ever fought for him?"

"O aye," answered the man, readily, "one or twain of our folk have snarled at him before now, and I always knocked them down."

"Have a care, friend," said the officer sternly, "this ignorance by not overacted. The lion's tusks are not to be played with. Thou hast travelled, belike, seen the south of the kingdom—been in Lombardy?"

"Who—I? the holy virgin forefend!" ejaculated the prisoner; "what should such a poor wretch as me do such a fearful way from home, to be starved to death, mayhap, or cut in pieces by the soldiers, who think as little of cutting a man down with their terrible looking swords, as I do of cutting down a lot of corn."

"And shame were theirs an' they did," said the officer; "such a clod but stands in the way of *men*, and should be cleared like the weed from the tilled earth, that grain may be put into its place." He paused, and turned to one of his companions, "I like him not, Archenbant," he said, in an under tone, "an' my judgment fail me not, there is more in that shrewd look of his than his garb denotes. It were well he were taken care of."

"Pshaw!" answered his comrade, "this caution is overstrained—What would you do with him?"

"A night's lodging in the keep would not harm him," observed the other.

"O no," replied the first sarcastically, "it would but alarm the neighbourhood by his absence, and, by directing their attention hitherward, cause the very notice we would avoid. Nay, nay, friend; a shrewd fellow as he seemeth, with his brain once set on the alert by so sharp a chastisement for merely looking on a party of soldiers dismounting by torch-light, might be minded to pry further into matters than we list—Trust me, it were wiser an' we put the walls betwixt us."

The officer paused a few seconds in apparent indecision, and then again turned to the intruder—"It becomes thee not," he said, "to be lurking in the darkness so nigh the castle; the action is at best suspicious, and might warrant, at the least, a knowledge of it being conveyed to thy Count. I am willing, however, to give credence to thy tale, and thou mayest depart; but if a second time thou art found here, it may be harder measure with thee." He waved his hand, and the peasant disappeared without reply. The officer watched his receding form till all trace of it was lost in the darkness, and then ordering his men to raise the litters, rode through the gate of the barbican, followed by all his party: it closed upon the last, and again all was darkness. The figure of the stranger again emerged from the obscurity as it grated on its hinges. He advanced cautiously, and as well as the darkness would permit, attentively surveyed the edifice. He then took his stand behind a projecting angle of the barbican. "Now for the result," he said, as he wrapped his cloak closer round him; "No very tempting commencement, to take the blows of a common soldier as arguments, and not dare even to knock him down by way of answer. And now, after tracing this party hither, I may e'en be just in the wrong track, and what irks the most, cannot learn if it be so or not; and albeit circumstances favor the belief that the illustrious captives be really the burthens of those litters, how am I to get the truth on the outside of these massy walls? But one thing can I now do; to await here the setting out of the party, and be guided by events—This, it is true, includes the hazard of a second discovery, and that, belike a halter; but a soldier starts not at mole-hills."

Felicitating the darkness that shrouded him from observation, he remained at his post till the trampling of horses announced the return of the nocturnal band. The gate re-opened, and they issued forth, taking their course down the hill towards the city. As soon as all was again quiet at the barbican, the stranger softly emerged from his concealment, and directed by the trampling of their horses, followed at a cautious distance. They now approached the city, when the unknown, leaving the road-way, hastily struck into a nearer path, in order to effect his entrance at the gate before them. This he accomplished, but could scarce contain his vexation at seeing them halt, and begin to disperse in various directions. In this dilemma, he caught the deep voice of his stern interrogator; on him he kept his eye, and his steps he resolved to follow. He did so, and soon had the satisfaction of tracing him to the entrance of a magnificent mansion. He paused as the officer passed in at its entrance, and remained an instant in meditation—"The palace!" said he, mentally: "but must Charles be interested in these prisoners, to need such mystery in their confinement, and such prompt intelligence of it. The supposi-

tions become stronger, for whom beside could all this be needful. By'r lady, I breathe again; yet would I not dispatch my messenger without a certainty, and to-night I can seek no farther. Well then, to-morrow let me prove if yon castle walls, however thick, can keep out an adventurous spirit—Nay, an' my hopes prove not false,—if indeed the lady Gertrude be their lovely inmate, we will extend the trial to whether they can keep in what such a spirit would have out"—and turning from the palace, his form was soon lost in the darkness. We decline following, being rather fatigued with our jaunt up and down the hill in his company, and prefer resting ourselves within the palace, to which the reader will be duly introduced in the next—we were going to say chapter, but on that term the sections of these small tales would be but a burlesque; we therefore adopt the term "division," which we beg the reader, from this time forward, to take in the same sense as would apply to that of chapter, in a work of more formidable dimensions.

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The palace mentioned in the last *division* was erected by Charlemagne, when he built a great part, and beautified the remainder of Aix-la Chapelle; and by making it the seat of his empire and almost constant residence, stamped its importance to future ages. Here, in a state apartment, and surrounded with all the luxury and magnificence that age could boast of, which formed a striking contrast with the plainness of his own apparel, Charles was seated; but his countenance did not express a satisfaction that accorded with the splendour around him, and he sat in abstracted silence, unmoved by, and inattentive to, the gaieties that surrounded him — Even the temptations of the table, to which he was immoderately addicted, seemed to fail of their usual incitement. His queen Hildegarda, and his blooming children, after a few ineffectual endeavours to draw him from his moody silence, had given up the attempt, and the rallies of the court maidens, who vied with each other in exhausting their attractions to catch the attention of a monarch so famous for gallantry, were alike unsuccessful. The courtiers who were admitted to his evening presence, regarded each other with looks of surprise, and their conversation had gradually sunk from embarrassed pauses into an almost total silence, when the officer, who has been already introduced to notice as the leader of the nocturnal band, entered the apartment. The king, who had been observed for some time to watch the door with impatience, started up at his entrance, and motioning him to follow, led the way to a private chamber. He had scarce entered, when eagerly advancing to the soldier, he exclaimed in an under tone, "Is it done, Du Bois?"

"My liege, it is;" replied the officer, "the ladies Bertha and Gertrude are now safe lodged within the castle."

"Thanks, brave soldier!" replied Charles, "look for thy reward for this." Then, as if unconscious of his presence, he paced the room with rapid strides—"At last then," he cried exultingly, "my work is complete, and the hind entangled in the toils. Didier, rash fool! didst thou think to raise thy puny arm to crush the wishes of Charles? Short-sighted dolt! but thou hast paid for thy temerity—I owe to it the kingdom of the Lombards, which thy presumption has forfeited for ever. But thy grandchild—Gertrude—heavenly maid!—thou art mine now in despite of coyness; and if entreaties prove ineffectual, shalt find thy master—Ha! Du Bois!" he continued, first observing his presence, "thou hast overheard the soul of thy master—but thou art discreet and faithful, and thou servest not an ingrate. Meantime, to thy care I commit the fair who rules the heart of him who rules the Franks and Lombards. Thou smilest, Du Bois—and I know thou regardest as mispent the hours I dedicate to love. But thou knowest not the joys it bestows—thy soul, alive but to war, is not formed for the softer pleasures. Yet, Du Bois, believe me when I tell thee the transports of love are a soldier's best solace, and the tender embrace of beauty the sweetest recompence of his martial toils. *Thou* mayest yet prove my words, and find in thy turn that the magnet of female beauty can subdue the most

stoical, and to their empire the proudest are forced to bow. Thy rugged heart shall first be assailed by the winning attractions of the lovely Gertrude—for till a better recompense be found, thou art the governor of the castle that contains her; and, in her, the brightest treasure in my kingdom. Here is thy commission—I need not bid thee watch well over thy charge, and———But what means this?" he exclaimed with surprise, for Du Bois had suffered the commission to remain unnoticed in the hand of his sovereign, and stood with folded arms, and eyes fixed upon the ground, in apparent deep meditation.

At the question of Charles, he raised them: "My liege," he said "thou art a noble master, and I thank thee—but my thoughts are far from the castle of Aix-la-Chapelle, and fix themselves upon—only upon Lombardy. Your pardon—I have yet a tale untold, which, though it may grate harshly, must meet your royal ear." He paused; but Charles, surprised at his manner of commencing, merely motioned him to proceed;—"The young Lothaire, the grandson of old Didier, is again in arms in the south."

"What sayest thou?" interrupted the king, in a hasty tone; "Lombardy again embroiled! Have not Verona and Pavia yet taught them what it is to strive with Charlemagne? And Lothaire, whom all deemed to have fallen at the capture of Verona—does he still live to thwart me?"

"He does," replied the captain. "It seeths his death was but a rumour: he escaped from the city with his father Adalgise; and while the latter hasted to implore the succour of the Emperor at Constantinople, he has again raised his partisans in the heart of the country."

"Presumptuous boy!" cried the king, "but he rushes on his fate. My gallant Franks there, ere this have crushed him, and I shall expect a courier with his head."

"Not from them, by my sword!" replied Du Bois: the king's countenance changed, but the former rapidly continued; "after the seizure of my captives, the lady Bertha's illness awhile delayed our progress. On the news of the revolt, I collected the troops, and leaving the females with a guard, at a convent, marched to repel it. But the army of Lothaire increased like the sea-sand—the country rose against us on all sides. My cowards' hearts sunk in them, and—" His voice, which had thickened with emotion from the beginning, now became choked—he paused for an instant, and his eye shot fire as with vehemence and rapidity he uttered—"And, it must out—Du Bois has been beaten. Yes, my king; this arm, till now raised but in victory, has sunk before a beardless stripling's."

Charles's astonishment at this unexpected intelligence kept him speechless, while Du Bois paced the apartment with impatient strides. At last he stopped before the king—"After this, needs it that I say where my soul points? No inglorious indolence for me—Give me the means of recovering my honor, or washing out my disgrace in my blood—Put me but at the head of a troop that boast the hearts of soldiers, and if I make them not shame the cowards who deserted me, and drown that day's remembrance in the blood of victory, at least be assured Du Bois will not again come back the herald of his own disgrace."

Charles gazed on the noble figure before him till the king was forgotten; "Thy hand, Du Bois," he exclaimed; "By heaven! did thy spirit animate but one ten thousand of my Franks, I would defy the world. But look not so moodily; my life for it, if thou *hast* lost a battle, it has been without forfeiting one jot of honor. And fear not; thou shalt have ample vengeance, and Lothaire shall soon find he has not yet re-conquered Lombardy. But till our resources are collected, thou must command yon castle: there is none but thee I would intrust with such a charge. Haste therefore, to thy honor; and when my troops are ready for the field, 'tis thou shalt crush the reptile that has stung thee."

Du Bois replied not: he bowed in silence over the hand that again held out the commission, and retired from the apartment.

JUST COME TO TOWN;

OR,

A JOURNEY TO LONDON.

"A MACK-a-day!" exclaimed aunt Deborah, on throwing down the newspaper which she had been reading, "what will folks come to at last? I declare my poor brain is all in a whirly-gig at the number of advertisements that are here before me; why there's not such a thing as an old woman to be met with in London. I've made a pretty kettle of fish of my matters: all my clothes, bought only two or three years ago, are antiquated. I am told that I must not wear an article of my wardrobe; my jewels must be reset, my hair must be hidden, my eye-brows must be coloured, and I must be wholly transmogrified, and all this to please my two giddy nieces, who look to inheriting my fortune, and who say that they would be ashamed of me if I went out as discreetly and respectably dressed as I used to do when I visited our neighbour the rich squire, or the mayor of our county town. Then again, how to choose amongst all these ornaments for the person, and these infallible cures for old age? Here (putting on her spectacles and taking up the paper) here we have a Kalydor, the meaning of which I don't understand, which is to beautify the plainest face, there a bloom to restore the spring tint to features, of which autumn had long ago taken leave. In another long advertisement we find oils to make a plentiful crop grow upon a sterile forehead, and bear's grease to produce hair where none ever grew before. One puff assures us that a single dose of some revivifying cordial will impart the spark of youth to old age; another challenges all the world to make a wig like what the advertiser recommends to the public; here a whole column explains the nature of a dye, which will impart the fine jet hue of the raven to an iron grey grandmother; there something brief, but impressive, encourages an old maid with spare locks, greasy and straight as a pound of candles, to try Mr. Superexcellent's curling fluid, which will bestow on her nut-brown curls as thick and well formed as those of her poodle dog; self-adjusting corsets invite on one hand; a more improved model of stays entice on the other; the one, is, to combine ease and proportion, and to give ease to stiff rheumatism and deformity; the other is to supply the deficiencies of nature, and to convert the straits of Toolong* into the harbour of breast, changing a thin neck of mutton to the plump bosom of a pigeon; then again, Circassian dews, and Bayadere tooth powders, vegetable teeth, and ivory imperceptibles, induce those whom age, accident, or decrepitude, has deprived of their grinders, or whose breath is not that of the violet, to empty their purses in order to be able to *smile in spite of their teeth*, and to sigh out spicy gales under the noses of admiring *beaux*. Every grandam expects now to be a Minor de L'Enclos, as the respectable powdered gentlemen of old times now vapour about in auburn *peruques*, cossacks, and whale-boned body clothes. Alas! alas! our youth is now too experienced, and old age is no longer reverend and honourable." Thus spoke aunt Deborah, when the French dress-maker appeared with a variety of dresses for her use. "Oh law," cried the old lady, "I should be starved with cold in that spider-web concern, with a taffetas slip under it, why it is only fit for a girl of thirteen; frocks and slips indeed for the wrong side of sixty!" "Oh! milady, dat's nutting," replied Mademoiselle. "Nutting indeed; why this is a mere net to catch butterflies in." "Very well, catch what you like." "Yes, catch and catch can," said aunty; "but surely my madcap nieces must have sent me this in order to laugh at me, by making me ridiculous: how different from my silk or satin modest gown, with a turban for my hair, and a dust of

* Toulon perhaps the old lady meant.

powder to give a grave respectable air." Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha! (the door opens, and Isabella and Grace come in). "Mademoiselle, bon jour, (in indifferent French) don't listen to my aunt—aunty, you must be dressed like a Christian." Aunty, well! I think this masquerade affair (holding up the dress) is a great deal more like the dress of a Pagan." (Dress maker) "Well, ma'am, dat it is, from a fine Grecian model." (Aunt) "Well, but then what is all this in front?" "*C'est bien garni.*" well garnished. "Yes, but I cannot expose my chest thus." "*Chist*, oh! never mind; you open your *chist* for me, and me open your chist for you; (loud applause) but here come some French gloves and silk shoes." Here poor Aunt Deborah murmured out; "the gloves are cheap and soft, but I have already burst three pair; and as for the shoes, they pinch me to death for five minutes, and wear out at the sides in an hour; they will only serve for a night." (Niece Grace.) "Law aunty, a night! to be sure, all people of fashion wear but three hundred and sixty-five pair of shoes, and as many pair of gloves in a year; silk stockings should never be washed but once, and a light gossamor net dress, with a silk slip, is abominable after two balls." "Mercy!" ejaculated my aunt, "pray what is to become of my silks and satins? My damasks you have long since disposed of for chair seats." (Both nieces together.) "Why the rose-colour will cut up for shoes, the black will serve for a work-bag, the green will make shades for the lamp, and all the others will do for a bed for Napoleon, the poodle; but pray look to your engagements: a fancy ball at a Lady's, whose name we never knew until yesterday,—Mrs. Sydenham's "at home," our county member's dinner party, the Countess Fleury's opening of her house, a stupid concert at our banker's, and the opera, play, Vauxhall, and private theatricals to attend, all that in six days; then we must make a magnificent return." "I wish it was a return to the country sadly," said the aunt; "but all this work must be got through, since you have dragged me from the country, because it is necessary that you should enter into life just as I am thinking of leaving it." *Vous plaisantez ma tante*," answered Grace; "you are only just seeing the world; who knows but you may get a sweetheart yet, ha, ha, ha." Aunt Deborah smiled at the word sweetheart, but it was followed by a deep groan at the expence, just as the distant thunder murmurs as the sudden refulgence flashes through a cloud. Now aunty was persuaded to take a lesson of *decarte*, and to play guinea points at whist, and was drawn upon for a ballet master to perfect Misses in quadrilles and waltzes, and to pay for chalking the floor for *a magnificent return*; she was also (not *likewise*) prevailed upon to invite a hungry Lancer to dine daily *en famille*, and to tolerate a half-pay captain of infantry to attend her every where, and to laugh at her over his left shoulder. Pride occasionally triumphed in her *entré* amongst high titles and splendid circles, and partial affection at times repaid her for her vigils, and losses at play, from witnessing the admiration bestowed on her neices, and what she deemed their growing celebrity; but moments of cool reflection would often engross her mind, and destroy all her brief enjoyment. Languid and fatigued with what the giddy call pleasure, and fevered after a morning sleep, she would not unfrequently unload her trunks, her boxes, and her carriage seats, to sigh over a huge mountain of articles of wearing apparel, presenting an account of money unprofitably sunk, and of articles now prohibited, as it were, by the veto of fashion; here was a rich silk robe, the form of which was quite superannuated; there a black satin dress, trimmed with bugles, which had figured at an election ball, but which was now too short in the waist, and equally unfashionable in other points; another dress had faded; a third (a white one) had acquired a cream-coloured hue from lying by; a fourth was too tight and too short, in consequence of aunty's having grown a little larger than when it was first made tight enough to sew her up in it; a fifth (trimmed with sable) had been at-

tacked by moths; a sixth was spoiled by Grace's throwing *eau de Cologne* over it, one was *country* made; and another was promised by my niece to her lady's maid; laces had lost their colour, patterns were out of vogue; thus was all her former ornaments come to nothing; thus, in a few weeks, was all the matron-like respectability of a worthy country gentlewoman brought down to the standard of drawing-room lumber, and confounded with a legion of old fan-twinkling faded coquettes, who outlive admiration, pass by consideration and esteem, and infest the theatres and gaudy apartments of the fashionable world. Nor was this the worst; if her *coming to town* was so fraught with trouble and vexation, her quitting it was still more serious and perplexing. Her coffers were drained from the ruinous expence of six weeks in town; her niece Grace had run away with the Lancer, whose fortune had long since been spent, and Isabella had lost her character by flirting it away with a married man. Aunt Deborah was blamed for all this, laughed at in town, and pitied in the country. On her return she brought down with her a variety of fashions, which induced her female neighbours to borrow them of her; but instead of the welcome and admiration which she anticipated, her *charitable* acquaintances and her faithful waiting woman brought her back all the *kind* expressions of the ladies of the neighbourhood, such as "a beautiful *gros de Naples* indeed, and exquisitely made, but what a caricature must aunt Deborah be in such a juvenile habit! This frock and slip are admirable, but what an old fool must our neighbour be to venture on wearing such a dress! Poor thing, her old noddle must be turned ere she could have been persuaded to make herself thus ridiculous." So much for the tittle-tattle behind her back, the conversation in her presence was little less annoying; "Poor Grace!" was an object of insulting commiseration to half her acquaintance; whilst her other niece was the theme of village scandal during a whole summer. One niece accompanied her husband to the rules of the King's Bench, the other run away with a recruiting officer, aunt Deborah shut her door against every one, turned Methodist, and thus ended "*the Journey to London.*"

SERENADE.

THE sun he sail'd adown the west,
And straight his place to fill,
The gentle Cynthia's silvery crest
Rose over the eastern hill.
With eager feet, my love to meet,
I sought the wonted bow'r;
Her soft eye smil'd a cordial greet—
I press'd her lip—O nought's so sweet
For love as the moonlight hour!

Tho' astronomer may prefer the night,
When absent is her queen;
When nought more bright
Than vesper's light
In the field of heav'n is seen—
The blushing dawn,
That melt to morn,
May be the laborer's bow'r;
The sun's bright hours for sant'ring meet,—
For pleasure the ball room—but nought's so sweet
For lovers the moonlight hour.

EDINBURGH IN 1824.

My Dear Cecil,

Here I am, my boy, safely moored in the modern Athens, and thanks to this "golden age" of refinement and improvement, neither "accidents by flood or field" have been my lot in journeying hither. Some hundred years back, perchance adventures gallant and otherwise might have crossed my path between London and Edinburgh, but now, alas, no distressed damsels and all their concomitant et ceteras are to be met with—no opportunities occur for signalizing one's valour against giants and knights oppressive, and all is "weary, stale, flat and unprofitable," to the young lady or gentleman whose head is filled with more romance than common sense; while to the more rational and *every day being*, all is as it should be. Well, for awhile adieu to London and all its dear delights—"Farewell, a long farewell" to Covent Garden; farewell to the syren voice of Miss Tree—to the interesting simplicity and melting pathos of Miss Kelly—to the deep toned Young, and the graceful Kemble—Farewell to Drury Lane, farewell to the prince of actors fire-eyed Kean; farewell to the manliness of Macready, to the melody of Braham, and to the simplicity of Stephens—farewell to the soul subduing black eye of Vestris, and oh! farewell the all delightful Opera—its singers and its *figurantes*—Bond-street, St. James's, Pall Mall, Parks, Gardens, and Squares; all hail, and fare ye well!—

But without farther prelude or digression, (evils at present far too much in vogue) let me fulfil my promise and introduce thee, my dear boy, to "Life" in Edinburgh—to the northern fashionables and northern manners. I am, as yet but a stranger in the "land of cakes," therefore in this my first epistle expect not much; but ere another month be sunk in the abyss of eternity, with the help of the numerous introductory letters with which I am furnished, it shall go hard but I will give thee as faithful, as true, and as particular an account, of the modern Athenians as thou couldst possibly wish to peruse. For a description of the town—a city I should have said—I refer you to a geographical *tome*; suffice it to say, that it really is beautiful in the extreme both in situation and in its general appearance, which is all that I can say for it; for positively the new town looks more like a deserted place than an inhabited one. Monotony and dulness preside undisturbed in the streets, and, saving Princes-street, half a dozen people are scarcely visible—a solitary carriage may ever and anon be seen jogging along in "sober sadness," and with shame be it told, grass unheeded grows in the carriage portion of the most fashionable square. The old town, the essence of vulgarity, approaches nearer in point of bustle and confusion to London, but oh! how different the bustle, how different the dear confusion!—The streets are filled with medical, law and other students, racing to and from the college to their respective classes or lodgings, and the third and fourth rates of the *ton* who can buy their silks, teas, and sugars, &c. &c. considerably cheaper in this quarter of the town, than on the other side of the north bridge—a shabby building which divides the old from the new town. Princes-street is *a sort of a* Bond-street, but no stylish equipages dashing along in gay and gallant pride, ornamented within with beautiful females rivalling each other in the loveliness of their persons or in their tasteful dresses, are to be seen; no Corinthians exhibiting a new fashioned dennet or a fresh *prad*—nothing in Bond-street style!—To Princes-street, however, all the young twigs of Scottish fashion, and those who imagine themselves such, resort; parading up and down from two o'clock till five, at intervals lounging at Montgomery's—a fashionable pastry cook's—to take their *mulligatawny* or *lobster soup*. The most conspicuous of the motley group that here assembles, are two prime favourites of the fair, and by them denominated the "sleeping beauty," and the "lady boy," the first on account of his half closed peepers, the slightness of his waist, &c., and the second in consequence of his pretty lisp and feminine appearance—he is a pretty youth for south—with his light curled head and

bunch of keys dangling at his little fingers end. These gay Lotharios are often disturbed and intruded upon in their daily occupations by numerous flocks of interlopers in the persons of writers—(Scottish attornies) clerks, and apprentices, and young medical students, let loose upon the world *sometimes* with more money than brains, who, instead of attending Professor Monro and the other heads of college, amuse themselves with exhibiting themselves to an admiring world, accoutred in large blue cloaks and long brass spurs, aping with all imaginary self-satisfaction the air *militaire*. In Edinburgh a man with a very small income may have the pleasure of *cutting* a tolerable *conspicuous* figure, whereas in London he would be indeed but a cypher in the great account.

The *whips* in Edinburgh are few, and those few miserably bad; why Cecil, Edinburgh cannot boast of more than two tandems, and the drivers of them most palpably prove themselves deficient in the use of the ribbons—*running over* an old woman or against coaches or carts, is thought nothing of, providing a *regular upset* does not take place. Not a curricle to be seen; but there *is* an apology for one, drawn by a pair of little duns which used to play tricks and frighten their former master, as the story runs—they have now fallen into more *knowing* hands, and conduct themselves accordingly. These evils and a host of others, are, you must allow, more than sufficient to give a Londoner a fit of *ennui*, and a distaste for Edinburgh out-door life—to which for the present, along with thyself dear Hal, I bid adieu—Thine

CHARLES RUPERT.

M'Gregor's Hotel, Princes-street, Edinburgh, July 1, 1824.

II.

Dear Cecil,

To the charge of *silence* I plead guilty, but not to the charge of neglect—no, I have not been unmindful of my promise, for, trust me, I have been studying the manners here with the greatest application, and I think that I am now tolerably well initiated into all the mysteries of "life" in Edinburgh. The manners of the inhabitants of the "Modern Athens," as the Scotch proudly denominate their capital, which, in their eyes stands unrivalled, widely differ from those of their brethren south of the Tweed, and to tell them a homely truth, they are somewhat inferior to them in the *je ne sais quoi* of high breeding—that is to say, they do not possess the same ease so requisite for fashionable life—their *ease* sits *uneasy* on them, it is studied, stiff, constrained. This they will not allow, and "Heaven save the mark!" they look down upon our London manners with the greatest contempt, and declare us to be the disciples, sons, and daughters of folly and frivolity! I was the other evening at a large rout given by Mrs. ——— of fashionable notoriety, at her house (I cannot say *mansion*, although her abode approaches *nearer* to the name than any in Edinburgh) in Charlotte square—Mem. I wonder that she does not use her influence to have the *gothic-like* grass, of which I spoke, extirpated from the pavement—Understanding that Mrs. ——— was the highest of the high in the *ton* point of view, you may easily imagine what Scottish elegance beauty and fashion I pictured to myself, that I should there meet with. Bear with me, Cecil, in my disappointment, for disappointed most miserably I was—*real* elegance, beauty and fashion scarce shone among the crowd—for elegance and fashion, stiffness and formality were substituted; and for beauty—by "the simplicity of Venus' doves," and her own lovely self I swear, I never gazed upon so large an assembly with so large a proportion of marvellously ill-favoured *fair ones*—mind ye, I don't condemn *in toto*—no, no, there was Lady M—— really interesting, pretty—there was Miss W—— beautiful though rather vain withal—besides two or three others of the same class, and five or six *passablement bien*, but taking the assemblage "all in all," I hope ere long to "look upon its like again." The rooms—the *two* drawing rooms—were crowded to the doors, which is invariably the case in Edinburgh, where the gentry "of every description whatsoever," are quite as partial to "crowded audiences," and speak of them with the same delight as Messrs. Elliston and Kemble, or Messrs. Kemble and

Edinburgh, (gentlemen of the sock and buskin are particular about the right of precedence) and all other theatrical managers, not forgetting Mr. Murray of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh. Quadrilles are here the most fashionable dances, but merely the first set; the lancers are sometimes attempted, but mangled quite as dreadfully as were the Polish ones at Waterloo. The now-contemned country dance is at times introduced—but as to the waltz, by "holy Paul," the Scotch regard it as a second prostitution, and more than amazon must that young *Leddy* be who dares to commit so bold, so flagrant an act as to enter its giddy and voluptuous precincts. If by the greatest chance in the world such an unusual sight is to be seen, the ancient dames turn up the whites of their eyes and send forth ejaculations upon the degeneracy of the present age, where the *auld auld reel and the highland fling is nae mair*, while the younger ones, *envying* the situation of the giddy waltzers, declare *that they wadna be seen in sic a situation for the whole world!*—ha! ha! what would they say at Willis's to this.—In short, fashionable life in London and Edinburgh differ *toto cœlo*;—in the latter place stiffness and formality predominate too much, which *graces* I conceive to be about as far distant from fashionable manners as the north pole is from the south. The principal inhabitants of Edinburgh *endeavour to imitate* and to *steal* the style of the highest of the *ton* in London, the imitation is miserable, and the attempts at rivalry absurd, neither their incomes, the size of their houses or their manners admit of it. The incomes of the Scotch gentry, in general, are very small, yet, notwithstanding this, a stranger passing the two fashionable months in Edinburgh would imagine that they possessed *quantum suff.* to squander away and to dash upon. However this is not the case, but *management*, the soul of economy, does wonders for them; and thus by living a *quiet sober* life nine months out of the twelve (during which *half pay* period they are necessitated to deny themselves many more things than they would like to admit) they are enabled for the time being to revel in the "luscious sweets of plenty," and soar above the rabble crew. 'Tis thus they manage affairs i' th' north!—In Edinburgh scarcely ever more than two drawing rooms, (the front and back one) are thrown open for the reception of company, which are always crowded to suffocation, so much so, indeed, that the lady of the house has no opportunity of paying the least attention to a visitor, and a stranger, or one not universally acquainted, has generally the pleasure of remaining unnoticed and neglected the whole evening.

Want of attention on the part of a host or hostess towards his or her guest is a breach of *good breeding* very common in Edinburgh—an invitation to a party is easily obtained, which is considered on the part of the donor a sufficient compliment without the trouble of introducing the *invited* to the company or a partner. Upon the slightest acquaintance invitations are given—so strong is the Scottish love for crowded rooms.—By way of being very *extraordinaire* or grand, upon any particular occasion, *bed-rooms*, Cecil, *bed-rooms* are despoiled of their rightful furniture to accommodate an extra dozen or two—the family take lodgings for the night, or sleep at a friend's!

You ask my opinion of Scotch beauty, knowing I presume the *excellence* of my taste; for spite of the imputation of egotism or vanity, I flatter myself that as a connoisseur in every thing that relates to female dress and beauty, I am not surpassed by many. Beauty they say is a word not to be defined; however in this I disagree; for although every man possesses a taste of his own, still a lovely woman must be a lovely woman all the world over. There are to be sure different styles of beauty—one man prefers the fair *en bon point*, another, the delicate and symmetrical.

In Edinburgh, speaking collectively, there is certainly not (the truth must out) "fair proportion" of *handsome* or *pretty* women, supposing the handsome to belong to the *en bon point* class, and the pretty to the delicate and symmetrical. An admirer of *la beauté* and feminine loveliness may walk the streets a whole day, and not meet three that would attract his attention, or cause him to exclaim, "By heavens! a beautiful creature!" Among the Scotch ladies, *red hair*, that bitter foe to beauty, prevails too

much, and their *waists, ancles*, and *hands* are neither so delicate nor so small as they might be: their teeth they do not keep sufficiently clean—a crime of all crimes the most flagrant—for women with dirty teeth!—faugh! My notions of beauty are such, that a woman who has even a clumsy ancle, a coarse hand or arm, and such like appertinents, is not deserving of unlimited admiration; but the Scotch have notions widely different; they merely look to the face, which if found tolerably handsome or pretty, its possessor is declared a *perfect* beauty, talked of as such, and as such admired. Therefore, should fate ere conduct thy steps to *Auld Reekie*, (according to the *vulgarians*) be not surprised to find its leading *belles inflicted* with any of the above enumerated misfortunes. From beauty we will step to that essential article which so much sets it off—dress. The old and hackneyed saying of "beauty when unadorned is adorned the most," in this degenerate age is either disbelieved or wilfully disregarded. The ladies of Edinburgh dress extremely *fine* and *expensively*, yet notwithstanding their flounces and flowers, they are seldom or never dressed *well*. They should know that it is not merely the richness and gaudiness of apparel which constitute good dressing, but that it more consists in *putting the apparel on*. Here is often to be seen a lady dressed in the highest style of fashion, with the *skirt* of her gown falling away from the *body*, exhibiting, perhaps, a petticoat not of the cleanest description; however, if in that quarter all is *comme il faut*, a *large proportion of flannel* may be seen some two or three inches below its proper station, revelling in the sunshine, and reposing upon stockings that would be infinitely improved by the gentle application of soap and water. The manners of the Scotch ladies cannot be pronounced quite *au fait*, for there is a degree of stiffness in them, rather of a repulsive nature; that is to say, the same innocent and fashionable affability does not exist between the two sexes in Edinburgh, as it does in London. In a *small* party, it is considered the highest breach of *etiquette* to address a young lady without a previous and formal introduction. This may be all very well in a public assembly, where an admission is obtained by paying for it, but among a "*select few*," at a gentleman's house, where all are or ought to be on an equality, such precise and high-wrought notions are ridiculous in the extreme. But of all the *outre* points of *etiquette* observed by the ladies, that of refusing to walk arm in arm with the gentlemen is the most absurd. Wilt thou credit me, Cecil?—a lady positively dare not accept a gentleman's arm in the street, under the idea of its being highly improper for "unmarried folk" to come so closely in contact with each other. By heavens! 'tis the rarest sight in the world to see three or sometimes four of these "nice fantastic dames," flanked on each side by a gentleman, endeavouring to keep at a respectful distance, whilst mighty Boreas (who in Edinburgh, from the unceasing hurricanes, I suspect holds his court) takes delight in preventing; for he so occupies the ladies in guarding against too great an exposure of the ancle, or in keeping their bonnets on their heads, that it is almost impossible for them to keep a straight course, and consequently they are continually pushing and bouncing against each other, in such a manner as to call into play the risible faculties of a passer by. Well, Cecil, adieu, thou shalt have more anon.—By the way, just received a card for the Bachelor's Ball, a grand *let off* that is to be given by the *prime bloods* of Edina—Lord Castlereagh at the head of it. Thou shalt hear of it in my next. The Theatre, &c. &c. shall not be forgotten. *Adieu, encore, Thine,*

CHARLES RUPERT.

Macgregor's Hotel, Princes Street,
Edinburgh, Aug. 3d. 1824.

PITY.

O turn thee, my soul, from the maiden unbending,
In her face and her form though the graces may vie,
With whom, at woe's tale, pity's tear-drop descending,
Ne'er soften'd the brilliance that darts from her eye.

Tho' she boast all the charms that her sons e'er enchanted,
Or liv'd in the young poet's fanciful lay,
All for which a warm imagination e'er panted,
My soul, from her blandishments turn thee away!

O turn to the maid, though less dazzling her beauty,
Whose soul finely sensitive, melts at each woe;
Deems the soft sigh that swells in her bosom a duty,
Nor dreams but all hearts, at the like, would feel so.

Who turns not when grief, her petition preferring,
Craves aid, to light gaieties coldly away;
But soothes with moist eye the sad soul of the erring,
And bids the lorn heart of affliction be gay.

In whose soul sweet compassion a chaste delight raises,
Yet knows not th' high value such feelings acquire;
But stealing abashed from the sound of its praises,
Believes not the worth all beside so admire.

To such who the maid would prefer who possesses,
No mind or no heart her young charms to adorn;
Whom with feelings impassioned the man who addresses,
Is answered inanely, or smil'd at in scorn.

Or e'en tho' her mind, ample, stor'd, and aspiring,
Be all e'en the sanguinest wish could desire,
Yet wanting that virtue so sweetly retiring,
Which shuns where the crowd can extol and admire.

And from the gay vortex of pleasure repairing,
To weep with where happiness was but a dream;
The woes of the wretched, or soothing or sharing—
Lose her charms bright effulgence their loveliest beam.

Then pay not, my warm soul, thine ardent devotions
To her whose eyes, brilliant, though moistenless roll;
But seek thou the maid, pity's tend'rest emotions
That melts on her eye lash, and glows in her soul.

Bedeck'd with gay hues, brightest tints richly blending,
'Bove the parterre the tulip seems proudly to tower—
I' th' wild blooms the primrose, meek, pale, unpretending,
But which, oh, say which, is the loveliest flower? F. F.

LADY BARBARA.

LADY BARBARA was the only hope and sole representative of a noble family, the stock of which had dwindled down to a solitary branch—the Earl of Dorincourt. The death of uncles, aunts, and an elder brother, had concentrated an immense property in his lordship's possession; but immeasurable vanity, and a love of play, absorbed all his inclinations and thoughts, so that no accession of territorial or funded wealth could support this double passion, which swept all before it. A great part of his expectancies were anticipated by post obits, his large fortune, in ready money, bonds, securities, &c. was melted like snow before the sun, and transferred to half-a-dozen successive and successful mistresses, and to the keepers of gaming-tables. His disposable estates were first mortgaged and next sold, and the entailed ones were annuitized and burdened up to more than the value of his life interest. It now became absolutely necessary to create an heir of entail, and for that purpose to form a rich alliance. My Lord being a very handsome man, the thing seemed easy enough; but he was not able to find a partner suitable in rank and beauty, with any thing like what would furnish enough to repair his family mansion, and to keep up his establishment. He therefore surrendered his pretensions to birth and personal attractions, and only adhered to the obtaining the mammon of unrighteousness, and accordingly set his attorney on the scent for some rich man's only daughter, ready to be sold for the title of Countess. Mr. Latitat having bargained for three per cent. commission money out of her marriage portion, the happy bride was at last found—a broker's daughter, with one hundred thousand pounds ready cash, three thousand of which was devoted to the faithful agent. Mr. Lumbun, her close-fisted father, stuck out three weeks for half the sum to be payable at his demise, but the Lord and the lawyer were as tenacious; and after advising Miss to threaten *par* that she would hang herself in her garters if thwarted in her choice, the hard bargain was struck, and the father wept at the nuptial ceremony, not at the giving away of his daughter, but at the parting with what had cost him such excessive labour, and so much arduous roguery,—the fruits of executions, seizures, and distress,—of cent. per cent. loans and unredeemed pledges. The Countess set out in life by shutting her door on all her old friends, playmates, and neighbours, and *pa* was kicked down stairs by my Lord, in the first *year, for refusing to lend him five thousand pounds to pay a debt of honour, all the rest of the property, except her ladyship's pin-money, being spent in repairing Dorincourt Castle, in redeeming the family plate and jewels, in an annuity to Mademoiselle Victorine, and in six weeks at Paris, where his Lordship and his crony Sir Francis Flutter played the parts of married bachelors. In the first twelvemonth Lady Barbara made her appearance on the stage of life, and so disappointed was Lord Dorincourt at her sex, that he never could be prevailed upon to shew her the least kindness. Shortly after her birth, the *fond* husband importuned his *deary* to join him in raising an annuity of four hundred per annum out of her pin-money, which was one thousand a-year; and on her resisting his importunities, he separated from her, leaving her the town house, and going into furnished lodgings himself. Dorincourt Castle was let ready furnished; all the timber that could be cut was brought to market, and a sum of money obtained from the next heir, Lord D.'s cousin, to induce the latter to do no further injury to the estate, and to avoid the expence, uncertainty, and delays of law; these remaining resources, and a place under government, were my Lord's only means, and supported him until fifty, when the gout finished his career.

Lady Barbara had now attained

* In a few years after, he died a bankrupt, never having recovered the sacrifice made to ambition.

the age of sixteen, but her growth was not proportioned to her years; nature had stinted her in stature and proportions, and had placed an onus on one shoulder, which might have produced a better effect, if fairly divided, in decking out the front of her bust. Every effort of back-boards and the pillory, of laying flat for hours on the floor, of drilling by a sergeant, and of riding the wrong side of a horse, could not equalize her shoulders. At sixteen the task was given up, and she presented to society a pretty delicate face, resembling her late father, but had all the mean, puny, ill-turned limbs, proceeding from the broker cross in the breed, together with large hands and feet, which no creams or cosmetics, no pinchings of gloves or crippling of shoes could alter. She therefore never quitted her gloves night or day, and wore very long drapery in the petticoat line; a bosom of the hue and delicacy of the lily, was very liberally displayed, but it was overlooked by the promontory in its rear, which with a rich cashmere on it, seemed as if her ladyship was carrying a bale of goods for *grandpapa*, or a pack for the best bidder. As papa and mamma lived together, (as is vulgarly said) like dog and cat; fair Barbara exhibited, in her infantine years, the arch playfulness of a kitten, but as her talents and *talons* grew, she added thereto the point, the mischievousness, and the rancour of the larger animal; narrowed in pecuniary weight, she trusted to her attractions, and chose that of wit and satire, which never make friends. Having turned her back upon herself, (as a late noble Marquis would have said) she turned her back on meek-eyed charity, and soon took to cutting up all her acquaintance. In her eighteenth spring, she mistook the kind attentions of an amiable youth for a tender passion; but on discovering that benevolence and compassion, ready to lean to the weak, the timid, the unprotected, and deformed, furnished the motives for his delicate devotion to her, she became almost infuriated with despair, and gave herself up to the work of criticism, exercised on all around her. Her lady mother had long been an object of ridicule to her; the subject now became insipid; so she set about studying the defects and tricks (we all have some) of every person who had the misfortune to be known to her, and she had a nick-name for every one who visited Lady Dorincourt and herself, and for every one with whom she met in the different societies to which her rank introduced her. There were Lady Bobtail, Lady Anodyne, Miss Flounce, Miss Fidget, Mrs. Shuffle, Mrs. Splutter, and Mrs. Hotcockles; Lord Puffendorf, Lord Broom, Mr. Angles, Mr. Nosetorment, Mr. Flyflag, Mr. Wirework, Captain Strut, Captain Throttle, and Cornet Stare, with a variety of other appellations too tedious to mention. To the defects or bad habits of the body she added the mimicry of those of conversation, tautology, cant words, expletives, vulgarisms, affectations, the never-ending "truly" of one, the worn out "to be sure" of another, the hacknied "and all that sort of thing" of a third, the nonsensical "et cetera" of a fourth, the auxiliary concluding "ah" of a fifth, the vexing, out-of-place "no?" by way of interrogation, of another, and the something between an unmeaning smile and a smothered word at introduction.

Lady Bobtail was a knighted alderman's lady, who made short, quick curtsies, and who bustled about, swinging her train and back ornaments something like the active tail of a duck; thus Lady Barbara described and mocked her. Lady Anodyne was an Irish Countess, who in spite of high education and travelling, retained a little of the Hibernian slippers, and talked so low, and moved so gently, that Lady Barbara protested she tired her out and set her to sleep. Miss Flounce flounced and pouted, tossed her head like the leader of a waggon-team, and bridled up proudly on all occasions. Mrs. Shuffle justified the name, by her manner of walking, and by an impatient locomotive habit, which made her shift incessantly from room to room, and from one place to another. Miss Fidget considered that it gave her a lively girlish air to fidget about upon her chair, to make a kind of frisking motion of the body, accompanied by a tapping of her fan on the palm of her hand, whilst standing up and talking to a beau. This was sometimes accompanied by "Nonsense! Come, come, have done with your compliments, stuff, fiddle faddle," &c. Sometimes it was added to nibbling her lips, which were very prettily

formed, and of a coral hue, and accompanied by placing her fan at the corner of her eye, as if to rub the skin; the manœuvre was always completed by an arch smile. To do away with all these *would-be* graces, Lady Barbara called her an odious creature, who seemed to be in the torments arising from a flea concealed in some part of her wearing apparel. Mrs. Splutter, according to her critic, was almost unintelligible, from the rapidity of her speech, which was accompanied by something like *une petite pluie fine*—a quick shower of small rain; so that, to use Lady Barbara's words, her expressions were *wet* and *warm*. Mrs. Hotcockles lisped, and had a further impediment in her speech, as if she had hot cockles in her mouth, which she feared to swallow, and dared not get rid of otherwise. Lady Barbara *good-naturedly* remarked, that Mrs. ——— had so much *difficulty* in speaking, that she could have wished the thing to be *impossible*. Lord Puffendorf was a peer, always in a hurry, and out of breath,—partly induced by bad habit, and partly arising from corpulence. Lord Broom obtained that name from being very tall and thin, and from having an immense bunch of hair on his forehead, which, ever and anon, he combed with his fingers. Mr. Angles was a constant subject of mimicry, laughter, and imitation to her. She drew him, she counterfeited him, she followed him, she got him into attitudes, and held him up for the amusement of her circle. Here she had him standing in three triangles, a thumb and finger applied to the two front buttons of his pantaloons, and his slender legs extended triangularly; here, taking a glass of wine, all triangles together; in another place, bowing, and offering his hand to a partner; here, seated at his ease on an Ottoman. "Never," added she, "had any man so many *bad points* about him." Mr. Nosetorment was a gentleman who had a trick of snifting and of rubbing his nose, which produced a ridiculous appearance, but which might often have passed off unperceived, but for the detection which Lady Barbara's piercing eye produced. Mr. Flyflag had a bad habit of taking snuff and of extending his handkerchief (that "flag of abomination," as Lord Chesterfield called it) too widely. Mr. Wirework, Lady Barbara said, moved as if he was connected together with wires, and put her in mind of a scaramouch. Captain Strut acted up to his *nom de guerre*, as did Cornet Stare, who was called by her Ladyship the Vacant Cornetcy; and Captain Throttle was continually emerging his neck from the bondage of his cravat, inserting his fingers betwixt his windpipe and the well-tied knot which compressed it, and twisting his chin about to the right and to the left. To conclude, Lady Barbarous (for she had no mercy) had discovered that all her acquaintances *looked* so, that it might be thought "that one of Nature's journeymen had made them, and not made them well, they imitated nature so abominably."

Such is Lady Barbara, now growing old. Let maiden ladies take warning by her example; let those who have bad tricks and habits either correct them, or shun her company:—the first would be the safest and most useful to themselves, and render them pleasanter in society; for although we are, in general, not aware of our own bad habits, yet we easily perceive them in others; and it is inconceivable that so many persons, otherwise well-bred, should persist in these venial sins against good breeding, which we see every day, in all ages and conditions, many of which are really too gross or silly to render them worthy of notice.

OBSERVATIONS ON A GENERAL IRON-RAIL-WAY,*

OR

LAND STEAM-CONVEYANCE,

To supersede the necessity of Horses in all Public Vehicles.

Soon shall thy arm unconquer'd steam! afar
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;
Or on wide waving wings expanded bear
The flying chariots through the fields of air. DARWIN.

"It has been remarked, that Railways have hitherto been confined almost exclusively to coal works and other mines, and that inventions whose only recommendations are *simplicity* and *usefulness* are often suffered to lie long in a state of public neglect, whilst others, of no real utility, being pertinaciously blazoned forth by interested or blinded partizans, are readily adopted. REES' *Cyclopedia*.

SIR—From the particular attention which the government and the public are now bestowing upon steam navigation, it follows, of course, that a similar conveyance by land, with its numerous, *but yet unforeseen* advantages, must also command general notice, if we may judge by comparison how much greater interest it would yield the community in every respect.

At the first view of such a plan individuals are disposed to ridicule it as chimerical, this is, indeed, the lot of all new schemes; but let it be remembered that it is the peculiar privilege of the ignorant to ridicule what they do not understand. The lighting of towns with gas was no doubt ridiculed by thousands who *now* hold shares, and nightly enjoy the benefit of that luminous project! If public attention

* Although it is only of late years that steam has been extensively applied to the propelling of vessels on water, yet a knowledge of its capabilities for this purpose is of old date. As far back as the 21st of December, 1736, Mr. Jonathan Hulls took out a patent for "A new invented machine for carrying vessels or ships out of, or into, any harbour, port, or river, against wind and tide, or in a calm;" and in the following year he published a pamphlet at London, which is now extremely rare, detailing at length the nature of his invention. In the introduction to his pamphlet Mr. H. prophetically remarks, "There is one great hardship lies too commonly upon those who propose to advance some new, though useful, scheme for the public benefit; the world abounding more in rash censure than in a candid and unprejudiced estimation of things; if a person does not answer their expectation in every respect, instead of friendly treatment for good intentions, he too frequently meets with ridicule and contempt."—We are willing to think that there is less of this ungenerous feeling to be met with now-a-days than formerly, and yet even at the present time, how many are the projects of genius for the benefit of mankind, which lie thrown aside, neglected and contemned? How can we be certain that our children's children may not have as much cause to wonder at the stupidity of their grandsires in not adopting some palpable improvements revealed to them, as we have to wonder at the stupidity of ours in leaving untried so fair an invention as the steam-boat, when once proposed to them in a manner so clear and satisfactory as we shall find it was done by Mr. Hulls? Mr. H., it will be seen, limited his views of the usefulness of the steam-boat to towing vessels or ships out of, or into any harbour, port, or river, at all times and in all weathers; but it is needless to say how vastly important its adoption even to that extent would have been. Let one illustration suffice. Had the ease and celerity with which the largest vessels may thus be carried out of, or into the most inland havens, been fully known twenty years ago, the inconvenience attending the Medway, as a station for our North Sea fleet would never have been felt, and those new works at Sheerness, which have cost upwards of a million of money, would probably never have been erected."

Mechanics' Mag. No. 7, *Oct.* 11, 1823.

could be roused, in order to examine, impartially, into the present policy of our inland conveyance, every individual would soon be persuaded of the absolute necessity of an entirely new system of national intercourse. There is no branch of political economy which is so imperatively demands particular attention in every district, and none so worthy of national support, as the facility of communication from town to town throughout the united kingdom, yet, from the *very general nature* of this improvement, few persons seem sensible of its importance to individuals. This is proved by perseverance in a system where want of skill in the direction of all our roads, their accumulating debt, and, generally, bad condition, are the only characteristic features.

The practical economy of steam-power is, however, already so fully proved, by its universal adoption in our mining districts, in our manufactories, and on board our packets, as to afford demonstrative evidence of the numerous advantages which might daily be derived from its general application to our inland conveyance.

The national importance of this improvement cannot fail, in process of time, to attract universal attention, both at home and abroad, the great facility and economy in our daily communication by steam-packets afford the most perfect illustration of this scheme; but however excellent the present system of steam-packets may appear, the superiority of land steam conveyance will be still more apparent, as it unites, in a tenfold degree, every advantage which steam packets, canals, coastiug-traders, and turnpike roads now yield.

The expence attending these four different modes of conveyance, compared with that of a general iron railway, must eventually rouse astonishment in every thoughtful mind, how our engineers can *still* waste their time and the public money in delusive canal speculations, and on the present miserable system of roads!—Why may not the same facility and dispatch be given on land as we now find in daily practice by steam-packets? Let our engineers answer this simple question. By a direct communication of land steam-conveyance throughout the interior of the united kingdom, and the present facility of crossing the channels by steam-packets, we may confidently promise ourselves the certainty of thus performing the whole conveyance, or transport of goods and persons, by the sole power of steam both by land and water.

By the establishment of a General Iron Rail-way, *in a direct line*, the distance between the capital and the manufacturing districts, and the principal cities, might be reduced one quarter, and in many cases one-third, instead of the ridiculously winding course the stage and mail coaches now daily run. This remark is still more applicable to canals, where distance between the capital and all places of commercial importance is egregiously lengthened by the most extraordinarily serpentine direction of almost all our canals.

The permanent prosperity which would arise to commerce from this rapid communication, would soon be felt in every corner of the united kingdom; the mails from London to Manchester, Liverpool, and Leeds, might be conveyed within the space of twelve hours, and those to Glasgow and Edinburgh within twenty-four; the ordinary stage-coaches, caravans, and vehicles, for the conveyance of every description of merchandize, might also be transported on the same improved and economical principle.

As this alteration in the conveyance of vehicles by land will tend to improve all commercial connexions, by the approximation of the various branches of commerce and manufactures with their source, so in like manner would the domestic convenience of individuals residing in the vicinity of London be much improved, the immense population spread around this great city, going to and fro every day by the numerous stages, might be conveyed with greater personal accommodation and safety in one-half the time, and at one-half the expence now incurred; the circumjacent country is particularly well adapted for a rail-way in every respect, therefore I should have thought it is likely for the plan to have commenced at the capital, as soon as at Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool; between these three places a railway is about to be laid down for the general introduction of land

steam conveyance, and I hope that the citizens of London will be zealous in promoting an object so highly beneficial to themselves as well as to the whole country; if a public meeting were convened by the wealthy merchants and capitalists of the metropolis, in order to canvass the relative properties of this scheme, the example would soon be followed in all parts of the kingdom, *(for it is only through the most candid and most impartial examination into the effects likely to result from the adoption of this measure, that its vast importance to the nation, as well as to individuals, can be properly known and understood,)* and the many millions now annually squandered away in purchasing and feeding unnecessary horses, might be divided by the holders of shares in a General Iron Railway Company, and in the numerous Branch Companies, which would be established throughout the united kingdom.

Had a railway been laid down instead of the Regent's Canals, the public in general, and the merchants, would soon have acknowledged its superiority, and the proprietors would not have had to repent of their subscriptions. London, most particularly, requires a new system of communication with the commercial and manufacturing districts, the commerce of London must decline in consequence of the tedious delay and heavy expence which attend the exportation or importation of merchandize here compared with the north, and in order to enable the metropolis to hold its wonted rank, as the chief commercial city, it must carefully watch, and patronize in the south, every improvement of the northern ports, which are progressively gaining strength, and rendering themselves independent of the capital. In every view of the subject, the city of London would reap the greatest benefit from this project; the East and West India merchants, indeed all merchants of London, might negociate in the populous towns and villages of the north on the same terms as those resident there.

The inhabitants of London might be regularly supplied with coal, from the inland collieries as well as from Newcastle and Shields, on reasonable terms, instead of the intolerable price they now pay; the many disadvantages attending the coal trade in London are sufficiently apparent in the expence of vessels, seamen's wages, protracted voyages, insurance, tonnage dues, light dues, lighterage, &c. and it should also be remembered, that vessels in this trade, generally, I believe, return from London in ballast, whereas coal-waggons coming to London on railways might be certain of lading, on return, to all the populous districts through which they would pass. One gang of coal-waggons, carrying the full freight of a vessel, might be forwarded from Newcastle to London in three days, by the simple expence of one steam-engine; but the manifold benefits which this measure would throw open to the general commerce of London, and throughout the interior of the united kingdom, can only be justly appreciated when they become universally known and understood.

It remains only to know the exact amount of capital required for a railway, in order to shew the feasibility of this scheme, and on this head, if we reckon each *single* rail-way at two thousand pounds per mile, and allow two rail-ways for vehicles going down, and two rail-ways for those returning, the whole sum, per mile, will be eight thousand pounds; however, to guard against contingent expences, let the sum be stated at twelve thousand pounds per mile, and this I think the most experienced engineers and surveyors will allow to be the utmost extent; the distance between Newcastle and London, *in a direct line*, will be about two hundred miles, which, at twelve thousand pounds per mile cost of the rail-way, will amount to two million four hundred thousand pounds capital stock.

Taking, for a calculation, the number of chaldrons of coals annually consumed in London to amount to two million, and reckoning the toll to be levied upon each chaldron per rail-way at five shillings, for the whole distance from Newcastle to London, this branch of commerce *alone* would yield a revenue of five hundred thousand pounds to the proprietors of the rail-way, without taking into account the numerous daily vehicles of every description for the conveyance of persons, and of merchandize of every kind, all which

might contribute a three-fold toll to what is now paid on turnpike roads, and still convey goods and persons at one-half the present charge, and in one-half the time.

The experience already had of our canal conveyance cannot fail to convince every impartial reader, after due observation, that the heavy expence attending the construction and repair of canal boats, with all their multifarious tackle, men's wages, horses and their keep, must render the transport much dearer than by an improved rail-way, which so peculiarly combines both economy of time and of labour; the few hands required to superintend a gang of waggons on the rail-way, compared with those employed in the conveyance of the same, freight by a canal, can only excite the astonishment of every one, how our engineers should have so particularly directed their attention to this latter system in preference to the former. For further information on this subject, I beg to refer your readers to my "Observations on a General Iron Rail-way," containing plates and maps illustrative of this plan, published by Messrs. Baldwin, Cradock and Joy, London.

Every day's experience serves, more and more, to convince me that no conveyance which the most improved canal, or public road, now affords, can be compared with this simple mode of conveyance; the application of mechanical power on improved railways. Indeed, as wasteful expenditure and want of skill are the only characteristic features of canals and turnpike roads, so are the opposite extremes of economy and skill combined, alike descriptive of the railway.

Steam carriages, on the plan now proposed, would answer every purpose required by the intercourse of the country, and clearly prove that the vast expences now incurred by the employment of horses, are totally unnecessary; it will scarcely be credited that a stock of 100,000 horses renewed every four years, will cost their keep and interest of capital included, in the course of twelve years, no less than thirty-four million seven hundred thousand pounds.

The great saving which might be effected by the employment of steam power, will be obvious to every one when it is mentioned, that one steam-engine would, on an improved rail-way, draw from London to Edinburgh, three stage coaches, (each carrying twice the luggage and number of passengers of ordinary coaches) in thirty hours, which now require three hundred horses, and at least fifty hours time for the performance of the journey.

Whatever attempts may be made to bring steam-carriages, or other mechanical vehicles into use on the ordinary turnpike roads; few of the numerous obstacles and inconveniences which present themselves against their introduction, need but be stated to convince every one of the impropriety of such a measure; these new steam-carriages on descending the steep hills of our ordinary turnpike roads, would, on the slightest accident happening to the machinery, be dashed to pieces; the small weight drawn by one steam-engine, as well as the dilatory rate of speed, *compared with what the same engine might effect on an improved rail-way*, is of itself sufficient, to shew the folly of the attempt. There is also another objection which cannot escape any person's observation, namely, that no steam-engine could be suffered on the common turnpike road without endangering the lives of individuals, as no horse, generally speaking, would pass these terrific machines; therefore, it must be evident, the only likely way of success is so to form our road, that it may be adapted for the peculiar construction of steam machinery, by a perfectly even and solid surface, *so as to accelerate the speed of carriages with a less propelling power, and consequently, diminish the expence of conveyance.* To give the necessary encouragement to the rapid improvements of mechanical power, the common turnpike roads should be left as they now are, without any further waste of public money in delusive schemes, and a perfectly new system of conveyance begun, more consonant with the spirit of the times, and better adapted for the immense intercourse and increasing traffic of this great commercial nation.

I remain, Sir,
Yours respectfully,
THOMAS GRAY.

Nottingham, 2d. August, 1824.

THE LASS O' BANCHORIE.

A BALLAD.

THE heather bell it bloomit fair,
And featly waved aboon the Dee;
The heather bell shall bloom nae mair—
Its sweets are wallowit on the lea.

My ain true luve was winsome and gay,
And bonnie and sheen as the sun at noon:
My true luve will nae mare be sae—
The lang grass whistles her corse aboon.

Anchorie's fairest flower is gaen!
She sleeps beneath yon willow tree:
And slumber wi' her, ilka ane,
The joys whilk budded ance for me.

Nae mair wi' canty heart I ride
The muir, the glen, and the braid heath ower,
And blithely prove what fae daur bide—
The welcome keen o' a Scot's claymore:

The sparkling e'e that my welcome sang,
The heart sae couthie she prest me tee,
The tongue that sae sweetly my stay ca'd lang—
O they slumber beneath the willow tree.

The hand that softly smoothed my bree,
The pouting lip that a kiss wad hae,
The looks sae fond that were a' to me—
Nae mair shall sweetly my toils repay.

My claymore I unbelt, and my basnet unbrace,
And a' the glories o' war forswear;
I sought my reward in my Marian's face—
It yields it not now, and I seek't nae mair.

Below, my Marian,—hush thee, my maiden—
Saft and sweet may thy slumbers be!
I the' e'en come hither, with fresh flowers laden,
And strew them under the willow tree.

PERIODICAL PRESS.

In our last number we, for the first time, made an allusion to the "New European Magazine," with which we were represented to have been engaged in a literary warfare, by Blackwood's Magazine; a magazine which seems to have, from its very commencement, taken it for granted, that truth is too serious and heavy-paced for the airy, light-footed readers of magazines. In vindication of ourselves we deemed it our duty to remove any impression which might result from the very circumstance of having it supposed that we stooped to notice, or even to recognize so dull, unmeaning, and so stupid a production. That it was what we then and now describe it to be, is confirmed by its sudden expiration last month, and this very expiration proves that we were better judges of literary merit than the mighty Christopher who gave it the advantage over us. It is curious, however, he should tell his readers, that we were at war with the New European, which was a downright untruth, and conceal from them the hostilities which we had commenced against himself. It is with Blackwood's Magazine we were in war, not with the "New European;" but we must confess we were not prompted to take arms against it because we thought its editor a more noble adversary, or placed him higher in the scale of intellect, but because we knew that the public had taken some kind of whim or other to give the work which he conducts a wider circulation, and therefore a greater opportunity of levelling all the barriers that separate sense from nonsense, wit from ribaldry, taste from pedantry, and genius from dulness. The puissant Christopher, however, thought it wiser to conceal from the world that we proved him a blockhead than by giving it publicity, acknowledge that he was called upon to engage in a contest to which he knew himself unequal. We have this month taken a peep into the precious scraps of nonsense he published in his last number, and we find that

The monster's at his dirty work again,

bespattering genius of the highest order, and affecting a knowledge of the history and grievances of a country of which he knows literally nothing.

It appears that some Cork farmer, or rather some Orange polemic, has attacked Captain Rock, in a work entitled "Captain Rock Detected." This work we have not seen, though coming from a pen which, if we credit Blackwood's Magazine, is second to none "since the death of his illustrious countryman, Burke." From the extracts, however, made from it in Blackwood's, we can easily perceive what manner of production it is, the spirit with which it was written, and the pretended philosophic genius of its author. Burke says somewhere that the promulgation of truth can in no instance be wrong; but this illustrious farmer, who equals him, seems to think, that truth should be always concealed, and conceals it accordingly; and for doing so, Blackwood tells us that he is surpassed by no writer since the days of Burke.

Treating on the sources where the grievances of Ireland originated, and of the rebellion among the rest, the author of "Captain Rock Detected," observes that "the Union followed the Rebellion. No measure could be more necessary in every point of view. We certainly shall not stop to discuss the policy or the impolicy of such a measure now, with such a reasoner as Mr. Thomas Moore, the biographer of Capt. Rock. It is open to the same obloquy as the union to Scotland formerly was, and from the same class of people. Local importance was affronted—day-dreams of imperial independence marred for ever. Is it wonderful that a people, whose arena for political discussion, which was at the same time the passport to political importance, was taken away, should feel sore at the dissolution of the Irish parliament, that most intolerable of nuisances? Is it wonderful that the canaille, full of the recollection of the misty grandeur, cast over the aboriginal savages, who held their sceptres by lying chroniclers, and also taught by the successors of the said chroniclers to look

forward in abounding hope to the day when the total separation of the insular governments should restore not only the natural splendour, but the cherished faith of her "millions," should look with jealousy or indignation on a measure which put a final extinguisher on such hopes? Nor shall we omit, in forming a catalogue of the reasons which continue the sorrow for the Union through Ireland, the patriotic exertions of such eminent and respectable characters as the poet of the 'Fudge Family,' and the Novelist of the 'Wild Irish Girl,' to pass by some score less noted, though not less active, poisoners of the public mind."

Here we are told that "no measure could be more necessary" than the Union; and yet the writer throws a doubt upon its utility, when he tells us, the moment after, that he "shall not stop to discuss the policy or impolicy of such a measure." Surely there can be no impolicy in that than which nothing is more necessary. The measure was politic or the contrary: if politic, why admit even the possibility of its impolicy? If Mr. Thomas Moore be, as he asserts, such a reasoner as is not worth arguing with, surely he ought to pay some respect to the judgment of his readers, and suppose them capable of estimating the value of any arguments he could bring forward, to prove that the union was a necessary measure. Did he take it for granted that all his readers were as well satisfied of the measure being necessary as he was himself? if he think so he mistakes; for we say it with confidence, there is not one Irishman out of 500 who will admit its utility. If by necessary, he means necessary to the English, we admit it was useful to them; but that it was equally so to the Irish we deny. Why, then, take that for granted which the majority of the people deny; for we feel certain that, leaving the Irish altogether out of the question, the majority of Englishmen will admit that, however serviceable the Union has been to England, it has been highly injurious to Ireland. It seems, then, that when Blackwood speaks of policy, he means English not Irish policy; or, in other words, he considers every thing politic that promotes the interests of England, whether Ireland suffer by it or not. But if this be what the legislature considers policy, is it not a complete farce? is it not the broadest humbugging to say that any union exists between England and Ireland? If there be no union of interests, in what does the union consist? Why, truly only, in blinding the Irish, and rendering them unmindful of their own sufferings, through an erroneous opinion, that whatever they endure the English endure the same, both nations being united. But says the critic, "Is it wonderful that a people whose arena for political discussion, which was at the same time the passport to political importance, was taken away; should feel sore at the dissolution of the Irish parliament—that most intolerable of nuisances?" But pray, master Christopher, or whoever you are, is one injustice corrected by the commission of another? Who took away the *political importance* of Ireland? England you will say; at least you cannot deny it. Because England then has deprived Ireland of her *political importance*, you think her justified also in depriving her of that national assembly which preserved, or, at least, whose professed object it was to preserve the ruins of her shattered constitution. If this be logic, if this be reason, if this be justice, from logic, reason and justice, O Lord deliver us! What is logic worth, if it only serve to corrupt reason? What is reason worth, if it serve only to warp the dictates of justice? What is justice worth, if it serve only to justify oppression, and make one evil act serve only to prove the consistency of another? Poor Christopher North! if this be what you call policy, you are poor indeed! You are poor in humanity. Your logic is sophistry—your reason is delusion—your justice is perfidy. You say that "Moore, with that bad faith which has at all times characterized him, pretends to be dubious as to the derivation" of the term "rock," applied to the Irish captain; but you will tell us that "he well that the class of people, from whose ranks the captain is drawn, look upon the Roman Catholic Church as the "rock" of the Christian faith, and set up their leader as its champion. With the ignorance of poor deluded peasants they attributed their depression to the tythes, well remem-

bering the lessons taught them by their old whig landlords, and the false and intemperate speeches of Mr. Grattan, and his associates. By attacking the property of the clergy, they were not only ministering to their own wants, as they imagined, but doing something vastly heroic towards extirpating heresy."

Now, that your derivation is false, is proved by facts; that it is not etymological is proved by reason, or the philosophy of grammar. That it is false, is proved by thefact that Captain Rock's adherents are as hostile to the catholic clergy as to any other, when they interfere with what they consider to be their proper rights: witness the late murder of a respectable catholic, the brother of the present Roman Catholic Bishop of Kilkenny; that it is not etymological is proved by the philosophy of grammar, which teaches us to trace words to their most natural origin. Now what can be more natural than to trace the term "Rock," when applied to the leader of a band, who professes to stand up in defence of the unalienable rights and privileges of his country, to the metaphorical idea always attached to "rock," which signifies a stay, prop, or bulwark. The other gross misrepresentations, which you have put forth in your review of "Captain Rock Detected," we shall pass over, as unworthy of observation. They are of a piece with those on which we have now commented; and we only regret that your cant and humbugging manner should make so great a portion of periodical readers; or, if you object to the expression, of the readers of the periodical press, the dupes of your sophistry, and not unfrequently the admirers of your ignorance. Your ignorance we have frequently pointed out, though we were well convinced you had not courage, or we should rather say, ability, to stand up in your own defence. We now call upon you publicly, if you have this ability, to come forward and prove it. If you will not, you must acknowledge that there are two ways of obtaining public patronage,—one by ability, and the other by humbugging.

EDITOR.

SONG.

Go, seek in Courts for brighter hours;
  Go, dwell amidst scenes where splendour reigns;
Go, seek the triumphs Fortune showers
  On those who think them worth their pains.
Go! in your hours of pomp forget
  The humble pleasures of the glade;
I would not have you once regret
  Your tender faithful Cottage Maid.

A brighter robe may lure your eyes,
  A softer speech may lure your ear;
A nobler breast for you may sigh,
  A milder eye may shed a tear;
But none so fond, so true you'll find,
  As she now weeping in the shade;
Then sometimes to your faithless mind
  Recal your drooping, Cottage Maid.

This brow was fair, I've heard you say,
  These eyes were bright as gems to thee;
My hopes of bliss have died away,
  Your heart so coldly beats for me.
Mourn not for me when I no more
  Shall *live* in this retir'd glade;
I would not have your heart deplore
  Its fond, neglected, Cottage Maid.

W. H. LANGE.

AN INVITATION FROM R. W. TO ELIZA.

We are not certain that we perfectly understand the short epistle that accompanied this beautiful little poem. Perhaps its author would favor us with an explanation. EDITOR.

When day hath sunk behind yon hill,
And all is calm, serene, and still,
Above, below, in earth or sky,
Save Philomela's melody,
O, come to me.

When night's pale mistress, chaste and fair,
Glides swiftly through the azure air,
And throws upon the rippled stream
Soft gliding by, her dancing beam;
Then hither flee.

And where the willow sombrous steeps
Its tendrils in the wave and weeps,
I'll tell my tale of truest love,
And join the night bird of the grove,
In praise of thee.

Then come, and to *my* throbbing breast,
Responsive let *thine own* be prest—
O come, and listen to the sigh
Of one ne'er happy but when nigh,
Sweet girl to thee.

And while within my clasping arms,
I gaze enraptur'd on thy charms,
Imprinting on thy lips a kiss,
I'll speak the "measure" of my bliss,
My ecstacy!

SONG.

Oh! may I not, may I not tell thee,
What I never can hide from thee long;
In my tale there is nought that can spell thee,
To say or do any thing wrong.
For I'll speak but of hearts twined together,
Like a couple, like a couple of young trees,
That between them in life's wildest weather,
Joy may revel, joy may revel, safe at ease.
Then may I not, &c.

Yet I'll mind thee, too—glances like thine,
Ever roving thus o'er the bright sky,
As in search of some lover divine,
Would be wiser if pointed less high.
And man, though a rude ark he be,
Hath a treasure, hath a treasure in his breast,
Which if once he can make woman see,
Oh! she'll have it, oh! she'll have it, ere she rest.
Then may I not, &c. B.

LONDON REVIEW.

QUID SIT PULCHRUM, QUID TURPE, QUID UTILE, QUID NON.

CANADA.

Five Years' Residence in the Canadas, by E. A. Talbot, Esq. 2 vols.

THE passion for emigration that lately raged so violently, has now gradually subsided—partly from the disappearance of that distressing state of business that first suggested the idea of change; and partly from the unfavourable accounts that have been received from almost every one that has left his native home. To what known, or unknown part of the globe, in fact, were not our suffering population invited to transport themselves, that they might exchange a life of labour, for one of almost unmixed enjoyment,—misery for happiness! The promised land held out to some, was the fertile, but uncleared region along the mighty rivers of Western America, or the barbarous and unhealthy shores of Erie and Ontario; some adventurous spirits, sailed half round the globe to obtain fortune and prosperity on the convict-settled shores of New Holland; while others have chosen the more arduous task of contending with the fevers and Indians of the Mosquito shore, or with the Boors and Bojesmen of Western Africa. When we assert that the emigrants to all these various and widely distant countries, have, with very few exceptions, been sadly disappointed; we merely express the unbiassed opinion which every intelligent person is compelled to form, who peruses the narrative of any of the unfortunate exiles, whom misfortune or the misrepresentations of others, have led to abandon the land of their fathers. There can be no doubt, that the disappointments of many, must be attributed to their ignorance of the country, of their adaptation, or to extravagant expectations, that could be realized in no quarter of the globe; but we must at the same time maintain, that the idea of emigrating from England to any country out of Europe, is, in almost all cases, highly unwise. European comfort, and European society, are not to be found in any *new* settlement in any part of the world, and in *old* settlements, the chances of success in business are as few as among the crowded population of England. A prudent man with a small fortune, may secure a certain degree of independence to his *children*, in the backwoods of *republican* America, (the most eligible of *new* countries for an emigrant,) but there he must sacrifice all the happiness of his own life, in the distant prospect of benefiting his *posterity*. He can never enjoy any benefit from the change. But it is not his own comfort and convenience alone that are involved, for these he may be willing to sacrifice, but he ought to pause ere he enter on a measure that cannot fail to render his *wife* and *adult children*, unhappy for life. Yet we know this to be a never-failing consequence of emigration to *new settled* countries. The Atlantic States of the American confederation, are in circumstances entirely different. Not that they too do not possess their discomforts; but at least the change of habits is not very important to an Englishman. Widely different is the situation of the English settlers in the *new* States on the Ohio and Mississippi!—by prudence and unremitting industry, he may enjoy all the necessaries of life in great abundance; but of its luxuries and refinements, of social intercourse and all that renders life supportable, he must be for ever precluded. *Men* accommodate themselves to different habits of life, to change of scene, to new friends and connexions: *women*, never. This is one grand bar to the happiness of emigrating families, that has been little attended to, but which ought to receive its due weight in the balance of good and evil. There is a certain set of habits, comforts, and ideas that an English woman cannot forego: without them, she is uniformly miserable. We have seen hundreds of English families living in the woods of Ohio, Illinois, and Indiana, in every diversity of fortune; and in none did we ever meet one woman who was not unhappy. Yet these countries are some

of the finest in the world; the climate is good, the soil fertile beyond example, the laws are respected, and property secure. If such be the case in the most highly favoured countries, and in the most favourable situations, what must it be when the emigrant has at once to encounter change of habits, misfortune, sickness, and the loss of his dearest relatives!—Our limits prevent us entering into details of the numberless hardships of settlers in uncleared regions; we may, however, safely assert, that the only persons who ought to leave England, in the hope of bettering their conditions, are labourers and mechanics, *without families*, without friends and connections at home, men *unacquainted*, and therefore *careless* of the petty comforts of life: to *such a class*, with industry and perseverance, we may confidently predict comfort and independence in the *new* Settlements of the west.

The work we have placed at the head of this article professes to be the result of five years' observations in the Canadas; but from the greater part of the contents, we might conclude that the whole had been "made up" in London. In these two volumes we scarcely find a single fact that is not to be found in former "travels;" and in his accounts of places or customs, that have been formerly described, the author is generally incorrect. We do not know whether the author intends to return to the Canadas; we we should rather advise him, however, to remain in England, as his *guardian* fellow colonist can scarcely take in good part the severe strictures—in fact, the extravagant abuse he has poured out so liberally on their manners and morals. The reason of all this, seems to us abundantly clear. The writer is a young man of warm passions—with a little book learning, as much, at least, as to misguide—without any knowledge of the world: he leaves his country with the romantic expectations of youth, expects to find nothing in the New World but the simplicity and innocence of the golden age, and accordingly his enthusiasm is strong and fervent on his arrival on the mighty shores of St. Lawrence. Though without experience, he is very liberal of his praise and censure from the very moment of his arrival, for he has a tolerable stock of assurance (he is an *Irishman*), and no mean opinion of his own judgment and knowledge: Self-confident and vain, he decides on every topic with the most presumptuous *non-chalance*: and, without any knowledge of English *country* life, and manners, he judges of the rude settling on the Lakes by the standard of London or Dublin. Thus unexperienced, he comes in contact with the hardy veterans of the forest—men skilful in detecting the characters of others, and endowed with no small portion of finesse and deceit: advantage is taken of his ignorance, and he then raises the cry of fraud against his brother settlers,—and since he cannot contend with them in the war of forest abuse, or in forest "trading" and speculation—he determines to write a "big book" to hold them up to the scorn of the mother country.

It would be difficult for any man of the slightest acquirements to remain five years in a colony without collecting more interesting information than the contents of these volumes; We have no details of the modes of farming—the means of disposing of the surplus produce—the articles that can be *bartered* with the merchant—the trade with the United States, by means of the lakes—the *fur trade* at Michilimackinac and the North-West company's *ports* in the Indian country—nor other important subjects which a five years residence should have enabled the author to explain. We pass over that part—nearly one half—of the book which relates to the productions of Canada, it being, in fact, but a very incorrect compilation of former writers; but in compensation, we are treated with a truly *original* picture of the population of Upper Canada:—

"It is very remarkable, that although the present population of this fine province is composed of emigrants from almost every European nation, and from every State of North America, there should be so little difference in their manners, customs, and habits of life. Germans, Hollanders, French, English, Scotch, and Irish, after a few years residence in Canada forget their national customs and peculiarities, and become, in almost every particular, entirely assimilated to the people of America."

"These emigrants, having generally

been of the lowest class of society in their respective countries,—and consequently mere cyphers, except in their own immediate sphere,—as soon as they arrive in Canada, begin to assume an appearance of importance, and to be quite ashamed of their former unassuming manners and native customs. The most absurd notions of equality and independence, take instant possession of their vertiginous and unreflecting minds." "No magpie was ever more assiduous in mimicking his *music-master*, than these imported mock-birds are in copying the fashionable slang of their immaculate neighbours. They are indefatigable in acquiring a knowlege of the *rights of man, the just principles of equality*, and *the true nature of independence*,—and, in a word, of every thing which characterizes an American; and thus they quickly become divested of common manners, (?) and common civility, and not unfrequently of common honesty too;—indeed, this latter virtuous quality is rather uncommon on this side of the Western Ocean."—(Vol. II. p. 10.)

Except as to the *alleged* want of honesty, we really do not see any thing very heinous in the conduct of the emigrants. From being "cyphers" (as he calls them) in their own country, they become of some importance in a small community; and if they come from the country of the author, we are not surprised that the contrast between their former misery and present abundance should render bold and annoyant to those who once trembled before the frown of a fellow creature. We really pity the poor gentleman, if he expected to find the hardy colonists of Canada as obsequiously *polite* as the oppressed and starving population of the south of Ireland. But if he had been acquainted with many counties in *England* previous to his Trans-Atlantic trip, he would have found even there many examples of that rude independence and republican equality that is so hateful to his *Squireen* habits. We should be sorry to see men that are *independent* in circumstances remain dependent in *habits*,—men who have marched in the van of civilization, cleared the forest of its savage inmates, encountered every toil and every hardship, equally undaunted under the scorching heats of summer, and the polar blasts of winter. That men excluded from society should be rough and untutored was naturally to be expected; and it would indeed be absurd to look for that civility and deference to the feelings of others, which the mutual dependence of individuals renders necessary in civilized communities, for the very substantial reason, that *each* backwoodsman must depend for comfort and subsistence on *himself alone*.

His account of the *ladies* of Upper Canada (and of the United States too, it would appear from the universality of his censure) is equally original, and, we have reason to know, equally unfounded:—

"Though seldom exempt from calumny while unmarried, they are said to make good wives to indulgent husbands, who have no objection to allow their neighbours a participation in their affections. Indeed it is thought rather derogatory from the exalted notions of liberty, which every American, both under a republic and under a monarchy, imbibes with his mother's milk, to tie down the affections to a single object. *Universal love*, as well as *universal suffrage*, is in America the order of the day; and Heaven have mercy on the man who is married, and is not willing to recognise this as sound doctrine." p. 27.

The falsehood and malignity of the above remark requires no comment.

Much of his abuse of the Canadian ladies may be attributed to his disgust at the amusing mode of *courtship* prevalent in the country. Whether he tried it, and was "found wanting," does not appear on the record; but he musters all his powers of description, and we may add, of invention, to render it ridiculous.

Now, however strange these customs may seem to us, the moral character of the population is no way implicated; for, scattered as the natives of Canada and the Western States are over an extensive country, they cannot conform to the dilatory and delicate practices of Europeans. They live at great distances from each other, and cannot afford to squander a part of their life in hesitating how they shall pass the remainder. Like the inhabitants of all newly settled countries, living a life of incessant

activity, and not one of contemplation, the Canadians and their republican neighbours are distinguished by strong minds and decided characters; and having from their early youth acted for themselves, they know the danger of delay in this as in all other enterprises.

As an instance of the ignorance of the inhabitants of Upper Canada, Mr. T. mentions that, during a residence of five years, "he only saw two persons with books in their hands." If he had gone amongst the small farmers in many parts of England, we doubt if he would have found any at all. Amidst such a life of hardship and privations, it is totally preposterous to expect the settler to sit down to read, after toiling in the forest from dawn to sun-set; and it should be kept in mind, that the labour of an American backwoodsman is far more severe than that of any class of men *in any country*. Let the present race clear the forests—their children may embellish their farms, build houses, or establish colleges for their descendants—the third generation may, perhaps, have leisure to *read*.

Notwithstanding the unfavourable picture he has drawn of the inhabitants of Upper Canada, our author thinks so highly of the soil, climate, and productions, that he calls it "The Eden of America!" Yet is the soil in *no* part of Canada equal to that which prevails almost universally on the banks of the Ohio, the Wabash, the Illinois, the Missouri, and their tributary streams; nor do the inhabitants possess the same means—nor, in fact, do they possess any means at all—of disposing of their surplus produce. In many of the finest parts of the *western country*, land can be procured for the *same sum* that is taken by the British Government as fees for a *grant*; and in these enterprizing settlements it has a *certain* prospect of increasing in value to an extent that it never can attain in the sluggish and job-managed colony of Canada. On the American side of Lake Ontario the forest land readily brings more than *double* the price that can be procured for fertile land on the Canada shore. Society scarcely exists in Upper Canada; but in the towns along the Ohio, from Pittsburgh to the Mississippi, as good society can be found as in the generality of small towns in Europe. The Government fees for *grants* of land in Canada amount to 12*l.* for 100 acres—60*l.* for 300 acres—and 250*l.* for 1000. In consequence of such enormous demands, the Government lands are very slowly settled, and not by the best class of emigrants; while intelligent men always buy land from the surveyors, or from private individuals, from whom they can procure the most fertile spots, in choice situations, *cheaper* than government grants, a hundred miles from the Lakes. In *well-settled* townships land often sells for less than *a shilling* per acre; and 200 acres, the half of which are cleared and *fenced* (a very important consideration) may be purchased for 150*l.* Now, as the clearing and fencing of one hundred acres costs, at the lowest average, 300*l.*, we leave our readers to judge what must be the prospects of an emigrant who has invested his money in land, and what other chance he has than that of toiling for the mere necessaries of life, without hope of ever realizing the capital he exchanged for "a settlement in the woods." The illusions that have led so many of our countrymen to Canada and the United States, are now fast disappearing; for every intelligent person must have discovered, that if some fortunate few be benefited by the change, the great mass of emigrants must be more unhappy than before, both from their unfitness for new habits of life, and from the real difficulty of settling in the woods, formidable even to the native Americans. Mr. *Hodgson*, a traveller of infinitely more intelligence and observation than the writer of the "*Five Years' Residence*," thus expresses his opinion of the prospects of emigrants in Upper Canada:—

"The real inducements are so much less than the apparent ones; that although many would wisely emigrate, even with a full conviction of the difficulties they had to encounter, I believe, that, at present, there is not one emigrant in five hundred who does not feel bitterly disappointed on his arrival at Quebec. He learns, with astonishment, that he is still five hundred miles from his Trans-Atlantic acres; and if he has no money in his pocket, he may probably have to encounter,

in reaching them, more severe distress than he ever felt at home."

With all his absurd vapouring about the capability and fertility of Canada, our "five years" traveller has drawn the following inferences from its agricultural situation: "That *no money* can at present be made by farming in Canada; and that it is as well to leave the land uncultivated, as to cultivate it by hired labour." After this we hope we shall hear no more about the Canadian Paradise.

Notes of the War in Spain; by THOMAS STEELE, Esq. M. A.

WHEN, in support of Bourbon principles, the French lately visited Spain, again to rivet the fetters of tyranny, the English nation prudently decided on observing a strict neutrality, a neutrality hateful to our feelings, but morally just and politic. Necessity, and not inclination, dictated our conduct. We commiserated the misfortunes of Spain, and heartily wished her success in the struggle for freedom; but, we said, you must rely on your own exertions, our interference might not assist you, and would assuredly turn against us, the arms of the Austrian and Russian, as well as those of your atrocious invaders. It is not that we dread the result of such an encounter; the God of freedom would enable us once more to view unappalled the world united for our destruction; he would defend his altar from profanation, and his hereditary votaries from harm. But the quixotic spirit, that impels an individual to hazard his life for that of another, must have no place in the deliberations of communities; the interests that are entrusted to a nation's charge, are of too much importance to be wantonly or lightly gaged. A people fights not merely for its own existence, but for the memory of its ancestors, and the future welfare of its children, and the sword should never leave the scabbard, if success be uncertain, or neutrality attended with the danger of defeat. We might preserve ourselves, it is true, but your fate would be probably worse than it is at present; you must then be exposed to the misery of another protracted war, and on your paternal fields would the sanguinary contest be maintained.

E. M. August, 1824.

Such is the reasoning we may be considered collectively to have advanced; as individuals, our opinions were far different, and more generous sentiments animated our breasts. A considerable sum of money was quickly raised by voluntary contribution, to purchase arms and stores for the patriots, and many officers of character, besides private gentlemen, went out to Spain as volunteers in the cause of liberty.

The stores we alluded to, were entrusted to the charge of Captain Dickson and Mr. Steele: the latter is the author of the work now under consideration, and published it "to convince the subscribers, that the agents had not been remiss in executing their commission." No man who reads the volume, can have a doubt on the subject, and we cordially join in opinion with General Long, that every thing that has been done deserves to be praised. The difficulty these gentlemen encountered in endeavouring to convey the arms to Sir Robert Wilson was great, the danger imminent, and nothing but the generous enthusiasm which first excited the undertaking, could have ever enabled them, even partially, to surmount it.

We cannot attempt to give a detail of the historical part of the work, but the facts being so well known to the public, we shall confine ourselves to a few extracts, as specimens of the author's style, and of his remarks on the scenes and characters presented to his notice. The following sketch of a Spanish heroine is attractive, and (the circumstance of the trowsers kept out of view,) somewhat reminds us of our favourite, Diana Vernon.

"I saw a lady of Corunna at Ferrol, on the Alameda; she had been for safety sent away from the siege by her brother, as she had insisted upon dressing in trowsers, and serving on the batteries. She was walking with a young Spaniard who had fought with the Guerillas; her deportment was high, her glance a flash, and though she moved with the easy grace of a Spanish lady, her light step was the very pacing of a soldier to the trumpet."

In the voyage from Ferrol to Gibraltar, he says—

"I had an opportunity of remarking one of the finest instances I remember of magnificent action. I was reading

the Spanish account of the siege of Corunna, when a Spaniard standing near us took the papers from my hand, and pointed out to me a passage in which a particular service was said to have been performed by a particular officer. He gave me back the papers, stooped forward, placed both his hands upon his breast together, looked at me steadily, and said in a low voice that it was not the officer, that it was HE who had done it. He stood upright; his dark eyes flashed from his sallow front; he flung his arms above his head, and then stalking down the deck, still keeping his face turned towards me that I might mark the "Io," (1) by whom the deed had been performed."

We have now given two passages in the author's *best* manner, but our duty compels us to quote a few lines more, which, we are afraid, will not extort from the reader, even that moderate approbation he may have felt inclined to accord to the preceding. It is an account of Cadiz, and we must *(good naturedly)* observe, gives very little proof of genius chastened and subdued by academic* rules, or taste refined by studying the poets and philosophers of antiquity.

"Cadiz stands at the extremity of the Island Gaditana; the fortifications are of immense extent, and the town itself is of incomparable beauty. The houses are white, and the streets are narrow and there are veranda's and balconies outside the latticed casements of every story. These balconies are filled with a luscious profusion of flowers and evergreens, vines, orange trees and jessamine, creepers, climbers and runners, which form festoons and bowers and airy canopies, and odorous masses of drooping foliage, in glowing and voluptuous richness and beauty. As many of the house tops have vines on the terraces, and flowers on the parapets, the closeness of the streets produces an effect like enchantment upon the scenery: for they look like an assemblage of magic bowers, flung together and piled upon each other in exhaustless variety."

This is pure nonsense. What! a luscious profusion of creepers, climbers and runners, forming festoons and bowers and airy canopies and odorous masses of drooping foliage; or of white houses in narrow streets looking like magic bowers flung together and piled upon each other.

From these three extracts it may be perceived the work has no great claim to our admiration, either for purity of diction or elegance of style; but just observations have often been made in very homely language, and we really believe the fidelity of this gentleman's narration to be unimpeachable. The fact is, we are strongly prepossessed in his favour, from fellow feeling for the cause in which he has embarked, and from the singular modesty with which he alludes to the valuable services he has rendered: and we can sincerely assure him, it pains us to speak to his disadvantage, although on points of such minor importance. His work, we dare say, has been read with interest by many—the subject has excited unusual curiosity and anxiety throughout every part of Europe, particularly in England, where, we think

"'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume;
And we are weeds without it."

Ardently do we hope the Spaniards may speedily obtain this inestimable benefit: they have proved their desert by aspiring to its possession, and they will eventually be free. The sacred fire of patriotism is hidden, but not extinguished; the least breath, the slightest agitation, will call it again and again into action, till it consumes or purifies every enemy to rational freedom; for, before the authority of all laws, liberty is the natural prerogative of man, and every individual has a right to the highest degree of it, that is consistent with the well being of the society in which he is incorporated.

FEMALE LITERATURE,
With a review of the Poems, by L. E. L.

CHARMING L. E. L.! oft in the deep stillness of midnight, while the recollection of years gone by, viewed through the gloom of the moment, were shadowing their influence round the soul, has the melody of thy lute calmed our sorrows, and spread a solace over a wounded spirit; for

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* Mr. Steele has the honorary addition of A. M. to his name.

thou dost tell of a young heart disappointed in its brightest expectations; of hopes blighted, and misplaced affections, and all those witcheries of feeling and acute susceptibilities which dwell alone in a breast devoted to love, and the kindlier affections of our nature!

We had nearly forgotten ourselves. We had just laid down this volume,* after a delightful perusal, with the intention of making a review, when the impossibility of performing the task in a critical style flashed upon us. Nothing perhaps can afford a better idea of the merits of this delightful *bijou* than the rapt emotions which attended its perusal. It is indeed almost impossible, after laying down a volume of poetry that abounds with

> "Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn;"

after wandering so carelessly through the flowery meads of poetry and romance, after the finer and more exalted feelings of the soul have been touched, and its chords wound up to their highest pitch, to return direct to the dull common-place road of existence, or exchange the ungrateful realities of life for those delightful visions that have previously occupied the mind. Who, after revelling through the world of feeling and imagination has not felt more than ordinary disgust and difficulty in exchanging these intellectual pursuits for the methodical and flowerless paths of life, and felt how irksome, after a temporary release from worldly shackles, it is again to resume them.

Such is the effect that good poetry ought to produce. Its end should be to wean our inclinations from the grosser, and give them a zest for the more intellectual pursuits of our nature; to lift the soul from the harsh realities of life, to those heights where its depressing cares and blighting remembrances cannot spread their corroding influence. Such is the effect that the "Improvisatrice" leaves on the mind. In mourning over sorrows so captivatingly described, we forget our own. Though her muse delights in sighs and tears, and her harp wakes to no notes of joy, yet it leaves a finer feeling than the most glowing description of happiness, or undisturbed enjoyment.

Though the poetry of L. E. L. every where displays an original mind, a similarity to our own Anacreon is oftentimes visible, though manifestly without any imitation; for nothing can be more distinct than the style of these two bards. The one lavishes in the most melodious versification, the richest of language, and the most varied and splendid of scenery, and is as much addressed to the head as to the heart; to gain which his Pegasus sails round the world of fancy and feeling, and eventually arrives at its destination; while the more shy and setired muse of the "Improvisatrice", despising all the ornaments that a rich and glowing imagination yield, is addressed to the heart alone, which enters at once into her feelings, and shares with her all her sorrows and disappointments. "The Improvisatrice" is the principal poem in the volume. The heroine is represented as

> ——"a daughter of that land,
> Where the poet's lip and the painter's hand
> Are most divine; where earth and sky
> Are picture both and poetry."

And to the reader's imagination is a creature breathing with life and passionate feeling. She is supposed to relate her own story, and tells us that her

> ——"childhood passed 'midst radiant things,
> Glorious as Hope's imaginings;
> Statues but known from shapes of the earth,
> By being too lovely for mortal birth.
> Paintings, whose colours of life were caught
> From the fair tints in the rainbow wrought;
> Music, whose sigh had a spell, like those
> That float on the sea at the ev'ning's close;
> Language so silvery, that every word,
> Was like the lute's awakening chord;
> Skies half sunshine, and half starlight,
> Flowers whose lives were a breath of delight;
> Leaves whose green pomp knew no withering,
> Fountains bright as the skies of our spring;

* The "Improvisatrice, and other Poems," by L. E. L. London, 1824.

And songs whose wild and passionate line,
Suited a soul of romance like mine;
Thy power was but a woman's power,
Yet in that great and glorious dower
Which Genius gives, I had my part;
I poured my full and burning heart
In song, and on the canvas made
My dreams of beauty visible;
I know not which I loved the most,
Pencil and lute, both loved so well."

Love is the loadstone of her life, and Lorenzo its object. The attachment is fruitless. Lorenzo is betrothed to another, who subsequently dies, when he offers the Improvisatrice his heart, at a crisis when hers is devoted to another sphere. Her death is premature; and as may be supposed, the poem breathes throughout a strain of melancholy at once touching and subduing. In any thing regarding the object of her affections, the Improvisatrice seems glowing with a deep and passionate feeling; and when he is not the subject, she only gives vent to the impulses of her fancy. The heroine delights in painting as well as poety; Sappho is one of the subjects we are told she delineates. The song with which she bids farewell to her lute, is at once simple and pathetic, in the highest sense of the words. We believe no combination of words, in themselves so common, and used as it were for every-day purposes, could produce a finer effect than the following:—

SAPPHO'S SONG.

"Farewell my lute, and would that I
Had never waked thy burning chords;
Poison has been upon thy sigh,
And fever has breathed in thy words.
Yet wherefore, wherefore should I blame
Thy power, thy spell, my gentlest lute?
I should have been the wretch I am,
Had every chord of mine been mute.
It was my evil star above
Not my sweet lute that wrought me wrong;
It was not song that taught me love,
But it was love that taught me song.
If song be past, and hope undone,
And pulse and heart, and breast are flame;
It is thy work, thou faithless one,
But no, I will not name thy name.
Sun-god, lute, wreath, are vowed to thee,
Long be their light upon my grave;
My glorious grave, you deep blue sea,
I shall sleep calm beneath its wave."

This is the poetry of pure passion or, poetry in the highest sense of the word! It shows also the peculiar charm of L. E. L.'s verse. To expressions that are within the comprehension of the lowest mind, she unites ideas and feelings that spring from the very highest. In her hands words that would, were they used by an every-day pen, appear inelegant and common-place, seem imbued with a peculiar beauty, that appears to have discovered the alchymist's long-sought treasure, of turning every thing she touches into gold. When in the full enjoyment of the object of her affections, hark how delightfully she sings!

"Spirit of love, soon thy rose-plumes wear,
The weight and the sully of canker'd care;
Falsehood is round thee, hope guides thee on,
Till every hue from thy pinion is gone.
But one bright moment is all thine own,
The one ere thy visible presence is known;
When, like the wind of the south, thy power,
Sunning the heavens, sweetening the flower,
Is felt but not seen. Thou art sweet and calm
As the sleep of a child, as the dewfall of balm;
Fear has not darken'd thee, hope has not made
The blossoms expand, it but opens to fade;
Nothing is known of these wearing fears,
Which will shadow the light of thy after years.
Then art thou bliss; but once thrown by
The veil which shrouds thy divinity
Stand confessed, and thy quiet is fled,
Wild flashes of rapture may come instead;
But pain will be with them, what may restore,
The gentle happiness known before."

The following song has much of the luxuriant description of Moore, with all its tenderness of sentiment, and poignancy of feeling:

THE INDOO GIRL'S SONG.

"Playful and wild as the fire-flies light,
This moment hidden, the next moment bright;
Like the foam on the dark-green e
Is the spell that is laid on my lo v by me.
Were your sigh as sweet as the sumbul's sigh,
When the wind of the evening is nigh;
Were your smile like that glorious light,
Seen when the stars gem the deep midnight;

Were that sigh and that smile for ever the same,
They were shadows, not fuel, to love's dull'd flame.
Love once form'd an amulet,
With pearls, and a rainbow, and rose-leaves set;
The pearls were pure as pearls could be,
And white as maiden purity;
The rose had the beauty and breath of soul,
And the rainbow-changes crown'd the whole.
Frown on your lover a little while,
Dearer will be the light of your smile;
Let your blush, laugh, and sigh, mingle together,
Like the bloom, sun and clouds of the sweet spring weather.
Love never must sleep in security,
Or most calm and cold will his waking be."

Besides "The Improvisatrice," there are numerous other poems, some of which have appeared in that very respectable journal, the Literary Gazette; which, if we are rightly informed, was the vehicle of our author's first productions. "Rosalie" is among them. It is a tale of hapless love and seduction. The opening presents as captivating a picture as ever the pen or the pencil produced.

"'Tis a wild tale, and sad too as the sigh,
That young lips breathe when love's first dreamings fly,
When blights and cankerworms, and chilling showers,
Come withering o'er the young hearts passion-flowers,
Love, gentlest spirit, I do sing of thee;
Of all thy thousand hopes, thy many fears
Thy morning blushes, and thy evening tears:
What thou hast ever been, and still will be,
Life's best but most betraying witchery.
It is a night of summer, and the sea
Sleeps, like a child, in mute tranquillity;
Soft o'er the deep-blue waves the moonlight breaks,
Gleaming from out the white clouds of its zone;
Like beauty's changeful smile, when that it seeks,
Some face it loves yet fears to dwell upon.
The waves are motionless, save where the oar,
Light as Love's anger, and as quickly gone,
Has broken in upon their azure sleep,
Odours are on the air—the gale has been
Wandering in groves where the rich roses weep;
Where orange, citron, and the soft lime flowers,
Shed forth their fragrance to night's dewy hours.
Afar the distant city meets the gaze,
Where tower and turret in the pale light shine,
Seen like the monuments of other days,
Monuments Time half shadows, half displays:
And there are many, who with witching song,
And wild guitar's soul-thrilling melody,
Or the lute's melting music float along,
O'er the blue water, still and silently,
That night had Naples sent her best array,
Of young and gallant, beautiful and gay."

In making this addition to our extracts, we feel confident that we have given proofs, that if purity of diction, depth of feeling, and sublimity of conception, form the poet, L. E. L. may take her seat among the highest of the day. If the garland that adorned the brows of Sappho might be worn by a successor, that individual is our anonymous author.

A writer in an existing contemporary, who has acquired some degree of notoriety by the singularity of a work he published a few years since, which was greatly the means of introducing a dangerous and noxious habit in this country, has thrown down the gauntlet against the female sex, and affirms that there is no instance, since the days of Sappho, of any female possessing in a high degree the powers of imagination. To attempt to confute the arguments of a man who is unable to estimate the worth of such beings as De Stael, Radcliffe, Inchbald, Tighe, Genlis, &c., would be as useless as it would be absurd. But if none of these names could be brought forward, we would bring forward this volume of poetry as the completest evidence of the fallacy of his assertion. As it may be expected that such a subject should not pass without some observation, we do not hesitate to avow our belief that the distinctions in point of *natural* abilities between the two sexes are very small; and we give it as the judgment not drawn from existing circumstances but from deep insight into, and observation of the female character, that were the minds of women as carefully cultivated as those of the opposite sex, there would be none at all. We would not gift her with that power of reasoning, that grasp and depth

thought, that characterise the man, but where fancy and imagination, and the disposal of the gifts of genius are concerned, women would, were their minds liberated from those shackles their education enforces, be equal, and oftentimes superior to men. What a coalition this would form! Learning, knowledge, and wisdom, displayed under the fascinating creations of the female mind. Were the generality of females like Madame de Stael and L. E. L., how much better, how much happier would both sexes be! We should then have constantly before our eyes object of emulation in the loveliest and brightest form.

The Inheritance, 3 vols. 8vo. Blackwood, Edinburgh; and Cadell, London.

WERE we to pin our faith upon other peoples' opinions, we should at once, after reading Blackwood's review of it, have been satisfied that this was a book with which no soul living could possibly find fault, against which no "dog" need "bark;" for a more ardent measure of praise we have hardly ever, with all our experience, seen showered upon any one publication, than the northern critic has thought proper to pour upon the book, at present, brought up for judgment at our critical tribunal. We are, however, of the number of those who adhere to the old adage that "seeing is believing;" and we have according very carefully perused the "Inheritance," and without at all imitating the *suspicious* extravagancies, and the palpable favouritism of the reviewer in question, we hesitate not in classing this publication as decidedly composing one of the lucky literary hits of the season, and one, too, that places its author—ability should be of no gender—very considerably above the mere mob of gentlefolks, whose creations of fancied genius or intellect are any thing like angel-visits, few and far between. Servility of praise, however, it is not our province, nor our inclination to applaud; and, therefore, we hesitate not a moment in affirming, that clever as the work is in its design, and much of its execution, it is very far from the attainment of perfection, and discovers faults, at once so prominent, and extraordinary, that ere our review reaches her or him, the author will have regretted the heedlessness that committed them. We will presently vindicate our assertions. At present, and in accordance with custom, which it is at all times dangerous to condemn, we give a brief analysis of the tale, promising that its many clever and minuter details would be done little justice to were we to attempt their disseveration from the clever whole, of which they form, like stars in a cloudless night scene, such brilliant embellishments.

The Rossvilles are a Scottish family sufficiently alive to the aristocratic pomp of nobility. This has received a stab in the plebeian marriage of one of the family's scions, and Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair—the promoted *Miss* Black—were banished into France on an annuity. There they reside till time, which works great changes, has brought the banished near to the inheritance of the Rossville honours; and at the commencement of the volumes we hear of Mr. St. Clair's death, and that the widow and her child, the simple but good natured Gertrude, are on their passage to the castle of her husband's relations—invited and wished for guests. Lord Rossville, the antiquated and scheming head of the family, is induced to this alteration of behaviour towards his hitherto slighted relatives by the desire of forwarding an union between his elder nephew, an M. P.—and a very grave politician, and the newly arrived heiress. This consummation so politically to be wished is, however, frustrated in the beginning, by the appearance at the chateau of the lady's more fashionable cousin Colonel Delmour. This character is your perfectly fine bred gentleman, whose hauteur at once repels the idea that any thing of low estate should come between the wind and his nobility; but who yet, and to use the common but expressive phraseology, is sufficiently awake to his own pecuniary interests, and with a wise worldly regard to the main chance, as to fall in love, and at first sight too, with that pattern of pretty simplicity his cousin, little from a love to herself, more for her beauty and accomplishments, but immeasurably most of all for her "goods and chattels," her "oaks and her acres," and "her inheritance."

In fine he is a dandy coxcomb, whose self love blinds him to every thing beyond the gratification of it, a pleasing and clever superficialist, who has the art to gloss over contemptible principles, by an easiness of carriage and an affrontery of spirit, one in short, who, to the giddy and inexperienced, would make the worse appear the better reason; but who, with the wise and acute would, spite of his maskings and masqueradings, be immediately detected and despised? and he is, and he experiences it. He wins the heart of Gertrude St. Clair, and he meets exposition, and honorable, but silently endured, rivalry from another cousin of the family, Mr. Lyndsay, an excellent and amiable young man, who at once inspires respect and love, and whose conduct compels us to pity Gertrude's the less, inasmuch as her delusion and obstinacy prevent her too long from duly appreciating and rewarding it. But why need we further elucidate the story? These are the heroine and the heroes of it; and as to tracing this history of cousins, these details of cozening, to the death of the old earl, the consequent accession of Gertrude to the inheritance, her fall from thence through the instrumentality of a mysterious vulgar visitor, who declares her not the descendant of the family; the consequent flight from and desertion of her by the colonel; the protection afforded her by an eccentric and rich uncle; and, finally, her marriage to Lyndsay;—to detail and trace out these events, would be, in our view of it, unnecessary, and little conducive to the gratification of our readers, numbers of whom would, sans doute, the rather gather them in full crop from the work itself, than be satisfied with our gleanings. We can assure them though there be frequent storm marks, their harvest will be profitable. We now proceed to a few extracts and a short notation of the more amusing characters, or, perhaps, the more consistent arrangement will be to speak to character first. In this we think the novelist, in many respects, eminently successful. Miss Pratt, and *uncle Adam* are, perhaps, those which constitute the greatest triumphs. The former, a relation of whom it is exceedingly difficult to be rid, the hanging on propensities being strong upon her, is a bustling, very kind, and very fidgetty, and *newsy* old maid, minding every body's business, and yet not disregarding her own, as far as making herfelf comfortable, and billeting herself upon her friends where comforts are to be had. She has an eye to every thing; the great and little events, the high and low doings, are equally *ransacked* by her prying ken; and the blunt straight-forward honesty of uncle Adam, the hauteur and reserve of Lord Rossville, even the nonchalance and absolute rudenes of the colonel are pointed at her in vain. She forms her own citadel out of her own will, and storm and battery are levelled at it without effect. She is invulnerable, she stands undaunted and alone; none but herself can be her parallel. This will save us more detail:—

"Miss Pratt then appeared to her to be a person from whom nothing could be hid. Her eyes were not, by any means, fine eyes—they were not reflecting eyes—they were not soft eyes—they were not sparkling eyes—they were not melting eyes—they were not penetrating eyes;—neither were they restless eyes, nor rolling eyes, nor squinting eyes, nor prominent eyes, but they were active, brisk, busy, vigilant, immoveable eyes, that looked as if they could not be surprised by any thing—not even by sleep. They never looked angry, or joyous, or perturbed, or melancholy, or heavy; but morning, noon, and night, they shone the same, and conveyed the same impression to the beholder, viz. that they were eyes that had a look—not like the look of Sterne's monk, beyond this world—but a look into all things on the face of this world. Her other features had nothing remarkable in them; but the ears might evidently be classed under the same head with the eyes—they were something resembling rabits—long, prominent, restless, vibrating ears, forever listening, and never shut by the powers of thought. Her voice had the tone and inflections of one accustomed to make frequent interrogatories. She had rather a neat compact figure, and the *tout ensemble* of her person and dress was that of smartness. Such not quite so strongly defined, was the sort of impression Miss Pratt generally made upon the beholder."

Uncle Adam, or in other words, Mr. Adam Ramsay, is an old East Indian, and the uncle of Mrs. St. Clair. He has amassed a princely fortune, is a man of firm resolve and acute understanding, is the possessor of lor

halls and bounteous fields, and yet merely exists in a comparatively wretched dwelling, and without having about him any of those really necessary comforts to which it was even his duty to aspire.

The motive which induced this extraordinary old man to adopt the habits of life we have just been describing, seems to have arisen from unfortunate and blighted affections in his early years, the woman to whom his heart was a slave having gone from him, and "left her love behind her." The likeness of Gertrude to this female, and the subsequent proof that she is allied to her, fixes at once Uncle Adam's attention, and even affection, and he disappoints all the branches of his expectant and plotting family, in her favour. He makes her his heir, and gives her for her house and home his magnificent possessions. We now give an admirable scene, in which he appears as a principal actor, and his character will, in its progress, be pretty clearly discoverable. We must premise, that the stranger who is the cause of discovering Gertrude's real situation and birth, has appeared to Mrs. St. Clair, and threatened to divulge her history, unless five hundred pounds be instantly raised; which if done, would enable him to leave the kingdom, and free her from his insolence and extortions. Instigated by the entreaties and the agonies of her supposed mother, Gertrude has written to Mr. Ramsay for the money: she had previously given the stranger all her jewels, and he in person brings the reply to her request. Gertrude subsequently repays this obligation. But we must have done with detail, and descend very shortly to particulars.

There can be little doubt but that the author or authoress of "The Inheritance" is apt, "and of much promise," in sketching and hitting off particular scenes and characters, and has dramatic tact enough to place the latter in situations both natural and interesting. The black family, though as a party, mighty disagreeable folks, are done to the life; and we can almost fancy, that among our own acquaintance we can "mark down" more than one Mr. Major Waddell, and a brace or two of Miss Becky Duguids. On the other hand, and this is the head and front of the offence, we do think that the writer has suffered his or her ardour to excel, and anxiety to accomplish great things, to run away occasionally with propriety and discretion; in laboouring to be very pointed, and excessively minute and particular, he or she has become obscure. We will notice an example or two. And at the very threshold, what is meant by the assertion, that "family pride is the noblest attribute of man?" Surely this is an expression neither very correct nor very instructive. We have been long ago taught, that "an honest man is the noblest work of God," but we really cannot discover that family pride is particularly necessary to the composition of such a character. We hope we have not mistaken the author, but really it appears to us that such a doctrine is inculcated. We are quite certain, at all events, that if this is not intended, what is, is obscurely developed.

Then, is it not somewhat inconsistent, that the prying eyes of the ever-alert Miss Pratt should fail to discover the absence of all decoration on the person of Gertrude, after she had parted with her ornaments and jewels, to bribe the unknown, particularly as before this, the lady is described to be most laboriously assiduous in the arrangement and quantity of her finery. We know the old maids of our acquaintance would not have been so dull in detecting the flight of a favourite coronet, or a sighed-for string of pearls; nor would they have slept till they found "the rights of it." We mention this discrepancy with the less hesitation, because the northern critic aforesaid is particularly garrulous on the author of "The Inheritance" displaying wonderful skill and judgment in his or her minutest points. In short, there is not, according to the reviewer, a circumstance, however at first it might appear trivial, but which shall by and by vindicate the beautiful propriety of the whole. We think we have given the *coup de grace* to this excessive measure of praise—this piece of downright false flattery. An inconsistency to the full as great as these we have exposed, is, we conceive, perfectly demonstrable in the invention to which the author is compelled to resort, in accounting for Uncle Adam's long sojourn at the mansion, and in the

very atmosphere of frivolity, feastings, and fashion. We can easily believe, that the perusal of Guy Mannering for the first time would rivet any one's attention, and probably induce them to submit to some unpleasantries, rather than forego the catastrophe of the tale; but that it should have the effect of reconciling such a character as Mr. Ramsay to that which was hateful to his habits, and which outraged the principles of years, we cannot believe: it is monstrously unnatural, as is also the very length of time the old miser consumes in perusing his favourite history. To our fancy and imagination, a reader so deeply in love with a book as was this one, would rather have cashiered his very meal hours than have left his enchanter; but here is Mr. Ramsay, plodding and spelling away over the beloved volumes, and instead of devouring, *munshing* his banquet. We have heard of things, that though they were so strange that nobody could believe them, yet did happen. Assuredly, this is one of them. But the fact is, this incident, to use the elegant style of Blackwood *et id genus omne*, is mere *fudge*, complete Balaam, absolute *humbug*. The Author of "Waverley" had puffed "Marriage,"—the puff was copied and printed with the advertisements of that work,—that advertisement stands with the said puff, in the fly-leaves of "The Inheritance;"—and what could the writer of these two works do, but repay the compliment, and endeavour to raise the puffer up the hill again? He of "St. Ronan's Well" and the "Redgauntlet," is but the skeleton of the creator of a Mac Ivor or a Balfour of Burley. Now we do not say that all this is unnatural, but we must think it silly, and a species of trickery to which a person possessing and discovering talents which are far above general rivalry, ought not to stoop to or admit. How say you, Mr. Odoherty?—fag as thou art to the Princes-street periodical. How say you? Wouldst thou have us take thy 56th Maxim for thy reply?

Such is "The Inheritance,"—such are its beauties—such its faults. We have spoken of it as we found it,—nothing extenuated, and nothing have we set down in malice. That it will add a laurel leaf to the author's budding fame-wreath, there is no question; but that it is a leaf which is of verdure one entire, and upon which no winter marks appear, we will not assert; still less will we allow that the coronet of glory is yet ripe, or that its fragrance—not of a day, but for all time, shall extend its sweetness to posterity. The author will and can do far more perfect things; let him or her recollect the maxim, *nomen prematur in annos*, and try. We shall be happy again to meet, and to vindicate, as we have little doubt we could, the propriety of our prophecy.

S.

E. M. August, 1824.

The Hermit in Edinburgh.
3 Vols. Sherwood and Co. London.

THIS work, which rivals in celebrity all the preceding hermits, is generally supposed to be from the same hand as "the Hermit in London," &c. &c. &c. It has, however, a very different character; its satire is far more keen, and it has a great quantity of broad humour, with less of the sentimental, and of a constant reverting to a moral which is a striking feature of the other works. In Vol. I. p. 54, of the Student, we have a ludicrous account of the medical profession. "How does our rattle-brained Creole come on?" inquired one of the party. "Ah! he has nothing but *gratis* practice since he set up; he has been rather unfortunate in his experiments upon living subjects: he has killed an old woman by the cold effusion, and bled a black into his coffin, with two or three other trifling mistakes in his practice; but he may correct these in time: and as he has settled in a fine *unhealthy* neighbourhood, it is to be hoped that he will succeed in the *end* (did he mean of his patients?) Something was added about a Doctor O'Rareshow being in a fine line, and making practice for himself," &c. &c. After which follows a description of Doctor's Pacet and Nihil, in a most satirical, laughter-moving strain. "The Broken Pipe and Withered Rose," in Vol. II. p. 107, is a picture in good keeping; it reminds us of Sterne, and is quite of a piece with "The Hermit in London." We will not deprive our readers of the pleasure

of perusing it, as we consider it one of the greatest beauties of the work; but if this sketch be of a piece with "the Hermit in London," "an Honest Bit of Bread," which goes immediately before it, is original and quite of a different cast to any other of that author's productions, being broad comedy and truly national. In Vol. III. "An Article on Servants," p. 43, and "Great People's Servants," (in continuation) p. 51. calls to our remembrance the writings of Dean Swift, and mingles the useful and amusing together; whilst "the King's visit to Edinburgh" is a rich *morceau* of loyalty, humour, and talent, which must recommend the author to popularity, and which evinces an honest attachment to his Sovereign. It begins thus, after the invocation and blessing contained in an additional stanza to "God save the King," composed by Sheridan: "Wherever George the Fourth may journey, by sea or land; whether to the warm bosom of green Erin, to the stern climate where grows the purple heather, where the blue bell and gowan lurk lonely unseen, to the gay soil of France, or to his heavy Hanoverian dominions, this prayer, on my part, will follow him. I am a Scot, and I hope and believe that the same sentiments filled every bosom on our monarch's arrival in the *guid toune;* but Sandy has a little wintry frost about his heart which takes time to warm, and he has a stiffness of limb and muscle which produces an awkward unpliability of neck and knee; not that he is chary in bendings and genuflexions for his interest, but that he is not over nimble or graceful in performing them; and he was dazzled and taken by surprise on this eventful occasion." Having said thus much in favour of "the Hermit in Edinburgh," we cannot help remarking the too rapid negligent style in which it is run off; and we doubt that its author ever corrected the press, and think that he rather left it to chance. If the author be also the author of the "Hermit in London," (a matter of doubt, as this last work must be written by a Scot) he seems to have written "this Hermit in Edinburgh" for money, and his other works for fame, calculating that *real* characters and *real* scenes would interest more and sell more extensively than all the graces of fiction, or the embodying of fancy, and in this calculation we believe he has succeeded to his utmost satisfaction.

THE FINE ARTS.

PROPOSAL FOR THE ERECTION OF A NATIONAL GALLERY IN DUBLIN, FOR THE RECEPTION AND EXHIBITION OF PICTURES AND OTHER WORKS OF ART.

A PAMPHLET of thirty-four octavo pages, signed with the letter C and four asterisks, has made its appearance in London and in Dublin, professing to shew "The wisdom, honour, and permanent public advantage of erecting a National Gallery for the encouragement of the Fine Arts, under the protection of the Royal Irish Institution, as the most noble and imperishable testimony of Irish gratitude for that signal token of our beloved sovereign George the Fourth's paternal goodness, namely, his most gracious visit to Ireland." The pamphlet is accompanied with an assurance from the Marquis Conyngham, of his Majesty's most gracious acquiescence in the plan proposed, and a recommendation from the Right Hon. Henry Goulburn, "that the proposition should be submitted to the committee of subscribers to the erection of the National Testimonial;" and as this is dated more than a year ago, we hope that the work is by this time fairly in progress.

We say we hope so, because we agree with the author, that such a national testimonial is much to be pre-

ferred to a small commercial bridge over the Liffey. When the Fine Arts are fairly planted in a country, that country will advance in civility; and its manufactures, which always follow (at a certain distance not yet accurately calculated by political economists) in the rear of the arts, will improve; being dependent on these for its patterns and all its better impulses, as on mechanical science for its physical means of accomplishment. And when the Irish manufactories have thus availed themselves and thus improved, Irish commerce will be well able to build herself another bridge, if she wants one: as she has already, by aid of the ingenious Gandon, built herself an elegant custom-house. But in fact, as has been well observed in the Times newspaper, he who would do any thing to improve the political condition of Ireland, should begin at the root, that is to say, with ameliorating the condition of the mass of the peasantry, which probably would be most effectually accomplished, by introducing among them better agricultural implements than they have hitherto been accustomed to. For what says the sage Imlac? "*Those who have kingdoms to govern have understandings to cultivate.*" A critical friend of ours, a sort of Ben Silton, to whom this aphorism was read, remarked that it would bear two interpretations: and that, according to his apprehension, it meant that kings had to cultivate *their own* understandings. It does not appear from the context that Dr. Johnson intended his words should be thus construed; but it is, notwithstanding, no bad gloss on his text: and whichever way the reader may trow, he cannot but believe that his gracious Majesty George the Fourth would do great service to his Irish subjects by planting, should he be able (but since kings are not omnipotent, they ought not to be taxed beyond their means) *an Institution of Art in Dublin;* whether the present loyal subscription amounts to a sum sufficient for the purpose or not. We had in truth much rather see this worthy object accomplished, *for its own sake*, than *because* his Majesty chanced, in the performance of his duty, or the pursuit of his pleasure, at a certain time to visit Dublin.

In C.'s pamphlet a great deal too much of flattering and courtly stress is laid on a circumstance, which, after all, appears to have been rather fortuitous and contingent (proceeding, as is generally believed, from a certain Irish nobleman's happening at the time to stand high in the king's councils and favour,) than the result of deeply and wisely planned motives. As Mrs. Deputy ——, of Portsoken Ward, first went to see Margate, and to be at Margate seen, so, if reports say true, went his Majesty to Dublin. He did not go to impart liberty, or with the intention which was fondly supposed to be so long cherished in the royal breast, of conferring equality of political rights; or with the ostensible purpose of ameliorating the condition, or increasing the prosperity (if the reader should chance to be of a certain party) of his misgoverned and generous Irish subjects. The pamphlet says indeed (p. 8) that "he came to heal religious animosities, and to reconcile those children of the same stock, who were unhappily too long divided; to revive the drooping genius of Ireland; to infuse hope into all ranks; and to found his throne upon that most gracious and unassailable basis, the hearts of a brave and loyal people:" but do truth and sober sense say thus? Do they not rather interrogate? If so—and if his Majesty came duly prepared to impart these blessings, would he have returned so entirely without his errand?

In short, cause and effect might here, with great advantage to principle, change places It would have been, (and would still be) far more honourable for the king to visit Ireland with the view of planting, and thoroughly prepared to have planted, the Fine Arts, than for the Fine Arts to be subsequently sown there, with the view of commemorating the hitherto fruitless, although "royal and most gracious" visit to Ireland.

But although forethought be better than afterthought, a good afterthought is far better than no thought at all; wherefore we heartily join our *European* voice in recommending to the loyal subscribers towards this national testimonial, "a classical edifice sufficient for the purposes of study and annual exhibitions, with suitable offices." We see no objection to what is further proposed, namely, "an

Equestrian Statue of the King as its *royal patron*"—provided his Majesty does really take some sincere and firm steps towards entitling himself to that elevated character; and we agree with the author of the patriotic scheme in most of the following sentiments, which we extract from his twenty-first page:—"It would at once prove an interesting and important embellishment to the metropolis, and be erected at an expence not much beyond the sum already raised by subscription. The splendour of such a building would not consist in its magnificence, or in the largeness of the sum expended on its erection. As the endowments and virtues of an individual constitute his superior estimation in society, so the purposes of a building, not its cost alone create its chief claim to distinction. The commemorative pre-eminence of the NATIONAL GALLERY would be derived from the splendour and singleness of its great national object, from its important and constant effect in developing the genius of Ireland; in refining the customs and sentiments of the people, and raising the national character both at home and abroad."

Oh! that we had no misgivings to add here; but we strongly opine that before these wise purposes can be effected, and before any political and social good can be rendered efficient in Ireland, the jobbing system, which in that misgoverned country stultifies every proposed advantage, must be broken up; and that until this be done, all is vain babbling and Irish castle-building. To what purpose should we surmount a sceptre of iron with a silver dove? Let Wellesley set his shoulders to the wheels, and call upon Hercules; and let Hercules descend and cleanse this worse than Augean stable, and art may be abundantly manured with the out-sweepings; but else it will all end in idle talk. In those frothy sophisms which would arrogate exclusive loyalty: In an affair of corrupt intriguing as to what favourite shall get the equestrial statue to chisel, and the National Gallery to erect; and no works of intrinsic worth will ever enter there. It will be the mere speckled egg-shell of the blessings of art, of which the vitality will be blown away with worse than boyish wantonness.

Since it is apprehended that the funds will fall short of the proposed purpose, we will add a word or two in the way of practical economy. As to the statue, what signifies whether it be equestrian or not? A king is not the more a patron of the arts from being represented on horseback. On the contrary, he *thus* patronizes no other arts than those of war and the *Manege;* and when he patronizes, or honours with his especial notice those which, *par excellence*, are termed the *Fine Arts*, he is always on foot, or seated on his throne. And as to its being "chiselled by an *Irish* artist," it will be well if such a one exists, capable of doing more justice to the work than a foreigner; but should any thing of intrinsic worth be sacrificed to this nationality?

If a foreigner—Thorwaldsen, Chantery, Westmacott, Flaxman or Bailey, for example, can call forth the emulation of Irish artists, where an Irishman would only excite the contempt of foreigners, let the foreigner have the commission, or let the statue be waited for till native art can achieve it in a transcendent, or at least in an adequate and reputable style. If C. stickles for "an *Irish* sculptor and an *Irish* architect," he will probably but bring himself under suspicion of wishing to uphold the jobbing system; in other words, of having certain individual artists in his eye, whom he wishes to serve, if not certain individual subscribers to please, with whom he wishes to curry favour, while he talks of national and public objects and purposes. We think however that he *means* well for Ireland, judging from the tenour of his pamphlet.

But does not C. know that there already exists a *nominal* Irish Academy of Arts, with a nominal painter for its president? A man who has done nothing that we ever heard of, in the arts, but who, when called upon in Dublin by any artist or connoisseur from England, or elsewhere, is always just going to begin some capital work. His colours are ever grinding, and his canvas always priming—a jocose and well mannered man however. We only mention here as an instance of that prevailing *seeming* which must be kept up, where all is jobbing semblance, and loyalty mere cant.

Commemoration of his Majesty's Visit to Edinburgh, by Wilkie.

LET us not pass the present opportunity of offering to HIS MAJESTY and his advisers, such homage as our hearty editorial approbation may be thought to amount to, for the commission recently given to the Academician WILKIE, to paint a picture in commemoration of the king's loyal and patriotic reception at Holyrood Palace. We have great pleasure in announcing this agreeable information, and we conceive that it follows our notice of the Irish National Monument, to commemorate a similar event, with a propriety which none will question.

This transaction does honour to all parties. It is in good taste, and in excellent harmony. The more so as Wilkie is a native of Scotland. The king recollects with pleasure the demonstrations of loyal respect that were shewn to him on the occasion of his gracious visit to Edinburgh, and he orders the first Scottish artist to depict the event. This is all as it should be, and it gives us to understand that could he have found an Irish Wilkie, his reception in Dublin would have formed a companion picture. The present will be strictly and properly an *historical* picture, and a very fine subject. The display of colour, and the mixture of English and Scottish costume will be magnificent. Holyrood Palace is ancient and picturesque, and the interest of the picture with posterity—and indeed with ourselves,—will be much increased by the number of portraits it will contain, and the high rank and station of many of the personages to be pourtrayed.

Holy Scriptures, embellished with Engravings.

MR. CADELL has lately produced the long-expected final Number, or Part, of his new Edition of Macklin's embellished Bible, which new edition is much more compact and complete than that formerly published by Macklin himself.

It is more compact, inasmuch as the book and the types wherewith it is printed, are not quite of such Herculean dimensions as those published by Macklin; and it is far more complete, because each of the canonical books is preceded by a short historical preface, containing matters very proper to be known by studious readers of the Scriptures, and also a General Preface to the whole, both from the pen of the Rev. DR. NARES; Short Explanations by MR. LANDSEER, of the several head and tail-piece Vignettes, designed for the work by M. DE LOUTHERBOURG, some of which being of a recondite and mystical nature, were in the earlier edition far from being intelligible to the generality of Bible readers, are also appended. The few of these vignettes that in Macklin's Bible were designed by other artists, and in a different style from those of De Loutherbourg, and which looked like anomalies, are here thrown out, and others substituted, more in unison with the whole.

But our present duty is to notice this work as a production of the arts of England; and here must, as far as regards the historical plates, be confessed a sad want of unity and consistency of parts, which, although an evident and cardinal requisite in the conducting of such an historical series as that of the Holy Scriptures, does not appear even to have been thought of by Mr. Macklin, the original projector; the necessary consequence of which is, that as the book is turned over, the several personages, as they recur, look so unlike themselves, that the spectator's imagination, instead of being assisted in forming adequate conceptions of the patriarchs and the prophets, is kept in a state of perpetual distraction—as much so as if it had been an object with the conductor and publisher to display the glorious uncertainties of the painter's art; to baffle all identity of characters and persons, and to cause the scoffer to exclaim, "Lo! here is Christ, and Lo! there is Christ." Who shall discriminate between Jesus Christ and Judas Iscariot? What would be thought of a theatrical manager who, in getting up the tragedy of Richard or Macbeth, should order a different performer to personate the hero in every scene? What would be thought of an audience that would endure such insult to their eyes and understanding? Yet the subscribers to the Bible and the Shakspeare stood idly by, and allowed Macklin and Boydell to practise these grossnesses with impunity; and the legislature granted them lotteries, because forsooth, their pro-

fits fell short of their own wishes and calculations!

But even when severally considered, many of these plates are disgraceful, both in design and execution, to all parties concerned. We now open upon the pictured *visit of Nicodemus*, where the Saviour looks ridiculously constrained and imbecile; and upon "*Peter denying Christ*," and "*Peter's Repentance*," both of them as historical compositions, beneath criticism, and very badly engraved. There is no apostle but must deny such a Christ, as TRESHAM has here presented to us; and there is no prophet who would care a fig about a disciple so insignificant as this Peter of PELLIGRINI. They are only fit to be indicted by the Bridge-street Association. Nor are the Opera-looking Patriarchs of HAMILTON much better. There is a simpering Rachel completely Bartolozzified, which, with its ill manufactured cut-out stage, scenery of a back ground, fails not to remind us of the first stepping forward of an affected young Signora in a Haymarket ballet.

In the present edition these plates are of course re-introduced, and the majority of them, alas! are in a state so lamentably worn, that although they bear the names of some of the most respectable artists, they are scarcely worthy even of those that are least so. For the credit of Bartolozzi and the rest, at least one-third of the historical engravings should have been omitted, and of the remainder how many thousand of what had previously been printed, should have been inserted at the corners; but the truth is, they were unfit to be reprinted at all. Cadell should never have bought them, and Macklin's executors should have sheathed with them one of their Liverpool merchant vessels. So holy a covering might have saved both the ship and the new edition from foundering. Pleasantry apart, it behoves us to add that, notwithstanding many of these historical pieces are unworthy both of the high pretensions and the lofty promises that were set forth in print, yet some of them, when taken individually and detached from the rest of the publication, are of a redeeming character,—which word we do not here employ in the way of equivoque, or as attaching to it any religious sense reflected from the New Testament.

Of these the best are engraved by SHARP (lately deceased) and by the elder HEATH. We shall proceed to enumerate some, without regarding their chronological order, but taking them as they come. And here it will be found,—and is worthy of remark from the booksellers,—that in proportion as the plates have been well engraved at the first, they have withstood the wear and tear of the printer's hand.

Boaz smitten with the Charms of Ruth, we think may be placed at the head of these, both with regard to design and execution, though really, as engravings,—since it might seem invidious to confer any positive preference between this, which is engraved by Heath, and the best of Sharp's, we must beg to leave the reader to his own conclusions. The style of the engraving is here bold and elegantly simple, and therefore suited to the subject and to the dimensions of the figures; a just discrimination of the characters and textures of the objects represented is united with great vigour and great delicacy also, of manual execution. The figure and expression of Boaz, though somewhat too young, is modest, manly, benevolent, and sufficiently interested for this early scene of the drama of Ruth. The heroine stoops to glean and to conquer. She is a charming, Raphaelesque sort of delicate young widow, and having made her obeisance to her kinsman, the "mighty man of wealth," is pleading with the simple pathos which distinguishes these early writings—"Why have I found grace in thine eyes that thou shouldest take knowledge of me, seeing I am a stranger?"

The two females beyond Ruth, she who is binding the sheaf, and she who is standing further among the corn, and whose attention is very naturally engaged by what is passing on the fore-ground, (but more especially the former) have a grace much resembling that of Raphael on his happiest occasions. And the old bald man, who is engraved with great vigour and richness, is evidently that servant of Boaz who "was set over the reapers," and by whom he had just been informed "whose damsel" was before him.

How entirely Mr. STOTHARD has been possessed by the propriation and

demands of his subject, is also seen in the effect of the vertical sun on the landscape and figures. This carries us at once to a tropical climate at the season of harvest; and the whole scene, including the mountainous background and distant buildings and palm-trees, has an air completely oriental.

The work contains other subjects from the masterly pencil of STOTHARD, among which is a fine composition of *Jacob's Dream, with the ascending and descending Angels*, and another worthy of Raphael himself, of the *Angels appearing to the Shepherds*, but they are less ably engraved than the above.

It will be but justice to HAMILTON —we owe it indeed to his manes, after what we have said of the theatrical, or rather operatical, character, which prevails in his works, and of which the present Bible affords but too many examples—to speak also of the best of these his biblical performances. By the way, how deplorable it is to observe that the commissions given to historical painters, by this sailor-boy of a patron and publisher, to whom the public gave such unbounded and groundless confidence, should be in an inverse ratio to their real merits. But to speak of the academician Hamilton,—the best of his Bible subjects is clearly *Manoah's Sacrifice*, when the angel announced the conception of Samson. The figures of Manoah and his wife are composed with considerable academical skill, and with something of the simplicity of the antique. The attitude and expression of the latter is peculiarly reverential, and therefore well suited to the miraculous occasion. And in the spiritual, buoyant, self-support of the angel is a degree of grandeur mingled with celestial grace, which must appear extremely appropriate when we come to compare the pictured comment with the scriptural text. His pointing upward, too,—which he does with an air so angelic,—is in perfect unison with the words which he addresses to Manoah. "If thou offer a burnt offering thou must offer it *to the Lord*." This sentiment of profound veneration probably could not otherwise be so well expressed.

Let the critical reader consider here whether the impressive effect on the mind, of spiritual buoyancy, which we have noticed above, be not owing, in great part, to the feet of the angel being wisely hidden behind the smoke and flame from the sacrifice, and to the outspread wings? We think it is; an ascending angel can have no occasion for feet: but perhaps this is rather too much of a peep behind the scenes, for those who are not artists, and too metaphysical for some of those who are: those alone among our readers who are curious to ascertain through what avenues and by means of what prior associations the mind is affected by painting, will thank us for this part of our critique. We shall close our remarks with requesting the reader's attention to the text of Judges, xiii. 19, 20, which the painter has so ably illustrated.

"So Manoah took a kid with a meat offering, and offered it upon a rock unto the Lord; and the angel of the Lord *did wondrously*, and Manoah and his wife looked on.

"For it came to pass, when the flame went up toward heaven from off the altar, that the angel of the Lord ascended in the flame of the altar, and Manoah and his wife looked on it, and fell on their faces to the ground."

The present is so superior to other of the works of this artist that it seems the production of another mind; and we turn to it, from such works as his "*Touching the Hem of Christ's Garment*," and his "*Angel appearing to Cornelius*," with surprise bordering on incredulity. Manoah's Sacrifice is also one of the best engravings that Bartolozzi has executed for this Bible, wherein there are too many that bear his name without his merit.

SHARP's print of *The Angel destroying the Assyrian Camp*, after DE LOUTHERBOURG, is also an admirable work. The angel here is of the very same class,—and to the full as grand and as good—as that which has been so much celebrated from the pen of Addison, and perhaps is even better conceived, for though he

"Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm;"

the spectator does not see his face, and is therefore left to imagine whether or not he is

"*Pleas'd* the Almighty's orders to perform."

The dead and the dying Assyrian warriors, who bestrew the ground,

are engraved in an excellent historical style; the plate and chain armour, and the textures of the surfaces of shields, drapery, fur, and flesh, being ably discriminated, and in close resemblance with the original picture.

There is another engraving containing an angel, of a somewhat different character from these. It is entitled *the angel stopping Baalam*, and is from the pencil of NORTHCOTE, who surely will have something to learn when he gets to heaven. We shall venture to criticise it in a couple of a sort of *jeu d'esprit* epigrams, which,—happening to be in a funny mood—occurred to us some years ago, when we first beheld the original picture, and saw at a glance how much the donkey was the best part of it, and now entirely the angel was the worst. The plate is engraved by Fittler in his mediocre, and not in his very best style.

Northcote a miracle has brought to pass,
An ass-like angel, an angelic ass.

Again—

To exalt Homer's heroes 'tis said,
He engaged all the gods in their fracas;
So Northcote to deify *his*,
Has chang'd to an angel, a jack-ass.

The Maries at the Sepulchre of Christ, by SHARP, after the academician SMIRKE, is another of the best engravings contained in this book. The Maries are beautiful; especially she who stands erect, and surprised at beholding the angel in the interior of the sepulchre; but the angel himself appears with darkish circles round his eyes, which gives him somewhat of the ridiculous air of wearing spectacles; a want of keeping which we suspect to be the fault of the engraver.

The Agony of Christ, by the same artist, after COSWAY, has also great merit as an engraving; particularly the head of the Saviour.

We next open upon a good engraving from the *burin* of BROMLEY, of which the subject is *Christ appeasing the storm*, after DE LOUTHERBOURG. The raging sea, the tempestuous sky, the old boat in which the divine party are embarked, the alarmed disciples, and the Saviour calmly rebuking the elements, are all characteristically expressed, and the effect of the whole is powerful without violence. But alas! this plate is more sadly worn, or worse printed than some others; and we confess the having been obliged to refer to a proof in our own folio, in order to discover the above merits. We have remarked above, that Macklin's employment of historical painters has generally been in an inverse ratio to their merits, We were led to this remark chiefly by observing how few of these prints were engraved after Stothard, Reynolds, and West, and that there were none after Romney; but OPIE—having painted a tolerably fair proportion, considering his rank and talent—is an exception.

In his historical compositions, Opie is devoid of ornament, and of every species of redundance. His characters are simple, apostolical, and apparently taken from chosen individual models in common life. He seems thus to have supposed that he avoided sophistication; and that by keeping far from refinement he came nearer to nature. The *Jewish Priest*, with his energetic breadth of nose, who (in the print engraved by HALL) mercilessly *stabbing Jephtha's daughter*, is evidently a portrait, and appears in some other of the works of Opie. His stories in general are ably told, and his effects powerful and imposing. But his figures appear gigantic when compared with those of the other painters of this Bible; and the impressiveness of his chiaro scuro, being in great part owing to his dark backgrounds, and to his canvas being crowded with tall figures, his scriptural events perhaps have too much the air of transactions in coal-holes. Who would suppose that the scene of the sacrifice of Jephtha's daughter was the interior of a temple?

Among the best of Opie's Bible works is "*the Lord of the vineyard*," engraved by HALL, though the plate is now in a sad state. The hard-working and discontented vine-dresser, who "has borne the burden and heat of the day," is characteristically dressed, and the expression of his countenance true to the occasion: nor is that of the Lord of the vineyard a whit less so. Observant, keen, reasoning, and firm to his purpose, he says, as plain as a picture can speak, "Friend, I do thee no wrong. Didst thou not agree with me for a penny?"

But the peculiar and distinguishing feature of this work—that wherein it

differs from, and is an improvement on all ornamented Bibles, and indeed all other books, that preceded it, is, its *learned series of vignette embellishments*. We wish they had been uniformly well engraved; but some of them have been degradingly *manufactured*, and chiefly at the Heath school, so as to place them on a footing little better than that of the most ordinary wood-cuts.

For the designing of these, the public is indebted to the learning and fertile fancy, the poetical conception, the taste for mysticism, and the religious enthusiasm, of the late Royal Academician DE LOUTHERBOURG. They consist partly of matters of fact and of costume, and partly of illustrations of those religious mysteries with which the Hebrew Scriptures are pregnant. For example—

At the beginning of the Pentateuch is placed a composition consisting of the tablets of the decalogue; the rod of Moses; the censer, breast-plate, and other of the sacerdotal ornaments of Aaron; the sword of Joshua; the curtain of the Tabernacle; one of those most ancient of books on umbilical rollers, which are referred to by Moses, but which are no longer extant, with the trumpet which sounded from Sinai, and an indication of the lightnings that flashed from its summit when the Law was delivered unto Moses. On the same principle, the furniture of an Oriental harvest-field constitutes the head-piece to the book of Ruth. On its fore-ground are the broad sheltering straw hat used by gleaners in those warm latitudes; the vase of vinegar, which appears to have been their harvest drink, or field refreshment; the reaping-hook, gleanings of Ruth, and the sandals mentioned in chap. iv. The back-ground is a pile of corn sheaves; a play of faint radiance beyond which, may be supposed poetically to allude to the distant results of this history of Ruth; namely, the birth of her grandson David, or even the coming of Christ. In other vignettes we have the victims, altars, and implements of the ancient rite of sacrifice; the decollated head of Sisera; the sword of Gideon; and the bugle trumpet and pitcher containing a lamp, which that chosen servant of God employed in his stratagem against the Midianitish host; the gates of Gaza, with their massy furniture, which Sampson left on the hill, &c. &c.

These are matters of costume and of historical fact; but De Loutherbourg sometimes alludes to the mystical passages of holy writ, and often with a touch of poetry, and even of sublimity. As an instance:—We are taught by the Pentateuch that Jehovah buried Moses "in a valley in the land of Moab, but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day." To penetrate this obscurity, and represent his sepulchre, was bold—was almost, and to a timid mind quite, like treading on forbidden ground; but the Scriptures had not said

"Hence avaunt! 'tis holy ground"

to the reverential and enthusiastic De Loutherbourg; and, finding a certain space to fill, he has presented us with a simple stone, inscribed in the Hebrew language and character with the words "Mortal remains of Moses;" but clouds are rolling around it, and from above beams the sacred name of the Deity, also in the Hebrew character. This was originally the tail-picture to the book of Deuteronomy; but in the reprint there unluckily remained not space for its insertion; and Mr. Landseer, to whose care the re-arrangement of these vignettes was consigned, unwilling that the public should lose this grand and simple thought, has placed it at the end of Numbers, where he found space for it, and where it stands with nearly equal propriety, because in chap. xxvii. the judgment of Heaven is passed on Moses for his misconduct at the time of the strife of the congregation, and the period of his mortal life is predicted.

Other of these vignette compositions are yet more abstruse and mysterious, as those to the Proverbs and the Song of Solomon; Mr. Landseer's descriptions of which are too long to be here inserted. The following shorter one of the same mystic kind, closes the book of Malachi, and of course the Old Testament. It depicts "the religious triumphs of a fervid heart, impressed with the name and merits of the Messiah, over Sin, and Death, of which the serpent and scull are the emblematic representatives. The light of truth here emanates from the Hebrew word Jehovah;

a word, which, in its primitive meaning, comprehends the ubiquity, eternity, and self-existence, of the source of all light; and a reflected ray from the star of Bethlehem, with which the heart is impressed, agonizes the serpent below."

As some of the tail-pieces were necessarily displaced, in consequence of the deviations of the reprint from the former edition, so a few others were wanting; that is to say, where books in the first edition had ended with a full page, there were now, in some few instances, hiatuses, or vacancies to fill up, which has been done by Mr. Landseer in a manner sufficiently approaching to that of De Loutherbourg, not to seem dissimilar spots; an instance of which may be seen in the tail-piece to the book of Judges, which tail-piece consists of the young lion that Sampson slew in the vineyard of Timnath. In the back-ground, among flowers, &c. are the hives of those bees which, on his return, he found had swarmed in the carcase of the lion, a circumstance which suggested the famous riddle propounded by Sampson to the Philistines.

Many of these vignettes are engraved by the elder LANDSEER, in a bold and appropriate style, which has obtained for him great credit with the public, as being suited to the expression of the objects represented, as well as to the peculiar style of design which has rendered De Loutherbourg superior to all his predecessors in the composition of vignettes, and the worthy example and pattern of most of his contemporaries and successors. The rest are by Bromley, Heath, Fittler, and Skelton. Among the best, by Landseer, may now be reckoned those of Exodus, Ruth, the head and the tail-pieces to Judges, the head-pieces to the two books of Kings, those of Isaiah, Ezekiel, and the Song of Solomon. We have not space for detailed criticisms of these, although as engravings they better deserve it than the historical plates, with very few exceptions; and will assuredly outlive them; but we cannot forego a remark or two. The first mentioned, that to the book of Exodus, (which in Macklin's edition will be found engraved by another artist, and quite in a mistaken style) is a noble idea, which, according to the Scriptoral precept, no mason's tool has touched, surrounded by victims, libation vessels, and implements used in the patriarchial sacrifices. It required far more than routine skill on the part of the engraver, to indicate by simple and sufficient means that the flame which flickers about the consuming sacrifice has miraculously descended from above; and he who does not perceive this indication, loses a refinement in the execution of this cloud, fire, and smoke, which the more tasteful will fail not to enjoy. The altar of rude stones; the immolated lambs; the libation vessels and patera, both of antique pottery; the sacrificial knife; the rustic hatchet of the earliest manufacture, and the thanksgiving, or waive offering of corn, are all characteristically located; and there is a general brightness in the mode of execution superinduced on the free and playful style of etching the foliage, corn, and verdant fore-ground, which assimilates in point of richness with the bold typography of the title beneath, and where a more delicate and elaborate engraving would have looked dull, and consequently have been much less to the purpose.

This latter quality, however, of bright vigour, combined with freedom, which, by the way, has been completely vulgarised in some of those *imitations* of this style to which Mr. Heath has prostituted his name, is common to the Bible vignettes engraved by Mr. Landseer; and those we have mentioned above, together with many others by this artist, contained in the sacred volume, are entitled to the same species of commendation. Let the reader who may be able, here turn to the headpieces to the two books of Kings, which consist, one of them of masonic implements, used in the erection of Solomon's temple, including the architect's elevation of the porch, contrasted with a bit of wildly broken ground, and the other of Hezekiah's destruction of the groves and monuments of idolatry, and he will perceive that they are executed in the same general style, varied only, as it ought to be, with the varying local demands of the several subjects.

We have felt it necessary to dwell thus particularly on a few of these vignettes, because many persons are

accustomed to pass embellishments of this nature too hastily, and with too little attention to their intrinsic merits; and we are reluctant to bring our own critical talent under suspicion of not duly appreciating what we undertake to report upon, or to seem less knowing than Æsop's cock.

The headpieces to the second book of Samuel and first of Chronicles, and that of the poem of Job, namely; the destroying angel; the evil genius of David, which prompted him to number the people; and the suffering patriarch: also a cherubic head, breathing destruction on ascending bubbles, which forms the tailpiece to the book of Proverbs, with several others of considerable merit, are by Bromley, who presents us always with the cardinal requisites of good drawing, and the results of a good eye for chiaro scuro, although but little regardful of the graces of manual execution. Among the best of Fittler's, are, the headpiece to Genesis and the gourd of Jonah; and there is a charming headpiece to the Epistle of St. Paul to the Hebrews, from the graver of Heath. It consists of the infant Saviour descending towards the disc of Earth, holding the mystic branch, and accompanied by cherubs. The infantile heads are sweetly touched, with an indefiniteness of feature dictated by good taste; and the fleshy style of the figure of Jesus Christ is much to the purpose, being sufficiently finished, with little work, and no appearance of labour, and the whole well toned and harmonious. The decollated head of the Baptist in a charger, by the same artist, forming the tailpiece to the book of St. Matthew, is in elegant taste and style, and leaves us to regret that Mr. Heath undertook so many of these plates and performed so few. We must here quit the engraved embellishments to Dr. Nares's new edition of the Holy Scriptures, which is dedicated to HIS MAJESTY.

The Somerset House Gazette.

We are sorry to have to blame neighbour *Ephraim Hardcastle* for unduly raising our expectations on the subject of "Engravers in England," and the academical state of their art, and then imparting no more than we find in his 43d and 44th Numbers, in the latter of which the subject appears to be closed. What he *has* printed is chiefly copied from a book that is not uncommon, and has been currently known for these forty or fifty years past. And why our friend Ephraim should deem it proper to repeat this, and suppress Mr. Landseer's lecturing on the subject at the Royal Institution; the subsequent petitioning of the King, and the proceedings of the Royal Academy thereupon, we can form no conjecture that is at all satisfactory tous. We wonder Mr. L. does not roar out with old Louis the other day, "Do they suppose I am dead."

If the correspondent of the Somerset House Gazette is so uninformed on the subject as to be ignorant of these matters, Ephraim himself surely knows better, and should have supplied his omission, and not have been instrumental in virtually falsifying the English history of the art which he undertakes to illustrate; for, to disconnect the chain by knocking out any of its links, is in effect to falsify the history. The Editor must still do this, if his correspondent does it not, or does it not honestly, unless he can endure the idea of having his Gazette sullied with those blots which we contemplate; and it may be as well to inform him that these amount to no less than to *dele* the word *house* from his general title, and to make another—an orthographical — alteration, in his sub-title; so that it will run "The *Somerset* Gazette, or Weekly Miscellany of Fine Arts," &c. *Somerset* Gazette, because (in this instance at least) instead of marching straight forward to his ostensible mark, he springs upwards from his starting-place, and making an ostentatious *head-over-heels* display, falls short of his end; so that something like pertinency of application will result from this reformed title; for what can be *weaker* than to pretend to give an history of the progress of the ill-treatment of a commercial art in this commercial country, and suppress, at the same time, what is most recent, and therefore most important to the present situation of the art and to the present times. We trust, therefore, that Mr. Hardcastle will redeem himself, and not allow such side-dishes of

flummery and fine* compliment as are here served up to him by his engraving correspondent, to hoodwink his better discernment; nor abate the relish which we willingly profess to have had for the literary and artistical dessert with which he formerly entertained us. Most of his walnuts were juicy and fresh shelled—not like this which we have just cracked; and his wine was tolerably well flavoured, though served up in a *Jordan*.

Errata of last Month.

In our last month's article on the Fine Arts, the printer has committed several important errors, which it behoves us to correct. Instead of "EXHIBITION AT SOMERSET HOUSE," &c. the general heading should have been—EXHIBITION AT THE GALLERY OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION, IN PALL MALL.—In line 4, instead of "for the sake of the public *taste of art*," read, for the sake of the public taste *and* of art. In the 2d column of p. 71, instead of "this tracing of the *sisterhood of hearts*," read, this tracing of the sisterhood *of the arts*. In the next page, column 1, instead of "*foreve* architrave," read frieze and architrave. In the next column, instead of *Ceandi* forth issued from his pastry shop, read *Claude* forth issued, &c. In column 1 of page 73, is an omission of our own. We have there treated of Wilson's arrival at Venice, and bringing with him letters of recommendation to a certain artist of that city. From the very acceptable biography of Wilson, by Mr. Wright, we have since learned that the Venetian painter was Zuccarelli. In col. 2 of this page, instead of "COLL *Hugh Baillie*," read *Colonel*. The last sentence in this column, consisting of remarks on a Group of Fishermen, in a picture by Wilson, had some on the author's *lost* manuscript, which is marred in the press, and which he finds himself unable exactly to restore. In column 1 of page 74, instead of "*that* about the Oak of Arpinum," read *chat* about the Oak, &c.

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* "Your Somerset House Gazette of last Saturday has an article on the Engravings of Sir Robert Strange, the reading of which urged me to offer you this, which I submit to your approval, alteration, or rejection," (p. 266.) Very humble, certainly. The Editor did not reject: but did he alter? or could he approve?—Again, the writer says, in p. 265, "The liberal, candid, and independent *spirit* which *characterize* the pages of the Somerset House Gazette, on all subjects of art which come under its notice, and the extensive services which it has rendered to our native school, claim the thanks of all British Artists, and the esteem of all *lovers of the various departments* of the Fine Arts which they profess. As a *professor of the English school* of engraving, then, Mr. Editor, allow me to *sub*scribe my grateful acknowledgments (this is at the very beginning: Had he not better have *pre*fixed his name at the conclusion?) for the handsome manner in which you have asserted the claims of the ingenious, who have successfully cultivated that arduous study. *It could not have found a more able advocate.*" Verily, friend Ephraim, we shall quake for thee, if thou art accessible to these anonymous vaulkings.

THE DRAMA.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

A NEW comic opera, called *The Alcaid*, from the pen of Mr. KENNY, was performed for the first time at this theatre. The public have been so often indebted to the lively vein of this writer for a portion of its amusements, that they naturally looked forward with high expectation when it was understood that another drama from the same source was in preparation. It must be confessed, however, that *The Alcaid*, though not without some characteristic touches, and a portion of easy and unaffected dialogue, is not likely to add much to the author's fame. The two prominent faults are extreme length and great complexity, and even confusion of plot. For our own parts we felt the latter defects so strongly, that it is with doubt and hesitation we proceed to give the sketch which custom requires from us. *Don Christopher Toxado* (Mr. WILLIAM FARREN) is the Alcaid, a person full of the importance of his office, and so anxious

to thrust his head into other peoples' affairs as to be utterly ignorant of his own. The delusion under which he lives, with respect to every member of his own family and establishment, constitutes the chief point on which the humour of the drama turns. While he is engaged in extolling their domestic virtues, they are contriving to indulge themselves in the fashionable dissipations of the day. *Donna Theresina* (Mrs. GLOVER), his wife, and the fair *Rosabel* (Miss PATON), his niece, are particularly attracted by a public masquerade; and contrive, with the assistance of *Pedrosa* (Mr. LISTON), his secretary, to enjoy that amusement. His son *Felix*, (Madame VESTRIS), a student of Salamanca, another of the domestic groupe, prefers the practice of serenading to the studies of the college, and he too contrives to deceive the old gentleman into an opinion of his propriety. The first misfortune which the *Alcaid* encounters, is that of falling in love with the same lady whom his son was so fond of serenading; and a plot being laid by *Donna Francisca* to discover the individual by whom she was persecuted in song, the *Alcaid* himself is mistaken for the musical wooer. Then come the different parties home from the masquerade, the chief magistrate himself being of the number. *Pedrosa* is the confident of all; he undertakes to conceal the husband's gaiety from the wife, the wife's from the husband, and so on. The husband is the first to arrive, and him he dispatches to his bed-chamber. Then appears *Donna Theresina* with her niece, but having lost the key of the door at the masquerade, she is thrown into the greatest perplexity, and so loud is their lamentation over the accident, that the *Alcaid* is awakened from his sleep. To his astonishment he finds his prudent family in full dress at that hour, but *Mr. Secretary* relieves their embarrassment after the manner of other secretaries, by stating what was not exactly the fact. According to his account, they had all appeared in their finery for the purpose of celebrating the *Alcaid's* birth-day a month before it arrived, and he very properly expresses his gratitude for such a premature proof of their respect. We should have mentioned before, that his son, *Felix*, having been brought before him by the Alguazils in a mask and domino, which he refuses to lay aside, is confined in his own bed-room for contumacy; but a fool of a servant, which was well performed by Mr. HARLEY, slips into his place, and thus leaves him at liberty to join his congratulations with the rest. A confused medley of incidents ensue, which have little connection with each other; but the whole concludes with a number of marriages, which seem to have sprung chiefly from the warm influence of masquerading. The worthy Chief Magistrate finds out at last that he has been tricked by his whole family; so that the necessity of attending to his own affairs, rather than to those of others, may, we presume, be taken as the moral of the piece. The two principal characters were those of the *Alcaid* and his servant *Pedrosa*. They are both well drawn and contrasted, but the impression was greatly diminished by the confusion of the fable. Mr. FARREN, who sustained the former, exhibited his usual talent in the delineation of old men; and though Mr. LISTON was prevented from luxuriating in that broad humour which constitutes his forte, there were some occasions in which his comic dexterity was rendered available. Mr. HARLEY had more to do as a jealous husband than as a servant, but he acquitted himself in both capacities with talent. Madame VESTRIS well became the dress of the young student, and sang some pleasing airs with great effect, and Miss PATON was much applauded in her songs, particularly in the Bravura, with which she concluded. Though Mrs. GLOVER and Mrs. GIBBS were among the *Dramatis Personæ*, their parts were so unworthy of them, that we feel it unnecessary to make any comments on the manner of their performance. We have passed over some others for the same reason. The whole was well received by the audience, with the exception of one incident. The *Alcaid* and a lady were shut up in a bed-room, under circumstances which might lead to some strange conjectures, and an allusion was very injudiciously made to it in the dialogue, which was resented by the audience with disapprobation. We have no doubt that the hint will be taken, for it was plain

enough to be understood. We know not whether our conjecture as to the music be correct, but we thought it betrayed some evidence of hasty composition. At least it was very uneven. Madame VESTRIS and Miss PATON had each a song in the first Act, the merit of which we are very willing to subscribe to; the bravura of the latter was perhaps the most striking thing in the whole, but in some of the other airs there was a great want of originality: a fault of which we should not complain, if it had been redeemed in those instances by any remarkable degree of skill. We shall merely observe, in conclusion, that the drama itself not only requires, but cannot live without curtailment; if, however, that course is adopted with a liberal hand, there is still enough of merit in the writing to afford a fair prospect of success.

SONG.—MADAME VESTRIS.

My gauntlet's down, my flag unfurled,
Whate'er my fortune be,
For thee, my love, I'd lose the world,
Or win a world in thee!
Yes! thou shalt be my polar star,
O'er youth's bewildering tide,
To lands of promised bliss afar,
My bright and beaming guide!
My gauntlet's down, &c.

SONG,—ROSABEL.

Haste! haste! I pray thee haste away,
And seek my gentle Cavalier,
And if he ever loved me, say,
A grateful heart awaits his hope.
When his bright form my steps pursued,
Came he to mock my simple youth?
Those eyes that oft inspir'd my mood,
Was it not their light of love and truth?
Haste! haste! &c.

SONG.—JAREZ.

That wedlock's divine,
May be all very fine;
When a man has his happiness handy;
But wedlock like mine
Is on gruel to dine,
Or a maker of punch without brandy.
Heighe, heigho! to my lot that it ever should fall,
Like an addle brain dunce,
Thus to wed all at once;
And no bride-cake, no honey-moon, no nothing at all.
As for me and my fair,
We are much such a pair,
As two squinting eyes, or forlorner,
When one, we suppose,
Is for ogling the nose,
And one for a twist round the corner.
Heigho, heigho! &c. &c.

SONG—ROSABEL.

Youth in ardour proud,
Brightens all before it,
Like the thunder cloud,
Passion's storm breaks o'er it.
But soon the shower
On leaf and flower,
Glitters in beams more bright than ever;
So shines the tear
Of doubt and fear,
When Fortune crowns Love's kind endeavour.

ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

On Thursday, 5th August, after the performance of the new musical piece called *Der Freischutz*, which is now enjoying a full popular career, another musical production, entitled *The Reign of Twelve Hours*, was produced for the first time. To judge from the internal evidence, this little piece seems to be one of the many translations or adaptations from the French stage, to which we have been so much accustomed of late. It is far, however, from possessing that air of vivacity which many of them can boast. We are favoured with the appearance of a Caliph and a Princess, with a certain number of attendants and slaves, but, for any intellectual purposes, neither the conversation nor the projects of these distinguished persons are calculated to raise them very high in the judgment of the world. It appears from the plot that the *Caliph* (Mr. BARTLEY) had, for some reason unknown, dismissed and degraded his Minister, who had always his true interest at heart. It appears also that having a son, named *Zeanger* (Mr. PEARMAN), he was willing that he should marry a neighbouring Princess, named *Zoraide* (Miss HENRY), in order to strengthen his political interests, but *Nourma* (Miss KELLY), the daughter of the late Vizier, whom he had unjustly degraded, contrives to engage his affections so far that he at length prefers her for his daughter-in-law. To this arrangement there is one strong objection; his son is so far from entertaining the same inclination, that *Nourma* is the object of his dislike. Then comes the heroine into action. She persuades the *Caliph* to resign

the Government into her hands for the space of twelve hours, in the course of which time she engages to perform great exploits. That promise the lady keeps much better than political aspirants generally do, for she not only reconciles father and son together, but wins the affections of that son to herself by her kind attentions to him while confined as a prisoner. *Zeanger* imagines all the while that he is indebted to *Zoraide*, while *Nourma* is his real benefactress. The *denouement* is produced by the discovery of his mistake at the end of the twelve hours, when, after a previous interview, he is introduced to *Nourma* on the throne, to whom he vows eternal fidelity. Upon these slight materials the drama is founded. It has therefore but little to recommend it on the score of incident. The principal scene was that in which the *Caliph*, feeling the want of the power he had resigned, exhibits some impatience for its recovery, and his fair substitute avails herself of the circumstance to rally him on his ambition. Miss KELLY, who always avails herself with success, of the slightest opportunities, made the most of this situation, and Mr. BARTLEY seconded her efforts by manifesting the uneasiness which is natural to suspended authority. Mr. W. CHAPMAN had the part of a courtier to perform, in which there was not much for him to do; and Mr. PEARMAN had some songs to execute, and was once encored. There is little more to say than that the piece was well received upon the whole, without being applauded in that warm manner which promises a successful run. The commencing chorus possessed merit, and the acting was good throughout. Situation and dialogue, or bustle and procession, should characterize a drama not depending altogether upon its musical display, but in the present instance we had the languor of the East, without either its intrigue or its magnificence. The house was crowded in all parts, for, as we have already stated, the first performance of the evening has become an established favourite with the town.

Miss STEPHENS made her first appearance at this Theatre on the 11th, and was received, as usual, with the most cheering applause. Our respect for this delightful vocalist induces us, however, to mention that the people came to hear WEBER'S music, through the very sweet medium of her voice, and that those who knew any thing about the matter were astonished and grieved, when she overcharged it with ornament to such a degree as to change the effect and destroy its meaning. We allude most particularly to her grand scena, which is essentially graceful, *as it is noted*. It is not framed to bear any thing of adventitious decoration, and though liberties may be taken with the works of certain of our English composers (and, perhaps, with benefit to them) they are not to be rashly attempted upon the *chëf d'œuvre* of a great German master. Every lady will go to hear Miss STEPHENS in *Agnes*, and every lady will be delighted with her, *if* she does not persist in putting *her own music* to the part—for, on Saturday, the transformation was so perfect, that, but for the orchestra, WEBER himself would not have recognised the favorite offspring of his genius. We, therefore, implore Miss STEPHENS to adhere rigidly to her *text*, and not to introduce "Excursions and Alarums." When she has consented to these trammels, the "Freischutz" will be the best *gotten-up* piece that a summer theatre ever presented. By its inspiration, BRAHAM, has started into an actor. Mr. BENNETT, accused of imitating MACREADY, plays *Caspar* better than his prototype could do it.—Mr. T. P. COOKE is a devil every inch of him; and though last not least, Mr. BARTLEY is, in this, as in every thing else, easy, natural, and respectable.—We must say a word of Miss NOEL, upon the cession of her part—not a parting word, for we hope to see her often. She is an interesting person, of considerable musical ability, without an atom of affectation, and we do trust that she will soon overcome the timidity which has hitherto impeded the full developement of her talent.

VAUXHALL.

This festive scene presented a most magnificent and imposing appearance on his Majesty's birth-day, which was celebrated with every species of novelty and attraction, and an immense concourse was assembled on the occasion, amounting probably, at one period, to about twelve or fourteen thousand persons. The entertainments of the evening were most judiciously arranged. The first, in point of order, as well as challenging priority of notice on account of its merits, was a very clever and effective piece of music,—a "Birth-day Ode," expressly composed for the occasion by Mr. ROOKE. It is a composition which fully sustains the repuration which this gentleman has already attained, and the high promise he has given of first-rate eminence as a musical composer, and would have stood the test of criticism in an assembly more adapted to severe examination. We cannot pass from the musical department without bearing testimony to the brilliant effect which Miss WITHAM produced in the execution of the very difficult song of 'Even as the Sun.' There was a sweetness and delicacy in her tones combined with extraordinary power, such as one is not prepared to hear at a place of this description; and from the specimen of her powers which she displayed, united to her personal attractions, there can be no doubt, that if she can throw aside a little of that timidity, which becomes her so much, but which is quite opposed to public performances, she must become a very general favourite. Miss WAITE is also entitled to commendation for her first but successful delivery of 'Should he upbraid.' 'Polly Hopkins' went off with the accustomed honours. Mr. BLACKMORE's evolutions were truly surprising, and excited mixed emotions of terror and astonishment. Monsieur JEAN ROBERT, the French juggler, puzzled the vulgar by his extraordinary skill. But the grand and splendid exhibition of the evening, were the fire-works, which really challenge any description to exaggerate their extraordinary brilliancy. The first display consisted of a large piece, exhibiting the words "God save the King." The representation of the sun surrounded by stars was quite superb. The finale, displaying the words "Vivat Rex," was magnificent in the extreme, and quite electrified the numerous spectators; but to enumerate all the amusements would be almost as difficult as to reckon the countless multitudes who enjoyed the scene, and who all seemed highly delighted with their evening's entertainment. The company consisted of all classes of people, and amongst the crowd, we observed the Russian, Portuguese and Dutch Ambassadors, the Earl of Ormond, Lady Burgoine, and Colonel Murphy. We regret to be obliged to add, that the light-fingered gentry were busy on the occasion, and that one lady lost her watch.

VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

SOUTH AMERICA is still the all-absorbing object of attention in European politics; and, unless we greatly mistake, it will continue more and more to be so, until an overpowering blaze of light shall unexpectedly break in upon us. Indeed we happen to know, from extraordinary sources, that a scheme has long been in contemplation respecting that portion of the world, so vast, so magnificent, so sublime in its nature, that when the moment for developement shall arrive, it will astonish one part of mankind and appal the other. *The Courier* has by some means obtained an inkling of the subject; it has consequently within a week or two dwelt largely in mystification; but *The Courier* is not essentially in the secret; or if it be, it has not allowed its readers to participate in the acquisition. More of this hereafter. At present, all that we feel ourselves at liberty to say is, that the measures alluded to are such as must conduce to the interests of Britain, and, we trust, to those of the whole civilized world. The scheme is altogether worthy of the comprehensive and en-

lightened politics of the nineteenth century.

Colombia seems to be making great efforts in support of its independence, and it is by no means improbable that that *state*—we do not say, that *republic*—may be amongst the first of the South American states whose integrality will be acknowledged by the European powers. On this point, however, we speak only conjecturally. It does not appear to us, that the reported destruction of the royalist army in Peru, by Bolivar and the Colombians, with the consequent restoration of Lima and Callao to the cause of the Independents, is likely to produce any decisive or permanent result.

The war between the British government and the Burmese nation in India, has assumed an aspect rather more serious than was originally anticipated. For several years the Burmese have been making encroachments on the eastern frontier of Chittagong; the British held, and considered themselves entitled to hold, possession of the island of Shapuree; their right was contested; negotiations ensued; and in the midst of these negotiations, (September 24, 1823) a Burmese force of about 1000 men attacked and gained possession of the island, after killing three sepoys and wounding three others. The island was recovered in November, and occupied by the English till the 12th of December, when an epidemic disorder having made its appearance among the troops, they were withdrawn. A party of Burmese landed, set fire to a hut, and retired. In the succeeding month, Mr. Chew, commander of the company's ship Sophia, then lying in the river Haaf, received an invitation from the Burmese authorities to visit them at Mangdoo, a station in the neighbourhood. The invitation was accepted, and Mr. Chew, Mr. Boyce, and eight Lascars were treacherously seized and imprisoned. Remonstrances having been ineffectually made, the war commenced. Mr. Chew and his companions, however, have since been liberated. The general inference drawn from the latest advices is, that the struggle will be severe, but that no apprehension need be entertained respecting the ultimate result. The enemy had poured down in great force, and some smart skirmishes, with loss on both sides, had taken place. Subsequently, and in addition to the troops which had been sent from the Presidency of Bengal towards the eastern frontiers of the company's territories, orders were given for strengthening the English army, by 3000 men from Bombay, and 7000 from Madras. The aggregate force was to rendezvous at Rangoon, the principal sea-port of the Burmese, and to march thence to the capital of Amerapoora, in the interior, —a distance of three hundred miles.

At Sierra Leone, we regret to observe, the aspect of affairs is much less favourable. The levy of two black regiments in Africa, and the formation, from convicts, of two white regiments, have been ordered, with some other reinforcements; but still, we much fear that the force will not be found adequate to the severe necessity of the case. Despatches dated the 31st of May, from Colonel Sutherland, at Cape Coast Castle, (*Vide London Gazette* of August 3,) have communicated the particulars of another engagement with the Ashantees. After a sanguinary conflict of more than five hours, the enemy having sustained a serious loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners, retired precipitately. The retreat continued two days; but the king of the Ashantees subsequently joined his army with reinforcements, which it was estimated would increase the number of his troops to 16,000 men. It is lamentable to know that the Fantees, &c. conducted themselves during the battle in a manner extremely unsatisfactory to Major Chisholm. An attack upon the important port of Cape Coast Castle was apprehended. The latest advices announce that the rains and sickly season had set in very severely, and were inflicting a dreadful mortality amongst the European troops and merchants. The inferences which we are compelled to draw from a perusal of Mr. Dupuis's "Journal of a Residence in Ashantee," just published, are, that the information given by that gentleman to the African Company, did not receive the attention to which it was entitled; that the power, intellectual and physical, of the Ashantees, was absurdly and unjustly despised; and that the interests of the public were most culpably sacrificed to private advantage.

From our West Indian possessions the accounts are far from satisfactory. Insurrections were actually breaking out in several places, and great alarm felt in others.

A recent negotiation between the French government and that of Hayti, has been terminated, by the black emperor's obtaining from France the undisputed sovereignty of his dominions, on condition of his paying 5,000,000 francs, to indemnify the ex-proprietors of St. Domingo.

We rejoice to find, by the *London Gazette* of August 17, that the differences between this country and the Regency of Algiers, were satisfactorily arranged on the 26th of July, and that hostilities had accordingly ceased. The same Gazette records a most extraordinary instance of naval prowess, in the destruction of an Algerine brig of war, moored alongside the walls of the fortress of Bona, by the boats of his Majesty's ship Naiad, under the command of Lieutenant Quin, of that ship. It was an exploit that would have done honour to a Nelson.

We must plead guilty to the charge of having felt less interest in the existing struggle between the Turks and Greeks, than many of our contemporaries; not because we are apathetic in the cause of liberty, but from an impression on our minds, amounting almost to conviction, that the struggle in question can lead to no beneficial termination. As far, however, as the common cause of humanity is concerned, we feel deeply for the deplorable sacrifice of human life which has been repeatedly and ineffectually made in the progress of the contest. Another truly melancholy affair has occurred. About the 2d of July, a Turkish naval force appeared off the island of Ispara, a little to the north-west of Scio. The island is small, but the inhabitants were considered able mariners, and men of determined courage. The Turks obtained possession, after a loss, it is said, of 15,000 men, when the surviving Ispariots, resolving not to suffer their wives and daughters to fall into the power of the enemy, assembled the remaining population of the island in the fort, and blew themselves up, involving multitudes of their conquerors in the explosion. Thus, by the sword, or by their own act, about eight or ten thousand Ispariots are said to have been destroyed. That the destruction was great we are willing to believe; but the accounts respecting it are strongly conflicting; and we are much disposed to regard the generally received statement as a gross exaggeration. We do not believe that the population of Ispara amounted to one-tenth of the number alleged to have been sacrificed.

On turning our eyes homeward, we observe with pleasure that a royal decree has been issued at the Hague, according to which it had been determined, that after the 14th of August, (to give effect to a provisional agreement entered into at London, during a negotiation pending there, for concluding a treaty of commerce on mutual interests) all goods imported from Britain, by ships under English colours, should be considered and treated, in respect of duties, as though the importations were made by Netherland ships.

The only remaining point we find it requisite to notice, is, that a considerable change has been effected in the French ministry,—a change which indicates the continuance of that policy, domestic as well as foreign, which will have for its object the maintenance of general tranquillity. On the 4th of August, the day that the legislative session closed, the *Moniteur* announced the alterations and new appointments, in substance as follows:—M. de Vilelle to be President; M. de Damas, Minister for Foreign Affairs; M. de Chabral, Minister of Marine; M. de Doudeauville, Maison du Roi; M. de Clermont Tonnerre, Minister of War; M. de Martignac, Directeur de L'Enregistrement; M. de Vauchier, Director of Posts; M. de Castelbajac, Customs; and M. de Lauriston, Minister of State and Grand Veneur.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

In the press and speedily will be published, Death-bed Scenes, or the Christian's Companion on entering the Dark Valley, by the author of the Evangelical Rambler.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the late Revd. Edward Williams, D. D., with an appendix, including Remarks on important parts of Theological Science, by Joseph Gilbert, 1 vol. 8vo.

A new edition of the late Dr. Fawcett's Essay on Anger, to which is prefixed a brief Sketch of the Memoirs of the Author, 1 vol. 12mo.

Just published, Memoirs of the Rose, comprising Botanical, Poetical, and Miscellaneous Recollections of that celebrated Flower, in a Series of Letters to a Lady, elegantly printed, royal 18mo, price 4s. boards.

Just published, Self Advancement, or Extraordinary Transitions from Obscurity to Greatness, exemplified in the Lives and History of Adrian Fourth, the Emperor Bazil, Rienzi the Tribune, Alexander Fifth, Cardinal Ximenes, Hadrian Sixth, Cardinal Wolsey, Thomas Lord Cromwell, Sextus Fifth, Masaniello, Cardinal Alberoni, Doctor Franklin, and King of Sweden. Designed as an object of laudable emulation for the Youthful Mind, price 7s. 6d.

Also, a Dictionary of Latin Phrases, comprehending a methodical digest of the various phrases from the best authors, which have been collected in all phraseological works hitherto published. By W. Robertson, A. M. of Cambridge; a new edition, with considerable additions and corrections, for the use of the middle and upper classes in schools, price 15s. royal duod. consisting of more than 1000 pages. The present edition has this advantage over its predecessors, that it is enriched with many hundred phrases which have hitherto been unrecorded, and these have been drawn from the purest fountains, from Cicero, Tacitus, Terence, Plautus, &c.

Also, the last Military Operations of General Riego; the manner in which he was betrayed and treated, until imprisoned at Madrid; to which is added—A Narrative of the Sufferings of the Author in Prison, by George Matthews, first Aide-du-camp to General Riego, price 4s. 6d.

Among the works nearly ready for publication, which were destroyed by the late calamitous fire at Mr. Moyes' in Greville-street, were Mr. Britton's History and Antiquities of Bath Abbey Church," and the third volume of his "Beauties of Wiltshire," a part of the manuscripts for the concluding sheets, appendix, &c. was also destroyed, together with Mr. C. Dibdin's account of the English Opera House, and Davis's Royal Amphitheatre, intended for insertion in the "Illustrations of the Public Buildings of London." Through this unforeseen accident, the appearance of both the "Bath Abbey" and the "History of Wiltshire," will necessarily be retarded for three or four months.

In the press, "Lasting Impressions," a novel, by Mrs. Joanna Carey.

In a few days will be published, Commentaries on the Diseases of the Stomach and Bowels of Children, by Robley Dunglison, M. D. &c. &c.

Shortly will be published, in a neat pocket volume, the History of Origins, comprehending a collection of Antiquities, Important Historical Facts, Singular Customs, Political and Social Institutions, and National Rites and Peculiarities, forming a copious fund of instruction and amusement.

In the course of the ensuing month, Mr. G. Carey will publish a new edition of "Every Man his own Stock Broker," considerably enlarged, including the Foreign Funds as well as our own.

Conchologist's Companion, by the author of the Wonders of the Vegetable Kingdom, Select Female Biography, &c.

Amongst the novelties in preparation for the approaching literary season, is an additional volume of Letters by Anna Seward, developing the progress of an early attachment, disclosing her more private opinions on various subjects, and embracing numerous anecdotes of her contemporaries; to which will be prefixed an Essay on Miss Seward's Life and Literary Character, by Mr. Harral. The work will be further illustrated by notes, a portrait of Miss Seward, a facsimile of her hand-writing, &c.

Early in the ensuing winter, will appear, Amaldo, or the Evil Chalice, and other Poems, by the author of Lyrical Poems, the Siege of Zaragoza, Childe Harold's Pilgrimage to the Dead Sea, &c.

In the press, and shortly will be published, vol 1. of the Lectures of Sir A. Cooper, Bart., on the Principles and Practice of Surgery, as delivered at Guy's Hospital, with additional notes and cases by Frederick Tyrrell, Esq. Surgeon to St. Thomas's Hospital.

LIST OF PATENTS.

To Charles Random Baron de Berenger, of Target Cottage, Kentish Town, in the parish of St. Pancras, and county of Middlesex, for his discovery and invention of certain improvements as to a new method or methods of applying percussion to the purpose of igniting charges in fire arms generally, and in a novel and peculiar manner, whereby a reduction of the present high price of fire arms can be effected; and the priming is also effectually protected against the influence of rains or other moisture. Such invention and contrivances rendering the percussion principle more generally applicable, even to common pistols, blunderbusses, and muskets, as well as to all sorts of sporting, and other guns, by greatly reducing not only the charges of their manufacture, but also those impeding circumstances which persons have to encounter whilst loading or discharging fire arms, when in darkness, or whilst exposed to wet, or during rapid progress: serious impediments to both soldiers and sailors and consequently the service, and most injuriously expensive.—Sealed 27th July.—2 months, for inrolment.

To Alexander Nesbitt, of Upper Thames-street, in the city of London, Broker, in consequence of a communication made to him by William Van Houton the younger, a Foreigner, residing abroad, for a process by which certain materials may be manufactured into paper, or felt, or a substance nearly resembling coarse paper, or felt, which material so pressed, is applicable to various useful purposes.—27 July.—6 months.

To Thomas Wolrich Stansfeld, of Leeds, in the county of York, Merchant, for his invention of certain improvements in power looms, and the preparation of warps for the same.—27th July.—6 months.

To Edward Cartwright of Brewer-street, Golden Square, in the parish of St. James, Westminster, in the county of Middlesex, Engraver and Printer, for his invention of improvements on or additions to roller printing presses.—27th July—2 months.

To Charles Jefferies of Havannah Mills, near Congleton, Silk Thrower, and Edward Drakeford, of Congleton, Watchmaker, both in the county of Chester, for their new invented method of making a swift, and other apparatus thereto belonging, for the purpose of winding Silk and other fibrous materials.—29th July.—2 months.

To William Wheatstone, of Jermyn-street, St. James's, in the county of Middlesex, Music-seller, for his invention of a method of improving and augmenting the tones of piano-fortes, organs, &c.—29th July.—2 months.

To John Price of Stroud, in the county of Gloucester, engineer, for his invention of certain improvements in the construction of spinning machines.—5th August.—6 months.

To George Graydon, of the city of Bath, Esq. Captain in the Royal Engineers, for his invention of a new compass for navigation, and other purposes.—5th August.—6 months.

To William Johnson, of Great Totham, in the county of Essex, Gentleman, for his invention of a means of evaporating fluids, for the purpose of conveying heat into buildings, for manufacturing horticultural, and domestic uses; and for heating liquors in distilling, brewing, and dying, and in making sugar and salt, with reduced expenditure of fuel.—5th August.—4 months.

To Jacob Perkins of Fleet-street, in the city of London, Engineer, for his invention of certain improvements in propelling vessels.—9th August.—6 months.

To John Fussell, of Mells, in the county of Somerset, edge tool-maker, for his invention of an improved method of beating woollen cloth, for the purpose of giving it a lustre in dressing.—11th August.—2 months.

To Herman Schroder, of Hackney, in the county of middlesex, Broker, for his invention of a new filter.—11th August.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

COTTON.—The cotton market has been exceedingly heavy this week; the purchases reported too inconsiderable to enumerate; the prices are a shade lower. The accounts from Liverpool this morning are also unfavourable: the sales for the last three days are only 2,700 bags, and it is stated such a heavy week has not been experienced for a length of time; the prices were rather lower.

SUGAR.—The holders early in the last week demanded a further advance of 1s. per cwt. on Muscovadoes, which the buyers would not submit to, and in consequence very few sales have been effected this week: the advance has, however, been firmly maintained.

In the Refined market there is little variation; low goods continue in request at high prices, and the advance of 1s. on the fine has been fully maintained; there is, however, little briskness in the trade.—Molasses this forenoon remain steady at 26s.—In Foreign Sugars there is no alteration.

By public sale this forenoon, 312 bags low East India Sugars sold at the previous prices; 35 boxes good white Havannah at 38s. 6d.

COFFEE.—The public sales of Coffee last week went off readily at the previous prices; St. Domingo 62s. and 62s. and 6d.: ordinary to good ordinary coloury Havannah 59s. and 63s.

There were two public sales this forenoon, consisting of Jamaica descriptions, nearly the whole good and fine ordinary,; good ordinary sold 59s. and 61s. fine ordinary 63s. and 65s.; the late prices are fully supported, and the market looks firm.

TALLOW.—There is no alteration to notice in Tallow; yellow candle of 1823, 35s. 9d.; new 36s. 3d.

RUM, BRANDY and HOLLANDS.—The Rum market continues exceedingly firm, and proof Leewards and 1 and 2 over may be quoted ½d. to 1d. per gallon higher, being sold in several parcels at 1s. 4d.; the stronger Rums and Jamaica are also more inquired after at advancing prices—There are few purchases of Brandy reported, as the holders will not sell except at higher prices, which have not yet been obtained, but should unfavourable accounts from France continue to be received, an improvement is anticipated.—The rise in the prices of Geneva in Holland, has occasioned a corresponding improvement here.

FRUIT.—A large public sale was attempted on Wednesday, consisting principally of Muscadels in boxes, of which there appeared scarcely any sold.

The supply of WHEAT and FLOUR in the course of last week was very fair; in the former there was but little business done, the primest samples only commanded a sale at the terms of our last.

The arrivals by land samples to-day, were by no means small, chiefly from Suffolk? the sales made were entirely confined to the fine fresh qualities, which supported the prices of this day se'nnight; but in middling and low qualities, scarcely any sales could be effected, although offered on lower terms. The ports being now open for the admission of foreign oats at 27s. has caused an immense quantity now in granary to be brought forward for sale this morning; and as we may expect shortly very large fresh arrivals, the trade has experienced a considerable dulness at a reduction of 3s. to 4s. per quarter. Such is the state of the trade to-day, that it is difficult to give a very correct statement of the prices however, in the course of a week, it is expected the trade will be somewhat more steady, and in our next, we shall be able to furnish a correct account.

BARLEY is cheaper 1s. per quarter.

BEANS are dull, and inclining downwards.

WHITE PEAS are in demand, and fully support their value.

RAPE SEED comes to hand sparingly, and of but very indifferent quality; fine samples only reach the terms of our currency.

In other articles we cannot observe any material alteration.

LIST OF BANKRUPTS AND DIVIDENDS,

FROM TUESDAY, JULY 24, 1824, TO TUESDAY, AUGUST 28, 1824, INCLUSIVE.

Extracted from the London Gazette.

N.B. All the Meetings are at the *Court of Commissioners, Basinghall-street*, unless otherwise expressed. The Attornies' Names are in Parentheses.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Aguilar, D. Devonshire-square, wine merchant.
Beale, C. New Sarum, Wiltshire, oilman.
Eskrigg, W. Beckford-row, Walworth, grocer.
Hellyer E. Kennington-lane, Lambeth, master mariner.
Hiffernan, J. N. Alphington, Devonshire, starch-manufacturer.
Rugg, H. and C. Austinfriars, stationers.
Sheffield, T. late of Durham, ironmonger.

BANKRUPTS.

Anderson, A. Lloyd's Coffee-house, master-mariner. (Cranch, Union-court, Broad-street.
Andrew, G. Manchester, merchant. (Willis, Watson, Bower and Willis, Tokenhouse-yard.
Askew, J. Cock-hill, Stepney, tobacco manufacturer. (Younger, John-street, American-square.
Barlow, E. Claremont-place, New-road, bill-broker. (Score, Tokenhouse-yard, Lothbury.
Brooks, R. Oldham, Lancashire, shopkeeper. (Chester, Staple-inn.
Braddock, J. W. Portsmouth, musical-instrument seller. (Young, Poland-street, Oxford street.
Batger, W. Henley-on-Thames, Oxfordshire, grocer. (Maxon, Little Friday-street.
Barker, T. Medbourn, Leicestershire, corn-factor. (Holme, Frampton and Loftus, New Inn.
Brown, G. Regent-street, upholsterer. (Finmore, Clarke and Finmore, Craven-street, Strand.

Blackburn, T. Seacombe, Cheshire, tea-gardens-keeper. (Adlington, Gregory, and Faulkner, Bedford-row.

Bennett, R. Woodford, blacksmith. (Score, Tokenhouse-yard.

Brettargh, J. Manchester, merchant. (Gregory and Faulkner, Bedford-row.

Brett, R. Temple-place, Blackfriars-road, tailor. (Burra and Neild, King-street, Cheapside.

Cohen, S. Holywell-street, Shoreditch, linen-draper. (Phipps, Weavers'-hall.

Craigg, J. Salmsbury, Lancashire, cotton-spinner. (Wheeler, Lincoln's-inn-fields.

Carter, J. Downing-street, Westminster, victualler. (Goran and Price, Orchard-street, Portman-square.

Chorley, T. Bristol, cordwainer. (Adlington, Gregory and Faulkner, Bedford-row.

Chandler, Sandwich, corn-factor. (Lodington and Hall, Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street.

Duncome, J. jun. Little Queen-street, Holborn, bookseller and publisher. (Whitehouse, Castle-street, Holborn.

Dewe, B. T. Lechlade, Gloucestershire, mercer. (Meggison and Poole, Gray's-inn.

Devey, W. Holland-street, coal-merchant. (Swaine, Stevens, Maples, Pearse and Hunt, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry.

Errington, G. and C. D. Nichols, Croydon, dealers. (Robinson, Walbrook.

Evans, H. Lower East Smithfield, ale and beer merchant. (Taylor, King-street, Cheapside.

Grunshaw, G. Blackburn, Lancashire, grocer. (Blakelock, Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street

Harding, R. Bristol, timber-merchant. (Bourdillon and Hewitt, Bread-street.

Helm, G. Worcester, linen-draper. (Cardale, Buxton and Parlby, Holborn-court, Gray's inn.

Henbrey, R. Croydon, coal and corn-merchant. (Bright, Burton-street, Burton-crescent.

Hunt, G. Leicester-square, linen-draper. (Burra and Nield, King-street, Cheapside.

Hair, J. Scotswood, Northumberland, lamp-black-manufacturer. (Bell and Broderick, Bow Church-yard.

Jones, R. Westbury-Leigh, Wiltshire, clothier. (Williams, Red Lion-square.

Johnson, J. and J. Davies, Ferry Wharf, Vauxhall, coal-merchants. (Stevens and Wood, Cheapside.

Kershaw, A. Ramsbottom, Lancashire, timber dealer. (Taylor and Roscoe, Temple.

Lawton, J. Dobcross, Yorkshire, woolstapler, (Ellis, Sons, Walmsley, and Gorton, Chancery-lane.

Marshall, J. Black-horse-yard, Gray's-inn-lane, box-maker. (Brace and Selby, Surrey-street, Strand.

Matthews, B. Chamber-street, Goodman's-field, liquor-merchant. (Evitt and Rixon, Haydon-square, Minories.

Manley, D. Southampton-row, Russel-square, wine and spirit-merchant. (Stratton and Allport, Shoreditch.

Morgan, W. Llanelly, Brecon, butcher. (Jenkins and Abbott, New-inn.

Moore, N. Wigan, Lancashire, hop-dealer. (Bourdillon and Bewitt, Bread-street.

Mogford, H. Quadrant, Piccadilly, tailor. (Richardson, Walbrook.

Munk, W. Warwick-place, Whitecross-street, dealer in spruce. (Jones and Howard, Mincing-lane.

Martin, J. sen. Beccles, Suffolk, farmer. (Smith and Buckerfield, Gray's-inn-place.

Noyce, F. T. Richmond, Surrey, shoe-maker. (Score, Tokenhouse-yard.

Peck, J. Andover, linen-draper. (Riggs and Merrifield, Cook's-court, Carey-street.

Powell, F. Forest Wharf, Earl-street, Blackfriars, corn-factor. (Abbott and Barnes, Peck's-buildings, Temple.

Place, R. Mountsorrel, Leicestershire, victualler. (Holme, Frampton and Loftus, New-inn,

Pennan, A. Batson-street, Lime-house, Middlesex, master-mariner and merchant. (Glynes, Burr-street, East Smithfield.

Pulley, H. Bedford, draper. (Truwhitt, Cook's-court, Carey-street.

Phelps, G. R. Martin's-lane, Cannon-street, vellum-binder. (Osbaldeston and Murray, London-street, Fenchurch-street.

Price, W. Dorset-street, Salisbury-square, optician. (Sherwood and Son, Canterbury-square, Southwark.

Powell, E. Dover, miller. (Abbott and Barnes, Peck's-buildings, Temple.

Pickthall, W. Broughton in Furness, Lancashire, cabinet-maker. (Armstrong, Staple inn.

Ranson, J. Sunderland-near-the-Sea, currier Bell and Brodrick, Bow-church-yard.

(Rees, J. Carmarthen, draper. (Pearson Pump-court, Temple.

Smith, T. Derby, nail-manufacturer. (Wragg, Ave-Maria-lane.

Smith, M. Cockermouth, Cumberland, mercer and draper. (Steel and Nichol, Queen-street.

Sawyer, J. Lincoln's-inn-fields, wine-merchant. (Steel and Nichol, Queen-street.

Tappenden, T. Cumberland-street, Middlesex Hospital, victualler. (Whitton, Great James-street, Bedford-row.

Teulon, T. Warrington, cotton-spinner. (Reardon and Davis, Corbet-court, Gracechurch-street.

Taylor, T. Boss-street, Horsleydown, flour-factor. (Isaacs, Bury-street, St. Mary-Axe.

Trim, A. Davenham, Cheshire, currier. (Mason and Elgie, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars.

Tute, B. N. Wakefield, painter. (Hurd and Johnson, Temple.

Wilkins, S. Holborn-hill, stationer. (Waller, Devonshire-street, Bishopsgate-street.

Wightwick, J. W. Greenhammerton, Yorkshire, vintner. (Norton and Chaplin, Gray's Inn-square.

DIVIDENDS.

Appleton, J. Tottenham-court Road, cooper, August 17.

Arrowsmith, W. Stoke-upon-Trent, Staffordshire, August 18.

Atkinson, G. Bishopwearmouth, Durham, dealer, August 24.

Asherton, J. Lancaster, saddler, September 14.

Alfrey, W. Cloak-lane, Dowgate-hill, warehouseman, October 2.

A. T. B. and D. Smith, Old Trinity-house, Water-lane, Tower-street, corn-factors, September 14.

Brown, W. Sutton-at-Hone, Kent, sheep-dealer, July 31.

Brown, A. Plymouth, ship-builder, August 31.

Brown, W. and A. merchants, Bristol, August 30.

Bowman, E. R. Arundel, Sussex, tanner, August 31.

Bell, W. and J. Harris, Bridge-street, Westminster, haberdashers, September 4.

Bryant, W. Bristol, tailor, September 13.

Brooks, C. Southampton, cabinet-maker, September 14.

Crabb, W. Tollesford, Somersetshire, fuller, August 17.

Campart, J. G. Spreadeagle-court, Broker, October 30.

Collier, T. Rathbone-place, Middlesex, silk-mercer, August 28.

Chalmers, J. sen. High Holborn, bootmaker, September 4.

Cooper, H. Commercial-place, City-road, carpenter, September 18.

Carter, S. Stratford, cheesemonger, September 18.

Dampier, E. Primrose-street, Bishopsgate-without, seed-crusher, August 19.

Flendt, G. London Wall, merchant, August 14.
Flendt, G. London Wall, merchant, August 24.
Fox, E. St. George, Gloucestershire, horse-dealer, September 23.
Forshaw, J. Liverpool, merchant, September 20.
Guidice, A. Merthyr, T. Tydvill, Glamorganshire, shop-keeper, August 23.
Hornby, J. Liverpool, merchant, September 15.
Howard, E. and J. Gibbs Cork-st. Burlington-gardens, money-scriveners, November 27.
Handscomb, J. H. Newport Pagnell, Buckinghamshire, lace-merchant, August 28.
Hewitt, T. Whitchurch, Shropshire, furnier, September 2.
Hammond, C. Durham, draper, October 2.
Ince, T. Yedingham, Yorkshire, horse-dealer, September 14.
Jones, J. S. Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, linen-draper, September 10.
Kerby, O. T. Finch-lane, Cornhill, Stock-broker, August 24.
Langley, E. and W. Belch, High-street, Southwark, engravers, September 18.
Lee, J. Horsleydown, lighterman, September 18.
Mitchell, W. Wanstead, butcher, August 21.
Moon, J. Acres Barn, Lancashire, cotton merchant, August 17.
Moon, F. Mirfield, Yorkshire, woollen cloth merchant, August 23.
Metcalf, M. M. Kingston-upon-Hull, merchants, September 4.
Merry, J. South Down, Suffolk, fishing merchant, August 26.
Merrett, J. Arlingham, Gloucestershire, cattle-dealer, August 31.
Mallyon, J. Chatham, victualler, September 4.
Metcalf, J. Thirsk, Yorkshire, linen-draper, October 23.
Nattriss, J. senior, Thornton, Yorkshire, linen-draper, August 23.
Neilson, W. Liverpool, merchant, August 21.
Newell, T. Amberley, Sussex, shopkeeper, August 31.
Pigram, J. Maidstone, grocer, July 31.
Perrell, J. King-street, Cheapside, silk-manufacturer, August 21.
Peters, E. Bristol, grocer, September 29.
Parsons, R. Swansea, Glamorganshire, iron-master, October 2.
Pekham, J. senior, Chart, Kent, seed-crusher, August 23.
Phillpots, R. Banbury, Oxfordshire, draper, October 9.
Price, S. Trowbridge, Wiltshire, grocer, September 11.
Pearl, R. Cambridge, cook, September 14.
Quenby, J. Liverpool, tea-dealer, September 24.
Reed, T. and J. Middlemas, of Newcastle-upon Tyne, merchants, September 14.
Springweller, A. Duke-st. West Smithfield, cabinet maker, August 17.
Smith, J. Liverpool, merchant, September 15.
Thompson, J. Wolverhampton, draper, August 21.
Ugarte, D. De. Wilson-street, Finsbury-square merchant, September 4.
Wharton, G. A. Maidenhead, wine-merchant, August 31.
Webb, T. New Sarum, baker, September 6.
Woodwar, R. Liverpool, merchant, September 17.
Whitehead, R. Norwich, bombazin manufacturer, August 19.
Weedon, G. Bath, brass founder, August 25.
Wilson, R. Birmingham, merchant, August 25.
West, H. Sussex, linen-draper, August 28.
Ward, T. Warwick-row, Coventry, silk manufacturer, August 31.
Williams, W. Llanzenderne, Carmarthenshire, shopkeeper, September 4.
Wilson, W. Liverpool, merchant, August 30.
M. W. and J. Sanderson, Nicholas-lane, Lombard-street, insurance-brokers, August 31.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

August 2.—The lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Cowper of Montagu-place, of a daughter.
3. The lady of the Attorney-General of a son.
5. The lady of John Guillium Scott, Esq. of a daughter.
— Mrs. Wright, of a son.
8. The lady of Samuel Platt, Esq. of a daughter.
10. The lady of Thomas Jones, Esq. of a son.
11. The lady of T. Williams, of a daughter.
12. Mrs. Williamson, of a daughter.
13 Lady Yawke, of a son.
14. The lady of William Andrews, of a son.
16. Mrs. Inchbald, Castle-street, Liverpool, of a daughter.
18. Mrs. James of Islington, of her first son and fourth child.
19. The lady of James Lewes, Esq. of a son.
— The lady of Thomas Power, Esq. of a daughter.
— The lady of N. J. Buckle, Esq. of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

August 3. Joshua Stanger, Esq. to Mary, only daughter of William Calvert, Esq. of Greta Bank, Cumberland.
— Mr. William Ling, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter.
5. The Rev. Henry Gylby Lonsdale, M.A. at St. John's Church, Wakefield, to Anna Maria, daughter of John Pemberton Heywood, Esq. of Wakefield.
6. Mr. W. Brookshop of High-street, Southwark, to Miss S. C. Brotherwood of Great Yarmouth.
7. George Heneage Walker Heneage, Esq. to Harriet Sarah Weber.
8. John Fielding, Esq. to Miss Ann Tracey.
10. Mr. Thomas Neighbour, junior, to Caroline, youngest daughter of Mr. John Simpson of Leadenhall-street.
— Captain Rowley, R.N. to Charlotte, daughter of John Moseley, Esq.
— Mr. Keymer of High-street, to Georgiana, daughter of Mr. Tabrum Clarence, Lampitts.
11. Henry Mitchell Tijou, to Eliza Treadsdale.
13. John Ledwell, Esq. to Maria, daughter of Thomas Jackson, Esq. Liverpool.
16. Mr. Thomas Edwards, surgeon, of Clapham, to Miss Freeman.
19. Mr. William Wilson of Nottingham, to Sarah, eldest daughter of John Morley, Esq.

DEATHS.

August 2, Ann, the wife of James Corbett, Esq. of Walthamstow, aged 59 years.
3. Mr. Wm. Taylor of Shacklewell-lane, Kingsland-road.
4. George Knox, Esq. Grantham.
— Charles Borradaile, Esq. of Clapham, after two days' illness.
5. Augusta Elizabeth, wife of John Kirkland, Esq.
— Mrs. Monney, the wife of Mr. Monney.
7. Mrs. Davison, widow of the late Mr. Henry Davison.
9. Mr. Thomas Wilkinson, senior, at his residence, No. 14, Finsbury-pavement, in the 78th year of his age.
10. Mr. John Brontry of Reading.
11. Edward Kenny, in his 13th year, while bathing in the river Lea, Layton.
12. James Hickie, Esq. of Bristol.
— Maria Grace Fergusson, in her 18th year.
13. Mr. James Snowden, Chelsea.
14. Henry Coldridge, Esq. Clapham.
17. Eliza Sarah, youngest daughter of John Chichester, M.D. in the 16th year of her age

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS from the 26th of July, to the 25th August, 1824.

Days.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. C. Red.	3 Pr. C. Cons.	3½ Pr. C. Cons.	4 Pr. C. Cons.	N4Pr.C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Bds.	Ex. Bills.	Consols for acc.
26		92⅞ 3⅛	92⅛ ⅜	101⅛	101½	105⅝ ⅜	23 22 15-16	287	88 84p	40 46p	92⅛
27	235⅝	93⅛	92⅛ ⅜	101½ ⅛ ⅜	101¼ ⅜	105⅝ 6	23 22 15-16	287 6	84 86p	40 45p	92⅛
28	236½	93¼ 3	92⅜	101½ ⅛	101½	106 5⅛	23 1-16 3		84 86p	40 46p	92⅛
29	236½ 7⅛	93¼	92⅜ ⅛	101½ ⅛	101⅜ ⅛	105⅞ ⅜	23 2 15-16	285½	84 86p	42 47p	92⅛
30	236⅝ 7	93¼ 2⅜	92⅜ 2	101½	101½ ⅛	105⅞	23		86 83p	39 45p	92⅛ 2
31	236½	92⅝ ⅜	92⅛ 1⅞	101 ⅞ ⅛	101⅜ ⅛	105⅞ ⅜	22⅞ 15-16	285¼ 4	83 82p	14 39p	91⅞ 2
2	236½	92⅝ ⅜	91⅞ ⅞	101¼ ¼	101⅜ ⅛	105⅞ ⅜	23	284	84 82p	38 45p	91⅞ 2
3	236⅜	93 2⅝	92⅛ ⅛	101½	101⅜ ⅜	105⅝ ⅜	22 15-16 3		82 78p	43 37p	92⅛
4	236⅜ 7	93 ¼	92⅜ ⅛	101⅜	101⅜ ⅛	106 5⅛	22 15-16 3		76 80p	36 42p	92⅛
5		93⅛ 2⅞	92⅜ ⅛	101⅜ ⅛	101⅜ ⅛	105⅞ ⅜	23		79 75p	42 36p	92⅛
6	236½	93¼ ⅛	92⅜ ⅛	101¼		105⅞ ⅜	23		73 78p	31 36p	92⅛
7		93⅜	92⅜ 3		101½ ⅛	105⅞ 6	23 2 15-16		79 82p	32 38p	92⅛ 3
8		94	93⅛ ⅛			106 ¼	23 ⅛	287½	82 80p	34 40p	93
9									80 82p	36 42p	93⅛ 4
10	237½	94⅛ ⅛	93¼ 4	101⅜	101⅜	106¼ 6	23½ 3-16		80 82p	37 43p	94⅛ 3
11	237½	94⅛ ⅛	94⅛ 3⅜	101⅝	101⅜	106 ⅛	23½ 3-16		80	43 37p	94 3
12	237	94⅛ ⅛	93⅜ ⅛		101⅜	106 ⅛	23 3-16 ¼		80	43 37p	94 3
13	237⅛	94⅛ ⅛	93⅜ 4	101⅜	101⅜	106⅛ 5⅞	23½	287½	82 80p	38 44p	93⅛ 4
14	237¼	94⅛ ⅛	93⅝	102		106 ⅛	23½ 3-16	287½	80 82p	43 38p	93⅛ 4
15	237½ 7	94⅛ ⅛	93⅞	101⅝	101⅝	106 ¼	23 3-16 ¼		82p	39 45p	93⅞
16	237½ 7	94⅛ ⅛	93⅞	101⅞	101½	106⅛ ⅛	23 13-16 ¼	287 ½	80p	43 38p	93⅞
17	237½ 7	94⅛ ⅛	93⅞	101⅞		106⅛ ⅛	23 3-16 ¼	287	80 82p	38 42p	93⅞
18	237	94⅛ ⅛	93⅞	101⅞		106⅛ 5⅞		287	82p	39 44p	93⅞
19	236½ 7	94⅛ ⅛	93⅞		101½	106 5⅞	23 3-16 ¼		82 84p	40 42p	93⅞
20	236⅜ 6	94⅛ 4	93⅞	101¾	101⅝	106 5⅞	23½ 3-16			40 43p	93⅞ 2
21	235½ 6	94⅛ ⅛	93⅝		101½ ⅛	105⅞ ⅜	23½ ⅛		86p	40 43p	93⅞
23	235½	94⅛ ¼	93⅝ ⅛		101	105⅞ ⅜	23 3-16		87 86p	38 43p	93⅞
24		94⅛ ¼	93⅞	101½		105⅞ ⅜	23 3-16 ⅛	286¾	87 88p	37 43p	93⅞
25	236½ 6	94⅛ ½	93⅝	101½ ¾	101½	105⅞ ⅜	23 3-16 ⅛				

All Exchequer Bills dated prior to July, 1823, have been advertised to be paid off.
JAMES WETENHALL, 15, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

From the 20th of July, to the 19th of August, 1824.

By Messrs. Harris and Co. Mathematical Instrument Makers, 50, High Holborn.

July	Moon.	Rain Guage.	Therm. 9 A.M.	Therm. Max.	Therm. Min.	Barom. 9 A.M.	Barom. 10 P.M.	De Luc's Hygrn. 9 A.M.	De Luc's Hygrn. 10 P.M.	Winds. 9 A.M.	Winds. 10 P.M.	Atmo. Variations. 9 A.M.	2 P.M.	10 P.M.
20		130	65	75	62	30	30	30	25	55	57	NNE	N	Fine.	Fine	Clou.
21			65	70	63	30	22	30	20	60	65	NNE	SE			Fine
22			67	73	64	30	21	30	16	61	65	E	SE			
23			67	72	65	30	15	30	02	60	53	SW	WS			
24			67	74	60	29	86	29	80	60	55	W	W			
25			72	70	58	29	80	29	83	53	55	W	W.			
26	●	5	67	70	56	29	80	29	80	60	70	NE	NE		Clou.	Rain
27			63	70	62	29	94	30	14	70	55	NNE	NE	Clou.	Fair	Fair
28			65	70	60	30	23	30	20	53	58	SW	SW	Fine	Fine	Fine
29			67	70	56	30	07	29	87	59	65	ESE	E			
30			57	69	53	29	84	29	66	65	67	E	E	Fair	Fair	Fair
31			57	67	53	29	67	29	60	70	79	E	E	Fine	Clou	Rain
1	☽	32	58	63	50	29	60	29	95	85	75	NE	N	Rain	Rain	Fine
2			57	59	53	30	03	30	20	70	77	NW	SW	Fine	Fine	
3			65	69	57	29	95	29	91	75	73	SSW	S	Clou.		Clou.
4			66	68	56	29	84	29	75	70	75	S	W	Fair		Rain
5			58	68	57	29	70	29	68	71	74	WSW	SW	Fine	Fine	Fine
6		33	60	65	53	29	61	29	68	70	77	WSW	W	Clou.	Rain	Rain
7			57	67	54	29	83	29	90	75	77	NNW	N	Overc.		
8			55	65	54	29	85	29	73	75	87	W	SW	Rain		
9	○		57	70	50	29	70	29	78	85	73	W	W	Fine	Fine	Fine
10			65	70	54	29	82	29	78	62	77	W	S			
11			65	72	59	29	65	29	73	70	70	W	WSW	Clou.		
12			66	70	55	29	76	29	77	67	73	WSW	W	Fair		
13			69	68	53	29	83	29	84	70	72	W	N	Fine	Show.	
14			64	68	55	29	96	29	95	68	70	W	SW		Fine	Fair
15		145	66	67	53	29	74	29	70	80	78	SW	W	Rain	Show.	
16			63	67	53	29	70	29	80	70	70	W	W	Fine	Fine	Fair
17	☾		64	68	55	29	80	29	63	70	73	WSW	WSW		Fair	

THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

SEPTEMBER, 1824:

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF OCTOBER.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF MR. WILLIAM SHARP.

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LONDON:

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FOR SHERWOOD, JONES, AND CO. PATERNOSTER ROW,

And Sold by all the Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

[TWO SHILLINGS.]

SHACKELL AND ARROWSMITH, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

EDITOR'S NOTICE.

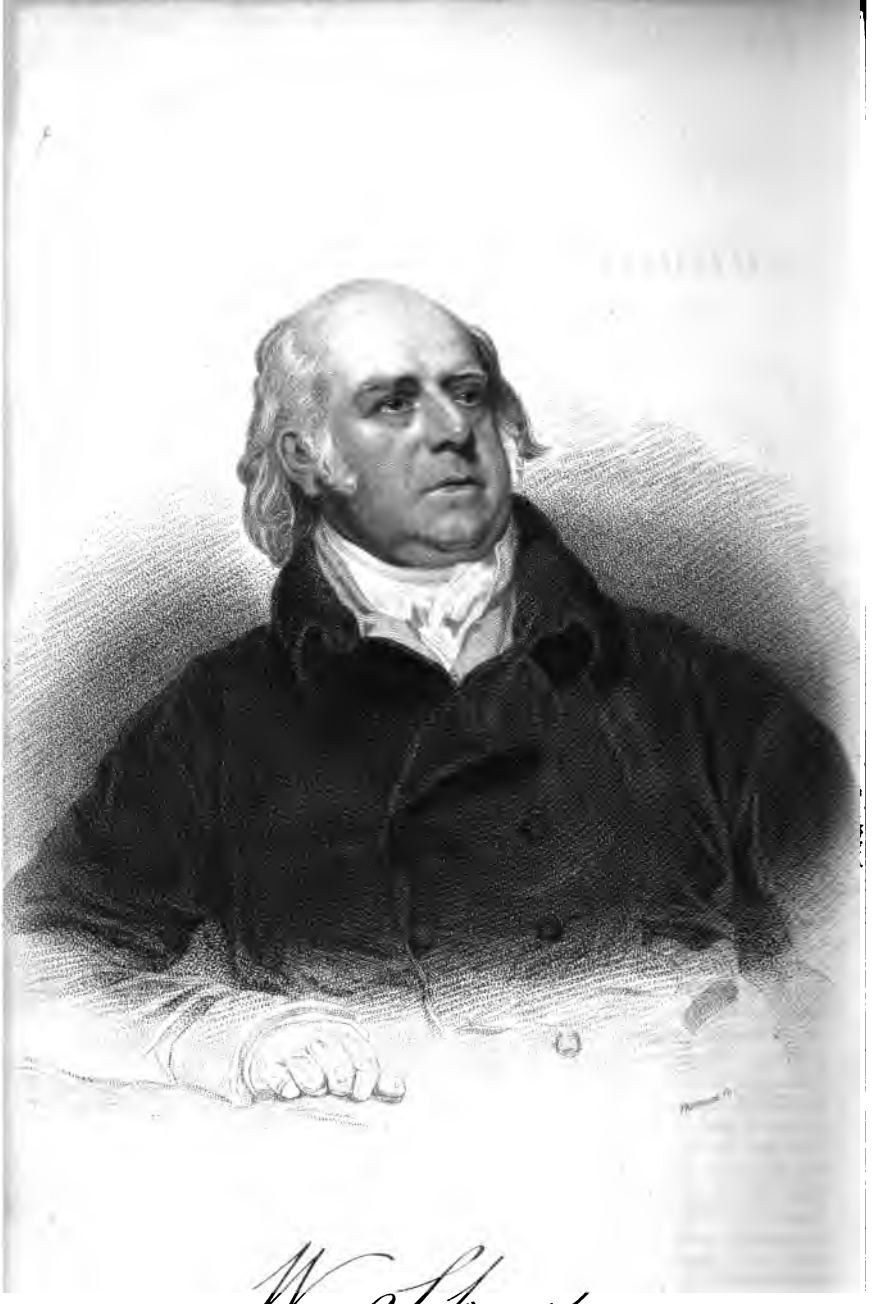
H. Ad. will receive a letter at our publisher's, after the 8th instant.

Poor X. Y. Z.! we pity his situation. We knew he would prove a dastard. His town house—his country house—his carriage—his trip to the Isle of Wight, what a humbug!!! We shall merely tell him, that we know his employers though we do not know himself, and it is good for him that we do not. He must expect no further notice from us until he gives his name. He tells us that Christopher North could extinguish us at one blow—Why does he not do so? We are certain that we have given him sufficient provocation, but we are equally certain, that no provocation could inspire him even with a factitious courage of replying to us, or defending himself. He knows his own metal, and we are certain he knows ours. But "*nihil mortui nisi bonum.*" His intellectual spirit is fled, and we are not acquainted with any electric impulse that can rouse it into existence.

We have many apologies to make to several of our contributors, but they will all receive letters from us at our publisher's on the 5th instant.

The "Sinner Reclaimed," has been composed, but has been unavoidably omitted—It will appear in our next.

EUROPE



W. Sharp

THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND

LONDON REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER, 1824.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF THE LATE MR SHARP.

WILLIAM SHARP, the celebrated historical and portrait engraver, and honorary member of the Imperial and Bavarian academies, was born on the 29th of January, 1749. His father was a reputable gun-maker, of Haydon Yard in the Minories, who observing early manifestations of a talent for drawing in his son William, and not being able to estimate, (as indeed no father could) the full extent of those talents, thought only of qualifying him for the performance of that species of engraving which is bestowed on fire arms, and is technically termed *bright* engraving because it solicits attention to itself, and not to the impressions that may be taken from it, by filling its incisions with ink. Young William was accordingly apprenticed to Longmate, who practised this species of engraving, near the Royal Exchange: and soon after the expiration of his engagement, our artist having married, commenced business for himself in Bartholomew Lane: which being not far from the scene of his apprenticeship, marks integrity of conduct, by shewing that he was irreproachable, if not respected, where the deeds of his youth were known.

His present biographer has heard him say, what is reported with some *naivete* in the Somerset-house Gazette, "that his first essay on engraving was made on a pewter pot. His friends would have qualified the assertion by substituting a silver tankard: but our artist loved truth, and insisted on the veracity of this humble commencement." We mention this however, only to point the moral of a tale; for the apprentices of all bright-engravers begin to acquire a feeling of their principal tool by the sculpture of publicans' names on pewter pots. After a few years of experience, as his powers developed, Sharp began to feel himself capable of higher works than dogs-collars, and door and card-plates, and one of his first essays in the superior branch of his art, was, to travel *all the way* from Bartholomew Lane to the Tower of London; make a drawing of the old lion Hector, who had been an inmate of that fortress for about thirty years; engrave from it a small quarto plate, and expose the prints for sale in his window.

This was a firm, and successful, and satisfactory step, made on sure ground: for the prints of the lion sold moderately well; (the plate has lately been found among his effects at Chiswick;) and hence he was probably induced to

speculate on more important graphic concerns. Perhaps, too, the delicate health of his wife, who had been too long "in populous city pent," might form part of his inducement, when he speculated on removal.—However these things may have been, he left the busy civic haunts and the hum of Bartholomew Lane, somewhere about the year 1782, for the more salubrious neighbourhood of Vauxhall, where he began to engrave for the Novelist's Magazine, after the designs of Stothard; contributed a single plate to Southwell's folio Bible; and soon after felt firmly seated enough on this superior branch to which he had climbed, to undertake more important works. In fact, his mind had by this time been expanded by the contemplation of good pictures and prints, and he began to

> —"drink the spirit, breathed
> From dead men to their kind;"

to look with due veneration at the great works of the old masters; and finally to emulate, and imitate them. But the removal to the country did not much amend the infirm health of Mrs. Sharp, and he soon became a widower.

The present writer's acquaintance with him commenced soon after this period of his life. He was then a well formed, well looking man, inclining to corpulence; labouring zealously in his vocation; exercising and refreshing himself with daily ablutions in the Thames during the cool of the morning, and being strong, and an expert swimmer, he swam with ease over that river and back again. Here, at Lambeth, he was the neighbour and occasional associate of John Browne, the distinguished etcher of landscape; and of Wilson Lowry, of whom we treated in our last magazine: and here, at his mature age, and in the prime of his faculties, he performed some of those grand and laborious works which will long remain an honour to himself, his art, and his country. His admirable portrait of John Hunter, after Reynolds, his not less admirable Doctors, or Fathers, (as it is sometimes termed,) of the primitive church, discussing the doctrine of the immaculate conception, after Guido; the former one of the finest portraits, the latter one of the finest historical engravings, in the world, were both executed in the small house which he occupied near Vauxhall. Here was completed West's Landing of King Charles the Second, which Woollet, at his decease, had left unfinished; and there was performed several other works not enumerated by those who have hitherto treated of his biography—among them two solemn dances by torch-light in the Friendly Islands, and some portraits of islanders of the Pacific Ocean, engraved for Captain Cook's last voyage; and the most exquisite work of the oval series, after Benwell, an artist who died young, and of which the subject is the Children in the Wood. The public have not yet done justice either to the design or execution of this plate, which was nearly obscured at the time it was published, by the myriads of coloured stripplings that swarmed before its merits. The scene is, of course, the interior of a forest, where the babes have wandered, feeding on blackberries, till they were weary, and have fallen asleep. The girl, who is a perfect cherub of innocence, still holds a bramble sprig containing some fruit, as she sleeps—implying that of the two strongest appetites in this early age, sleep has just obtained the mastery;—or rather let us say, the reader remembers that

> "When the darksome night came on,
> "They sat them down and cried,

they cried themselves to sleep; and Benwell has beautifully imagined that he saw them the following morning before they awoke, and that the robins were hovering around them in poetic anticipation of their melancholy fate. In this there is a certain delicate tenderness of sentiment; and sense of pictorial propriety; for had the painter waited till the children were dead they would have been ghastly objects, and the pathos of his performance would have merged in a feeling of horror: whereas, as it is, it is the most simple and touching of pathetic tragedies. But we will say more of this—at least of the engraved part of it, when we open our portfolio, and when it is fairly before us with his other works. At present we pursue the chronological course of events, as nearly as we are able, in completing our sketch of Sharp's biography.

Whilst thus living and engraving at Lambeth, our artist became gradually

and justly dissatisfied with the scanty remuneration which he received for his plates from the printsellers; which kept him always poor, though his expences were moderate; and his brother dying somewhat unexpectedly at Gibraltar, he became possessed of some property, and was enabled to set about, and to execute and publish for himself, some of those works from Salvator Rosa, Domenichino, and others of the old masters of high character, from the celebrated collection of the late Mr. Udney, which in contributing to the extension of their fame, has established his own. He now effected his removal from Lambeth, to a much larger house in Charles Street, near the Middlesex hospital; and indulged himself in new social connexions, and a somewhat more expensive mode of life.

The exact time when the serenity of his mind and the tenour of his studies began to be invaded by credulous notions, concerning the animal magnetism of Mesmer, and the mysteries of Emanuel Swedenborg, has not been ascertained. It was probably not the result of a moment: nor is it the dates of events of a kind, but the facts, that are cared about. Suffice it, that these things happened somewhat about the era of his removal to Charles Street; and the same accession of fortune which enabled him to undertake the publication of his own engravings, enabled him also to indulge in these aberrations,—for so we must esteem them at the best; to patronize Bryan the enthusiast, and the *prophet* Brothers; to dabble, for he did no more, in the politics of Thomas Paine, and Horne Tooke, by becoming a member of the "Society for Constitutional Information;" and to cultivate various friendships, which had no inconsiderable influence on the future events of his life.

Bryan, who has been mentioned by Mr. Thwaites, of the Morning Herald, with some doubt as to whether, or not, he was an intentional deluder, is, we believe, still living, and not unable to defend himself from the imputation. He was in reality, a sort of irregular quaker, who had engrafted some of the peculiar doctrines of the Baron Swedenborg on an original stock of fervid religious feeling. He was much befriended by Sharp, who had him instructed in copper-plate printing; supplied him with presses and other printing materials; and furnished him with money, or credit, enough, (as was currently reported,) to set him up in business: but some difference, either of a spiritual or a temporal nature, afterwards arose between them. Perhaps our engraver was not at that time prepared to go to the enthusiastic lengths to which he was subsequently impelled, or by which he was attracted, but, a strong tide of animal spirits and ardent hope, not unaccompanied by some intellectual pretensions and shrewdness of insight, characterized the mind of Jacob Bryan; which when religion was launched on it, swelled to enthusiasm, tossed reason to the skies, or whirled her in mystic eddies. Sharp found him one morning groaning on the ground between his two printing presses, at his workshop in Mary-la-bone street, complaining how much he was oppressed, by bearing, after the pattern of the Saviour, part of the sins of the people; and he soon after had a vision, commanding him forthwith to proceed to Avignon on a divine mission. He accordingly set forth on that very day, or the day following the appearance of the vision, in full reliance on divine Providence; leaving his wife to negociate the disposal of his printing concern: and thus Sharp lost his printer, but Bryan kept his faith.

This circumstance is here mentioned, chiefly because it has been reported in the daily journals, as if the artist had supposed that Bryan's journey to Avignon was performed by supernatural means; whereas this was never believed by the former party, nor even pretended to by the latter. He never issued any other report than that he crossed the sea in the regular packet, and got to the south of France in the best manner he could, performing part of the journey on foot.*

* The issue of this mission was so ambiguous, that it might be construed into an accomplishment of its supposed object; according as an ardent, or a cool, imagination, was employed on the subject: but the missionary, (Mr. Bryan) returned to England after a while, and has since become so deeply solitary, that a few years ago, he could even pin upon the suffering and confession which St. Paul has expressed in his text—"*I die daily.*"

The mysteries of Mesmer, and those of Emanuel Swedenborg, had somehow become mingled in the imaginations of their respective, or their mutual followers, at about this period: and De Loutherbourg, Cosway, Miss Prescott, and Bryan, were supposed to be endued—though not in the same degree—with a sort of half physical, and half miraculous, power,—which could not be very accurately defined, of curing diseases, and imparting the thoughts or sympathies of distant friends. De Loutherbourg was believed by the rest, to be a very Esculapius in this divine art; but Bryan, whom the present writer has seen operate on a poor man who was subject to fits, was held to be far less powerful: and was so by his own confession. Sharp also had some inferior pretensions of the same kind, which gradually died away.

But behold RICHARD BROTHERS arose a prophet in Israel! The millennium was at hand! The Jews were to be gathered together, and were to re-occupy Jerusalem; and Sharp and Brothers were to march with their squadrons! Due preparations were accordingly made, and boundless expectations were entertained by our enthusiastic artist. Upon the present writer's remonstrating that none of these preparations appeared to be of a marine nature, and enquiring how the chosen colony were to cross the seas? Our hero answered, "O, you'll see, there'll be an earthquake: and a miraculous transportation will take place." Nor can Sharp's faith or sincerity on this point be in the least distrusted; for he actually sat down and engraved *two* plates of the portrait of the *prophets* having calculated that one would not print the great number of impressions that would be wanted when the important advent should arrive; and added to them an extraordinary and confirming inscription, of which we shall speak in the sequel.

If faith be made the measure of piety, the pretensions of no man—not even those of "his most faithful majesty;" [there is some king we believe who bears this title,] or of the pope himself, could exceed those of William Sharp. The friends of the king, or of the pope, might contend—and could only contend—that they listened with more reason to Moses and the prophets of old, than our artist to the modern prophets, Swedenborg and Brothers; but since faith is greater where reason is less, the argument would easily have been brought to a close.

Brothers however, had mentioned dates; and dates, although proofs of the prophet's sincerity and insanity, are in other respects very stubborn things. Yet the failure of the accomplishment of this prophecy may have helped to recommend the pretensions of "*The woman clothed with the sun*," who now arose as might be thought, somewhat mal-apropos, in the west. But miracles are superior to the laws of nature; the apostles were fishermen, and Jesus Christ himself, honoured by his birth the house of a poor carpenter in an obscure village. The low origin of JOANNA SOUTHCOTE could therefore form no objection to her divine credentials. The drowning hopes of the confused and favourite faith of a fanatic will catch at straws; the Holy Scriptures had said "the sceptre shall not depart from Israel, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until SHILO come;" and TO HIM *shall the gathering of my people be.*" When Brothers was incarcerated in a mad house at Islington, Joanna shone forth at Exeter; and when the day of dread that was to leave this fair metropolis in ruins, while it ushered forth Brothers and Sharp on their holy errand, passed calmly over, the explicators of divine truth and Seers of coming events, being driven to their shifts, began to look out for new ground, and, in short, to prevaricate most wofully. The days of prophecy, Sharp said, were sometimes weeks, or months; nay according to one text, a thousand years were but a single day, and one day as a thousand years. But he finally clung to the death-bed prediction of Jacob; which supported as it was by ocular demonstration of the swelling Shilo, and it was altogether in vain that Sir William Drummond, or any other learned and sensible man, explained, that Shiloh was in reality the ancient Asiatic name of a star in Scorpio; or that Joanna herself sold for a trifle, or gave away in her loving kindness, the impressions of trumpery seal, which at the great day were to constitute the discriminating mark between the righteous and the ungodly.

The pious Mrs. Bow, or her husband, has written about

> The soul's dark cottage battered and
> bewray'd,
> Lo! in new light thro' chinks that time
> has made.

But, battered and bewrayed as our Artist's faith in modern relevation might well be supposed to have become, no new light streamed in at the chinks. It was still the soul's dark cottage, when the corpse of the prophetess lay in the neighbourhood of Manchester square; when the surgeons were proceeding to anatomical investigation of the physical and proximate cause of her death; and the mob was gathering without doors, in anticipation of a riot or a miracle, Sharp continued to maintain—less in spite of the surgeon's teeth, than of his own nose—that she was not dead, but entranced. And also at a subsequent period, when he was sitting to Mr. Haydon for his portrait, he predicted to that gentleman, that Joanna would re-appear in the month of July, 1822. "But suppose she should not," returned Mr. Haydon. "I tell you she will (retorted Sharp,) but if she should not, nothing will shake my faith in her divine mission." And those who were near his person during his last illness, state that in this belief he died.

Of his politics, less need be said; he was not a man of much reading, depth of philosophical inquiry nor do we know the origin of his intimacy with some of the leading characters of the day, on the popular side of the great question of reform. It probably was accidental, and arising out of his professional pursuits; he engraved a sort of symbolical plate; if our recollection be right, for Major Cartwright, containing various constitutional emblems, &c.; and he engraved the figure of Mercury putting on his sandal wings, after a model or drawing by Banks, for "the Diversions of Purley," which through the medium of Johnson, the late worthy bookseller of St. Paul's Church Yard, is not unlikely to have introduced him to Horne Tooke. Certain it is that he became intimate also with Thomas Paine, whom he caused to sit to Romney for his portrait, which he afterwards engraved, and which is an excellent likeness of that robust reformer. Certain it is that he was at this period, the ostensible and professed friend of representative government; and certain it is that he allowed his name to be entered as a member of "the society for constitutional information," many names dear to patriotism and philosophy, being then on the roll. But the apostacy of the minister Pitt, from that society and from the cause of Parliamentary reform, seems to have rendered him suspicious and resentful towards those who acceded to it, or whose names remained on the list of the constitutional society, or else, Sharp was too much of a Mark Antony, in the frankness and hilarity of his manners and appearance; and (as might soon be discovered) too shallow, vague, and unsettled in his principles of civil liberty, ever to have incurred the honest suspicions of an honest privy council, or of any privy council that had not time to throw idly away. The idea of our engraver's being apprehended "for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not in his speeches or writings, he had committed himself so far as that he might in common with Horne Tooke, Holcroft, Thelwall, and others, take his trial for high treason!" was quite farcical. Mr. Hardy, the shoe-maker, himself, who bears his faculties so meekly, could not have been more consciously innocent, or less likely to be implicated in dark conspiracy. Sharp's political writings! who had ever seen any? who that knew him, could have entertained the least suspicion, that his house-keeper's tureens, where well seasoned soup was much more likely to have been detected, would ever have been looked into by the king's officers, for political writings? Yet such was the fact. Political writings indeed! No, he might read occasionally in Godwin's "Political Justice," Paine's "Rights of Man," and Cobbett's "Political Register;" but his literary notices, if such they might be termed, were almost ridiculously vague and uncritical. Indeed the single short sentence which he has inscribed under the portraits of Brothers, may serve to shew how very unqualified was William Sharp to work on metaphysics, or the arts of government, or to perturb states and empires by his political philosophy.

The inscription runs as follows:—"Fully believing this to be the man appointed by God, I engrave his likeness W. Sharp." The wags in reading it generally chose to put the comma-pause in the wrong place; and to

understand and interpret, that W. Sharp hereby *made oath* that he engraved the portrait of the man appointed, namely *Richard Brothers*! But if the reader paused in the right place, that is to say, in the place where Sharp intended, what did the sentence express that was fit for a public inscription? "Fully believing this to be the man appointed by God"—for what? appointed to do what? to head the Jews in their predestined march to recover Jerusalem? or to die in a mad-house? one is expressed as much as the other; and, appointed by God to delude W. Sharp, as much as either. In fine, the whole is but a monument of folly; or, in the sense or nonsense, of the mock constitutional society, of *blasphemy*. Messrs. Pitt and Dundas, and the rest of those members of the privy council who examined Sharp, were quite correct in their easy inference, that the state had nothing to apprehend from the harmless and deluded artist who stopped them in the highway of their quizzical proceeding; and presenting his prospectus with due imprecations, or deprecations, demanded their subscriptions on the spot, for proof impressions of his portrait of Horne Tooke. It must have been, on both sides, a highly wrought* farcical scene.

Impartiality obliges us to add, that some years after this idle and fruitless search for treason, in a tureen and an addled brain, which proceeding would have ruined the lasting reputation of many an independent mind, Sharp was so placable, so altered, or so versatile and unsteady, that he solicited and obtained, some favourable notice from Lord Sidmouth, and Mr. Vansittart; and, having engraved a plate after Woodford, of King Charles's interview with his children in the presence of Oliver Cromwell; a plate, of which the essential purpose being to excite pity for suffering royalty, stood in direct opposition to some of his formerly avowed sentiments, was presented, with his engraving at court; had the honour of the royal permission to dedicate it to the king, and did dedicate it accordingly "to the King's most Excellent Majesty." But the public have not esteemed the print to be among his better performances, neither does it deserve to have been so esteemed, however interesting the subject, and notwithstanding it contains some passages which are executed in a masterly style.† The comparatively small engraving of the Children in the Wood, is worth an hundred such works. Some trivial anecdotes and incidents not worth relating here, are said to have arisen out of this acquaintance with Lord Sidmouth, whom he visited at Richmond Park: and it may be guessed that there existed some sympathy between them on the score of saints and evangelists.

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* Mr. Thwaites, of the Morning Herald, who knew Sharp intimately, and had doubtless heard him detail the incidents of this farce, relates them as follows: "He was placed under arrest by the government, and was had up several times before the privy council to be examined, for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not in his speeches or writings, he had committed himself so far as that he might with H. Tooke and others, take his trial for high treason; but his being a bold, handsome looking, jocular man, one who looked as if he liked the good things of this world too well to become a conspirator, the privy council came to a conclusion, that the altar and the throne had not much to fear from him; and, especially at one of the meetings, when Messrs. Pitt and Dundas were present, after he had been for a length of time plagued with questions which Sharp said had little or nothing to do with the business; he deliberately pulled out of his pocket a prospectus for subscribing to his portrait of Horne Tooke, which he was then engraving, and first handing it to Messrs. Pitt and Dundas, he requested them to have the goodness to put down their names as subscribers, and then to give his prospectus to the other members of the privy council, for their names. The singularity of such a proposal, set them laughing, and he was soon after discharged. We give this anecdote on the authority of the Morning Herald, of August the 2nd, but we think it must have been for some other engraving, that he solicited the subscriptions of the ministers, as the portrait of Horne Tooke, (of which the plate remains unsold) had been previously engraved, unless we greatly mistake, by Amber Smith. However, the positive evidence, the point itself, is not at present within our view or reach, and the Herald may be correct on this point.

† The original picture is by no means of a high character.

His eccentricity, however, which has been otherwise termed the love of fame, and the love of notoriety, is in its honourable ramifications, the route of so much social good, that it is but fair to add, these were no more than its disappointed ramblings.

"Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
To scorn delights, and live laborious days."

and our artist sought it at first, with honourable assiduity in his professional exertions.

The Somerset House Gazette has very properly reproached the memory of Macklin for ordaining and contriving, and that of Bartolozzi for undertaking, in compliance with a prevailing and perverted taste, to convert Sharp's large Holy Family, after Sir Joshua Reynolds, of which the aquafortis proof is one of the finest historical etchings that the world has seen, into a coloured and stippled sign-post of a gipsy halt. By the way, the writer of this article is mistaken in his assertion that this picture was painted by Sir Joshua, "for the Historic Gallery." It was not painted (we believe) either for the Historic Gallery, or for "the Poets' Gallery," (which latter he probably meant) but for the gallery of Sir Peter Burrell, Bart. and Macklin had no more than the use of it.

As his own best works were not duly appreciated on their appearance, so neither did, nor indeed could, he appreciate the talents the scientific or philosophical attainments, of those with whom he was politically associated during the middle period of his life. Like the "men of Ephesus" he might for awhile "ignorantly worship," such minds as those of Godwin, Payne, Tooke, Holcroft, and Cobbett; but they were to him no more than altars upon which he might offer a little occasional incense to an "unknown God." Hence, and from other causes which we shall proceed to explain, it is not so very difficult to account for his political apostacy; and hence his former associates, warned of this fickleness, parted from him without feeling much regret at his secession.

It seems probable that many of Sharp's peculiarities sprung from that love of notoriety, of which we have treated. In conversation, he often spoke with little reflection, from the mere impulse of the moment. If a thought crossed his mind that appeared to him sufficiently strong to be impressive, he gave it utterance, without much caring whether or not it was compatible with what he might have formerly said on the same subject, or homogeneous with what he might suppose to be his own general character. The wonder therefore ceases, at that dissonance in his religious and political sentiments, which jarred on the different periods of his life. In fact, with regard to his social and civil relations, Sharp had no first principles. He did not generalise, and had not classed or arranged his ideas. The religious subtleties with which his mind may be supposed to have been much occupied, were by no means of a profound character. If you spoke to him of Locke, Berkley, Hume, or any other metaphysical writer, you soon discovered, that of such matters he knew almost nothing; and that he was by no means well read, even in the Scriptures. What he had not sought to reach, and did not know, he, upon many occasions, and it is feared generally, affected to undervalue or to despise. If you spoke with admiration, or even with approbation only, of some distinguished man of science, he would reply, "give me a common-sense-man;" and would mention some working carpenter or smith, perhaps of native worth, who was in his occasional employ, and who, as you soon learned, was a disciple of Swedenborg, or Brothers, or Southcote. And these predilections and aversions appear to have remained with him to the last; for in his last testament, notwithstanding that he had no near relatives, we find no testimonial of regard left to any artist or man of science; or who manifested genius or talent in any way, that did not fall in with his religious persuasions. Not even Napier is made of his own cousin, Mr. Pepys, a gentleman, whose various and profound attainments, particularly in the analytical sciences, are well known. This is a pretty certain criterion of the real state of his regards. Meanwhile he has left a legacy (of £50) to a shop-keeper, whom we remember a few years ago in the humble capacity of errand-boy. A spotless but humble and modest demeanour, certainly; but who neither has, nor makes preten-

stone, to any thing beyond or above his sphere; still less one who had claims to anything that should have entitled him to be remembered, where Mr. Papys was forgotten. We recollect here that one of the dogmata of the Baron Swedenborg (who was Sharp's first apostle) is, that if the spiritual inhabitant of an inferior sphere comes among the blessed, as they may whenever they please, from the confines of their own purgatory, he finds the atmosphere so oppressive, so unfit for his spiritual respiration, that he can by no means be happy, or even comfortable there, and is glad to get back again. Of this doctrine, the conduct of our engraver, in the affairs of this life, affords but too much practical illustration.

Concerning the portrait which our artist engraved of Sir Wm. Curtis, after the very capital picture by Sir Thos. Lawrence, we also distrust the authenticity of the newspaper anecdote. If, as the Morning Herald reports, Sir William behaved most liberally towards him, and was one of his favourites, it is not likely that he would say his head was an ugly knob at the best, or add that, "if citizens would be so stupid as to give him large sums of money to engrave their awkward and unmeaning faces he could not help it."

We happen to know that the remuneration which Sharp received for this plate, was not so extravagant as to warrant the words "large sums of money;" and that the negociation respecting it was brought about through the intervention of Blake, of 'Change Alley, a jocose and excellent man, now deceased, who employed much of his time and means in kind offices to others; to whose shrine we have ourselves performed a willing pilgrimage; and who appears to have been intimate with Sharp, probably from the time of his leaving the house of Longmate. There is further, a little local anecdote attaching to this portrait, which may not be thought altogether unworthy of being known and remembered. The idea of engraving it originated in the respect which Blake entertained at once for the city baronet, and for the abilities of his old friend. He aimed at pleasing both parties, and might expect his mediation, like mercy, to be doubly blessed. During the progress of the work, the thought occurred to him of gratifying the former, by introducing his portrait in the offskip. This was consented to by Sharp, and immediately, good-naturedly, but inadvertently done, without communicating with Sir Thomas, and without reflecting that an engraver could have no such right to alter, even in a trifling respect, the composition of a living painter; where improvement might seem like reproach, and deterioration be doubly reprehensible. Sir T. Lawrence was, not without reason, offended, and the coldness of dissatisfaction arose; and had Sharp continued to live for centuries, it is probable he would have engraved no more portraits after the works of the president.

Mr. Sharp was so extraordinary a compound of high professional merit, good moral intention, and egregious credulity; and so many, and such various reports, have gone forth respecting him, that we could not bring ourselves to say less than we have, of his social and religious, as well as of his professional career. Time presses, and our materials of reference are at present imperfect, or we would have proceeded to submit a list of his engravings, and a few comments on those which we esteem to be the principal. His own opinions of some of those works, delivered apparently with candour, and within his own fire-side circle, have been laid before the public, and are doubtless interesting: but modesty, partiality, and the reflections from self-seeming, may well be supposed to have borne their parts in the formation and delivery of those opinions; and the impartiality of a by-stander will naturally be expected from his biographers. These comments, however, we must now defer till our next number, where (no unforeseen accident preventing,) they will be found under the head of *Fine Arts*.

We shall only at present say of the general style of his engraving, that it is masterly, and not borrowed from any of his predecessors or contemporaries; but eclectic,—which is to say, that it is fairly felt, and wrought out for himself, after looking at them all with due respect, but without servility; and after comparing them with their grand archetype—Nature. The delicate tints and shadows of his best works are peculiarly rich; yet it is almost beyond

to the light colors of Reynolds," and his "Children in the Wood," and his "Fathers of the Church," about to participate them. His compositions are always conducted with ability, and sometimes with the

"Wanton heed and giddy cunning,"

Which can only result from genius.

Sharp's play of lines have, generally speaking, the utmost freedom, combined with a *power* of regularity and accuracy, which always appears commensurate to the occasion. This implies more of the artist, and less of the mechanic, than we elsewhere find; a solicitude for the end, rather than the means; and is the result of a grander career of mind, governed by bolder bridling.

We shall beg leave to close our present memoir with stating, that the professional fame of him who is the subject of it, is widely spread on the European continent, and wherever else the rays of taste have extended. Foreign institutions of art, have so far respected his merits, as to have elected him a member of the Imperial Academy of Vienna, and of the Electoral Academy of Bavaria. He received both his diplomas in the course of the year 1814. But by the Royal Academy of Arts of his own country, he remained unhonoured to the hour of his death, notwithstanding the advantages that British art, and counsels had derived from the exercise of his professional talents, and the influence upon the rising race of artists, of his professional example.

He made two or three removals of his residence before he finally domiciliated at Chiswick; from Charlotte-street, Middlesex Hospital, to a smaller house in Titchfield-street, where he engraved, or at least completed, his largest plate after Copley, of the scene before Gibraltar, on the morning of the 27th of November, 1781, one of the proudest in the annals of war; when the Spanish floating batteries were destroyed, and British *magnanimity* shared with British valour, in the honours of the victory. From Titchfield-street he removed to Acton, keeping an apartment, which he occasionally occupied, in London-street, Fitzroy-square; and from Acton he removed to Chiswick, where he did not reside long, before he was attacked by dropsy in the chest, which terminated his life at the age of seventy-four, on the morning of Sunday, the 25th of July. He lies buried in the church-yard of that hamlet, with Hogarth, who was of similar origin; and with De Loutherbourg, for whom, at one period, he entertained much mystic reverence.

ON THE GENIUS OF THE AUTHOR OF ALI.

In concluding *Ali*, a few observations may not be uninteresting on its poetic character and merit. With regard to its character, it is evidently the production of a youth, and has accordingly more of mind than of instinct. It is from this circumstance alone we know it to be a juvenile production, not from any inelegance of style or expression; for so far as regards purity of style, we certainly consider, that the author of Ali rivals any poet of the age. We do not recollect more than a word or two which we could alter, in the whole poem, without rendering it less classical or less elegant: but still he has his faults in common with all young aspirants to poetic fame. Youth is the age of fancy and romance; manhood the age of passion and enthusiasm; in youth our passions are dormant, and the mind accordingly, finding itself undisturbed by their restless and ungovernable controul, is eternally at work, eternally building castles in the air, eternally wandering through worlds of space and ideal existence. Its ideas are the result not of passion but of imagination, and therefore it is given much to reflection, and delights in simile; it is not strongly attached to any object, and yet there is no object from which it does not derive a momentary pleasure. It flies accordingly from object, to object, but can find no resting place, can find nothing sufficiently attractive to confine it to;

itself. Hence it is light, airy and versatile, fond of novelty and of change; but as we advance in years, what at first pleased through its novelty becomes less and less interesting every day by repetition, until at length we discard all objects that have not an interest in themselves, abstracted from that which they derive from their novelty. We begin accordingly to confine our attention to fewer objects, and consequently to become better acquainted with them. Hence our attachments or aversions become more strongly fixed to certain objects, and this strength is increased by the increase of our passions. Poetry consequently begins to assume more of intensity and pathos, more of soul and feeling, but less of fancy and imagination. In youth we write as if we were merely playing with our subject; in manhood we write as if we were in real earnest, and so we are, because we only describe what really interests and affects us, discarding all the lighter charms that arise from mere novelty and fancy. There is a certain want of manliness in youth, and where this want exists there is consequently a want of earnestness; accordingly youth are seldom in earnest, men seldom otherwise. This is the order of nature, for if youth had the cunnatatas of men about them, they would become cunning as foxes, mean as Jews, and avaricious as misers when they reached maturity. Now wherever there is, or wherever there even appears to be a want of earnestness, there is a proportionable want of interest, because no writer can affect us strongly, unless he be strongly affected himself, at least unless he appears to be so; and he who is not really affected by his subject, requires consummate art to put on the natural semblance of unfeigned passion. The youthful poet can accordingly seldom move us to passion, because we can always perceive that he is not moved by it himself; we perceive in his productions a playfulness and buoyancy of spirit too volatile to be the co-mate of feeling, passion, or sympathy, without which no corresponding sympathy can be excited.

"Si vis me flere, dolendum est primum tibi ipsi."

The distinction which we have pointed out, between the poetry of youth, and that of our riper years, is so fixed and immutably grounded in our nature, that we doubt whether there ever was a poem stamped with the true impress of passion, written under the age of eighteen wherein excellence has been obtained in every species of poetic composition that disclaimed the pathetic, at ten or eleven. That the author of Ali should therefore be pathetic even in a subject that admitted of the pathetic, would be contrary to the laws by which human nature is governed. It would be just as reasonable to expect that a cork should remain immerged in water without rising to the top, as that a youth should not give way to the enchanting influence of that airy and fantastic imagination which forms itself into light visions round the poet's head. Indeed if Ali excelled in the pathetic, we should have little hope of his progressive excellence, for whatever is contrary to the regular and fixed laws of nature, is generally premature and short lived. The great fault in Ali, namely, its not being sufficiently imbued with feeling and passion, is that very fault which it ought to possess, viewing it not abstractedly, but as regards its juvenile author. Perhaps we would speak more plainly by calling this fault a virtue; he is too volatile to be chained down to the earth; woman has not yet sufficient attractions for him to wean him from revisiting his native sky, and communing with spirits of a higher order, or to induce him to abandon the silent grotto, or the moss grown cave, the roseate vale, or romantic glen. Accordingly he has fallen into a few of those errors that arise from his not having as yet entangled himself in the snares of love, and consequently being unacquainted with the passion which he describes. We shall point out a few of those errors before we come to his redeeming beauties. His beauties are of various kinds, and are taken from various sources, but his faults are all of the same character, and originate from the same source, namely, want of acquaintance with the manner in which real passion operates. From this want of acquaintance it sometimes happens that passages which are eminently beautiful and poetic, abstractedly considered, should notwithstanding, be expunged from the poem, *"nunc non erat his locus."* What

we mean is, that though the sentiments or similes to which we allude are beautiful and natural in themselves, it was unnatural for those into whose mouths they are put ever to think of them. He who is pleased with a female, loves to embellish and describe her in all the richness and luxuriance of poetic imagery, but he who is in love with her, forgets his poetry and embellishments altogether; he speaks only what he feels; he seeks not to exaggerate; he pays her no idle compliments, or, rather, he will not compliment her at all; he expresses in two words what the light lover expresses in a thousand; he knows there is a certain communion of feeling, sentiment, and attachment, between those who love each other, that need not the eloquence of language to convey them; a word, a look is sufficient, and the moment he descends to employ the common verbiage and common place phrases of affected passion, he knows himself to be a hypocrite; in fact, he could not make use of them, if he were in love. Love is mute but eloquent, silent but expressive; the lover knows that the adored object of his affections will feel the whole force of his attachment without having recourse to the aid of ornamented or elaborate language, and he is not deceived if she be inspired by a similar flame; but if not, she expects flattery in abundance, compliments without end, and praise without limitation. And how does she repay all this servile prostration? why, in sooth, by turning her slave into ridicule, by exposing his weakness, and laughing at his folly. The fact, however, is, that he who is capable of complimenting his mistress, and extolling her charms, cannot possibly be in love with her, and therefore thinks nothing about her ridicule; and she who is capable of receiving these idle compliments is a mere flirt, and as devoid of attachment to her encomiast or admirer, as he is to her. When Zelia therefore pours forth her soul to Selim, she would never, had she felt as she pretended, endeavour to make him still more convinced of her affection, by having recourse to the language of simile and comparison; a language which could only give Selim stronger reasons to suspect the sincerity of her flame. The language of passion needs no ornament; it speaks for itself, it is too intent upon its object, to travel in quest of those charms or decorations, those images and similes which the poet selects and brings together to serve as a foil to her beauty. When these similes are the creation of the poet himself, they are beautiful, because the poet is not supposed to be the slave of passion, and actually in love with the object which he describes; his passion is of a lighter character; he describes and sets off by contrasts and similes, the charms of the fair one who is the heroine of his piece, because he is pleased, not with her, but with the image which he has formed of her in his own mind. To be in love with an ideal creation is impossible; such a creation may impart delight, but this delight instead of retarding as passion does, the flight of imagination only sets it at work, and sends it in quest of those charms and graces in which it arrays its object. Thus when Zelia says to Selim—

Then think how friendless I should be
Were aught of ill to light on thee
Not the wild rosemary that blows
Unheeded on the desart sands,
Where not a cooling rivulet flows,
Unreared by any fostering hands
Is half so desolate and lorn,
As I, if thou wert from me torn;
Bethink thee then amid the strife,
'Tis thine to guard a two-fold life;
The hand that crops the javelin blossom,
Will rend the verdant curls that bound it;
And the wound that pierces thy manly bosom,
Will reach the maid that clings around it

he certainly does not talk the language of real passion, for at the moment Selim was departing from her, she would be too intent upon his person, too absorbed in contemplating the danger into which he was rushing to think of the rosemary that blows unheeded on the desart sands, or the verdant curls that bound the javelin blossom. The passage is beautiful in itself, but it is not in harmony with the feelings of the person by whom it is spoken. Were it spoken by the poet in his own person, it would then be truly beautiful, and in character at the same moment; change the pronouns *I* and *me* into the third person and see how different is the effect.

From the beginning to the end of [illegible] we confess ourselves [illegible] pointed out, between the poetry of youth, and that of our riper years, is

line, a sentiment which we could change without rendering it less beautiful, but there are several passages, which however beautiful in themselves, do not in our opinion suit the character by whom they are spoken, and therefore it takes from the general or ultimate effect which the poem would otherwise produce. There is a something that whispers to us that Selim and Zella are not so devotedly attached to each other as they would pretend, or at least, that the attachment of SELIM and ALI, are rather of a physical than sentimental character. Besides the similes are too frequently introduced, by which the thread of the story is interrupted, an interruption which can never frequently take place without diminishing the interest. And yet there is not a simile in Ali which we could wish omitted, a proof that beauties may be at variance with each other. This is almost to be regretted, but yet it cannot be helped, the most rigid critic, or the greatest stickler for authority and critical rules would not, we are certain, expel Milton's Address to Light from the Paradise Lost; and yet if such deviations from, and interruptions of, his subject, frequently took place, the Paradise Lost would have never become immortal. The poet should always have one object in his eye, and above all things be careful to introduce no other object that can remove the primary one out of sight, or even throw it into the distance. Now though the similes of Ali make us frequently forget both Ali, Selim, and Zella altogether, the effect is not entirely produced by the momentary pause made in the narrative, but by the exquisite beauty of the similes themselves. A cold or barren simile will but slightly affect our recollection of a story, because having no particular charm in itself to attract our attention, the mind remains fixed on the principal object, but a delightful simile steals on the mind insensibly and unconsciously from the principal object of attention, fascinates every sense, and leads us by a sort of magic conveyance into a new world. Of all poets in the English language we think the author of Ali is the most likely to produce this effect. His similes are inimitable; they always exalt the original, and have such fascination in them, that we not only forget the subject, altogether to dwell exclusively on their own individual charms, but have some difficulty in recollecting it again, so unwilling is the mind to relinquish an impression from which it received such delight. Ali is that description of poem that requires to be read several times before we can fully appreciate its charms as a whole; on the first perusal we are so wedded to each individual passage, that we forget the general chain by which they are all connected. Besides the poet leaves a great part of the narrative to the mind of the reader, which, if it be not the most satisfactory at the moment, so few being willing to exercise their understanding in discovering what is left untold, is certainly at least the most poetical, as it sets the imagination to work, and leads the reader into worlds and creations of his own, of which the author of Ali never dreamt. Of this we shall give an instance in the very first page. Young Selim is represented in a little bark crossing.

——— the widening gleam
Of pale Phingaris ocean beam,

until he reached the strand, and then the poet suddenly asks

Are those the whispers of autumn's breeze
As it lures the ripe leaves from the cotton trees;
Or is it the hum of the clustering bees
Thus breaking the silence of midnight hour,
With murmuring music from yon grey tower,
Whence gleams through the lattice a flickering ray,
Like the beacon expiring at break of day.

Now this manner of relating an event that can only be known afterwards, and that appears to have no connection whatever with what went before, naturally awakens the mind from a kind of slumber. It begins to look round it and see where it is, and suspects either that it is dreaming itself, or that the poet has lost his way, and fell into a reverie. It accordingly endeavours to unravel the maze, and in doing so imagines a thousand things, and creates a thousand images, that never floated in light visions round any head but his own. Even thus wandering round the wastes of idea and conjecture, he derives a

poetic pleasure and luxury of imagination, though he can never discover the object of his pursuit, or divine the cause of those mysterious whispers. But had that, which immediately follows been related first by the poet, he would have been spared all this conjecture and exercise of imagination, and consequently deprived of their attendant pleasures.

The two first lines in the passage just quoted, would, we think, be considerably improved had whispers been made the nominative case to lure, thus

> Are those the whispers of autumn's breeze
> As they lure the ripe leaves from the nether trees.

for there is a closer association between whispering and luring, the latter being frequently the consequence of the former, than there is between breeze and luring, the art of luring not being so easily attributed to a breeze. Besides, a painter might represent, in some manner, a breeze luring the ripe leaves, but no power of painting could convey the remotest idea of whispers luring them, so that by making whispers the agent, the simile would be one of those that evince the superiority of poetry over painting.

We have already said that the similes in Ali are so exquisitely beautiful, that they will suffer no alteration, without injury; and when we said so, we read this passage several times without perceiving the amendment, which has occured to us at the moment; but we doubt whether another simile could be found capable of a similar improvement.

There is a combination of excellencies in Ali which are not easily described, and indeed we know of no modern poem of which the critic would find it so difficult to speak unfavourably, without speaking generally, but *dolus est in generalibus*. We say unfavourably, because its faults are not of that character which comes within the cognizance of critical rules. Rules can only teach us to avoid those faults that come within the mere mechanism, or art of poetry, and Ali has no faults of this character. He has all the delicacy and tenderness of sensibility, but wants the melting energies of the pathetic muse. This however is not what may be strictly called a fault—at least it is not one that comes within the cognizance of critical rules, for no rules can enable us to avoid it. We can read Ali without weeping, and this is the worst that can be said of it. It is equally difficult to speak favorably of Ali without speaking generally and without any application to the distinct character of the poem, for where all is beautiful, the critic can seldom decide in what the beauty consists.

The art of attaining to the higher beauties of poetry, or the higher beauties of any art that addresses itself to our feelings, and over which taste and judgment should naturally preside; as painting, music, &c. is not an art, or at least is not what is called technical art. In other words it is an art that cannot be taught; or, to speak in still plainer language, it is genius itself. And it is difficult to speak critically of beauty to which the rules of art cannot be applied.

The higher beauties of poetry are recognized only by our feelings: art can neither enable us to attain them, or to perceive them when attained. The great, and perhaps the distinguishing characteristic beauty of Ali, is a richness, and at the same time, a chasteness of imagery. When we call this a beauty, we cannot help admitting that it renders the narrative less interesting. We are so enchanted by the magic of the description, that we forget Zella and her lover; we seem in Paradise with Adam and Eve, but we pay less attention to them than to the magic scene that surrounds us. There are two distinct interests in Ali, one created by the narrative, the other by the description; and in all poems the more any of these interests are encreased, the more the other is diminished. For our parts we would not wish to see one image, one simile in Ali omitted, but still we think the example would be dangerous to any other poet, as it generally proves fatal to lessen the interest of a story by producing an interest of a different character. One of the greatest beauties in the similes of Ali, is that the image is described so distinctly, and so devoid of any ornament that does not originally belong to it in nature, that it seems actually placed before us. In the dress of his images, if dress it may be called that dress "seems none," B. has evinced the most delicate taste. He has not only avoided that profusion of ornaments by

which Byron so frequently conducted the object from us altogether, but on the selection of those which he confers upon it, he unites the taste of the painter to the feelings of the poet. We shall place the following specimen, for purity of style, chastity of colouring, richness of imagery, and picturesque effect, in competition with any other of equal length, either in Scott or Byron:—

Now twilight slumbers on the ocean,
Lull'd by the cradling billows' motion,
Which, heaving yet from the recent storm,
Presents an earth of mimic form,
With mountains where the cold beams play,
And vallies that catch not a single ray.
Such varied face yon crescent wears,
Which, rising from the wave, appears
An island floating in the sea
Of fathomless infinity.
With hills and dales of light and dark,
Which oft the sleepless joy to mark,
And fondly deem that there the meed
Of holy deeds will once be given,—
On the Toobe's ambrosial fruit to feed,
And, melt beneath the tones of heaven,—
Though all that strikes the idle gaze,
Is one unbroken, though cheerless, blaze,
Like the pale flash that lightens through
The heart from beauty's eyes of blue,
Still shining bright, though love be fled,
As meteor lights above the dead.
Night wears apace,—yon cloudless moon,
Though climbing so silent and slow, shall soon
Look down from the top of her viewless bow,
And leave not a spot unillumined below.
Oh! who would think—to see how brightly
Her beam on dome and turret falls,
While the gay motes, like fairies, lightly
Are footing it over the shining walls,
That gleam with such transparent hue,
As if the rays had melted through
That giant mass of hard grey stone,
And made its very heart their own;—
What deeds of darkness, and of ruin,
Within those moonlit walls are doing,
That stand as calm, and shine as fair,
As if nothing but stillness and light were there.

What flickering light is yonder stealing,
Like wisp along the dark morass,
Now half extinct,—now half revealing
A stately form, whose footsteps pass
Slowly and silently as creep
Eve's mountain shadows o'er the deep?
Still onward in its noiseless flight
That form with cautious tread advances;—
I see him now in the clear moonlight,
Which, though the breezy lattice glances;
His vest is of sable as dark as night,
And his silvery hair in the fitful wind
Dances.
Such garb the noblest suits a knight,
Then why that step of stealth and care,
That fear to wake the hireling guard
Who slumbers in his midnight ward?
On him who walks with ill intent,
An eye through deepest gloom is bent,
E'en silence has a voice of fear,
And solitude a listening ear;
The echoing earth whereon he treads
Is prating of his guilty deeds,
Though none attend his evil way,
Save Sin, and her comrade, pale Dismay.

Those locks are white with the snow of years,
Those eyes are dimm'd with a film of amber:—
But is not yon a lady's chamber,
Which now the hoary lover nears?

Once he look'd out on the glassy wave
But not a bark was gliding there,
No image its broad bright mirror gave,
But the spangled vault of the deep blue air;
Save when the night-gale swept across
The stirless waters' crystal gloss,
And made it seem as though twere given
Each faded star, that fails from heaven,
Twinkling upon the ruffled main,
To shed its beam on earth again.

We are sorry that the space which we allowed for this article is nearly closed, and that we must consequently be brief in our observations. The author of Ali, who is known to the readers of the European by the initial B, which he subscribes to his communications, appears to us to possess from nature all the great and original requisites of a poet. He has, it is true, weakened the interest of his story by the beauty of his imagery, and consequently rendered it less pathetic, but this, so far from being a fault in him, appears to us only a certain indication of true poetic genius. *Facile est remedium ubertatis; sterilia nullo labore vincuntur.* But however the term *ubertas* may be applied to B, it is certainly an *ubertas* of the chastest description, being classical in expression and romantic in idea. There is in ALI an exquisite tenderness of feeling and delicacy, or acuteness of perception, a keenness of observation that has viewed nature in all her shapes, and detected the minutest shades in

which she seeks to conceal herself. Hence it is that he abounds in simile; but that he is no stranger to the operations of the mind and the philosophy of feeling, that his views have not been solely confined to the observation of external nature, is evident from many passages in Ali; though an intimate acquaintance with the human heart can never be obtained by any original powers of mind without age and experience. From his own delicacy and sensibility of feeling, B. has given, if we mistake not, the most poetic, and at the same time the most faithful picture of conscious merit, combined with delicacy of feeling, and retiring modesty, that has ever been traced by the pencil of man.

Applauding clamours rose around,
And broke the tenor of her song;
The tapers trembled at the sound
That swept the vaulted roof along;
And even the lovely minstrel maid
Was at the tumult half dismay'd,
And round the group her large eye strays,
In doubt whereon to fix its gaze,
And seek a refuge from the fire,
She saw her magic strains inspire.
In every face she look'd upon,
Too boldly bent upon her own,
She had not learned the fearless look
That beams on all as none were by,
Nor could she yet unblushing brook
The stare of wild impurity;
But turn'd an instant to the sky
Which through the casement still was bright,
Then seem'd to mete the chamber's height,
Now, restless, on the floor she bent,—
With pictured forms and gold besprent,—
That hurried glance, half-pleased, half-frighted,
Which now on Zella's wan cheek lighted.
Her soul was pure as new-sprung fountain,
And like the calm wave at the base
Of frowning rock on flowery mountain,
Whose colours tint the watery glass.
Her floating eye would instant catch
Whate'er expression lit another,
And all its own emotion smother,
So kindly would she ever watch,
And many a smile she oft represt,
In fear to mock the aching breast,
By mirth in hour unmeet exprest.
And thus it was when, midst the gladness
The time, her youth, and praise, inspired,
She look'd upon a sister's sadness,
For each ecstatic thought retired;
And when she struck the lyre again,
'Twas not in that exulting measure,
But the soft softness of the strain
Flow'd rather like the balm of pain,
Than the rich maddening draught of pleasure.

The retiring of the lovely songstress, and the effect of her music on the audience, after she ceased, is exquisitely painted.

The lovely songstress meekly bow'd,
And soon, amidst a moving crowd
Of youthful slaves, in haste retiring,
As gaily seeks the stray gazelle
Its bright-eyed co-mates of the dell,
She left the silent guests admiring,
And vanish'd from their straining sight
Among the countless robes of light,
As on the lone and hoary height
Of sweet and sainted Lebanon
Dissolves the snow-flake in the sun.
Though all as deadly silent were,
As if each soul had wing'd its way
To the bright fields of upper air,
From out its dark abode of clay,
The spirit of melody still was there,
And reigning with unbounded sway
O'er hearts that ne'er were known to yield
Midst all the horrors of the field,
But in that light and festal hour,
When every object round them smiled,
Sank beneath melancholy's power,
From the soft music of a child!
Then first they found there is a bliss
(Above the noisy midnight revel)
That lifts the low mind to the level
Of other worlds, though still in this,
When heart and brain are both enjoying
The nectar-draught of minstrelsy,
Where sorrow's pearl-drops melting lie,
Enriching what they save from cloying
Of nectar'd fruits, the summer's pride,
A pensive sadness had swept o'er
Each heart-string, and in vain the tide
Of luxury profusely flowed;
The noisy mirth, whose frenzy glow'd
On every cheek ere Music flung
O'er each wild thought her chastening chain,
As that fair minstrel sweetly sung,
And warriors melted at the strain,
Was hush'd, not soon to wake again.

We shall now take our leave of Ali, or rather of its author, hoping he will not neglect to cultivate that art in which nature intended him most particularly to excel. If in this work he has not attained perfection, he has approached it as nearly as any youthful poet can, whose genius is not precocious, and of little expectation. "*Pour les génies d'un ordre*," says Du Bos in his Essay on Poetry and Painting, "*qui doivent avoir de reste plus ces idées sont en grand nombre, plus leur faut de tems pour acquérir toutes les qualites dont ils sont capables.*"

ALI. (CONCLUDED.)

"This madness will not, cannot last—
"Look up, my life, the storm is past."
Then anxiously he raised his head,
As if misdoubting what he said,
And stole a glance at Ali's brow,
Which shew'd less dark and smoother now,
As to the surf he made reply
In tones of bitterest irony.
"Oh! loyal slave, whose ardent zeal
"To serve thy sovereign master's weal
"Hath stirr'd thee thus to mutiny—
"Whose hand, that should have rather given
"The passport of my soul to heaven!
"Hath robb'd me of the means to fly
"To the bright regions of the sky!
"My gentle jailor, by whose care
"The hated bonds of life I wear,
"If I am not imprison'd now
"Within my very palace walls,
"My instant egress hence allow:
"Haply the garden's lulling falls,
"And the still midnight's perfumed breeze,
"May waft my brain a moment's ease.
"Thou seem'st with doubt my wish to hear;—
"My sword thou hast—then what the fear—
"Or must I kneeling beg of thee
"My affianced slave, to set me free?"—
He said, and bent his aged knee,
Low at the awe-struck soldier's feet,
Whose cheek was red with shame to see
His lord in posture so unmeet;
For a snowy beard stream'd o'er his breast,
And from under his caftan the white hair stray'd;
But though his wither'd brow confess'd
The ravages that time had made,
In his dark eye was yet express'd
The majesty of one who sway'd,
And still his haughty mien belied
That attitude forsworn by pride,
Never, in all his proudest state,
Had he ever seem'd so truly great
As now that like some column's crest
Whose massiness had soared unseen,
Till levell'd on the dinted green,
He bow'd before his slave—confest,
Of the same sympathies possest
As move the lowliest human breast
That groans beneath a crushing care:
Yet what his power?—He still *could bear*.
That silent flattery, with a spell,
On the slave's resolution fell:
He oped the portal's giant fold,
And shew'd a long and bright arcade,
With marbled floor and roof of gold,
O'er which, through many a casement stray'd
The soft acacia's tendrils curling,
While at the end a fountain play'd,
Its crystal column brightly whirling,
The night breeze through the lattice blew,
Before his awe-struck eyes to see,

And over all such fragrance threw
As if the leaves of every flower,
By whose unsullied breath was given
The sweetness of that midnight hour,
Had been the rosy lips of heaven.
Old Ali rose: but ere he darted
Along the gallery's path, he paused,
And fixed one glance, before he parted,
On her who all his phrenzy caused,
A mingled look of ire and sorrow,
But all the feelings meeting there
Were dull'd and deaden'd by despair,
Which oft a cloudless brow doth borrow,
When, bent on death, it knows, whate'er
The past or present storm of care,
'Twill all be calm again to-morrow.
Along the polish'd marble floor,
The lessening figure seems to glide;
The hurried step is heard no more,
So loud in ire, so firm in pride;
And now no longer can be seen
That figure tall and haughty mien,
Through the pale rays that intervene.
Which thick and white as snow-flakes fall
Obscuring, whilst enlightening, all.
Dull silence, like the hag of night,
Weigh'd fix'd, and leaden, on each tongue,
Which durst not speak those words of fright
That on the lips unutter'd hung;
Till Zella turned to Selim's face,
As if his inmost thoughts to trace,
And finding no expression there,—
Nought but blank horror and despair,—
Gave language to the deadly fear
That dimmed her eye without a tear.
"Oh! follow, fly—or 'twill be too late
"To save him from impending fate.
"The fiends that in his bosom dwell
"Will raise again his impious hand;—
"Why do ye thus like statues stand?
"Selim, thou once didst love him well;
"He is thy father!"—"Girl, be still,
"Tis not for me to curb his will,
"And he hath nought can work him ill."
So Selim wild replied, the power
Of horror, rage, in that dread hour,
Conflicting like those adverse tides
At whose alliance each subsides,
Had raised from out his loveless breast
All trace of feeling once imprest;
Yet still he fixed his lurid eye
Where last he saw the chieftain fly,
And still appear'd the shape to view,
That through the moonlit passage flew.—
"Can this be the scent of the garden's bloom,
"That rolls o'er the midnight a perfumed gloom?"
So whispered a guard to his fellow in arms,
Whose answer, though simple, each Moslem alarms.
"Tis more like the incense they burn in the mosque,
"Or the fume of such wood as the *cedar kiosk*."
The word by Selim's ear was caught,
And woke him from his dream of thought,

A horrible reality,
Enough to meet the last pale ray
That glimmer'd from the lamp of day,
Upon that lone and lofty dome,
And thus prevent a moment's gloom.
'Twas beautiful, in the clear blue sky,
To see that stainless crescent shine
So bright and solitary, high
O'er the dim pile beneath it darkling,
Which long had lost each beam of light
Wrapt in the sable pall of night.
How different shew'd the scene when now
Around that bower a thickening cloud
Hung on the dull night's heavy brow,
As on a corse the deadlier shroud,
A gloom so fearfully intense
It seemed perceptible to sense.
Now volumes black of smouldering smoke
The gasping crowd of wonderers choke.
"Oh! for one taste of heaven's pure breath
"A moment longer thus were death!"
As when the hurricane's fell blast
Rends from the foamy breast of ocean
The mist's dun veil that overcast
And hid the billows' dire commotion,
And gives to view the sinking wreck,
The topling mast, the yawning deck,—
Sights that should still have slept in shade,
Since shewn, alas! too late for aid,—
So, sweeping back the clouds that round
The tower their darkening volumes wound,
With one loud burst from door and casement,
The fiery whirlwind rushing came,
And shew'd the pile, from dome to basement,
One dread and dazzling thing of flame;
For forth from every opening stream'd
Red blazing columns whose fierce glare
So regularly rose, it seem'd
As though for some bold seer it gleamed,
Who by the giant-lustre deem'd
To light the blest abodes of air,
And spy the soft eyes hovering there —
What fearful form is yonder, pent
In withering flames, and strangling fumes?
The demon of that element
Which all, and last itself, consumes! !—
Now, while the curling spires arise,
That phantom-face eludes their eyes;
Now as the flickering flashes fall,
With blistering lid and withering ball,
Again it madly glares on all;
And now again, amidst the blaze,
It melts, as in the luminous haze
Of summer's dim, though sunny noon,
Fast fades away the powerless moon.
There stood before that scene of woe
Some who, alas! too well would know
Those features quivering in the pangs
Of burning death, whose torturing fangs
Wrench'd nerve and sinew from the bone,
And made each drop of gore their own;
But that the conflagration threw

On cheek and brow a glow so bright,
As gave them to the shuddering view
One shapeless mass of lurid light,
The lineaments that nature drew
Effaced or shrouded from the sight
By radiance which absorbed them quite.
Behold! the gilded minaret,
So long by leaguring flame beset,
Now totters o'er the weaken'd roof!
The startled crowd shrinks far aloof;
But vain the fear,—within its walls,
Direct and regular, it falls,
As if it scorn'd in death to quit
The soil that once supported it.
And look! each crumbling rafter shakes;
The sapless wood no longer slakes
That thirst which maddens as it drinks,
And all in one fierce ember sinks,
Devoid of substance or of sound,
As falling shadows to the ground,
And showers around a sparkling rain
Of ashes, all that now remain
To tell where smiled as fair a bower
As ever sweeten'd leisure's hour,
Lending time wings to fly away,
When pleasure most endear'd his stay.
The work of years a day destroys!
'Tis thus, alas! with human joys;
They spring around like vernal flowers,
Hope nurtures them with sun-bright showers,
And long preserves them blooming still,
To make their loss the darker ill,
When Fate, who oft her lash restrains
But to inflict severer pains,
(Like thunder-clouds that long have nurst
Their baleful progeny on high,
To let the full-grown monster burst
With deadlier shock from out the sky,)
Shall tear the blossoms from their stem,
And steep the heart that fed on them
In grief, whose flood has higher swell'd
The more its tide was erst withheld,
The leaves that freshly bloom'd are faded,
The hues that brightly shone are shaded;
And in a time how far more short
Than that whose slow advances brought
To ripeness charms which, to ensure
Happiness, need but to endure!
And ah! too well didst thou, in sooth,
Poor Zella! prove that fatal truth.
At once thy summer was o'ercast,
Ere one leaf quiver'd on the blast,
Deprived at once of what, to *this*,
To *this*, at least, compared, was bliss;
Gone was the splendor of her day,—
No evening soften'd its decay,
Or cheer'd her with a parting ray.
She pass'd at once to dark from bright,
As in those climes where all is night
Soon as the day-god leaves the sight;
And is there yet another dart
That rankles not within her heart?

Is there a drop of woe remaining
That is not now her pale lip straining?
One bitter draught is wanting still
The measure of her grief to fill.
Oh! long ere this she should have proved
How kind that shaft of Azrael's quiver,
Which, though its point be little loved,
Can heal all other wounds for ever.
New horrors yet her wild looks greet,
For see unto her shuddering feet,
A blacken'd orb unsightly roll,
Once the proud dwelling of a soul,
And wearing still a scowl so grim,
That though the eye be sear'd and dim,
There seems a fierce convulsive life
Holding with death a last vain strife.
One sudden shriek was all that past
From her white lips, and hush'd as fast;
But the gush of thoughts that strove in vain
By tears, their bursting flood to vent,
Its mighty workings inward bent,
And poured its deluge o'er her brain.

Did Selim mount his father's throne?
The chair of state is damp and void,
The palace walls are black and lone,
Their casements open—gates destroy'd,
Towers, courts, with moss and weeds o'ergrown!
That son of grief was found no more,
When the gloom of that horrible night was o'er.
But long as herdsmen's tales recount,
A female form was seen to glide
Along the lone and craggy side
Of yonder high and hoary mount,
That rears its towering peak sublime
Above the influence of the clime,
And sparkles with eternal snow,
Whereon, still uneffaced, they shew,
The light small traces of her foot,
Where oft she chased, in mad pursuit,
And fled, by turns, with shrieks of fright,
Each rolling mass of spotless white
That thundered down the mountain's height.
And oft, they say, her maniac scream,
Far wafted on the mellowing breeze,
To the lone traveller's ear would seem
Sweeter than e'en the melodies
Of that wild spell-struck harp, whose tone
Is ne'er drawn forth by mortal finger.—
'Tis thus that sorrows past and gone,
Will on the chastening memory linger,
Till all their bitterness is flown,
And what remains is joy alone—
The calm, pure sunset of a day
Whose clouds were swept in showers away;
For never was breathed so harsh a note,
That its echo did not softly float—
Nor ever tale so full of woe,
That from it nought of bliss could flow;
May all who listen prove it so.

SMILES AND TEARS.

No. I.

BEING EXTRACTS FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A WOUND AUTHOR.

A SOLDIER'S GRATITUDE.

And this is woman's fate:—
All her affections are called into life
By winning flatteries, and then thrown back
Upon themselves to perish, and her heart,
Her trusting heart, filled with weak tenderness,
Is left to bleed or break. ANON. (L. E. L.)

"No, by the memory of my forefathers," exclaimed Sir Henry Macdonald, "I will shew no mercy. What! shall the loyal house of Macdonald be reproached with succouring Jacobites? Spare none—give no quarter whatever. They—the merciless invaders of the crown and constitution of their country, seek for refuge in the bosom of its staunch defenders!"

"From their appearance Sir Henry, I should consider they came rather in an hostile, than a suppliant character," replied the young Evan Douglass.

"They! a scanty handful—a beggarly epitome of a regiment—coming with *hostile* intentions! In sooth, perhaps to put to flight our gallant adherents—drive off what little cattle they have left us,—and perhaps take you, with Flora and myself, prisoners of war! Do you not tremble already Evan?"

"The gambler, Sir Henry, will not give up the last stake, till he finds the board cleared and his pocket empty. And thus it is with them: their cause is already lost, and were it not for the infatuation that blinds their eyes, they would see there was not a hope remaining.

"The rebel scouts! more true blood has been lost through their wilful folly, than ever bled for the noblest cause that strung the nerves of a soldier! Yes, Allan James, 'tis not a father's weakness, that mourns for thy memory—for his greatest pride was, that ye both should die in the cause of your country. That hope! God knows, has been gratified. But why stand we here—their blood—no, the cause of our king demands that all who participated in their—our country's wrongs, should be exterminated from the earth. Where have the rebels taken up their quarters?"

"To the right of the pass of Glenamure, and flanked by the woods of St. Aubleyn."

"Well, there we'll give them welcome, and a warm one too, I peradventure."

It was about noon day when the contending foes met. The loyalists were greatly superior, both in regard to numbers, ammunition, and discipline, to the enthusiastic adherents of the pretender. The latter seemed to be actuated by the feeling, that on the issue of that skirmish depended all their hope of future prosperity. The situation they had chosen was by no means favourable, and every thing seemed to go against them from the first, and yet the contest remained for a considerable time extremely doubtful. The followers of James knew that death was the worst that could befall them, as the chances of escape led to a punishment far more terrible, while the hope of victory animated every nerve, and made each so bold in imaginary strength, that they met the foe with incredible alacrity. And well they might—for they felt the die was about to be thrown, on which their only hope depended. "Let us conquer or perish," said one to the other; and they dealt with all around

them with a desperation so heightened by despair, as to confound and terrify their enemy.

But all their bravery and determination could not compete against superior numbers. Their ammunition had been long expended, and they had nothing but their broad swords to wield against the powerful artillery of the loyalists. Incompatible as their weapons were, they made terrific havoc in the enemy's ranks. But it was to no purpose—not a discharge took place, but a chasm followed in their little army, till they were reduced to so small a number, that it was suicide to attempt any further resistance. The two first in command had already fallen, and one field officer, quite a youth, only remained out of the number that entered the field. Desperate as his situation was, he at first determined to throw himself on the enemy's sabre, till the remembrance that he still might be of service in the cause of his sovereign, animated him with the hope of escape, and accordingly, though fainting from the loss of blood, he pricked the sides of his jaded steed, and retreated towards the wood with what of the company were able to follow him.

The loyalists pursued, and offered terms of capitulation—a fresh attack was the only reply. This was the last burst of their fury—it was like goading the tiger in his den. Encompassed by their foes, disdaining every offer of clemency, though bending under their last ebb of strength, they fell victims of their own lion-heartedness, which, reckless as it was, had it been employed in a more noble, or a more reasonable cause, would have been sufficient to carry down their names in the stream of immortality.

The young officer, Colonel Macfarlane, still escaped, though not without a fresh wound, which, added to the many he had already received, rendered him careless of his fate. He felt assured, from the great loss of blood, that he could not live long; and as his life was no longer a blessing to himself, or of service in the cause of his sovereign, he cared not how soon the mortal strife was ended.

As the enemy had left him for dead, he lay in this deplorable situation for a considerable time, till either a return of strength, or the powerful energies of his mind, would not permit him to remain longer in a state of inactivity. With some difficulty he succeeded in mounting his favourite steed, and endeavoured to gain the border of the wood, which, with the help of a cloak that a warm-hearted loyalist had spread over him, when he fell, apparently lifeless, from his horse, he hoped to clear undetected.

He had passed the confines of the wood, and had reached the domains of Sir Henry Macdonald, when, in consequence of the severe exercise, and the irritation of his mind, his wounds began to bleed afresh: no longer able to support himself he fell headlong from his horse, and there remained without sense or motion.

It happened that this spot was a wild and romantic glen, the favourite ramble of Flora Macdonald, the only remaining child of Sir Henry. She had lost her mother during her infancy, and had chiefly resided under the care of a maiden aunt in the Highlands of Scotland, till she approached towards womanhood; when her father, during the few intermissions of war, requiring the solace of society, she joyfully consented to take the management of his household. She was of a singular, yet most amiable temper. Unaccustomed from her infancy to any restraint in her education, and being the very idol of her aunt, she indulged in all the eccentricities of her mind. It was her delight to shun the society of those the best adapted for her years, and ramble amidst the wild scenery of the Western Highlands, and listen to the legendary lore of their superstitious inhabitants. Her mind, naturally of a romantic turn, became there imbued with wilder feelings. Her delight was to collect the ballads and traditions of the ancient bards; and, associated as they were with the wild scenery around her, her soul was more than ordinarily susceptible of the gentler feelings of our nature, whose fine edges are too frequently blunted by a promiscuous commerce with the world.

Evan Douglass had been from her infancy, her chosen companion in all her romantic rambles. He was the son of a brother warrior of her father, who felt a secret satisfaction at the growing intimacy of the young people. Evan was of a noble family, had ample possessions, was open and

courageous, and possessed of every quality that could ornament the soldier and the man. She was accustomed from her childhood to view him as her brother, and she loved him with all the disinterested affection of a sister: her innocent heart knew no other feeling, while that of Evan's glowed with one more passionate. His affection for the lovely girl was not to be annihilated by time or distance: it "grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength," and he ardently looked forward to the conclusion of the war, when the rites of the church were to make her solely his.

The young officer remained on the spot upon which he fell for above an hour, when his senses, though unaccompanied by his vigor, partially returned.

On his opening his languid eyes, the first object that presented itself to them was that of a young and beautiful female bending over him in a compassionate attitude. Her look, her smile was that of a superior race of beings, and as the white robes, so carelessly thrown over her, floated in the wind, he imagined he was either in the world of spirits, or that Providence had sent one of her ministers to succour him in his helplessness. He was however soon convinced of her mortality, by her gently placing his head on a mound of earth, and gliding quickly from the spot. He strained his aching eyes for the last glimpse of her sylph like form, as it bounded through the glen, and when it was totally out of sight did he only feel emotions of hope and fear which he could by no means account for. Were they inspired by the melting look of tenderness, the soft sigh that swelled her gentle bosom when he first beheld her, the thrilling touch of her small white hand, as she placed his head on the bank, or the exquisite expression of pity and sensibility that animated her beautiful countenance when she left him? "Is this a being of earth, or a spirit of heaven?" he mentally exclaimed. His memory told him he had wandered much, and as he had besides but an indistinct remembrance of the events of the preceding hours, he thought the figure was no more than a frail, though beautiful creation of his fancy. Indeed it was too bright for reality—too beautiful to belong to the world.

The light steps of Flora quickly brought her to her father's mansion; breathlessly she entered the room, where he was engaged in writing despatches of the memorable events of the day. "Why, how now, ye frolicsome kid! What ails you." "Oh! father, rise, quick. Where's Evan—there's a cavalier bleeding to death in the glen; he appears as if he had been engaged in the horrid encounter of Glenamure."

The brave heart of the knight did not suffer him to wait till he heard whether he was a jacobite or a loyalist, but instantly prompted him to sally out with Evan and their beautiful guide, and offer succour and protection.

As soon as the two had arrived at the glen, they found the Colonel insensible, and to all appearance dead. "Alas!" sobbed Flora, "we are too late, he must have died since I left him, for he has moved from the spot where I placed his head." "By his cloak I perceive he is a loyalist," said Evan, "there is one more stout heart added to the heavy list." "Not yet my worthy Douglass, I hope that he may still recover, and by the help of Flora's nursing be yet a staunch defender of his king and country. But who can he be? These features are too noble to belong to an individual of an inferior station, and are too striking and handsome to escape our notice if he was at Glenamure." "There was an officer of the Pretender's party who fought as if heaven and earth depended on his sword, and these features strongly remind me of him," replied Evan. Before they had time for any further examination, Ellen, who had flown back to the house, returned with a host of servants bearing a couch, on which the body of the soldier was conveyed to a chamber in her father's hospitable mansion.

In those dangerous times, when Scotland was but thinly populated, and the frequent encounters diminished its inhabitants, it may be supposed that medical assistance was difficult to be procured. Evan had had his arm dressed by the military surgeon, who immediately joined the remnant of the victorious army to head-quarters. He therefore very confidently placed himself under the care of his beautiful mistress, who had

new two objects for the exercise of her medical knowledge.

The stranger for a while did not seem likely to require any more assistance on earth, but by close attention he partially recovered his senses, to the manifest delight of his young nurse. In the meantime, from his uniform it was discovered, to the visible disappointment of Sir Henry, that he belonged to the opposite party. To harbour a rebel in his house—to make it a receptacle for an enemy to his king, was to the loyal heart of Sir Henry, as heinous a crime as any in the calendar. It was treason by the laws of this country to afford refuge to a *red* rebel, but yet it was repugnant to the laws of his Maker, and those of social life, to turn a fellow-being adrift in his then pitiable situation. Honor and conscience had a severe struggle, but the feelings of humanity triumphed over the artificial bonds of authority; for how could his daughter's prayers and the young soldier's wounds be replied to in the language of royal proclamation, or quotations from acts of parliament? He at last determined to give what assistance he could to the officer, till he should be sufficiently recovered to seek another asylum. In the meantime the improving appearance of the brave sufferer, gradually repaid the beautiful eyes of his anxious watcher; who witnessed his recovery with a heartfelt and deeply breathing interest. As the energies of his mind gradually developed, he became to her more and more engaging. Her soul, that first clung to him from the impulse of all the warmer feelings of a woman's nature, became fully tempered to receive a feeling equally intellectual and refined. His large dark eyes gradually assumed their wonted brilliancy, and his lovely attendant watched with unconscious delight the returning glow to his cheek. Sir Henry at length consented to hold some communication with his guest, when with a mixture of satisfaction and regret, he discovered that he was the son of one of his father's friends and companions; and who had formerly fought side by side in the same glorious cause, and under the same standard—that of Prince Rupert, at the memorable Marston Moor.

The invalid, as he increased in the good opinion of his host, improved in his health and good looks to the unconcealed satisfaction of his romantic guardian. She evidently entertained feelings of a more enthusiastic turn than those of mere benevolence and philanthropy. No wonder that the unsophisticated mind of the girl should be so engrossed by its object. The situation in which he first engaged her attention, when pity, sympathy, and fellow-feeling were awakened in his favour, the gratitude seemingly blended with the warmest affection, which beamed from his eyes whenever he turned them towards her—his person, which to her enthusiastic judgment was the *beau ideal* of chivalry and romance, all combined to create for him the liveliest emotion, and before she herself was aware of it, she loved him with all the enthusiasm and tenderness that was inherent in her disposition, and which a woman can display in the impulses of her first affection.

It is scarcely possible to imagine a feeling more innocent and refined than that which seemed the life-spring of every action of her heart. Had she but a moment reflected on the prospect of their future felicity, she would have endeavoured to fortify her heart, rather than abandon it to the contemplation of an object it could never obtain. She thought not of the likelihood of their union, or the probabilities of their separation, the heavenly delight of the present was all to her; and love is not a miser, who foregoes the fleeting happiness of the present moment in the anticipation of future misery. As he gradually gained strength, her heart gladdened in innocent gaiety. Oh! it was to her a sight the most joyful on earth, to see that form, which was but lately like a tree rooted up by the winds, lying weak and defenceless as a new born babe; now firm and erect—proud in the consciousness of superiority; to behold the brow from which she had so latterly removed the clammy dews of sickness, now flushed with hope and glowing with returning vigor. When she witnessed these effects of her care and tenderness—the proud being, that had it not been for her would have been a tenant of the tomb, moving a living ornament to the earth, she felt a secret glow of satisfaction—a feeling of

pride she was hitherto a stranger to; and she blessed Providence for ordaining her as the agent of his benevolence. But this flow of affection was not to remain unruffled. Evan had repeatedly urged to her and her parent the impropriety of the stranger remaining in his present asylum. He spoke of the probability that the hand which was now clasped in friendship within that of his host, must shortly be raised against his life. How would they that had associated in the communion of brotherly love, meet in the field of battle, where all private feeling must be sacrificed in the cause of mankind.

These arguments came home to the baronet's breast, but did not cause his guest's immediate absence. The latter was now able to leave his room; whose arm could support him now so well as that which bore the hand that had so often smoothed his thorny pillow? Flora therefore gladly consented to become the companion of his rambles.

It was on one evening when their steps had wandered to the very glen, where she first saw him faint and helpless, that he seemed more than usually enthusiastic. He spoke of the everlasting obligations he was under to her, first in pleading on his behalf, and watching with unremitting attention, regardless of fatigue and confinement; and for all those attentions that a stranger, not to mention an enemy, could not even expect, even when no kindred or affectionate hand were near to perform the same kind offices. "Can I ever forget them, no! The vows of gratitude I have made are registered in Heaven, where they will remain in evidence against me, should I ever prove cold or ungrateful." She glanced a look of conscious belief and unconscious affection, and listened with a glow of anxious feeling, when he said, in a tone between gaiety and gravity, "that there was one, that however weak *he* might be in expressing his sense of her kindness, would not remain silent or ungrateful, as the following day would testify." Who can this *one* be, thought the agitated girl? he has seldom or never spoke of his family, but rather avoided the topic. He had mentioned that he had a father and a mother doatingly fond of him. Ah! it must be his mother, for who she thought, was so likely to feel gratitude for the preserver of life, as she who first nourished it. He had spoken of a sister too, on whose happiness his very life depended. "Oh!" she thought to herself, "how sweet, how enchanting it would be, *for his own* sister to clasp me in her arms, thank me with her own voice. How delicious the thought, to weep the full reward of her bosom!"

In rapturous expectation she counted the slow minutes, till the arrival of the dearly anticipated being was announced. When the hour did approach how high her heart beat—when the noise of a carriage pronounced the expected arrival. Macfarlane was present, and although she did not perceive that overwhelming expression of delight in his features, she thought he seemed restless and impatient. At length the door opened—she looked forward expecting to behold an aged matron, when a young and lovely female rushed into the room, and exclaiming Edward, threw herself in the arms of the young soldier. "It is his sister—his own sister—how I long to clasp her to my heart." The young lady had disengaged herself from the Colonel's embrace, and as the happy enthusiast sprung forward to embrace her, with a firm and graceful spring, he in the same deep and tender tone that first won her heart, exclaimed, "Miss Flora Macdonald,—my wife." "*His wife!*" she uttered with a piercing shriek. "His wife!" and gazing on him with a look fraught with love, astonishment, and despair, she fell on her face. He raised her up, but she was of a death-like chill and whiteness: the blue veins of her neck seemed as if starting from her skin; he called immediately for assistance, and in another moment she was covered with a crimson dye. Her father rushed in, and calling for his child was just in time to see the last ebb of life departing—she had broken a blood vessel. For a moment her eyes beamed a brilliancy almost superhuman; she moved her lips, and at length feebly uttered, "Your forgiveness, dearest lady—one kiss, 'tis the first and the last. I have not wronged you." The agonised wife parted the clustering ringlets from the forehead

of the dying girl; and as her lips pressed the chilly surface, she shrieked aloud. The father rushed forward, but the spirit of the injured one had fled to that home where the selfishness and insensibility of this cold earth cannot enter, and where purity of thought and goodness of heart will bloom, free from the withering blights of deceit and disappointed hope!

GEORGE GORDON.

THE LAMENT OF BATHYLLUS SECUNDUS.

In the blest Heathen days of old,
When metamorphoses abounded,
And heroes, eloquent and bold,
Went down to Hell, and there astounded
The ghosts who suffer'd, by the Styx,
Tisiphone's accursed kicks;—
In those blest days did Orpheus go,
(There's not a bard but tells ye so,)
With magic lyre (for fiddlers then
Had never shock'd the ears of men,)
And on its strings so deftly played,
That he old Dis obliging made,
And got the gruff god's leave to bear
Eurydice away from Hell;
(Eurydice! the wondrous fair,
Whom poets' sing of passing well,)
To take her home, and eat his dinner
Once more beside his charming spinner.
(For ladies! Know, in days gone by,
E'en heroines spun incessantly;)
Oh, lucky Orpheus! (*once*, at least,
Altho' king Pluto—heartless beast!
Dragg'd the dear girl to Hell again—
I say *at least;* for 'tis not plain
Thou didst not mend thy lucky score,
By losing her thou gain'dst before,—
For wives, sweet souls! do lecture sadly
Whene'er their lords behave too badly.
Oh, lucky Orpheus! born to sing
Before so musical a king;—
To such dear shades who vow'd thy voice
Did make a most melodious noise,
And each no-body swore outright
Thou o'erwhelm'st its senses quite;
And Sisyphus, the bulky brothers,
Ixion, and a hundred others,
Whose torturing plagues, by thee enchanted
An instant of enjoyment granted;
All said, 'twas charming (tho', no doubt,
They thought a vast deal more about
The pleasure of a moment's rest
Than all thy music, tho' the best.)
Thrice, lucky Orpheus! thine were days
Indeed for poetry and praise;
But now, good luck! there's no temptation
For bards to trill her lays divine;
For not a soul in all the nation
Will read a single heavenly line:—

Save the base critics—and 'twere better
For poets never to form a letter,
Than write for such a godless race
To jibe him to his very face,
And say his works are born to die,
Like man, or "any other fly."
Those snappish critics! who delight,
Where'er they can, to snarl and bite,
Making ~~each author turn~~, poor fellow!
As lizards do, from *green* to *yellow*,—
And growling at each tale and moral,
As full-grown babes disdain a coral.
Ah me! in ancient times, 'tis said,
A wreath of baccar upon head,
By those was bound, who thought perhaps
That Nemesis might cause mishaps,
Because they had been *praised too much*—
And baccar was a shield to such.*
Oh, glorious times! when such a charm
Was needed for so sweet a harm;—
For now, alas! tho' baccar grew,
As plentiful as daisies do,
O'er plain and hill,
No happy bard would need to gather
A single leaf;—for, truly, rather
Than any ill
From *too much* praise doth bard befall,
It comes from having *none at all.*
I loathe ye critics! and whene'er
I hear your croaking notes,
Avoid ye, as a timid deer
Doth colour'd petticoats:
Where'er I walk I dread to stumble
Upon yourselves,
And hear your restless voices grumble
At quarts and twelves;
And deem each ugly face I see
A critic's, recognising me.
Pray Heaven, we never more may meet—
Ye Corcyrans! I am of Crete.

H. AD.

Grub Street, 12*th January*, 1824.

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* "Aut si ultrà placitum laudârit, *baccare* fronte
Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro."

VIRG. Ecl. 7. b. 27.

THE MOONLIGHT PLAIN.

The moon's soft reflection was shed on the plain,
Where the strife of the mighty had recently been;
And over the sleepers, the wounded and slain,
She shone all unconsciously mild and serene.

I gazed on her glory, and thought of the hours,
In life's early morn how she rose to my sight;
And gilded with radiance my own native towers,
And tipt the white billows, slow moving in light.

Oh! she shone still as peaceful, as calm, and as fair,
And her tremulous brightness shed splendour around;
But that splendour was gleaming on scenes of despair,
And that brightness discovered a blood-tinctured ground.

I gazed till I sickened, and shaded my eyes,
And turned in the anguish of spirit away.—
How I wished that the dense rolling vapours would rise,
And obscure with thick darkness each far streaming ray!

For it shewed my companions all scattered in death—
How ghastly and changed were the faces I loved,
And many yet struggled for life's parting breath,
And convulsed by the strife of that agony moved.

I thought of my parents, my own pleasant home,
And the far distant friends whom in fancy I blest,
But memory and woe o'er my spirit would come,
And I felt the deep gashes grow stiff on my breast.

Reydon, Suffolk.

TRANSLATION OF CARDINAL BIMBO'S SONNET.

Crin d'oro crespo e ambra tersa e pura.

Bright hair of gold which on the breezes flies
In waves of glory, with luxuriant play,
Shading at times those pure, those sunny eyes
Whose glances turn my night to joyful day—
Smile which alone can sooth my bitterest woe,
When choicest pearls through parted rubies shine—
Through which the words so soft, so sweetly flow,
And songs of melting harmony divine,
That to the heart with power resistless go,
Wisdom and worth matured in early youth,
Seldom or ne'er before amongst us known—
The brightest beauty joined to fairest truth,
Where mingled charms appear in you alone,
To whom the heavens their grace have largely shown,

AN ECCENTRIC CHARACTER.

"Of moody texture from his earliest day."

"ABOUT three months since, I was thrown into the deepest sorrow, by the untimely death of an intimate friend, whose life I valued not less tenderly than my own. We had been playfellows together from early youth, and continued up to the moment when he was removed from me by death, on terms of the closest affection. I feel inadequate at this moment to describe the first dreadful shock occasioned by that melancholy event. My friends were apprehensive it would have given some new turn to my temper, or perhaps hang as a dead weight upon my happiness for the rest of my life. But time, as usual, has taken much from the violence of my grief. The dismal prospect that lay before me is beginning to clear, and objects to lose those discoloured hues with which my feelings invested them: so that I can now trust myself so far upon this distressing topic as to attempt an imperfect sketch of my friend's character and sentiments; and I do this the more willingly, because, by laying, or rather reviving the colours of his faded image while they are still strong upon my mind, I shall have something like a durable picture to recur to, whenever that image is in danger of being tarnished or superseded by fresh ties, the toil of worldly occupations, or, above all, the transitory, uncertain nature of all human recollections. Henry Sidney, (for that was the name of my beloved friend,) had a heart eminently soft, and open to amiable and generous impressions. His understanding, naturally quick, was improved by all the advantages of an enlightened education; he commanded an easy fortune, besides considerable prospects, possessed an agreeable person, and an address which would have been extremely engaging, but for an invincible modesty, which sometimes to a painful degree oppressed the freedom of his motions. Yet the warmth and sincerity which marked his slightest civilities, gave them a charm which they could not have received from the most courtly refinements. Thus fortune and nature appeared combined to befriend him; but by one fatal gift, the latter more than counterbalanced all her favours. She bestowed, or rather inflicted upon him a fevered imagination, with feelings painfully sensitive. How fatal is this delicacy of passion (as it is called by Mr. Hume) to its possessor! How it arms every petty thorn with additional stings against itself! While it strips the flowers that are scattered over its way of half their real beauty, undervaluing whatever falls below the imaginary standard erected by a distempered fancy! Was it not this too exquisite sensibility that occasioned all Cowper's miseries? Growing up unrestrained in his gentle mind, and fortified by religious principles, it made an awful waste of his peace and happiness, and in the end wrecked even hope itself—that light which survives the wildest storm of passion and guilt, shining when all around is dark, to which the wearied and afflicted are wont to turn with the fondest expectation. Even that light was extinguished in his mind, by this fatal sensibility, "deeming himself predestined to a doom that is not of the pangs that pass away." Rousseau too derived his phrenzied wretchedness from this source; and even in our own days have we not witnessed its terrible effects in the highest genius of the age, whom eventually it rendered unfit for the world, unhappy in himself, and discontented with mankind, and (to use his own eloquent expression) "turned all his blood to tears." But to return to my friend Sidney: very early in life symptoms of this diseased sensibility began to appear in his character. When at school it was remarked that he never partook in the unqualified delight which was experienced by the

rest of his companions in their wild but innocent sports. Some cloud seemed for ever hanging over him. Reserve and silence, the dread also from them and their amusements, as if imbibing some early sorrow or passion in that abstracted existence. He shrunk from all contact with his more boisterous schoolfellows, with as much timidity as a child would fly from any thing very strange or frightful; and if by chance he was ever surprised into a circle where the gay spirits were assembled, recounting their exploits, or laying their schemes for an adventure into the neighbouring town, he retired with the greatest embarrassment, before every eye in the little knot was directed towards him, or the universal ejaculation of wonder was uttered at his expense. By such sparks as these, Sidney was regarded as an ill-starred young fellow, to whom, by some hard destiny, it was forbidden to taste of the pleasures of life, and often would they boast, that while such as he drifted like a weed down the stream of time, joyless and without an impulse, they would sail it over in a pleasure boat. They formed however a very wrong estimate of his character. Under the cold and abstracted exterior, which so many considered as the cover of a narrow heart, were concealed the liveliest feelings, and an imagination which his young judgment endeavoured in vain to curb, and which nothing but the loftiest flights could satisfy. But these feelings and affections being hindered by his natural backwardness and retired habits, from finding vent in the common intercourse of life where they might have been scattered or dissipated, continued gathering to a head like inward humours, until at last they broke upon his constitution and preyed with the most fatal effects. His mind became the receptacle of the most extravagant fancies, and his life a species of feverish, unnatural existence. At times the predominant influence of his imagination subdued every more rational notion—and a person acquainted with the wild phantasies that prevailed there, could hardly help comparing his mind to Milton's Limbo, or "that wild abyss where eldest night, and chaos, ancestors of nature, held eternal anarchy." But did these romantic propensities of my friend lose much of their vigour, although they became less extravagant, as he advanced from what is opprobriously termed the age of boyhood. They rather settled into a habit of sentimental delicacy, and an enthusiasm, which had for its object every thing exalted, refined, or wonderful. He would derive greater pleasure from reading the life of a hero, or the account of an heroic action, than playing a game at cricket or at ball; and a tale of tenderness or love had greater charms for him than a fishing or a shooting party. Yet although he was so alive to heroism of all kinds, military as well as moral, his disposition was entirely unfit for the strife and agitation incident to those who build a reputation upon their extraordinary qualities. In fact, the seeds of greatness were profusely scattered over his mind, but from the weakly nature of the soil on which they were cast, it was evident that they could never grow up to be plants of any strength or vigour, although they might attain a wild and slender luxuriance; or, perhaps more correctly speaking, he was more adapted to theory than practice. He was an insatiate devourer of books, his reading was general, but he took particular delight in works of fiction and poetry, in adventures, and the lives of distinguished men. He had Pope's Homer by heart at the early age of sixteen, was persuaded, like Madame Dacier, that the days of Achilles, Ajax, and Hector, were the true halcyon times. And not unfrequently has he given a sigh to the ruins of the Heathen Mythology. He had read Plutarch a hundred times over, and was as well acquainted with every circumstance in the history of the Greek and Roman Worthies as children with their alphabet. Not could a philosopher with more sagacity contrast or compare their merits and defects, and discriminate the slightest shade in their several characters. He could trace the first spark of noble aspiration, through all its gradations of increase until it blazed into the last brightness of effulgent heroism. And then for the volumes of the Great Known Unknown, as he is called! How would he pore over them for days and nights together with unceasing ardour! Oh, Scott! what happiness and misery hast thou not dealt out to him by

turns! Who can describe the rapture that transported him while wandering over the delicious scenes conjured up by the magical power of thy imagination? And then the wretchedness that awaited him, when obliged to quit those labyrinths he found himself once more amidst the cold and vapid realities of life? How often have I surprised him, like Billy Lackaday, in a paroxysm of sorrow over the fate of thy imaginary heroes—the death of Fergus M'Ivor has cost him many a sigh; and he has wept bitter tears over the hard lot of thy virtuous Tressilian. Shortly after Sidney had left college, I prevailed on him to join me in a tour to the continent, in hopes that new scenes, as well as the knowledge of the world acquired by travel, might rub away his eccentricities; for being very much attached to him I was extremely desirous to correct, if possible, the only dark shade in his character. But alas! in my anxiety to extinguish the flame I only added nourishment to it—his enthusiasm, instead of declining, assumed a deeper complexion as he advanced to those southern climes from whose genial influence I had anticipated such sanguine results. The classical associations they suggest kept his mind in continual agitation; every spot was to him hallowed by some pleasing or mournful recollection. The slightest relic of decayed grandeur, a lonely column, a tomb, a stone, was sufficient to banish from his mind the whole scheme of a day—the pleasures and pursuits I had planned were all deranged or forgotten. All this, it may be easily imagined, was very disagreable to an "idle traveller" like myself, who had left his own country merely out of ennui, and love of change. To be thus crossed at every turn by the brain-born visions of another, how often has it not made me wish poor Sidney at home, or at the devil. So I was sometimes obliged to fly off in a tangent, and leave my friend solus for a few days to his own reveries. I never rejoined him after such little excursions without finding his head running upon some ridiculous chimera he had conceived in my absence. At one time he had actually equipped himself, for the purpose, as he said, of upholding the cause of liberty in Greece. I mean not to throw any the slightest ridicule upon those who have thought proper to join that sacred standard, but my friend was of all others the most unfit for military achievements. I had hardly dissuaded him from this adventure, when he meditated another, which for its strangeness, equalled any thing I had read of in romance. This was nothing more nor less than to assume the habit of a menial, and hire himself as a domestic to Lord Byron, who was at that time in the south of Europe. The mystery and wayward gloom which hung over his Lordship's history and character, his transcendent talents, and singular fate, had taken a strong hold of Sidney's romantic imagination, and after many schemes he at length hit upon this one as the best means of becoming intimately acquainted with the noble poet. When he opened it to me, however, I treated it with such unqualified ridicule, that he was reluctantly induced to abandon it. I have since, on reflection, almost regretted that I opposed myself to his inclination in this instance. No doubt had he succeeded, he would soon have tired of his new situation; and perhaps it might have been a wholesome lesson not to trust to such fallacies in future, when he found that even the great Lord Byron partook of the failings of ordinary men, and in some instances perhaps sunk below their level. But it is time I should draw the veil over the imperfections of my friend, a slight alloy to a character adorned in the very highest degree by all the gentler virtues, charity, generosity, and compassion, delicate principles of honor, and an unbounded affection for his friend. Even his peculiarities shall for ever be cherished by me with tenderness, which, though at times they might cloud for a moment the amiable sweetness of his disposition, never had any permanent effect upon the goodness of his heart. I have said nothing on the subject of Sidney's death, either as to the occasion of it, or how he bore it. It is a very affecting topic, and would lead me beyond the bounds I have prescribed to myself in this paper. All I can say at present is, that he died at the early age of twenty-six; and that a love affair gave him very great uneasiness, as will appear from the following verses which were found amongst his papers. They are

addressed to Julia, who, having gained his heart, played the coquette towards him in the most cruel manner. He was inclined to think they were the first thing of the kind he ever attempted. They are tolerably well written, and were published a few weeks before his death.

(A PLAIN NARRATIVE.)

LINES TO JULIA.

And hast thou transferred thy sweet smiles to another,
Then yield back those sighs I have wasted in vain;
Or teach this poor desolate heart how to smother
The pangs which have followed those smiles in their train.

How oft has thy hand to my touch gently trembled,
And thrill'd thy young heart in response to my sighs!
Oh say were those tokens of passion but sembled,
To dash the bright hopes they invited to rise.

There's a serpent, 'tis said, that so witchingly glances,
Young gazers are fix'd as entranced to the place,
Till unwinding his coil, the deceiver advances,
And breaks the illusion with deadly embrace.

Thus Julia, too lovely, allured, then deceived me—
First cherish'd, then wither'd, the blossom of hope;
But why not of life, when of joy you bereav'd me—
Why leave me thus blighted with sorrow to cope?

Yes, so lonely and dark hast thou left me to mourn
O'er the wreck of my feelings—my joys laid to rest,
That the ray of bright sunshine will never return
To break the deep gloom that is chilling my breast.

Oh nought can e'er quicken this heart to emotion,
So lifeless, a void hast thou cans'd it to be;
Unless in the wake of past strife and commotion,
A sigh speak my sorrow for love lost and thee.

Yet, tho' thou hast shadow'd my young days with sadness,
And darken'd each prospect that once led me on,
The thoughts of the past are now stings but to madness,
Or longings that wearied existence were gone!

Tho' phrenzy, this mind from its seat may have shaken,
Its thoughts shall not curse *thee* whom whilome they blest;
Not yet wish such revenge as to see too forsaken
That heart whose desertion has robb'd mine of rest.

Farewell! may regret of the fate thou hast chosen,
Ne'er shadow one tint of thy life's happy scene.
Farewell! and forgetting the heart thou hast frozen,
Be still, what alas! I once dream'd to have been.

T. M.

JENNY KELLY.

(A PLAIN NARRATIVE.)

The following story derives an interest from its being a real fact, unadorned by fiction. We understand the writer of it is a near relative to the unfortunate female whose brief history he records.—Ed.

How many an affecting narrative might be drawn from the stories which the "simple annals" of humble life supply! How many a tale, the circumstances of which may have been known only to few, and soon forgotten by all, would awaken general sympathy, if some friendly hand had been found to record it! Many whose lives from beginning to end, present no single incident worth relating, find a biographer to note their existence, and the every day common places of their being; and this is all the world can learn from their memoirs. But in scenes remote from those of grandeur, of fashion, and of folly, it not unfrequently happens that the history of individuals, is fraught with more of interest, and affords a more useful and instructive lesson to mankind, than all that can be gleaned from the insipid biography of those who inherit adventitious claims to rank and distinction. The reader may have heard some impressive and pathetic stories, perchance bordering on romance, of unpretending and obscure origin. The following, derived from an authentic source, is not unworthy of notice.

In the town of Newry, in Ireland, lived Jenny Kelly, the subject of this little narrative. At this distance of time not any thing material is known of her parents; it is only known that they were honest and industrious, and that they brought up their daughter according to their means. Before she attained the age of eighteen years, she became the object of affection to two suitors. This distinction, which would have been flattering to the vanity of most young women of her age, proved to her the greatest misfortune. She had a fine countenance, an elegant figure, an amiable disposition, and was of singularly industrious habits. Her voice was moreover uncommonly fine, and she carolled as merrily as the lark, and as sweetly as the nightingale. In short, she could not but make any man a good wife, and a delightful companion.

Poor girl! when I think of her fate, a tear of pity falls to her memory. Yet Jenny did not become a prey to the arts of a seducer; she was reserved for misery of a different kind.

The two rivals who sought her affections, were brother clerks, in the firm of Messrs. Ogle and Thompson, well known merchants in Newry. The circumstances of each were nearly equal, and they were generally regarded with a degree of respect, little short of that shown to the partners themselves. Kays was the name of one lover, Mc. Evoy that of the other. Kays was a very handsome young man, tall and well shaped; his rival had not the same advantages of person, and was conscious of the superiority of Kays in this respect; but this reflection only caused him to redouble his attentions to Jenny, and to do every thing in his power to ingratiate himself into her esteem. Whether or not Kays was less ardent or persevering in evincing his attachment cannot now be known; but after much persuasion and entreaty, Jenny, though her heart owned a preference of Kays, yielded to the importunities of Mc. Evoy, and was married to him accordingly.

Jenny was young, and probably scarcely knew her own heart at the time, else she ought not to have given her hand to one lover, and her affections to another. It was a weakness on her part, and she bitterly atoned for it; yet who shall blame her?

> "Women are not,
> "In their best fortunes, strong,"

and might there not be some neglect on the part of Kays?

When Jenny became a wife, she

was fully sensible of the duties and obligations which her new condition imposed upon her; and she determined to do all in her power not only to retain the affections of her husband, but to increase her own towards him. With these feelings they might have been happy; but connubial bliss was not to be the lot of this young creature.

It may be easily imagined that Kays, who was not less fond of Jenny than his successful rival, was plunged into a state of distraction, as soon as he knew of the utter ruin of his hopes. In the first paroxysm of his rage, he threatened destruction to both; but becoming more calm, he conceived a scheme of revenge, which he determined to carry into effect. He began to affect an indifference upon the subject; then to utter insuendos that could not but create strange conjectures; and at last he did not scruple to insinuate, in plain terms, and in such a way that it was sure to reach Mc. Evoy's ears, that he had previously to her marriage had an illicit intercourse with the young bride. Such reports were not slow in finding circulation; they speedily came to the knowledge of Mc. Evoy and his wife, and their feelings on the occasion it may be easily supposed were deeply though very differently affected. Jenny became melancholy; her appetite failed her, she grew pale and thin, and was frequently caught in tears. The cruelty of Kays cut her to the heart; Mc. Evoy, though he did not absolutely believe in the rumours of his wife's dishonour, was not certain that they were altogether false. Of all feelings that of jealousy is the most easily roused, and when once awakened,

"Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmation strong
As proofs of holy writ."

Kays and Mc. Evoy were still placed near each other, and these were mutual heart burnings and bickerings between them. Both however avoided coming to open resentment; the one knowing himself to be the projector of an unfounded calumny; the other being loth to render more public than it was, the reported disgrace of his wife.

Poor Jenny bore up against the influence of her feelings as long as she could; her home was wretched, to her susceptible and artless mind, for doubt and suspicion hung over it. Her husband's eye no longer beamed on her with the soft light of confiding love; in a few weeks she fell ill, her brain became delirious, and her medical attendants despaired of her life. Mc. Evoy was himself in a state to be pitied, and well might he have approached the author of his sufferings, in the language of our greatest bard.

"If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate:
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amazed;
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that."

The effects of Kays' perfidy now stared him in the face, and for the first time made him sensible of his baseness. He was not naturally of a bad disposition; and his passion for Jenny revived in all its force; he would have died to restore her to her senses, and to repair the wrong he had done her. He hastened to her mother's house to confess his guilt, and to ask her forgiveness; but he was denied admittance. Every hour only made him the more desirous of atoning for the injuries he had committed, and of expressing to her his penitence. Again he begged to be admitted to see the poor girl; he appeared almost broken hearted; his request was again refused. Unable to retain himself any longer, he confessed that the story he told concerning her was a wicked fabrication. "Good Heavens," he exclaimed, raising his eyes and clasping his hands, "could I but hear her say she forgave me, how happy should I be! But now I am miserable." "You cannot, you must not see her, my poor child is dying; the sight of you would be too much for her, she is dying! do not ask it!" He bade the disconsolate mother farewell, and hurried away overwhelmed with grief and horror. He could not rest; all was dark and gloomy within him; agonized and scarcely knowing what he did, he solicited on the following day, a meeting of the principal inhabitants of Newry, at one of the inns, and openly declared to all present, that every word he had said against Jenny was false, and that the cause of his malignant fabrication was his excessive love, and his madness at seeing her possessed by another. He was in consequence dismissed from his situation. Still, however, he did not despair of seeing his unfortunate vic-

tim, and of confessing to her his villainy. With this intention he again repaired to her mother's residence, but it was too late; her spirit had fled to that world, where the praise and censure of mankind are equally indifferent, in six weeks after her bridal day.

The remainder of the tale will be brief: Kays shortly afterwards left Newry, for America, entered into the American army, and was killed. The husband, who was inconsolable for some time, despaired of ever being happy with any other woman, should he marry again. This proved true; for a twelvemonth after Jenny's death, he married a miller's daughter, a young woman who very strikingly resembled Jenny, and it was partly, perhaps, from that similitude that he married her.

Shortly after his second marriage, in a faction arising out of an election contest, a gentleman drew his sword against Mr. Evoy, who parried it with his sword-stick, but in the affray the gentleman was run through the body, and instantly fell dead on the spot. Mr. Evoy was tried for his life; he said in his defence he cared not to live, but asserted that he drew his sword in his own defence. Messrs. Ogle and Thompson supported him to the utmost on his trial. He was found guilty of manslaughter, and, according to the practice of the time, was burnt in the hand. He left Ireland with his newly married wife, went to America, and like his rival entered the army, in which he was promoted, and highly respected.

By the author of "Myrtle Leaves."

A WIFE.

——— domus et placens uxor. Horace.

But where to get them? is the question; a home, (which we naturally conclude means a happy quiet home) and a pleasing wife, complacent, mild, gentle, obedient, soothing, consolatory, immutable—these are indeed rare qualities, yet the *placens uxor* implies all this and still more. A certain advertising M. D. sets forth these words, which must naturally attract notice, such a wife might be an infallible *panacea*, but the doctor's advertisement relates to vile drugs and disorders, and does not offer the *placens uxor* to Cœlebs in search of a wife. I knew a Frenchman who used boldly to assert that he had *une femme, il n'y en a pas*, such a wife as *never was*; had he, more moderately, said *une femme comme il y en a peu*, he might have been believed; and, whilst I am on the subject of wives (a most interesting one to the present race and to posterity), my reader will not, I trust, deem as *mal apropos*, the account which a sly observing Scotchman gave of *his* good wife. Upon being felicitated on his happy lot, he took the compliment very soberly, and assured his friend that a great part of the merit depended on himself, since he not only knew how to select a good wife, but also how to keep her in the course of well-doing; adding, that he was not in a hurry during his courtship, and took care to be well acquainted with the mind of his intended, and to try her temper, previous to venturing on matrimony. My readers, and particularly my fair lady perusers, must not, for a moment, suppose that I am giving my own sentiments, or offering my own advice or observations on this interesting subject, but must consider that the following detail of opinion and precautionary measures of the Caledonian were peculiar to him. The gentleman, from whom I obtained my information, set out by some general rules in the way

of unmarried children count as dust, that experience of life was neither to be shown for beauty, for high birth, for talent, for good temper, nor for conscience; since a beauty might be vain, extravagant, and a jilt; a woman of high family might be haughty, ill-tempered, and vicious! a woman of talents would be very likely to undervalue her husband, and to make a bad housewife and a negligent mother; good temper may exist in a fool; and those who marry for mere convenience, such as a companion, a nurse, a good table, or a little money, might find the first in a coffee-house, the second by applying to a physician, the third in a good cook, and the last by personal industry, without being saddled with an incumbrance for life, in the form of an elderly person growing daily less amusing and more infirm, or of vulgarity in the strapping nurse, or dame skilled in the culinary art, or in a scold with a bit of money, dearly earned by the unfortunate husband's sale of his liberty and tranquillity; early attachments the Scotchman very much approved of, but not of boyish and girlish marriages; because, at that age, the parties know nothing of the world, and less of themselves, so that their future felicity is quite a matter of chance; great disparity of years he considered as dangerous to comfort and to constancy, but parity of years he deemed equally improper, and assured his friend that the husband ought always to be the senior, in order to secure respect, to be able to set at the helm of the hymenical vessel, and that his admiration and ardour might keep pace with the increase of years of his better half, who might, otherwise, look like an emaciated old woman, whilst her spouse might be in the prime of energy, activity, and good looks.* It was naturally enquired, after these remarks, what manner of wife he thought the best, and what were the qualities necessary to insure happiness in the wedded state? to which he replied, a little beauty, equality of birth, a degree of talent, the best possible temper, and mutual inclination to each other, add to the wedded state; now, contented his, a man's eyes can compass him of the beauty of the object of his choice, strict enquiry

[illegible] requires much prudence [illegible] stockings, much circumspection [illegible] dubbing to the tune of [illegible] with the temper of a single [illegible] these I believe credit to [illegible] but to enlarge too much [illegible] voyage of life, a partner [illegible] spouse, I shall just give the [illegible] his conduct and manœuvres, [illegible] ther sought his friends at [illegible] court, at theatres and public [illegible] nor yet in the retirement [illegible] family circle, but he took care to [illegible] her in all these situations; since [illegible] without religion could never [illegible] domestic virtue, an uncouth [illegible] would be ill suited to a gentl[illegible] one too fond of theatrical and [illegible] amusements must be too light and [illegible] posed to pleasure, and one [illegible] above these pastimes would certain[illegible] either a bigot or a hypocrite. [illegible] young lady who did not think [illegible] circle of her family, and who [illegible] ignorant of the management [illegible] a house, would not be very [illegible] possess economy, nor to be [illegible] preside over the interests of her [illegible] band and children, if such were [illegible] fruits of wedlock. As to accom[illegible] ments, he approved of all [illegible] music, dancing, drawing, [illegible] cultivation of mind and general [illegible] but he remarked that an over attachment to any particular talent in [illegible] the possessor might excel, and [illegible] connubial bliss, since a man did not require a wife merely to sing to [illegible] self and company, nor to dance away her time with *other partners*, [illegible] his house with artists, and to neglect the nursery and school-room, to receive a host of foreigners, in order to sport her French, Italian, or German, to hold a blue stocking club to exhibit her learning and *virtue*, nor to [illegible] spend time over artificial flowers, and nick-nackery, which might be given to the management of household concerns. Having now made his election of a young woman of pleasing appearance, well born, with a moderate fortune, and moderately accomplished, he proceeded to the [illegible] temper, which, after being acquainted with her what he [illegible] sufficient time, decided [illegible] He first watched her conduct [illegible]

* A wife also has much to dread from the follies [illegible]

rents—it was dutiful, fond, and cted, whilst, to her younger rs and sisters, it was kind and ffectionate, he endeavoured to a preference amongst them, but that justice directed her con- and her love; he surprised her forming her that her youngest er had hurt himself by a fall a pony, which caused her the st sorrow, unaccompanied by ns or tears (for both of which he great aversion), and he found he took the tenderest and most ous care in dressing a trifling his forehead. He then impor- her to accompany himself and ly to a masquerade, for which ement she shewed the utmost in- ence, and when entreated, as a nal favour, replied that she ex- d her father would not con- to it, and that she should der herself unworthy of his if she went in a clandestine ner, without his knowledge. He watched her at cards, and never l detect a change of muscle, or lour, whether she lost or won; on contrary, having tried to elate her dmiring her playing one hand at t so well, and complimenting her on her gains, her answer was, that she played merely out of complaisance to her aunt, and very much regretted having won, as she feared that it had ruffled the good lady's temper. Now he tried to induce her to play guineas at a game of chance with high com- pany, which she declined, and on his offering his purse, she politely refused it with honorable pride, adding that she could not bear to see young women receive presents or loans in any form, except from a parent, or other very near and dear relative; a little gentle contradiction was soon after practised, and it was met by gentleness, and a surrender of her opinion to his better judgment, this too about an article of dress! He thrice disappointed her by not coming to parties of her's, and once by en- gaging himself to dance with another lady, and he could not discover any thing but real regret, accompanied by a sweet, patient smile on these occa- sions. Once he endeavoured to make her jealous, and perceived that she felt his seeming neglect, but abstained from reproach; on his making every possible atonement, and confessing that he merely wished to excite her regard, adding more which he meant for candour, she observed, that accusations and reproaches were, in her mind, more calculated to banish than to recal affection. The wedding day was now fixed, and twice was jealous after dinner he contrived to let fall part of a cup of coffee on a new white dress, which she passed over with the utmost good humour, and rose cheerfully to change her attire, which was performed with the utmost expedition; an accident completed the trials, her future husband entered the breakfast room with a favourite dog of his, the animal, accustomed to be welcomed by his intended, jumped eagerly towards her, and, trampling on a muslin dress trimmed with lace, tore the former and soiled the latter. The Caledonian apologized, and of- fered to chastise the dog, which the young lady prevented, observing that it was a mere trifle. "I must give you a new dress in its place," said he; "by no means," replied Serena, "I can mend it so as that the accident will not be perceived;" here was economy allied to sunnity of temper, and the Scot was won outright. As to his method of keeping a good wife after he had got her, his precepts were to begin much as a milk means to con- tinue, neither to be too familiar nor too reserved; not to neglect her, lest she should seek for attentions else- where, to have that self respect which must ensure respect from others, never to be unnecessarily obstinate on any point, and therefore never to give one up; neither to be too gay nor too grave, nor to preach economy further than where *example* bore out the doctrine, and never to tell any thing which there was danger in revea- ling, his maxim being, that if a secret was worthy of keeping, it was best kept at the first hand. How ever perfect or imperfect his system might be, I venture not to say, but certain it is, that he possessed a most amiable, faithful, and exemplary wife, who looked up to him as her natural sup- port, adviser, and friend. Should my unmarried readers be able to cull any useful hints from the subject before them, it will be matter of the highest satisfaction to him who subscribes himself,

PHILO SPECTATOR.

MIRTH AND SADNESS.

Hence loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy!
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There under ebon shades, and low-browed rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclept Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
Filled her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the sweet-briar or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack or the barn door
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Sometime walking not unseen
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Robed in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the landscape round it measures;
Russet lawns, and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
From between two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or if the earlier season lead
To the tanned haycock in the mead.
Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the chequered shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong daylight fail:
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat;
She was pinched and pulled she said,
And he by Friar's lantern led;
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.
Tower'd cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would charm the air
And fetch the element delight
From his watery couch to hear,
And on the tip-toe of the flood
His mates with adverse finns do stand
Wondering each at the other's mood.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

Thus my hours shall pass away
If thou, gay mirth, with me wilt stay,
And thou too, Sadness! pensive dame,
With palled brow, and tottering frame;
When my spirit seeks to dwell
With Merlin in his wizard cell,
Shalt be my guide the while I hear
His potent charm and words of fear;
Or lead me by old ivied tower
Where screeching owls have made their bower,
And half scared visions dimly glide,
Of ancient warriors by my side,
Whose stately tombs and gorgeous pall,
And banners once that graced the wall,
Are turned to fragments, by the hand
Of Time, that nothing can withstand.
Woworn Sadness! With me stray
When the twilight's mantle grey
In many a dark and thickening fold,
About some ancient grove is roll'd,
Of yew trees, or of elms that spread
Their horned branches o'er the dead,
That sleep beneath the hallow'd sod,
By many a rustic labourer trod,
Who wends his homeward path along,
Chaunting some old and mournful song;
And listening oft-times as the breeze
Moans sadly in the waning trees,
With breathless pause and stiffening hair,
And blanched cheek, and look of fear.
Pensive Maiden! with me go,
When in sable garb of woe
I stand beneath some chapel high,
Where mighty monarchs buried lie:
And see within the damp, cold tomb
Yawning wide with frightful gloom,
The coffin with its flattering pall,
Of black and crimson velvet fall;
And hear the solemn harmony,
Swell to the fretted roof on high,
Re-echoing from the cemetry;
But with that dull and deadened sound
That seems the very heart to wound;
While through the dusky aisles is borne
The requiem of the muffled horn;
Thus, shall pass my hours away,
If pensive sadness with me stay.

BALLAD.

When together we gaz'd on the pale moon that rang'd
Like a bright barque through oceans of sky,
I knew that her splendid career would be chang'd,
And her cold smiles be shut from mine eye;
But Ellen, false Ellen, I never could deem
That thy love was as short as her light,
That thy oaths were as clouded, thy smiles but a dream,
That liv'd only in darkness the night.
Oh Ellen! false Ellen!

I hope that the trace-chain together we have served match with the best and truest pair that ever lived in due course at the manger and at the rack of the rising hope and true.

Might be rent by the storm of angry words,
" good men and true."
But, Ellen, false Ellen, it once was my pride
With me, that this, to be
To think thee more faithful than these,
To swear that thy heart was more fixed than the tide,
I have said
And thy love more sincere than the breeze.
Oh, Ellen! false Ellen!
But 'tis o'er, the bright vision is over at last,
And my hope as a tale that is told,
I find thee as false as an April blast,
And though bright as the moon-beam, as cold.
Adieu, then, thou false one, I flee o'er the sea—
Than thy vows it is far more sincere,
And as false as thy smiles are its calms unto me,
And its storms as untrue as thy tear.
Oh, Ellen! false Ellen!

August, 1824. J. F. STUART.

THE MISERIES OF A MUSIC MEETING.

" —— quorum pars altera fui."

YES, I am prepared to prove that even such a festival as a Music Meeting has its miseries; that there may be a discord in harmony, a very grief in the midst of sweet sounds; and yet I, that affirm this, am neither an ascetic nor a puritan, nor am I one of those whose eyes seem almost ashamed to look up at the cheerful heavens, or into a merry-man's countenance, and who grovel downwards, as if hunting for the thorns and the weeds that lie in the path of the world.

I am of metal more cheerful than these, I love life and its hilarities, I love to talk of other things besides " graves and epitaphs," and I consider wisdom to be a " plump jolly dame, who laughs right merrily, and takes the world as it goes,"—and yet for all this again and again will I assert that there are miseries in a Music Meeting.

I have recently been at one of these harmonic musters, and my misfortunes commenced at the very threshhold. I was put in jeopardy at the absolute outposts, and was challenged by the sentry's vexation and disappointment before I even saw the white [illegible] of the main encampment. I was kept at a little, and the dullest town in England for four-and-twenty hours, waiting a conveyance to head quarters. The coaches were all filled before they reached this intermediate stage, and even bribes failed in inducing coaches to take one extra, for informers stood on the road. The post-chaises—there were but three in the whole department—were engaged off and on, and I could not gain a post-boy, or half an turn in my favour. The gigs had been all desperately wounded at Southampton races, and the saddle-horses were knee-broken, or wind-galled, in the same campaign, whilst two companies of Lancers had monopolized all the baggage-waggons, and I was about to make the best of a bad matter, by turning pedestrian, when by great good luck, a little chorister boy from Chichester cathedral, and who had engaged the third of a chaise, was ordered aback, and vacated in my favor, and I was stewed bodkin fashion, like Peter Schimmel's tall man in black between Daniel Lambert and the Irish giantess, with an organist and a chorus singer. And yet I felt this foretaste of misfortune a relief; for has it not been written, that " hope de-

feared maketh the heart sick. I arrived in due course at the rendezvous of the main body, as I think all "good men and true" will agree with me, that this, to begin with, was a misery of a Music Meeting.

I have said that I arrived—but where, to what quarters? Not to those where I had fondly hoped to find quiet and neatness, and old acquaintance. No—the desperate delay at that hypochondriacal town where they keep but three post-chaises ruined all these visions of comfort. I had promised to have been at S—— two days earlier. I could not keep my word, and the good woman *would not* let her lodgings, and so, nolens volens, I was compelled to change my course, to "snow, brown as I could not snow white," as the poor strolling manager said when foolscap was a scarce commodity, and take up my quarters at a fourth-rate house of call, with only the joint use of the parlour, and a cabin for a sleeping-room, for it was at one corner of the mansion, and built over the mill-water. I put up with my disappointment, yet I cannot help calling this another misery of a Music Meeting.

However, I rise in the morning blythe as Chanticleer, for my old schoolfellow, Charles Wilton, with his beautiful sister—ah! that sister, she will be the death of me!—are to call at eleven, and take me to the cathedral. No such thing! on my breakfast table there is a note sent from the lodging I was to have had, and left "by a strange gentleman the afternoon preceding," which said note runneth thus:—

DEAR FRED,

Your non-arrival both yesterday and the day before distresses us. As your promise to come was conditional we now despair of seeing you, and we wear the willow accordingly. It will be unnecessary now for us to come so much out of our way on an improbability, so if you do arrive pray find us out. We are at good Mr. T.'s, and shall be at the church each morning. Ellen unites in regards.

Thine, my dear Fellow,
August. C. WILTON.

Tuesday afternoon.

Oh! that cursed town again—but I saw them at the church, yet at such a distance, and I was wedged between a bouquet of beauties, that I dared not move for fear of discomposing the ladies. The fiddlers' cessation between the acts I was not even enabled to profit by, my neighbours kept their seats as determinedly as a file of soldiers, and I could get no marching orders for the life of me. This again was miserable at a Music Meeting.

But then we all of us met at dinner. And so we did, and Ellen smiled, and Charles smiled, and our host was delighted, and Sir George in tip-top anecdotal spirits, and the "divine Salmon" in her best glee, and Cramer and Sapio delighted with the cathedral, and "Brown Betty" and Wiltshire beauties, and home-brewed ale—but oh! that cursed town, where they keep but three post-chaises, and the coaches are always full, that like an evil genius, fell in love with my portmanteau, which the waiter "promised faithfully" to forward but did not; and I was silk-stockingless, and without my dress pantaloons, and I was compelled to leave this delightful party of harmonious souls, this feast of reason, and this flow of soul, a full hour before the good red wine was drunk, or I should not have made my appearance at the evening concert. Was not this in very truth a misery of a Music Meeting?

But I conquered all this, I triumphed over the miseries of lost trunks and trimmings, of lapsed glasses of wine, and deluding delights; I got over all these, and by loans and purchases did the beautiful, and walked into the concert room in gallant trim, just in time to get a glimpse of *the* Catalani; all nearer approach being interdicted by those who were more fortunate than myself by a foot and a half. The passage to the great concert room was in a state of blockade, and there was no means of raising it. I was compelled to make a lodgment in the outworks, along with fifty of equally unfortunate disappointed ones. That ugly town with—no, not that town now, but my own folly, in waiting the arrival of the last coach, in the forlorn hope of recovering my lost treasure. Alas! altogether this was a very distressing misery of a Music Meeting.

But I have nearly done—I have almost run through my strain of fatalism; another groan, as Mr. Beresford

in his miseries says, and the sisters, the fatal sisters, will be upon me with their scissors, and the thread will be twisted for the cutting. I went full of hope and anticipation to the cathedral on the second morning, to hear the opening of the Messiah; and I went in time too, that villainous town did not mar my matutine determination this time. I went in time to hear Sapio—new to me, commence the glorious "Comfort ye" of Handel, and up stood Madame Catalani—by this light! up stood Madame Catalani, and what was the consequence? Why, the whole orchestra from the pealing organ to the double, double drum, were compelled to transpose their parts a note or two lower to suit the lady's falling away in power, to the marring of the effect, and the murder of Handel. Tell me, ye that have music in your souls, and hate stratagem, is not this like sweet notes out of tune, and a misery of a Music Meeting?

But in the deep there is a deeper still, and a single misfortune is seldom to be met with, they generally come like swallows at summer—in a flight. I had mastered, as I deemed, at length my mountain of wretchedness; I had heard the songs, and had seen the singers, on the last splendid evening; I had talked French with Madame P. and praised her "*Inglise dress*;" I had drank wine with Mrs. Salmon, and led her to her chariot; I had pressed Ellen's hand at the concert, and claimed it at the dance, and I had slept soundly at night, and ate my breakfast, and ordered my bill at morning, and I found myself minus the tail of my coat and half-a-dozen sovereigns. The polite gentleman, who I then recollected, helped us through the crowd, with officious assiduity, had taken a fancy to these. Moneyless, trunkless, coatless, I had nothing left me but to borrow, or submit to ready-made. I chose the former and departed; but if this be not a misery of a music meeting, why the moon is a green cheese, and there is no faith in man.

Let no one suppose that these things are not so. Mine are realities not idealisms, things *quæque ipse miserrima vidi*. I do not wish to inculcate the notion that there be no glories, no splendours, no delights, no satisfaction, nor profit nor amusement in these assemblages of glittering company, but I exist a living, incontestible evidence, that with all this harmony, profusion and witchery, there always are to be found "Miseries in Music Meetings."

J. F. STUART.

August, 1824.

HACKNEY COACHES v. CABRIOLET.

"It's pride that puts *doun* half the *toune*,
So tak' your auld cloak about ye."

SCOTCH SONG.

"GET out of my way, you dirty Cab," cried Jarvis, sitting exultingly on his coach-box, with a quid of tobacco in his cheek, and contempt in his eye; "who the d—l would squat cheek by jowl with you, and be bumped about in public all through the streets of *London*, taking an eightpenny drive? a pretty thing, indeed, taking a one-horse *shay* by the hour, or a *hairing* for a handful of browns?" Here all the coachmen on the stand burst into a fit of laughter, and the waterman clapped his hands and cried, *Ann Core*. "Folks *is* ashamed," continued Jarvis, "to be seen in that *are* machine in the day time, so they gets up at dark, or stops one of they *cabrerns* at the stone's end, and so gets a little fresh *hair* in the country, but

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[1] The slang term for pence and half-pence.

they takes *nation* good care to be set down at the turnpike, and so comes into town by the *marrowbone* stage; that is, in plain English, on shank's naggy," (loud applause.) "Sometimes you'll see a tired milliner, with her bandbox on her lap, *scrouged* into a corner, for fear of touching the man, and looking t'other way, as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth; poor *timbursome* creature, quite affronted to be found in such a tub!" (peals of applause.) "Now the greatest lord in the land can step into a hackney-coach, ay, and the primest *coves*, your thorough bred *out and outers*, your real dandies, and their sweethearts too; the most topping ones of the court end of the town, for it's all in cog., a lancer in mufty, a smart life-guard officer in coloured clothes, the parson on a spree, or the alderman or magistrate for a lark!" "D— all magistrates," interrupted a brother whip, "I carries no such rubbidge, they only gets up to convict a poor man for a little over charge." "Never mind that," resumed the first speaker; "but what a different life is ours to that ere chap, perched like a monkey on a pail all day, without a customer, why we are noticed by the very first about town." "Go it, Jarvy," cries a noble ruffian that's up to every thing, "tip us the long trot, d—— me, else shall be too late for a set-to at the Fives' Court; I don't mind an extra bob or two, go it, my boy!" Then again, "'I say, young man, do pray make haste, that's a good soul,' hops out a pretty creature of a dress-maker, or a nobleman's favourite, 'or I shall not be in time for the first act of the play, or I shall keep my *beau* waiting too long;' odd zookers, what scenes we do see, and what company we do take up and set down: why I have known Lord Houseface quit his curricle and jump into my coach just for an hour's drive with a French lady, merely to jabber French with her; 'drive any where and back again,' cries my lord, and then tips me five bobs. Now, Johnny Raw, thou don't get as much in a week; now and then, perhaps, a studious gentleman, reading his book as he jogs along, or a close-fisted lawyer conning over his brief and hiding his face for fear of being known, whilst we coachees knows all the first people, and goes to all the first places that's to be seen. I have had lords, cornets of dragoons, Westminster scholars, your tip-top banker's clerks, Crib, Spring, Master Molyneux, rich licenced *witlers*, Pierce Egan, and all the very first of life in London. I have been with my coach at the uproar (opera), *the-a-ters*, royal saloon, Bagnigge Wells, White *Condick* House, at races, milling matches, bull-baits, at Long's Hotel, and at the Albion; at Stone's smoking shop, at the Shades, at the Finish, at the hells, and all the fashionable places in town; and I knows all the gentlefolks drunk and sober." Here coachee took breath, and bent an eye of disdain on the cab and its driver, but patient reader—

"Audi alteram partem."

"You're a fine fellow indeed!" answered the one-horse director: "yes, indeed, you have had all sorts of persons, and all sorts of *things*, in your lumber wan (meaning a caravan), decent people wont henter your rumbler, for fear of bad disorders and bad smells, there's no getting a mouthful of fresh hair in your coffin of a thing! (this was a *dead* hit), wilst all's sweet, open, and above board with me. You may have carried your lords and your ladies, your dukes and your dollies, for aught I knows, but you have also carried bailiffs (the joke did not *take*), yes, and Bow-street runners, thieves, and pickpockets, *fellors* handcuffed, and prostitutes, sick folk and dead folk, (Jarvy looked *grave*), sacks, and stolen goods, *furniture*, and live lumber, dogs, and rag-a-muffins, and all sorts of trash, and you have as often set your customers down at a jail, or a lock-up-house, at an *ospital*, and an *edge hale ouse*, at Bow-street, and the vatchhouse, as at all the fashionable parts you mentions: there take that. Now nobody but respectable folks are my customers, folks as can shew their faces in broad day-light; honest tradesmen, and your modest people *as* pays every body, there's no putting up the blind for fear of a sheriff's hofficer passing by, nor squeedging into a corner to *avoid* a dun; besides, there's something genteel in the name of a *caberolet*, it *comed* from France, where I am told that generals and peers of the realm, clergy, and private gentlemen, and all the first folks, are not too proud to be seen in such carriages, and are set down even at the parliament house,

and at the king's palace; there take [illegible] your dirty feather lining, and your two skeleton prads that you've wrongfully [illegible] ed the nackers and the cat's-meat man of." At this moment a foreigner came up and called the cabriolet in preference to the other vehicles, and thus ended the dispute. Now let us examine the merits of the case. What an absurdity driver reported respecting France, is literally true: you frequently see a general, or other officer, covered with decorations, sitting modestly in a cabriolet, nor does a nobleman or a gentleman consider himself disgraced by this kind of conveyance. The carriage does not make the man; and how often do we see successful, triumphant vice riding in splendid vehicles, whilst good birth, talent, bravery, science, and literature, can scarcely afford a cabriolet; frequently are these characters found in one, in the French metropolis, where economy is the child of justice, and mediocrity of circumstances does not create shame. In London pride does much evil, and it is pride alone which despises the humble cabriolet, or the omnibus of stage; so that, often, persons take cold by travelling thus after dark, for fear of being publicly seen, although it is difficult to account for the preference given to the hackney-coach, unless it be for the sake of concealment, or when four or more persons join together; nor do we see such bad company in a cabriolet as in a street coach—drunken sailors, for instance, lolling out of the windows, &c. &c. It must also be allowed, that the cabriolet is the most airy and wholesome conveyance, and not liable to carry rotten and unclean by day, nor nightly loads, which delicacy forbids naming: the reason is obvious, concealment is the object in both these instances, which end would be entirely frustrated in the cabriolet, the limits of which could not contain the live lumber and nocturnal fowl alluded to in the cabdriver's speech. One word more on the London cabriolet, it is preferable to that of Paris; because, in *general*, it is newer, and the horse is better than those of the famed French city, the driver more modest, he never smokes, seldom intrudes his conversation upon you, as in Paris, and is more separated from his customers. Having stated this much, let every trade be as it may.

PHILO JUSTITIÆ.

TRANSLATED FROM ANTONIO CARRACCIO'S SONNET

ON THE DEATH OF BEATRICE SALADINA, HIS WIFE.

Non spente gia di due liggindre gote.

I weep not that the rose and lily fade
From these fair cheeks, which never more shall bloom;
Or those bright locks that on the breezes played,
Are spread in lifeless languor in the tomb.

I weep, my Beatrice, thy matchless worth,
Thy sweetness, innocence, and truth serene,
Such as before were never known on earth,
And fled with thee, can ne'er again be seen.

Lost beauty, which as bright and brief appears
As fleeting iris in an April sky,
Or flowers by summer streams that blush, and die,
Scarcely demands the tribute of our tears—
True grief is claim'd for virtues, which endure
Through countless ages ever fair and pure.

BRIEF VIEW OF THE ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF MAGIC.

THE MAGIC OF THE EASTERN NATIONS.

1. Of the Chaldeans, Persians, Indians and Egyptians.*

The origin of almost all our knowledge may be traced to the earliest periods of antiquity. This is peculiarly the case with respect to the arts which we denominate magical. There were few ancient nations, however barbarous, which could not furnish many individuals to whose spells and enchantments the powers of nature and the immaterial world were supposed to be subjected. The Chaldeans, the Egyptians, and indeed all the oriental nations, were accustomed to refer all natural effects for which they could not account to the agency of demons. Demons were believed to preside over herbs, trees, rivers, mountains, and animals, every member of the human body was under their power, and all corporeal diseases were produced by their malignity. Thus if any person were afflicted with a fever, little anxiety was manifested to discover its cause, or to adopt rational measures for its cure; it must no doubt have been occasioned by some evil spirit residing in the body, or influencing in some mysterious way the fortunes of the sufferer. That influence could be counteracted only by certain magical rites; hence the observance of those rites soon obtained a permanent establishment in the East.

Even in the present day many uncivilized people hold that all nature is filled with genii, of which some exercise a beneficent, and others a destructive power. All the evils with which man is afflicted are considered the work of these imaginary beings, whose favour must be propitiated by sacrifices, incantations, or songs. If the Greenlander be unsuccessful in fishing, the Huron in hunting, or in war; if even the scarcely half reasoning Hottentot finds that every thing is not right in his mind, body, or fortunes, no time must be lost before the evil spirit be invoked.

After the removing of some present evil, the next strongest desire in the human mind, is the attainment of some future good. This good is often beyond the power, and still oftener beyond the inclination of man to bestow; it must therefore be sought from beings which are supposed to possess considerable influence over human affairs, and which being elevated above the baser passions of our nature, were thought to regard with peculiar favour all who acknowledged their power or invoked their aid; hence the numerous rites which have in all ages and countries been observed in consulting superior intelligences, and the equally numerous modes in which their pleasure has been communicated to mortals.

The Chaldeans were more celebrated for their skill in astrology than in magic; of the former they were beyond doubt the inventors; so famous did they become in divining from the aspects, positions, and influences of the stars, that all astrologers were termed Chaldeans, particularly by the Jews and Romans. Of all species of idolatry, the worship of the heavenly bodies appears to have been among the most ancient. The Babylonians soon perceived that these bodies continually changed their places; and that some of them moved in regular orbits; they concluded therefore that this regularity of motion must necessarily imply some designing cause,—something superior to mere inert matter. But the primeval notion of one Supreme Being presiding over the universe was almost extinct, from a po-

* We are indebted for some valuable observations, which will be found in the earlier part of the present number, to a scarce and learned work of Tiedemann: "Disputatio de Quæstione quæ fuerit Artium Magicarum Origo," &c. Marburg, 1787.

and little subsequent to the deluge, to the vocation of Abraham. Hence arose the belief that the stars were genii, of which some were the friends, and others the enemies of men; that they possessed an uncontroulable power over human affairs; and that to their dominion were subjected, not only the vicissitudes of the seasons, of the atmosphere, and the productions of the earth, but also the dispositions and thoughts of mortals. They were supposed to delight in sacrifices and prayers. Hence a species of worship subordinate to that of the gods, was established in their honour. It was believed that no event could be foreknown, no magical operation performed without their aid; that they conferred extraordinary and supernatural powers on all who sought their favour. Men eminent for authority or wisdom, were thought to be incorporated after their decease with the race of genii, and sometimes even of gods. There is little doubt that the Baal of the Scriptures is the same with the Belus of profane historians. Like Atlas, king of Mauritania, he excelled in the knowledge of astronomy; but superstition has assigned to the celebrated founder of the Babylonian monarchy a greater dignity than to his western rival; the former was long worshipped by the Assyrians as one of their chief gods, while to the latter was committed the laborious and no very enviable task of supporting the earth on his shoulders. Indeed all the successors of Belus enjoyed the rare felicity of being honoured both living and dead. On leaving the globe, their souls being transformed into genii, were distributed through the immensity of space, to superintend the nations, and to direct the influences of the heavenly orbs.

The Chaldean magic was chiefly founded on astrology, and was much conversant with certain animals, metals, and plants, which were employed in all their incantations, and the virtue of which was derived from stellar influence. Great attention was always paid to the positions and configurations presented by the celestial sphere; and it was only at favourable seasons that the solemn rites were celebrated. These rites were accompanied by many peculiar and fantastic gestures, by leaping, clapping of hands, prostrations, loud cries, and not unfrequently unintelligible exclamations.* Sacrifices and burnt offerings were used to propitiate superior powers; but our knowledge of the magical rites exercised by the ancient oriental nations, the Jews only excepted is extremely limited. All the books professedly written on the subject, have been swept away by the torrent of time. We learn, however, that the professors among the Chaldeans were generally divided into three classes; the *Ascaphim*, or charmers, whose office it was to remove present, or to avert future contingent evils; to construct talismans, &c.; the *Mecoscophim*, or magicians properly so called, who were conversant with the occult powers of nature and the supernatural world; and the *Chasdim*, or astrologers, who constituted by far the most numerous and respectable class. And from the assembling of the wise men, on occasion of the extraordinary dream of Nebuchadnezzar, it would appear that Babylon had also her *oneiroscritici*, or interpreters of dreams, a species of diviners, indeed, to which almost every nation of antiquity gave birth.

The talisman is probably a Chaldean invention. It was generally a small image of stone, or of any metallic substance, and was of various forms. On it were several mysterious characters, which were cut under a certain configuration of the planets, and some believed to be powerfully efficacious, not only in averting evils, but in unfolding the dark and distant picture. Some learned men have lately expressed their doubts as to the antiquity of the talisman, and have even contended that it is no older than the

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* Quædam opera magica a mulieribus perfecta fuère, sicut de productione aquarum reperimus apud Chaldæos; si decem virgines se ornent, vestimenta rubra induant, saltent ita ut una alteram impellat, idque progrediendo et retrogriendo, digitos denique versus solem certis signis extendant, ad finem perductâ illâ actione, aquas elici et prodire dicunt. Sic scribunt, si quatuor mulieres in terga jaceant, et pedes sinu cum complosione versus cœlum extendant, certa verba, certos item gestus adhibeant, illa turpi hac actione grandinem decidentem avertere. TRAN.

Egyptian amulets, which was probably invented, but adopted, before the Christian era; but we have the authority of the sacred writings for asserting that the seraphim, which according to the Jewish doctors gave oracular answers, and which both in form and use bore a great resemblance to the talisman, was known at an early period. There is no slight reason for concluding that the latter is either an imitation of the former, or that both are one and the same device.

Like the Chaldean astrologers, the Persian magi, from whom our word magic is derived, belonged to the priesthood. But the worship of the gods was not their sole, nor indeed their chief occupation; they were great proficients in the arts of which we are now treating. At first they were distinguished for their ardour in the pursuit of knowledge; they endeavoured to penetrate the secrets of nature by the only way in which those secrets can be discovered—experiment and reason. The former furnished them with facts; the latter taught them how those facts might be made the foundation of higher researches, and rendered subservient to the public utility. While they continued in this innocent and laudable career, devoting, like the Druids, no inconsiderable portion of their time to the cure of diseases by means of herbs and other natural productions, they deserved, and obtained the gratitude of their countrymen; but in process of time they became desirous of encreasing the reverence with which they were regarded by all ranks: they grew ambitious of higher honours, to direct the counsels of the state, and to render even their sovereigns subject to their sway. They joined therefore to the worship of the gods, and to the profession of medicine and natural magic, a pretended familiarity with superior powers, from which they boasted of deriving all their knowledge. Like Plato, who probably imbibed many of their notions, they taught that demons hold a middle rank between gods and men;* that they (the demons) presided not only over divinations, auguries, conjurations, oracles, and every species of magic, but also over sacrifices and prayers, which in behalf of men they presented, and rendered acceptable to the gods. Hence they were mediators whose ministry was thought indispensable in all magical and religious rites; the magi constantly persuaded their credulous countrymen, that to them alone was conceded the high privilege of communicating with gods and demons, and of being thereby enabled to foretel future events; they even went so far as to assert that by means of their incantations, they obliged the latter to execute all their commands, and to serve them with the same deference as servants do their masters. The austerity of their lives was well calculated to strengthen the impression which their cunning had already made on the multitude, and to prepare the way for whatever impositions they might afterwards wish to practise. All the three orders of magi enumerated by Porphyry abstained *from* wine and women, and the first of these orders from animal food. These were indulgences which they considered too vulgar for men who were the favourites of Oromasdes, Arimanius, and of the inferior deities, and who were so intimately connected with the offspring of those deities, the numerous hosts of genii and demons.

Three kinds of divination were chiefly cultivated by the magi; *necromancy*, which appears to have been twofold; the predicting of future events by the inspection of dead bodies, and the invoking of departed spirits, which were forced to unfold the dark decrees of fate,—a science which has in all ages been almost universally diffused over the earth; *lecanomancy*, by which demons in obedience to certain powerful songs were obliged to enter a vessel filled with water, and to answer whatever questions were put to them; and *hydromancy*, which differs from lecanomancy in this, that the voice of the demon was not heard, but his form was perceptible in the water, in which he represented, either by means of his satellites, or by written verses, the cause and issue of any particular event

* Πολὺ τὸ δαιμόνιον, μιᾶλαξι ὃς θεοῦ πρὸς θνητοὺς—οἱ δαίμονες μεταξὺ πολὺ θεῶν καὶ ἀνθρώπων ἰσχύι· ὧν δαίμονες ἀγαθοὶ καὶ δίκαιοι—δαίμονας πάντας, πάντως, συγγενεῖς μάλιστα. PLATO.

When then the Israelites encountered [illegible] with the great advantage of [illegible] cannot well be determined to have been called the invention of magic; which [illegible] is [illegible] perhaps with greater plausibility, that he did not [illegible] invent, as medicine, the arts [illegible] may likewise have [illegible] to him; but from that, as well as from other considerations, the honour of the invention may have been assigned him.

Of Chaldean magic we know even less than we do of that exercised by any other ancient nation. We have, however, reason to conclude that much of it was very similar to that for which the magi, from whom it was probably derived, were held in so high estimation. But the divination of the Indians differed in one respect from that of all other people; they admitted it in affairs of public moment, but rigorously excluded it from all private concern. The reason of this prohibition probably was, that the science was esteemed too sacred to be employed in the ordinary occasions of life. Their gymnosophists, or Brachmans (it is not clear that there was any distinction between them), were regarded with as much reverence as the magi, and were probably more worthy of it. Some of them dwelt in woods, and others in the immediate vicinity of cities. They performed the ceremonies of religion; by them indeed kings worshipped the deities of the country; not a few pretended to superior powers, to cure diseases by enchantments, and to foretel future events by the stars; but generally speaking they were a useful and an honourable body of men. Their skill in medicine was great; the care which they took in educating youth, in familiarising it with generous and virtuous sentiments, did them peculiar honour; and their maxims and discourses, as recorded by historians, (if indeed those histories be deserving of full credit) prove that they were much accustomed to profound reflection on the principles of civil polity, morality, religion, and philosophy. They preserved their dignity under the sway of the most powerful princes, who rarely would not condescend to visit, or to consult for knowledge, the wise men if the latter desired it. [illegible] of the former, they were obliged either to go themselves, or to send messengers; thus the [illegible] seemed [illegible]. The Egyptians also had their magicians from the remotest antiquity. Though these magicians were unable to contend with Moses, they were greatly superior to the Chaldean astrologers, the Persian magi, and the Indian gymnosophists; they appear to have possessed a deeper insight into the arcana of nature than any other professors of the art. By what extraordinary powers their rods were changed into serpents, the waters of the Nile into blood, and the land of Egypt covered with frogs, has much perplexed wise and good men. Of all the methods of solution which the learning and piety of either Jewish or Christian commentators have applied to this difficult problem, none appears so consonant with the meaning of the sacred text, and at the same time liable to so few objections, as this, that the magicians were not, as the present case, impostors, and that they really accomplished, by means of [illegible] natural agents, the wonders recorded by the inspired penman. Earth, air, and ocean may contain many things of which our philosophy has never dreamed. If this consideration should humble the pride of learning, it may rebuke the Christian's secret thoughts [illegible] not to him, but to a higher power.

The Egyptians held that besides the gods there were many demons with [illegible] communicated with mortals, and whose [illegible] were often rendered visible by certain ceremonies and songs; that genii exercised an habitual and a powerful influence over every particle of matter; that thirty-six of these beings presided over the various members of the human body; and that by magical incantations it might be strengthened, or debilitated, afflicted with, or delivered

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[illegible] that our mode of solving the above problem, is supported by the authority of many [illegible] the church, [illegible]

[illegible] contentus [illegible] to be found [illegible]

from disease. Illness in early times was looked upon as a visitation from the gods, and the priests of the presiding deity were the only persons who were supposed to be acquainted with the virtues of certain herbs, which they chiefly employed in their attempts at healing. These herbs were greatly esteemed; thus the *cynocephalia*, or as the Egyptians themselves termed it, the *cynnis*, which was used as a preservative against witchcraft; and the *nepenthes*, which Helen presented in a potion to Menelaus, and which was believed to be powerful in banishing sadness, and in restoring the mind to its accustomed, or even to greater cheerfulness, were of Egyptian growth. But whatever might be the virtues of such herbs, they were used rather for their magical than for their medicinal qualities; every cure was cunningly ascribed to the presiding demons, with which not a few boasted that they were, by means of their art, intimately connected.

The Egyptian amulets are certainly not so ancient as the Babylonian talismans, but in their uses, they were exactly similar. Some little figures, supposed to have been intended as charms, have been found on several mummies which have at various times been brought into Europe. Pliny tells us that the soldiers wore rings, on which the representation of an insect resembling our beetle was inscribed; and we learn from Elian that the judges had always suspended round their necks a small image of truth formed of emeralds.* The superstitious belief in the virtues of amulets is far from extinct in the present age; the Copts, the Arabians, the Syrians, and indeed almost all the inhabitants of Asia, west of the Ganges, whether Christians or Mahometans, still use them against possible evils.

Like the Chaldean kings, the descendants of the Pharaohs were always great encouragers of astronomy; and though the subjects of the latter were not so eminent as those of the former in that science, we have good reason to conclude that they made considerable progress in it. Besides Manetho and other ancient historians, we learn that astrology was from the most ancient times cultivated by that people. They usually inferred prognostications of the general character of life, the disposition, and even the manner of death of men, either by reference to the deity presiding over the day on which the child was born, and consequently likened him to eastern neighbours, by attending to the position of the stars at the moment of delivery.

As Moses passed the greatest part of his life in Egypt, and as he could know little by personal experience of other nations, we may perhaps infer that generally when he warns the Israelites against prevailing superstitions, he has a particular eye to those observed in the country in which the posterity of Abraham had so long resided. He makes frequent allusions indeed to the magical rites and idolatrous practices of the Canaanites; but in this case he appears to speak rather from the information which he had acquired from others than from his own experience. Should this supposition be admitted, (and we think it must) we shall have reason for believing that both witchcraft and necromancy were known to the Egyptians; and that some days were considered lucky, and others unfavourable, for the prosecution of any important affair. A careful perusal of the Pentateuch, and reference to the Greek historians who have written on the affairs of Egypt, and whose works are necessary to elucidate many obscure allusions in the sacred text, will furnish the learned reader with information on some minor points which I am obliged to omit.

Hitherto we have had too much reason to complain of the paucity of information afforded by ancient writers on the magic of the eastern nations; but when we come to that of the Jews, we no longer labour under this heavy disadvantage. The Holy

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* Ælian. Hist. Anim. quoti. apud Nicephor. Callist. Eccles. Hist. lib. ii. cap. 40. Pliny says that the emerald was worn by the Jewish priests. Hist. Nat. lib. xxxvii. cap. 5. Hermapion says that medicine was given by the ancients suspended round the neck. Apud Plin. Hist. Nat. lib. xxxvii. cap. 10. Orus Apollo says that they took the figure of a scarabæus, and inscribing it on a stone, suspended it round the neck of a person who was sick, with a cord made of the fibres of the papyrus, collo suspensum, ita ut contingeret extremitatem stomachi. Hieroglyph. lib. i. cap. 10. The whole subject of the Egyptian magic was most skilfully investigated by Jablonski, and valuable observations, to be found in the works of Bochart, Lightfoot, Bochart, Hiller, and

Scriptures, the works of native writers, and above all, the laborious researches of learned Christian commentators, furnish us with abundant materials, from which we shall select such as appear best adapted to give an intelligible, but necessarily brief view, of the subject.

Many Jewish doctors assign to their magic a preposterous antiquity. They assert that it is of divine origin; that it was known to Adam and Abraham, both of whom were animated by the same soul; that the latter taught it by means of his concubines to his children; and that he wore round his neck a precious stone, the bare sight of which cured every disease, and which after his death, God hung on the sun! But leaving these wild fables, we have sufficient authority for saying, that the Jews were at a very early period addicted to the magical arts. This propensity, which first originated in Egypt, was much encreased by their subsequent intercourse with the inhabitants of Syria, and above all, with their Chaldean conquerors. Thus we read in the book of Kings, that they used divination, and observed the cry of birds. Hence the frequent and awful denunciations employed by the inspired writers against the practisers of their forbidden arts.

Our incomparable Lightfoot has proved, that the Jews having, after their return from Babylon, entirely forsaken idolatry, and being no longer favoured with the gift of prophecy, gradually abandoned themselves before the coming of our Saviour to sorcery and divination. The Talmud, which they still regard with a reverence bordering on idolatry, abounds with instructions for the due observance of prevailing superstitious rites. After the destruction of their city and temple, many Israelitish impostors were, from their pretended skill in magic, highly esteemed. Under pretence of interpreting dreams, they met with daily opportunities of practising the most shameful frauds. Many rabbies were quite as well versed in the school of Zoroaster as in that of Moses. They prescribed all kinds of conjuration, some for the cure of wounds, some against the dreaded bite of serpents, and others against thefts and enchantments. They, like the magi, boasted that, by means of their lust, they held an intercourse with superior beings. This Bath-kool, *the daughter of the voice*, is the name given by them to the echo: they regarded it as an oracle, which, in the second temple, was destined to supply the defect of the Urim and Thummim, the mysterious oracles of the first. Of Bath-kool many absurd stories are related. Thus, when two rabbins went to consult her concerning the fate of another rabbin, Samuel, the Babylonian, they passed before a school, in which they heard a boy reading aloud, *And Samuel died*.* On enquiry they subsequently found that the object of their anxiety was no longer an inhabitant of the earth; and thus a casual coincidence, at which no reasonable man would have been surprised, was confidently ascribed to the oracular powers of Bath-kool. Two other rabbins, Jona and Josa, went to visit Acha in his sickness; as they proceeded on their way, they said: "Let us hear what sentence Bath-kool will pronounce on the fate of our brother." Immediately they heard a voice, as if addressed by a woman to her neighbours "The candle is going out:" the latter replied: "Let it not go out; let not the light be extinguished in Israel."† No more doubt was entertained that these words proceeded from Bath-kool, than that Elias now assists at the circumcision of every Jewish child.

The divinations of the Israelites were founded on the influence of the stars, and on the operations of spirits. That singular people did not indeed, like the Chaldeans and magi, regard the heavenly bodies as gods and genii; but they ascribed to them a great power over the actions and opinions of men. Hence the common proverb: such a one should be thankful to his stars, when spoken of any person distinguished for wealth, power, or wisdom. The *Mazzal-tool* was the happy, and the *Mazzal-ra* the malignant influence; and the fate of every man was supposed to be regulated by either the one or the other. Like the notions from which their superstitious

* 1 Samuel, ch. xxv. † Lightfoot, vol. ii. p. 267

Opinions were derived, the Jews constructed horoscopes, and predicted the fate of every one from his birth. Thus, if any one were born under the domination of the sun, it was prognosticated that he would be fair, generous, open-hearted, and capricious; under Venus, rich and wanton; under Mercury, witty, and of a retentive memory; under the moon, sickly and inconstant; under Saturn, unfortunate; under Jupiter, just; and under Mars, successful.

As to the spirits whose agency was so often employed in divination, we have full information from Manasseh Ben Israel, and others. "Of wicked spirits," says that author, "there are several varieties, of which some are intelligent and cunning, others ignorant and stupid. The former flying from one extremity of the earth to the other, become acquainted with the general cause of human events, both past and present, and sometimes with those of the future. Hence many mortals conjure these spirits, by whose assistance they effect wonderful things. The books of the cabalists, and of some other writers, contain the names of the spirits usually invoked, and a particular account of the ceremonies with which these invocations are accompanied. If," continues the same author," these spirits appear to one man alone, they portend no good; if to two persons together, they presage no evil: they were never known to appear to three mortals assembled together."

The magical rites of the Jews were, and indeed are still, chiefly performed on various important occasions, as on the birth of a child, a marriage, &c. On such occasions the evil spirits are believed to be peculiarly active in their malignity, which can only be counteracted by certain enchantments.* Thus Tobit, according to the directions of the angel Raphael, exorcised the demon Asmodeus, whom he compelled, by means of the perfume arising from the heart and liver of a fish, to fly into Upper Egypt.†

Josephus does not think magic so ancient as many writers of his nation do: he makes Solomon the first who practised an art which is so powerful against demons; and the knowledge of which, he asserts, was communicated to that prince by immediate inspiration. The latter, continues the weakly credulous historian, invented, and transmitted to posterity in his writings, certain incantations, for the cure of diseases, and for the expulsion and perpetual banishment of wicked spirits from the bodies of the possessed. This mode of cure, he further observes, is very prevalent in our nation. It consisted, according to his description, in the use of a certain root, which was sealed up, and held under the nose of the person possessed: the name of Solomon, with the words prescribed by him, was then pronounced, and the demon forced immediately to retire. He does not even hesitate to assert, that he himself has been an eye-witness of such an effect produced on a person named Eleazar, in presence of the emperor Vespasian and his sons. Nor will this relation surprise us, when we consider the deep malignity entertained by a Jew to the Christian religion, and his ceaseless attempts to depreciate the miracles of our Saviour, by ascribing them to magical, or demoniacal influence, and by representing them as easy of accomplishment to all acquainted with the occult sciences.

We should scarcely credit the account, were it not founded on unquestionable authority, that on the great day of propitiations, the Jews of the sixteenth century, in order to avert the anger of Sammael, endeavoured to appease him by presents. On that day, and on no other throughout the year, they believed that power was

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* Les Juifs croient que Lilis veut faire mourir les garçons dans le huitieme jour après leur naissance, et les filles dans le vingt-uniéme. Voici le remede des Juifs Allemans pour se preserver de ce danger. Ils tirent des traits en rond avec de la craïe, ou avec des charbons de bois sur les quatre murs de la chambre où est l'accouchée, et ils ecrivent sur chaque trait; *Adam! Eve! que Lilis se retire.* Ils ecrivent aussi sur la parte de le chambre les noms des trois anges qui president à la médecine, *Senai, Sansenai,* et *Sanmangelof,* ainsi que Lilis elle-meme leur appriet qu'il falloit faire, lorsqu'elle esperoit de les faire tous noyer dans la mer. Elias, as quoted by Bekker.

† Tobit, ch. viii. v. 2 and 3.

given him to accuse them before the Judgment seat of God. They aimed, therefore, to prevent their grand enemy from carrying accusations against them, by rendering it impossible for him to know the appointed day. For this purpose they used a somewhat singular stratagem; in reading the usual portion of the law, they were careful to leave out both the beginning and the end,—an omission which the devil was by no means prepared to expect on so important an occasion. They entertained no doubt that their cunning, in this instance, had been more than a match for him.

The Cabal is chiefly conversant with enchantments, which are effected by certain numbers and characters. It gives directions how to select and combine some passages and proper names of Scripture, which are believed both to render supernatural beings visible, and to produce many wonderful and surprising effects. In this manner the *Malcha-Scheva*, (the queen of Sheba who visited Solomon) has often been invoked, and as often made to appear. But the most famous wonders have been effected by the name of God. The sacred word Jehovah, is, when read with points, multiplied by the Jewish doctors into twelve, forty-two, and even seventy-two letters, of which words are composed that are thought to possess miraculous energy. By these Moses slew the Egyptians; by these Israel was preserved from the destroying angel in the wilderness; by these Elijah separated the waters of the river, to open a passage for himself and Elisha; and by these, it has been daringly and impiously asserted, that the Eternal Son of God cast out evil spirits. The name of the devil is likewise used in magical devices. The five Hebrew letters of which that name is composed, exactly constitute the number 364, one less than the days in the whole year. Now the Jews pretend that, owing to the wonderful virtue of the number comprised in the name of Satan, he is prevented from accusing them during an equal number of days. Hence the stratagem of which we have before spoken, for depriving him of the power to injure them on the only day in which that power is granted him.

Innumerable are the devices contained in the Cabal for averting possible evils, as the plague, disease, and sudden death. But we see no necessity, nor even utility, in prosecuting the subject further. We have said enough to convince the reader of the gross superstition and abominable practices of those who, even in their present state of degradation and infamy, have the arrogance to style themselves *God's peculiar people*, as so many *lights to lighten the Gentiles.*

SONNET,

WRITTEN ON WINDSOR TERRACE, DURING THE PERFORMANCE OF THE MILITARY BANDS.

Slow falls the sun adown the welkin blue,
Gilding each tall grey tower with mellow light;
Old Thames rolls winding on in splendour bright,
And all around puts on its loveliest hue;
Young summer flowers their sweetest fragrance strew,
And the full swell of harmony awakes,
While many a form of loveliest beauty breaks,
Like some gay vision on the raptured view.

And many a maid in beauty's softest bloom,
Bright as a morning beam comes gliding by;
And many a lofty helmet's nodding plume
Sports with the breeze that sweeps the evening sky,
As the gay warrior with majestic pace
Moves gladly on in military grace.

PERIODICAL PRESS.

Of all the magazines of the metropolis, "Blackwood's" is notoriously the most profligate, the most scurrilous, the most personal, and the most fraught with absurdities and self-contradictions; and yet *monstrum horrendum et ingens!* it surpasses all others in vindicating its own exclusive and immaculate purity, and bespattering all the other periodicals with its own filthiness. This is a political literary manœuvre, for who speaks more in praise of himself, and who is more easily touched by the slightest allusion that can possibly affect his honesty, than a rogue? What writer has the terms cockney, and pen-dribbler, and sturdy hack, and literary jack-ketch, and toad-eater, than he who never moved beyond the circle of cockneys, and is conversant only with pen-dribblers, and jack-ketches, and scribblers of that order. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and accordingly, he who is most fearful of being reputed a low scribbler is the first to apply low terms to other writers, that he may not pass for one himself. This is the policy of Mr. Christopher North. He is not satisfied with abusing works, but he abuses their conductors—and yet he has the effrontery to say, that "we should be ashamed indeed that any of our writers, turning away from the consideration of the *principles*, should abuse the *Editors* of the Morning Chronicle and Times." What a monstrous untruth!!! Not only in every number of Blackwood is this assertion belied, but it is belied in the very article in which it is made, namely, an article in his last number ycleped the "Profligacy of the London Periodical Press," and on which we are now commenting. It will, perhaps, be some time, and perhaps it may not, before we visit him again, to inflict on him that chastisement to which he has hitherto so quietly submitted, aye, and submitted too, we are certain, not from a consciousness that the punishment, severe as it was, did not equal his transgressions, but from a firm conviction that, notwithstanding all his literary swaggering, and his "fierce front of defiance" as he calls it, he had to deal with those who could chastise him, not by empty words, and sounding phrases, (phrases that convey no other meaning than that their author is one of those "literary jack ketches," whom he is himself so fond of drubbing, and whom he attacks in the same spirit that Don Quixote did the windmill,) but by a clear and distinct exposition of his absurdity and buffoonery. In the article on which we are now commenting, after telling us he is "as clearly persuaded of the utter profligacy of the London Periodical Press, as that there are stars in the sky," he thus proceeds in a strain of luminous and expansive observation.

"The answer to us is, of course, easy and obvious; who expects that it should be otherwise. And again, of what sort of importance is it to any body out of its immediate sphere, whether it is so or not. We read the Times, it will be said, without caring a farthing for the *canaille* engaged in conducting and writing for it. We pore listlessly in the beginning of a month over the magazines, &c. when they happen to lie on the table of our clubs or libraries, without troubling our heads to inquire to whom it is that we are indebted for the volume of filth, stupidity and ignorance which they have catered for us. We admit the truth of this reply."

Is it possible that such language, such reasoning, or rather such stuff, such farrago, such intolerable stupidity and want of common sense; of common respect for the intellect of the most ordinary readers, should ever be read or encouraged if the taste of a great portion of periodical readers were not vitiated or corrupted. *Oh tempora! oh mores!* to what clime has reason and common sense taken their departure. Alas! for the golden days of Horace, and Boileau, and Pope, and Johnson, when the substance of learning, not the shadow, was sought after. All is now frippery and show. But Boileau, and even in our own time Madame de Stael, would prefer one line of common sense to whole pages of Mr. Christopher

North's frippery. Surely had he stopped only one moment to reflect that he was addressing himself to reasonable beings, he would never insult their understanding by placing such nonsense before them. For our parts we are strongly inclined to think, that most readers stop as little to examine what sort of literary stuff is provided for them in magazines, as Mr. North does to examine whether he be writing sense or nonsense. It can never be said of him, that he

"Gnawed his pen then dashed it on the ground,
Sinking from thought to thought a vast profound,"

for he never thinks at all. He takes it for granted that any thing he writes is good enough for readers now-a-days, or rather, that a little nonsense is more agreeable to them than the soundest reasoning. In the days of Pope, dunces thought otherwise. They knew that readers sought to be instructed as well as amused, and consequently when they found themselves at a stand, or missed their way, instead of dashing on at a venture, they "gnawed their pen then dashed it on the ground," instead of dashing it along the paper à la Christopher North, and writing whatever sense or nonsense inspired.

But to keep to our subject; we are told that no one expects the Periodical Press to be otherwise than profligate. Indeed! Then why does this mighty dispenser of intellectual illumination boast of having "enlightened the eyes of the public" on the subject? Why boast of convincing them that the Periodical Press is a profligate press, when he admits himself that no one "expects that it should be otherwise." Surely it can be no cause of boasting to tell the world that so is so, when no one doubts it. What is all this boast then but a mere *brutum fulmen*, a mountain in labour. But a *brutem fulmen* is not a novelty in the pages of Blackwood: in sooth it is all a *brutum fulmen* from beginning to end. Mr. Christopher is always in labour, always keeping his readers on the very tiptoe of expectation, always leading them to suppose that he is just on the point of crushing some enemy, of demonstrating some truth, of giving new weight to the probability of some conjecture, of leading the mind into new regions of intellectual world, and disclosing secrets that have hitherto remained concealed from the penetrating glance of genius, and the slow-paced industry of experimental philosophy. But how woefully are we disappointed, for, instead of having our gigantic expectations realized, we have in the end from poor Christopher only

"Empty words and sounding strain,
But senseless, lifeless, idle pert and vain,
Never was dashed out, at one lucky hit,
A fool so just a copy of a wit,
'Tis chattering, grinning, mouthing, jabbering all;
And noise and Norton, Brangling and Breval,
Dennis and Dissonance and captious art,
And snip-snap short, and interruption smart."

Here we have a true character of the self-conceited, egotistical Mr. Christopher North, and of all dunces of his character. Of mind, of intellect, of genius, they are totally devoid; but they supply the deficiency by "grinning, mouthing and jabbering." And yet, so low is the English nation (when we say the English nation, we consequently include all other nations,) in its approach to that ultimate perfection of which some literary enthusiasts would lead us to believe the mind is capable, that this grinning, mouthing, jabbering, this snip-snap kind of literature is more encouraged than the productions of genius, or the discoveries of philosophy. But as we have already said, "from the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and so speaks Mr. Christopher. He knows that the magazine which he conducts is a "profligate" one, and he therefore takes it for granted that all periodical works must be as profligate as his own. But we should ask him, can he discover in the European Magazine, at least since it came into the hands of the present proprietors, a single profligate idea, an idea which either the Christian or the moralist would blush to avow? But is it not a most lamentable thing that such a writer should be suffered to make all the world as profligate as himself. No one, he says, can expect that the Periodical Press should be otherwise than profligate. If so, all men are profligates; for what is it that periodical writers, chiefly study in their

predictions, surely nothing more nor less than that of pleasing the public. It follows then very naturally, that if their productions be profligate, it arises from their knowing that the public are profligate, and that nothing but profligacy can please them. In fact, periodical writers could not be in general profligate, if the public were not so as well as themselves, for are not periodical writers the same as other men, capable of the same virtues, subject to the same frailties, endowed with the same faculties, impelled by the same propensities, and withheld by the same fears? If then periodical writers be profligate, the public must be so too, for they and the public cannot be distinguished from one another.

The simple truth is, that periodical writers and all other writers are good and bad, like the rest of mankind. Christopher North may be truly called Αλλων ιατρος, αμφος ελκεσι βρωων, the physician of others, while he himself teems with ulcers; for what can be more ulcerous, what more profligate, than to assert that it is nothing to the world whether the periodical press be profligate or not, and that it can affect only those who are engaged in it. Is not this telling us in plain terms, that it matters not whether the works we read, advocate the cause of virtue or vice, of truth or error, of religion or irreligion? Is it not telling us that we should make no distinction between "the volume of filth, stupidity and ignorance, which they cater for us," and the Bible or Lord's Prayer? We hope mankind will never become so profligate and abandoned, as to sanction or adopt such infamous principles; and yet these are the principles of a writer who complains of the "profligacy of the periodical press."

It appears from this article that he has been attacked by the periodical press, and he rejoices at it, because, as he says, "Any hostilities against us, have been in general provoked by our open and never ceasing display of contempt, and the fierce front that we have always shewn in defiance." Here we have a beautiful specimen of attic elegance of style, and correctness of thought. Of the elegance of the style, perceive how appropriately the term *display* is applied to *contempt*. Contempt is always silent, but here it never ceases to display itself. Of the correctness of the thought, we perceive how naturally he held out his "fierce front of defiance" to those who never attacked him, for had they attacked him before he held out this "fierce front," the attack could not possibly be provoked by it." If then it be the fierce front that provoked the attack, why, we should ask, hold out this fierce front before the attack was made? Was not this grinning at people without a cause, and displaying contempt for them before they deserved it. But, adds he, "We take admirable care, that any antagonist deserving of our notice, shall rue the day that his evil fate led him to provoke an adversary, whose powers and inclination to smite the ungodly have never been denied or even doubted." Here we have indeed a fine example of the very powers which he boasts of so much; here we have "nonsense precipitate like running lead," from a writer whose powers have never been denied, or even doubted. He complains of being attacked by a host of writers, in consequence of hanging out a "fierce front," and yet he tells us that no one ever "denied or even doubted his powers." Now we must confess, that it is far beyond our limited powers to perceive how he could be attacked by any writer, who did not both doubt and deny his powers, for how could they attack him if they had no charge against him either of a moral or literary character. Their very attack then proves they made a charge, that is, that they accused him of some error, or in other words, that they were right and that he was wrong. Is not this both denying and doubting his power, and is not this absurdity,—an absurdity too in the very sentence in which he boasts of his powers,—a proof that all his power is impotency, and all his literary affectation the dreams of a distempered mind, *ægri somnia vana*. If however his words be true, we must unhappily rue the day that our evil fate led us to provoke him, for we know that his literary egotism cannot have so completely blinded him as to think us unworthy of his notice. We know, and he knows or will know, that every reader of this article must either admit the truth of every word we have advanced, or grossly impose

upon his own understanding. Under this conviction then he cannot suppose us unworthy of notice, and therefore it is we tremble at our fate, and the ill-starred night, (for we recollect it was at night,) that we took it into our head to oppose him, knowing as we do that if he will keep his promise he cannot avoid inflicting on us the threatened punishment. But no doubt he will either cry out, *equis Adit Imuscas*, or find it more convenient to affect ignorance of our existence, though he recognized us when he erroneously represented us engaged in a literary warfare with the New European.

EDITOR.

SONG.

BRIGHT art thou Inez, and fair,
As the dewdrop that hangs on the rose,
When the first beams of morning appear,
And the buds of each flow'ret unclose;
But changeful and fickle thou art
As the ripples that dance on the wave,
Yet love for thee ne'er can depart
From my breast, till it chills in the grave.

Full oft in deep sadness I stray,
And muse on the days that are gone;
When we took thro' the wild woods our way,
And thy blue eyes' kind look was my own;
But now thou has left me alone,
So riven and chill'd is my heart,
That the praise of mankind, or their frown,
Neither sorrow nor joy can impart.

Dear maid, though my country I leave,
And fall on some far distant shore,
Oh! sometimes if memory grieve
That the days of our friendship are o'er,
Then, deny not one pitying sigh,
O'er his ashes who once was so dear;
But think that his spirit is nigh,
If thou weep'st by the side of his bier.

SONNET,

WRITTEN AT A CONCERT.

Let him who deems that woman's lovely form
Is void of soul, come, gaze upon her here;
While down her cheek there steals the tender tear
As music sheds its wild resistless charm,
And the deep passions of her bosom warm,
And the soft soul beams melting in her eye,
And her heart sends responsive harmony
As the glad flute is heard, or trumpet's wild alarm.

What recks the graceless Moslem's boasted creed
Out on their maids, in paradise that dwell!
Their dream-born Houris on sandaus fed!
'Tis better here to mark each bosom well,
With those soft thoughts, which nature bids arise,
Than taste the thousand joys of Paynim paradise.

It is a part of the Moslem creed, that women are destitute of souls.

A CHAPTER ON KINGS.

Thrones, dominations, virtues, princedoms, powers.

Such, or nearly such words, form one of Milton's lofty and wordy lines, in his Paradise Lost; but as I have *lost* the book together with many others of my library, which has determined me to write a paper upon book-lending, my indulgent reader must not take it amiss if I have mistaken or misplaced any of these words. If virtue be not the word, it ought to be near thrones, and should follow domination; and if powers be ill placed, the princedoms are likely to be brought into disrepute. Having stated this much, let me proceed. The present age reminds us a little of the olden times, from the mighty work upon the continent about legitimacy and the sacred *rights* of kings, which my sapient reader will judiciously perceive does not mean *rites* and ceremonies, but the *real rights* of crowned heads, and not the *crown* thereof *only*: I say that these high names bring back the Augustan age, and those days when the poet and historiographer deified their monarchs and chiefs.

"*Deus* nobis hæc otia fecit,"

says Virgil.—"Nate Dea," we have from the same pen, whilst Ajax and Ulysses squabble it in a war of words for some rusty armour; and Ovid asserts each to be descended from Gods, making one of them prove divinity both sides of the house.

"Deus est in *utroque* parente."

Nay, furthermore, Ovid in one of his flights of fancy, gives us,

"Julius Cæsar in astrum mutatus."

Stars! and *garters! what a rise!!!* However lofty this gentleman's ideas of royalty, we have become more rational, although, I trust, not less respectful on the *subject*: not that, at the same time, a king can be *such*: as far as my poor humble ideas go, no man loves and honours his sovereign more truly, nor more gratuitously than I do. I consider his rights as sacred, because they are sanctioned by the *only* divinity, and I blushed not when I bent the knee and kissed the hand of his late majesty, because the genuflexion was that of submission and faithful service, not of slavery or idolatry. The legitimacy of royalty constitutes its very best and safest form; the word sacred is not misplaced, since the king is styled "the Lord's anointed," and in receiving this honor, he contracts sacred obligations to his nation in particular, and to mankind in general. Taking it for granted that a king should be legitimate, that he has sacred rights, rites, and obligations, and that he merits honor and fealty, let us next enquire into the nature of kings, and see what manner of man is the most admirable, the happiest, and the most likely to make a people happy. As to his nature, it is our own, *human* nature; and, of consequence, the more humane he is, the more kingly and manly. With human nature, the monarch will *naturally* inherit her virtues and frailties; he that has the most of the former, and the least of the latter, must answer the description in question the most nearly, but the monarch has two distinct species of virtues to perform, public and private, whilst his frailties are in common with other men. Weakness may, sometimes, lean so towards virtue, as to be almost amiable, but it becomes dangerous, or innoxious to his subjects, only in so far as regards public example, and depends much on his advisers, on his means, on the nation at the head of which he is placed, on the constitution of his country, its civilization, and many other circumstances, amongst which his education and knowledge are not the least. Private virtues produce a striking example to a people; few monarchs have had more than the late king of Great Britain; *our* king, I am happy to say:—but private virtues are more beneficial to the monarch, than to those wh

form his people; public virtues alone serve them; and it is very little consolation to a country at large that its monarch should be a pious character and a good family man, if the state groan under the rod of oppression, and the subject be reduced to poverty and distress. Louis XVI. was an exemplary Christian, yet the corruption of his court brought on the revolution, the leading features of which were irreligion, incredulity, malice, revenge, rapine, and murder. To return to legitimacy: the elective monarch is to the legitimate one, what a tenant at will is to the old, long respected, lord of the manor by inheritance. Elective kings are often the fruits of revolutions, and cut an unkingly figure among crowned heads. We have them black, white, and grey, so that they always appear to me like the kings in a pack of cards, which depend upon the hand that plays them. Buonaparte turned out a *trump*: the game was nevertheless lost by him; and legitimacy was the *honor* which won at last. Those potentates who possess the most arbitrary power will naturally appear to the ignorant as the greatest monarchs; but to possess an extensive, uncultivated territory, and to govern immense hordes of semi-savages, rude and illiterate slaves, does not constitute greatness, although it bestows power. From the imperial diadem of Russia*, to the iron sceptre of an Asiatic or African prince, the distance is not so great as may be at first supposed, since each governs vassals with very little mind, be their colour what it may; and (we speak of the lower and most numerous class,) they differ from each only by the poco meno, e poco piu of the Italian; or, to use the words of Boileau,

"Ils ne differens entre eux que du
"plus, ou du moins."

New fangled kings do not carry with them the same weight and dignity as the old established dynasties; petty kings are similar to these, although they may be good men and may govern as well as their resources and the prejudices which surround them will allow them to do; but they have one great draw-back, namely, that kings made, may be destroyed by the same hands which manufactured them. There is something too in sound; a king of Bavaria sounds *electorish*; a king of Westphalia pronounces *hamish*, a king of Holland may be *spirited*, but sounds dull and is quite *stadholderish*; but a king of the Netherlands pronounces well. Austrian Flanders blooms immediately before us, and the grandeur and antiquity of Brabant figures in the title. "*Je maintiendrai*" is no bad motto to the royal arms; possession is certainly next to antiquity, and is vulgarly called nine points of the law. We are happy to say that it was a device which the Buonapartian king of Holland could not support. Antiquity, although an object of admiration, should not be like old medals, or old coins, eat up with rust, with cobwebs, or mildew; for, by this means, the royal countenance is a stranger to the people;—it is so distant from them, and so concealed by dull matter, that the poor know as little about it, as the man that cannot read does about history: he must depend upon report and can easily be deceived. Warrior kings are celebrated in history, they carry terror with them in the living page of life, wonder in the post-obit volume; but the destroyer and spoliator agree not with the father of a people; his generals may avenge his country attacked by aggressive hostility, or may extend her domain when justice wields the sword; the king who ensures peace to his subjects and neighbours, who legislates with justice, and sways with mildness, who patronizes like the universal beam of the sun, science, wisdom, literature, commerce, and national industry, is the greatest, the happiest, and he who will diffuse the

* In justice to the present Emperor Alexander, it must be allowed that some improvement of the state has taken place: he is an enlightened prince, and his growing nobility are fast acquiring knowledge. Yet is a great part of his empire uncultivated and wild, his peasants are slaves, the most numerous mass of the population is in the darkness of ignorance, and his irregular army is a band of savages, differing in nothing from the devastating *hordes* of the north of ancient times; such a people must be unpolished; and the arbitrary dominion over them is contrary to the essence of a civilized government and of a thinking people.

[illegible] happiness around him. The talents of a crowned head are like royal virtues, the nature of them is the essential point to his people. Some kings have only talents of gold, others have such as endear them to all who approach them, some possess talents calculated for private life, others such as shine in public, profound observation to guide their politics, eloquence, a superior taste for the *belles lettres*. Military talent is certainly not a blessing to a monarch's subjects; the father should not take the field, when he has children to fight for him, and parental feeling will always be saving of the blood and treasure of his large family. If talent cannot be equally bestowed on all sovereigns, education can; all kings ought to be accomplished, and there we have a *Georgium Sidus* in the fourth of the name, a bright star for contemplation and imitation. The amusements of a prince will have an influence on his future life; the sports of the field will make him hardy; music, dancing, ornamental riding, languages, the use of the sword, the parade drill, as well as painting, or drawing, will give every grace to his exterior, without fatiguing or injuring the mind; but the embroidering of petticoats, childish plays, bolt, lock, and key forging, button making and the like, let down majesty, and rob it of its externals, (making a jest of it,) unless other redeeming qualities and talents overbalance their weaknesses; a fiddling king* is a bad thing, but a musical one is quite in harmony with private and public good. That a king should unite the brightest qualities of a sovereign and of a man, he must be enabled to come down occasionally from the throne, to mingle with his people; if usage, *etiquette*, and the obscurity of dark prejudice prohibit him from obtaining such knowledge as *alone* can teach him to reign with the highest advantage to his subjects, he must trust to his courtiers and to his counsellors, and he will most certainly be deceived. A reading king is likely to be wise, but a royal bookworm will be ignorant of the living work of man: he must see him still nearer, and not rely on the historians' imperfect account. There is a generative, a creative, and a changeful principle in human nature; he who is to govern his fellow creatures, ought to watch and to provide for these circumstances: an untravelled king must be like an untravelled gentleman, with this difference that the royal parent and absentee, must be more missed than a private individual. The motive for his travels, (whether of education or policy,) being answered, he owes his presence, his time, and his fortune to the mother-country, from which he inherited them. For these reasons the ruler over a nation arbitrarily governed, cannot have the same graces, amiabilites, ease, and familiar intercourse to bestow on his happy subjects; distance and precedent prevent them. Elective and military kings have not the same paternal interest, and although revolutionary France pestered the continent with these lines:

"Le premier qui fut Roi, fut un soldat
"heureux
"Qui sert bien sa patrie n'a pas besoin
"d'ayeux."

Le soldat heureux may be a mighty dangerous head for a state, whilst elective monarchy is almost a mockery of the regal office; and when we come to copper-coloured emperors, black kings, and flat faced queens, to Haytian majesties, to kings of Candy, and other *royals* of Ashantee and Anamaboo, it is enough to put the title out of fashion, and seems little better than gingerbread king and queen, all treacle and gold leaf. No. —the pride of ancestry gives lustre to the diadem, just as conquest adds glory to the sword; and mercy makes the sceptre a blessing as well as an ornament. Wild people are generally governed by wild kings, nor can we expect to find a kingly saint reigning over a savage tribe, or tribes. Limited, mild monarchy, hereditarily presiding over a free and enlightened people, must then be the most perfect and honorable form of govern-

[illegible]

* Nero, they say, was such; he attended as abominable the [illegible] finger, making buttons seems ridiculous, as does the embroidering system I we abstain from naming the royal workmen.

ment, both to the ruler and to his subjects, which human nature can afford, and such a king must be, in my mind, the most amiable and gentlemanlike sovereign in the world, the friend, the father, and the pride of his people. We need not look far to find such a constitution, such an imperial chief magistrate, but our neighbours would do well to copy both, whilst we (prince and people) should be ever zealous to maintain these blessings, so inherited, in their most perfect integrity. The language of flattery is a stranger to my pen: I shall therefore only make one observation, namely, that as a colossal statue is viewed with most effect at a distance, the recording page of future history cannot fail to chronicle the blessings and glories of a reign which the envious and discontented may either undervalue or pass over in silence, but benefits are never so fully felt as when they are passed; but that that truth may not be experienced, for an immense period of years happily gliding over our royal parent's head is the sincere wish of

AN OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

LINES ON READING THE LIFE OF ROBERT BURNS.

Sweet mountain daisy of the north,
Through chilling winds thou glinted'st forth,
Some vengeful star
Reign'd thro' thy life's sad fitful hour,
And on thee with o'erwhelming power
Waged endless war.
O Scotland's sons, where were ye then?
Why sought ye not the rural glen
Where his heart bled;
Why sought ye not his rustic cot,
Why left ye him to mourn his lot
On thorny bed?
Ye tartan'd churls! a deathless shame
Should stain you and your country's name
For these foul deeds;
But one kind star now o'er your hills,
Gleams brightly on your mountain rills
And mourners weeds:
'Tis Loudoun, warm from eastern Ind,
With sunny smiles the wounds to bind,
That cruel fate
Hath reckless on the bosom dealt
Of that poor flower, that oft would melt
The daisies mate.
Hastings, the flowrets offspring cheers,
In him a glorious sun appears,
And lights their way:
He Scotland from thy daisies bier,
Wipes with the widow's melting tear,
Thy stain away.

* The Marchioness of Hastings, (Countess Loudoun in her own right) on her return from India, waited upon Mrs. Burns, and conveyed to her the pleasing intelligence, of the Marquess having placed her two sons in advantageous situations in India; and of one of them having settled an annuity upon her.

Tales of a Traveller. By Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. London, 1824.

That an author, who has derived both fame and profit from his art in giving light sketches of character, and tales of delicate excitement, should still proceed in the same path of literature, is not wonderful; but that a man so evidently capable as Mr. Irving is of the highest intellectual achievements, should be yearly frittering away his genius upon subjects which writers of less merit have treated as well as *he*, or even better, with regard to the object of such works,—amusement, and the awakening of human sympathies, can hardly be too much lamented. Were society all that it could be wished; were it infested by no evils but accidental ones, or by such as are inseparably attendant upon mortality, then reasonably enough might the abilities of the gifted be for want of more serious employment devoted to the agreeable, and *then* innocent study of diverting and interesting the literary world. But while sin and sorrow, with such impious rapacity, are levying their *more* than impious exactions upon all our virtues and our joys; while friendship is at best but a blindness to faults, and prosperity but a lonesome elevation over wretchedness; there is more for the philosopher and philanthropist to effect, than the lending wings to an idle hour,—than the temporary closing not healing, of grief's wounds, by the contemplation of imaginary distress,—or than even the linking a man to his neighbour in the fanciful chain of romantic feeling,—and teaching him to exult in exclaiming, *homo sum, humani nihil à me alienum puto.* But this important subject is too grave to be discussed at the commencement of a modern review, though indeed critiques are much oftener made vehicles of individual and peculiar opinions on such topics as have been started by "the work in question," than of enquiring into the merits of that work. Let it then suffice it to say, that Geoffrey Crayon was worthy of better employment than even his "Sketch Book" afforded him; and that to quit it, as he has done, for something much inferior, betrays a precocity of decay, which, whether of tact or of intellect, is truly disappointing and deplorable. The "Tales of a Traveller" have been for some time expected, and to so high a pitch had risen the public curiosity, that, when they appeared, the trade, as a witty periodical has expressed it, "nearly *swallowed* them." And readers too, will do well to *swallow* them likewise. An oyster-eating kind of perusal, without "chewing," and especially without *ruminating* on them, is all they will bear without being found nauseous. This censure no *dullness alone* could justify; but, strange to report of Mr. Irving's compositions! there is a vein of equivocating ribaldry pervading the whole of these two last volumes, that cannot be too strongly reprehended, met with, as it is, in the work of a very popular and powerful writer. To particularize the objectionable passages would be to extend their evil influence, but, indeed they are too glaring to escape many eyes, and so thoroughly seasoned is the work with them, that even the most refined and pathetic of the tales are not without a taint. It is true, the obscenities are most carefully veiled, but even that prudery is meretricious. Let the images there called up to a reader's fancy, be impudently branded on the page, and it will be turned from with disgust before the heart catches any infection. As it *is*, the young and unsuspecting female may —perhaps in the midst of a large family circle—read "on, and on" till some significant word puts a keystone to the arch which, before, was nothing without it, and a moment the tadpole, filthiness leaps into life; the simper of reciprocal

understanding flies round the room, and the book is laid down in tears and blushes. "Aye, Mr. Washington, *such things* ARE." But a truce to this—the most painful duty that ever the pen of Irving prescribed for a critic.

"The most attractive article in the first volume is, perhaps, the story of the young Italian. His adventures are, in fact, more elegantly and impressively related than any thing in the whole miscellany. Take his meeting with the heroine as an example.

"I first saw her in an apartment of one of the sumptuous palaces of Genoa. She stood before a casement that looked out upon the bay; a stream of vernal sunshine fell upon her, and shed a kind of glory round her, as it lit up the rich crimson chamber. She was but sixteen years of age—and oh, how lovely! The scene broke upon me like a mere vision of spring and youth and beauty. I could have fallen down and worshipped her. She was like one of those fictions of poets and painters, when they would express the *beau ideal* that haunts their minds with shapes of indescribable perfection. I was permitted to sketch her countenance in various positions, and I fondly protracted the study that was undoing me. The more I gazed on her, the more I became enamoured; there was something almost painful in my intense admiration. I was but nineteen years of age, shy, diffident, and inexperienced. I was treated with attention by her mother; for my youth and my enthusiasm in my art had won favour for me: and I am inclined to think that there was something in my air and manner that inspired interest and respect. Still the kindness with which I was treated could not dispel the embarrassment into which my own imagination threw me, when in presence of this lovely being. It elevated her into something almost more than mortal. She seemed too exquisite for earthly use; too delicate and exalted for human attainment. As I sat tracing her charms on my canvass, with my eyes occasionally rivetted on her features, I drank in delicious poison that made me giddy. My heart occasionally gushed with tenderness, and ached with despair. —Now I became more than ever sensible of the violent fires that had lain dormant at the bottom of my soul. You who are born in a more temperate climate, and under a cooler sky, have a little idea of the violence of passion in our southern bosoms."

It appears, from the preface, that [illegible] Most assuredly [illegible] pho (from which the adventure of the Mysterious Picture is imitated) are unread or unremembered by Geoffrey Crayon. They might supply him with many a good hint in describing Italian scenery, with which he seems by no means acquainted as that worthy and talented woman. The development of his young Italian's and the fair Bianca's love, is given with an enthusiasm and a truth to nature, but rarely excelled if ever equalled.

"Heavens! what was my surprise when I beheld Bianca before me. It was herself; pale with grief; but still more matured in loveliness than when I last beheld her. The time that had elapsed had developed the graces of her person, and the sorrow she had undergone had diffused over her countenance an insistible tenderness.

"She blushed and trembled at seeing me, and tears rushed into her eyes, for she remembered in whose company she had been accustomed to behold me. For my part, I cannot express what were my emotions. By degrees I recalled to the extreme shyness that had formerly paralysed me in her presence. We were drawn together by sympathy of situation. We had each lost our best friend in the world; we were each, in some measure, thrown upon the kindness of others. When I came to know her intellectually, all my ideal picturing of her was confirmed. Her newness to the world, her delightful susceptibility to every thing beautiful and agreeable in nature, [illegible] minded me of my own emotions when first I escaped from the continent; her rectitude of thinking delighted my judgment; the sweetness of her nature wrapped itself round my heart, and then her young and tender, and budding loveliness sent a delicious madness to my brain. I gazed upon her with a kind of idolatry, as something more than mortal; and I felt humiliated at the idea of my comparative unworthiness. Yet she was mortal; and one of mortality's most susceptible and loving compounds; for she loved me!

"How first I discovered the transporting truth I cannot recollect; I believe it stole upon me by degrees as a wonder past hope or belief. We were both at such a tender and loving age; in constant intercourse with each other; mingling in the same elegant pursuits—for music, poetry, and painting, were our mutual delights; and we were almost separated from society among lovely and romantic scenery."

"Is it strange that two young hearts thus brought together, should readily twine round each other?

"O gods! what a dream—a transient dream of unalloyed delight then passed over my soul! Then it was that the world around me was indeed a paradise; for I had woman—lovely, delicious woman, to share it with me! How often have I rambled along the picturesque shores of Sestri, or climbed its wild mountains, with the coast gemmed with villas and the blue sea far below me, and the slender Jaro of Genoa on its romantic promontory on the distance, and as I sustained the faltering steps of Bianca, have thought there could no unhappiness enter into so beautiful a world! How often have we listened together to the nightingale, as it poured forth its rich notes among the moonlight bowers of the garden, and have wondered that poets could ever have fancied any thing melancholy in its song! Why, oh why is this budding season of life and tenderness so transient! Why is this rosy cloud of love, that sheds such a glow over the morning of our days, so prone to brew up into the whirlwind and the storm!"

There are in the course of the text three errata which we must *hope* are chargeable to the *printer*, videlicet—in page 97, *confounded* is put for *counfoundedly*; in page 206, "*Kentish hills*" for "*Surrey hills;*" and in page 259, "*among the shrubbery*" instead of "*amidst the shrubbery.*" All these little inaccuracies are in the prior volume. As a specimen of the *legitimate* humour which occasionally springs sparkling up in the work, the following Sunday sketch is calculated to reflect some credit on the artist.

"The village church was attended every Sunday by a neighbouring squire, the lord of the manor, whose park stretched quite to the village, and whose spacious country seat seemed to take the church under its protection; indeed, you would have thought the church had been consecrated to him instead of to the Deity. The parish clerk bowed low before him, and the vergers humbled themselves unto the dust, in his presence. He always entered a little late, and with some stir; striking his cane emphatically on the ground, swaying his hat in his hand, and looking loftily to the right and left, as he walked slowly up the aisle; and the parson, who always eat his Sunday dinner with him, never commenced service until he appeared. He sat with his family in a large pew, gorgeously lined, humbling himself devoutly on velvet cushions, and [illegible] of gilt, or splendid gold and morocco prayer books. Whenever the parson spoke of the difficulty of a rich man's entering the kingdom of heaven, the eyes of the congregation would turn towards the grand pew, and I thought the squire seemed pleased with the application."

But the most ambrosial morceau of all, is that part of Buckthorne's narrative which relates to his tuition by an unsuccessful admirer of his mother's, and to the death of that patriarchal minister. A soliloquy beginning "What is the Five's Court," is highly indeed to be commended. It ought to be stereotyped as a *memento mori* for the pocket-books of pugilistic *patricians*. It would, however, be rather flattering, than otherwise, to the lower orders of "the Fancy." The second volume has unluckily less interest than its predecessor; yet out of many singular beauties which (notwithstanding) are to be found there, the following may worthily conclude this notice.

"I sought my mother's grave; the weeds were already matted over it, and the tombstone was half hid among the nettles. I cleared them away, and they stung my hands; but I was heedless of the pain, for my heart ached too severely. I sat down on the grave, read over and over again the epitaph on the stone.

"It was simple,—but it was true. I had written it myself. I had tried to write a poetical epitaph, but in vain; my feelings refused to utter themselves in rhyme. My heart had been gradually filling during my lonely wanderings; it was now charged to the brim, and overflowed. I sunk upon the grave, and buried my face in the tall grass, and wept like a child. Yes, I wept in manhood upon the grave, as I had in infancy upon the bosom of my mother. Alas! how little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living! how heedless are we in youth of all her anxieties and kindness! But when she is dead and gone; when the cares and coldness of the world come withering to our hearts; when we find how hard it is to find true sympathy; how few love us for ourselves; how few will befriend us in our misfortunes—then it is we think of the mother we have lost. It is true I had always loved my mother, even in my most heedless days; but I felt how inconsiderate and ineffectual had been my love. My heart melted as I retraced the days of infancy, when I was led by a mother's hand, and rocked to sleep in a mother's arms, and was with-

exclaimed I, burying my face again in the grass of the grave, 'O that I were once more by your side; sleeping never to wake again on the cares and troubles of this world.'

Myrtle Leaves, a Collection of Poems, chiefly Amatory, by T. W. Kelly. Sherwood, Jones, & Co. London: 1824.

In our number for April, we noticed this little collection of poems in our editorial notice, but from the briefness of the space there allotted to us, we could make no extract, and therefore we recommended the work on our own authority; but as we ourselves seldom trust to the authority of others without knowing the grounds on which it rests, we shall now give a specimen of the work itself, and have no doubt but our readers will afterwards agree with us in the opinion, which we have already given of it. It is light, versatile and airy, and bedewed with all the freshness and gaiety of youth; but its lightness is not flippancy, its versatility is not catachrestical, its airiness is not levity, nor is its gaiety wantonness. The author has very nicely watched the boundaries that separate sentimental love from physical desire, and it is only he who wanders along these boundaries, or reclines amid their inspiring and luxuriant shades that can ever delight us in the amatory muse. The productions of the poet who passes beyond them, are like the productions of a rank and too luxuriant soil: they offend us by their rancidity. Those who keep too widely aloof, and venture not to approach them, are cold and insipid; they may affect passion, but we feel instinctively from the finesse and etiquette of their manner, the coldness of their colouring, the poverty and penury of their drapery, and the studied formality of their address, that they are impelled neither by the impulse of feeling or of passion. It is to such poets as these that Horace addresses the celebrated passage—

"Mediocribus esse poetis,
Non Di, non homines, non concessere columnæ."

and it is to the former class of writers, namely, those who just approach that eternal boundary that separates sentimental love from physical desire, enthusiasm from madness, and the ardour of imagination from the frenzy of fanaticism, that he applies a passage not less celebrated, nor less just—

"Sunt certe denique fines,
Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum."

What can breathe a holier feeling, a more pensive emotion, or a more delicate sympathy, for disappointed love, than the following elegy, entitled "Emma's Grave."

"Slowly approach yon yew-tree shade
'Neath which is told the tender tale
Of her within its fringed turf laid,
Poor Emma, lifeless, cold, and pale.

And read the silent record there,
Of one, whose life was chilled by scorn,
Was blasted by thy damps despair,
And slighted love, too meekly borne.

Oh! if some swain of pity's mould,
Has e'er felt tears bedew his eye,
The while some rustic tongue has told
More than the lay could well supply.

Then memory to his generous mind
While musing on her hapless lot,
May paint the scene, when lilies, twined
In wreaths, bedecked this silent spot.

Or further to his fancy true,
When scented flowers and deadly rue,
O'er her white shroud and beauteous face,
'Twas each young maiden's task to strew.

Perchance more faithful still may tell
What sighs were breathed of grief profound,
When sadly tolled her funeral knell,
And awe-struck was the hamlet round.

And o'er her grave mark many a print
Of warbling words with soft impress,
Where many a rose of richest tint
Has blushed in nature's loveliness.

And one more fair than all beside,
Nurtured by some peculiar care,
Expanded forth in leafy pride,
And shed its sweetest fragrance there.

In peerless beauty, nature's gem,
It grew in summer's sunny hours,
The fairest and the prettiest stem
Among the sisterhood of flowers.

At fall of eve this rose I viewed,
And then the balmy flower bloomed gay,
But ah! ere morn, each opening bud,
With dew, o'ercharged had dropped away.

Like Emma was this short lived rose,
Which met the orient morning dew,
Its leaves of beauty to disclose,
Then sink in tears beneath the view.

Oh, could the sun's soft glow shine
With genial warmth on beauty's mind,
This flow'r in lovely pride had blown,
And flourish'd still to Nature's praise.

Its leaves their wonted bloom would wear,
And, placed in Emma's bosom, twine
More fondly round, and nestled by the tear
Of eyes that speak a love like mine."

The following has all the sportive gaiety, witchery, and archness of Moore.

"Ah! could I then, could I then bid thee farewell!
No, no, lovely girl, something wrong appears in it,
Or why does it sound on my heart like a knell?
Why could I not bid thee farewell every minute?

Yet, dearest, I could, and how sweet would the sound be
Of farewell, if whisper'd to meet thee again;
To meet thy pure love in the charms that surround thee,
And know that my passion is breath'd not in vain;

And, oh! I could love thee, love, though injected,
Like Adam, when sadly from Paradise driven,
To gone on his home he turn'd lone and dejected,
So could I gaze on thee, my Eden, my Heaven!

And when for some rival your coldness dismisses,
My love, as transgressing, annoying, and vain,
Should I once be refresh'd by the due of your kisses,
I'm sure I should sweetly transgress, dear, again;

For in my fond bosom eternally lies
A feeling, spell-bound; but I cannot tell whether
'Tis charm'd by thy lip, or the star of thine eyes,
But I know that 'twill make me adore thee for ever."

One leaf more from this myrtle sprig, and we leave our readers to judge for themselves, what rank Mr. Kelly should hold among the amatory poets of the day. It is entitled EVELINA, *from the original Irish.*

"'Twas o'er the white thorn, on the valley's green brow,
I beheld the sun rise, and its blushes
The delight of the season smil'd forth in
And mix'd with the fair crimson hues
of the rose.

With the dew-drops of morning my locks
are still wet,
For ere the sun walk'd from its bed in
the skies,
I've waited for thee, dear, and thou not
here yet,
From thy bed, Evelina, awake, love,
arise!

Arise, Evelina, more lovely thou art
Than the morn's modest blush, than
the day's cheering smile,
Oh! rise thou pure soul, that informest
my heart,
Thou rival of roses, and pride of our
Isle!

The sky clear'd by sun-beams and zephyr's fond breath,
Than thy countenance looks not more fair or serene,
And thy lips, whose rich sighs mock the swan's sighs in death,
Are as sweet as the rose where the wild bee hath been.

Thy tresses more black than the raven's smooth pinions,
Wave o'er thy neck, white as the swan's silv'ry down;
And love in thy bosom's enchanting dominions,
Doth thy features of beauty with witchery crown.

Unenvious of thee, the fond sun bends to kiss thee,
Thou charm of our mountains, thou pride of our vales!
Oh, rise then my Love! for the morning will miss thee,
If thy breath does not perfume the soft passing gales.

For thee the brown heath too reserves all its blooms,
And eager, the homage it owes, to repay,
Still wafts thee the sweetest of all its perfumes,
To greet every step of my Evelina's way.

Oh! come then my Love, o'er the steep's craggy side,
I'll strawberries gather for over you Lea,
And the bough of the hazel I'll rob of its pride,
For the sweets of its kernel are rivall'd by thee.

The berries I'll cull shall be ruddier hue
The rich glowing hue of thy ripe crimson lip,
And the full hazel-nut shall, as milky, be too
As the love-begot fluid thine infant shall sip.

Queen of Smiles! shall I, never then meet thee again?
In Miscother's moss'd cave shall I press thee no more?
Shall my heart still recal all thy beauties in vain?
Shall I only exist thy sweet charms to deplore?

How long wilt thou leave me so mournful and lone,
Like the son of the rock, to pour forth my complaint?
To the morn's passing gale, and the valley's grey stone,
Must I tell all thy beauties, my idol, my saint?

Oh haste to the shed of thy lover so true,
Thy return will yield hope and sweet peace to his heart!
All his anguish will cease, all his bliss thou'lt renew,
For, oh! 'tis Elysium wherever thou art.

Hadst thou hear then my song?—Ah! I thought thou wert lost,
Lovely girl! in thy mother's soft meekness array'd,
Then comest like Spring to the children of frost,
And thy steps are like light unto darkness, sweet maid!

Without thee the mid-day of splendour is gloom;
Pleasure, pain, and the fair face of Nature a blot;
Life, without thee, is joyless to me as the tomb,
But, ah! thou art here! now each pang is forgot.

The Wanderings of Lucan and Dinah: a Poetical Romance, in Ten Cantos. By M. P. Kavanagh. London, 1824. Sherwood and Co.

Our limits will not suffer us to give even a brief view of this Poem. It is a production of which we entertain a very high opinion—an opinion which we hope to see confirmed by all the admirers of Spenser. We agree accordingly with the Editor of the Literary Gazette, that the poem "possesses very considerable poetical feeling and talent," but we doubt whether he read many stanzas of it, when he liked of its "obsolete words and ancient phraseology;" he has as little of either as it is possible for any professed imitator of Spenser. We shall at present merely quote the poet's Address to Zairah, with which he prefaces and concludes the work. We shall not forget noticing it more critically in our next Number.

"O thou! who e'er amid my troubled night,
Comest in all thy grieving to my view,
Sad one, for whom my soul has, in despite
Of fate and cruel absence, e'er been true!
Share in whatever to thy bard is due—
Yes, Zairah, if the son of future days,
When I, dear girl, no more can sing of you,
Should deign unto my song the meed of praise,
Oh let him share with thee, whose smile that song could raise!

But, Zairah, love, now long it is since we
Have known that bliss which e'er those lovers know,
Who, near each other's arms, are doom'd to be,
Without, for once, the happiness to forego.
Long 'tis since then; but since did ever glow
Thy bosom, with what bard a song to change
Absence might make thee to forget me so;
But absence never can, my love, how strange!
Make me forget my Zairah, where-so'er I range!

And tho' of Lucan's constant love I sing,
Tho' paint, of Dinah fair, the chaste, it's true;
'Tis, Zairah, thou, who such to mind doth bring,
For all that's fair in her I've seen in you.
Then wilt thou hear what did the maid go through,
What ways, to search her Lucan, did she rove?
And still, what ills her Lucan did pursue?
Lucan, who too to find his Dinah strove,
Sad is their tender tale! vouchsafe to hear, my love.

The following is his concluding address:

"Zairah has heard—I wake by night no more—
But hold—yet 'tis not so—thy bard forgot—
Foul breach of promise must be sung—
My first, my earliest song—until then
But must I change, and mid my sing of what

Will cause that breast to heave—thy fear to flow?—
In sooth, 'tis hard—too hard—away the thought!
I cannot—would not—Zairah, grieve thee so—
Till now 'twas well—'twere sad to sing thy country's woe.
And long, too long, perhap, this song hath been—
And it bears sign, not to his bard unknown,
Of what his night of sorrow e'er has seen—
For fate had evils o'er his being thrown,
And he has e'er had sorrows of his own—
Nor was it, maid, for him the song to choose—
What came at first remained as gift bestown
From thee or heaven—without to change—refuse,
As fortune ne'er hath graced his wild, untutor'd muse.

And this hath been—and in the world alone
E'er has he lived, as not to it allied,
Or he were in it stranger scarcely known,
So has his soul e'er felt itself denied
Of all communion that must, sure, reside
Where friend may friend, or brother brother find;
And hence his fortune has been to abide,
Alone, unsoothed, woes of heaviest kind,
Which e'er hath heaven sent a burthen to his mind.

But these will now be o'er, or ne'er will not—
Yet should the former hap it will be well,
And he can say he has foreseen his lot,
And even when the heaviest ills befell,
A dream of days to come his soul would swell,
And tell of something near, and evils gone—
Slow does that cease still oft with him to dwell,
As though it hath not for delusion shone,
But if for such it hath?—why then, ye ills, roll on!

Zairah has heard—I wake by night no more—
Adieu the darksome wood, the silent shade—
My first, my earliest song, dear girl, is o'er,
And I do cease my wanderings to lead,
Aught more, through lonely part with knight or maid—
Oh, Zairah! deign one smile upon my day—
And pardon, love, if I have wrongly strayed—
If from that path have turned, at times, away,
Which leads to Fame's great height the best of day.

A Selection of Papers on the Subject of the Fixed Lightning Conductors to the Masts of his Majesty's Navy, constructed so as to pass from the Truck to the Keelson, at this time creating public Discussion. Illustrated by Engravings: together with much interesting Matter on the Subject of Electricity: including Hints for the Prevention of Accidents by Lightning: some of the most remarkable Electrical Phenomena, and various amusing and interesting Extracts. By W. P. Green, Lieut., R. N. London, 1824.

We have seen voluminous works with short titles; but here we have a small duodecimo volume with a tremendous long title. It would, however, be absurd to suppose, that the length of a work should determine the length of its title; for a multiplicity of ideas may be expressed in a word, and a multiplicity of words may be necessary to express a simple, uncompounded idea. The title of the present work, long as it is, promises nothing but what it performs. It is the production of a writer who opposes practice to speculation, experience to theory. From long experience, he has discovered, that all writers on the Electric Fluid, particularly as regards its effects, have been mistaken; and that its operations and progress are not confined, as is generally supposed, to the mere surface of bodies. In the hands of an experimental philosopher, we consider this little work would be of infinite value. It would teach him, in the first place, the danger of trusting to one or two experiments, by placing before him a multitude of facts, by which the results of these experiments are disproved; it would teach him that the effects of experiments made in one clime, cannot be depended upon in another, and that, consequently, he who pretends to an acquaintance with the subject, without traversing a considerable portion of the globe, must be unavoidably in error, unless they lay down principles and positions contrary to the results of the experiments which they have made; and that, by some miraculous chance, these principles and positions happen to be right; and it would finally teach him, that it is safer in the navy not to invite the lightning by fixed conductors pas-

made acquainted with these facts, the philosopher should unavoidably relinquish much of the idea which he at present forms of the electric matter; and it is only by relinquishing them, that he can possibly attain to an acquaintance with the nature of the sublimest phenomenon in the works of creation. It is only by perceiving our errors, that we can ever have even a chance of grasping the truth, though the knowledge of some truths will for ever remain concealed from us, however clearly we may perceive the fallacy of all the conjectures which we are apt to form of them. It is evident, indeed, from this little work, that, as Mr. Green himself observes, if "the whole body of European philosophers and electricians were dispersed

Lieutenant Green's work is not only novel in its kind, but highly calculated to excite the curiosity of the physiologist, and to lead him into new enquiries, and to the adoption of new principles in pursuing nature through her mazy and uncertain course. We accordingly recommend it to every lover of science.

THE FINE ARTS.

GEMS OF ART:

Consisting of a choice Collection from Pictures of acknowledged excellence, beauty, and variety, painted by esteemed Artists of all ages and all countries. Engraved in highly finished mezzotinto on steel, by W. WARD, A.R.A., S.W. REYNOLDS, CHAS. TURNER, THOMAS LUPTON, *and other eminent Engravers,*" and published by W. B. COOKE, Soho-square.

gentleman he will permit us to accept our confessions of past errors on points so interesting as these to the lovers of Fine Arts. We had heretofore thought that the word *gem* (whether used in puffing and promising advertisements, or on whatever other plausible occasion,) was a figurative expression taken from that more ancient branch of the engraver's art, which was practised in such exquisite perfection by the Greek artists of old; and we were ignorant enough to suppose, that it was properly applicable only to such minute works as were at the same time highly wrought and precious. Our foolish notion was, that the smaller works of Bartolozzi, Rainbach, Heath, Robinson, Armstrong, and a few others in the historical and portrait department of engraving might be termed Gems, without any Soinerset vaulting, and, in short, by an easy and well understood transition of meaning; and sauntering through Hendon Church-yard the other Sunday (as reflective and good-natured critics are wont to do,) whilst our dinner-cloth was laying at the Grey hound, we remarked, with a degree of sympathetic pleasure which fell in with our predilections, but which it seems Mr. W. B. Cooke is resolved to compel us to abandon; that the post of

[illegible] by the superior pleasantry [illegible] the much quicker, and far less expensive operations of the mezzo engraver of *gems*.

So much by way of preface to our review of these same "Gems of *Art*." Shall we change our tone here—having taken a glass of wine to revive our drooping spirits? Ah! *improvement* is sure to cause melancholy somewhere, and even the Fine Arts are not exempt from this fatality; but shall we avert our attention from the melancholy results which we have anticipated above? and shall we set about the review itself, with recruited spirits and a changed tone? Prudence might answer, No: but Honesty says Yes. Why should you *mince* the matter, since the *cook* and *caterer* have not done so? He does not by implication, or by delicate innuendo, insinuate that his publication is *rare, precious*, and of *high intrinsic value:* but he puts on a bold countenance; disregards your natural stare of surprize; by *some means* gets R. H. and Mr. Ephraim Hardcastle to support him in the assertion, and flatly tells you all this to your face, in a single word of your letters. Why then should you spare him?

Well, Honesty, thou shalt be attended to, if not literally obeyed. The cook or caterer, as you observe, does say, without mincing or wincing, that his viands are exquisite, calculated to "meet the most delicate eye and refined taste"—expressing himself by ellipsis, and meaning, no doubt, *the most* refined taste, although despising Cæsar's art of syntax. When he adds that his plates are of *steel*, he clearly intends you should infer that the favourite phrase which he has bestowed on his new dish is *not* to be *ironically* understood. So at least, one should suppose; but, cutting as steel may be, in another shape, yet as Dean Swift has observed, that the best irony is that which is most grave and disguised, it is difficult to be quite certain whether the sly rogue of a prospectus-maker is quizzing you or not, especially when you recollect that the word *gem* implies *brightness*, and that the small mezzotintos before us are radically *dull*.

"Proteus transform'd to metal, the [illegible]
[illegible]
"Here figures, in more strange, [illegible]
be [illegible]

"To puzzle Time-Gain, and all his brood!"

Brass, does the poet say? We thought it had been steel: however Mr. C.'s is equally pertinent to Mr. C.'s prospectus, which informs us that "*The public will have the advantage of possessing* [i.e. if they should happen *to purchase*] *a most beautiful* collection of *engravings* from some of the finest pictures and drawings dispersed throughout the country, *on terms decidedly in their favour*. [*Indeed!*] The volume will be *complete in itself*," [Mr. C.'s italics] the subject introduced will be *only* such as possess a *first-rate talent and character*, and of that class which may meet the most delicate eye and refined taste:"

——— "Now behold what follows:
"For here is Fortune, like a mildew'd ear,
"Blasting each wholesome grain."

Three numbers, or parts, of these Gems have now made their appearance, and the work has from the beginning gradually become worse and worse, in a tolerably regular retrogradation—the first number being the best, and the last the worst. Where erroneous or empirical pretensions are set up, this is generally, if not invariably the case: for, under such circumstances, greater efforts are always made in the beginning than afterwards, to cover radical defects; and whenever efforts are made to keep up a deceptive seeming, they finally flag, as in the case of stimulating medicaments operating on an unsound constitution. At length in Mr. Reynolds's Cuyp, Wilson and Corregio, we arrive at the bathos or anti-climax of the publication, so far as it has yet proceeded. The two Gainsboroughs have suffered less in his hands, in consequence of being after slighter and more scumbled originals.

Let us begin with that which stands first, namely, *The Trooper*, which, as the Examiner says, "is from that delightful picture by Cuyp, belonging to His Majesty, which was in the British

"The light on the main figure [illegible] and did it not [illegible] there, by the phosphoric contact with this print!!! A perfect gem of art! Catch this. But let it alone, for it does not burn its own fingers. Not with its phosphorus. We do not mean so alchemically. We only invoke this, in the words of our old friend Quarle, of emblematic memory:

"Sweet Phosphor, *bring the day* [illegible]

No. It is because gems are, in the Holy Scriptures, not inaptly termed "stones of fire." If the declaimer against corruption condescends to let his fingers come in contact with them, let him think of the reputation of Cæsar's wife, and doubly beware that his pen too does not smell of roast pork and prostitution.

Another of these mezzo-gems, after the far-famed and frequently copied *Magdalen* of Corregio, a work of luminous beauty, and truly worthy to be termed a gem of art. The original sparkles in the Bavarian collection, and sparkles, surrounded though it be with all that is precious, estimable, and brilliant, in the painter's art. Think of the fair form, particularly of the face and bosom of the sainted hermit in holy retirement. Think of such a subject from the pencil of Corregio!—Think of all that is female nature is pure, pulpy, palpitating, yet repentant and devout, with all its nameless delicacies, of delicious undulation, treated by this divine painter! In the words of Milton, think of a "saintly visage," almost

——— "too bright,
"To hit the sense of human sight."

and then turn your eye, gentle reader, to the half-washed chimney-sweep that Mr. Reynolds has substituted for this divine vision. We shall say no more than look at it, gentle reader, if you have been at Dresden,* then let the gem go and fetch its fou or

* There are some tolerable copies among the Metropolitan Collections, and one of the best, if we rightly remember, is in the cabinet of Mr. Thomson, the Royal Academician. Mr. Reynolds's, although insinuated to be from the original picture in the Dresden Gallery, is probably no more than a copy, of a copy, of a copy!

[illegible] publishing, whatever [illegible] further [illegible] of vanishing the old pecuniary [illegible] and their [illegible] Much better things have been [illegible] punished at [illegible] hands.

Concerning the Evening Scene, after Mr. Parker's Wilson:—It is not time that the ill-treatment of this illustrious artist should be at an end: impoverished and neglected during life, is his posthumous fame to be invaded by this beggarly process? The present is a mere vulgar, mean, misrepresentation of a fine picture: discreditable to all parties concerned, but most of all to the publisher, who surely knows better than to fancy such things as this, to be adequate translations of the transcendently creative and executive powers of our great countryman. But the proprietors of the original pictures, who can have no fortune-making cupidity to plead in extenuation, must also bear some share of our just reprehension, for so we do not distrust that the public will deem it. Good God! Messrs. Perkins and other proprietors, is this the way you prove your respect for the great names of Poussin, Murillo, Corregio, and Wilson? Is it thus you shew yourselves the conservators of their posthumous fame, and the worthy possessors of their immortal works? If the art-forgetting Mr. W. B. Cooke could so far degrade himself, was it for you to join in this unworthy purpose, at the expence of those highly distinguished artists, whose reputation you were bound in honour not to contribute to tarnish, if not strenuously to uphold? But not to enter on too wide a field, let us restrict ourselves to the case of our admirable Wilson: was it for you, gentlemen, to be, or to seem, ignorant that there existed in this metropolis line-engravers, who had shewn themselves so capable of doing justice to his merits, as those whom we have named above? And

> "Could you on those fair pastures leave to feed,
> And batten on these *Moors*?"

When Mr. W. B. C. first set forth the insidious flattering-quackery of his Gem prospectus, when he aimed at cajoling you with such flourishing as "[illegible] manner," "splendid [illegible] generous gift," which [illegible] pleases the reader well [illegible] with the passage which we have cited at the head of our review;) when he first started the work, and shouted forth Gems of Art! as exultingly as Queen Elizabeth did "*Soho!*" when she started a hare from nearly the same spot, did you feel no alarm, gentlemen? No apprehension of the results that have since taken place? Did you not see *of whom* he was making *game?* Did you perceive nothing ominous, nothing suspicious, no lurking irony in this unfortunate phrase? Could you breathe after his exuffolate prelude? Did it never occur that Mr. W. B. C., as an artist, must know better than to believe small mezzotinto landscapes to be gems of art? Could he have pitched on any words more obviously meretricious in their application, than those which decorate or disgrace his prospectus, or any which could have more strongly marked an intention to mislead the public? All of which Mr. W. B. C. should have been far above, unless he be ambitious of stamping himself the *renegado* of his profession. A great misfortune to deceased painters of high character is, that there is a beauty about their *offspring*, which, if not carefully guarded, proves their own undoing. On generous proprietors they have orphan claims; such claims as unprotected female beauty, whose parents and natural guardians have sunk into the grave, and since even in their fallen mezzotinto state, the forms of Wilson and Corregio do not lose "all their original brightness," we conceive that critical warnings are the more imperiously called for, in order to guard the well-intentioned and unwary from the crafty tricks of empiricism. We remember that some years ago, Mr. Manager Elliston, then of the Royal Circus Theatre, and Dr. Busby, (fie upon them!) clubbed their talents, and for filthy lucre, converted Macbeth—not into a little mezzotinto, but into a burletta. These erroneous renderings, however, are in such close analogy, that without violating rhetorical propriety, we might either have written, that Macbeth was mezzotinted in miniature; or, in the present case, that Wilson's classical dancing group is converted into a burletta.

And we have seen the Tragedy of King Lear got up at a remote country fair, where (according to the old joke) [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

divided the town on the occasion (as it does very often in the case of the Fathers of Art) abundantly overpaid the merits of the performance. I studiously avoid in Melbourne to visit the theatre, and believe me, gentle reader, so much as *criticise* as to *observe*, and that some perhaps unexpected knowledge of human nature might of itself flow into my mind, I do not know whether I could not have sworn that there were among the audience, loons who were evidently gratified by the performance, burlesque as it was; that is to say, simple swains and country wenches, who had their affections aroused by the incidents and action of the drama. Such redeeming power was in Shakspeare, that even when thus burlesqued, his Lear was felt by the groundlings as a sort of a Tragedy. It is exactly thus with the little mezzotintoes that Mr. W. B. Cook would pass off for *Gems*: so much is there of *redeeming* power in the compositions of Wilson, Cuyp, Rousin, and other great masters, whose heavy-fudged misrepresentations are now before and behind the Soho curtain, that it would seem there are those, not many we should suppose even who are content to pay four shillings each for admission; six shillings for seats in the lowest mezzo pit, and even seven and sixpence when they sit in boxes decorated with Indian paper.

We have been the less tender in our reprehensions, and have told perhaps a little more of the truth, or told it a little more plainly, concerning these dull gems, from having observed in certain views of southern coast scenery, that Mr. W. B. C., the publisher, is himself no mean proficient in the art of *line engraving*, which is by far the best vehicle (as Woollett and others have clearly shewn) for disseminating the glorious light of Wilson through the world; he is, we repeat, no mean proficient, although certainly inferior in taste and talent to another artist of the same patronymic, who bears the baptismal name of George, and whom we believe to be his brother. We repeat, therefore, that Mr. W. B. Cooke knows better, much better, than to believe small mezzotinto landscapes to be gems of graphic art; and knows, moreover, how hard it is for a limb to ascend up the rocky steep of this important department plainly what slender reward attends on the toils

the present state of picture engraving and the puffing and blustering contained in it. Could he have thought that some regularly paid-to-him pretty strong terms of approach, *nonsense*, by which those who dissent and dare against their native country and religion are usually stigmatized as If; and could he have observed any satirical poem on the *Pursuits of Literature* heaping on the diteany Horizon [illegible] Matthias, (the presumed Author of that Pursuits of Literature,) or Vanity Happner, or Gifford, could he be believed to have undertaken this task, we shall been silent, so said, but listless but as there never was more ample room, nor a louder demanding on the subject, since England was England, we shall perhaps add to our general reprehension, at some future day, a more detailed critique on what is, or may then be, published of this misnamed work. We will conclude, for the present, with a few words to the undertaker.

Permit us then to advise you, Mr. W. B. Cooke, to leave off these letterpress tricks, and fairly to confess that, finding mezzotinto engraving to be by far the cheapest and quickest mode of producing prints to find sale too, that plates of steel would allow of more impressions being taken than those of copper; and thinking that if you could persuade the public and the possessors of valuable pictures, either by shutting their eyes, or by the brilliances of your own language, that you had the honour of throwing pearls before them, *money might be more readily obtained* than by employing engravers in the line manner, such as your brother and those others who are named in an earlier page; but that you else know well enough that small mezzotintoes, when compared with the best works of the best engravers, are very unfit to be offered to a liberal public, as Gems of Graphic Art and adequate translations of Wilson and Corregio.

The "Tempting Present." Engraved by W. R. SMITH. *The Figures by* J. H. ROBINSON, *after pictures by* T. WOODWARD. [illegible] a simple village story of no extraordinary kind, but rendered very interesting by the praiseworthy manner in which the painter and the engraver have related it. [illegible]

the tasteful grandmother to pray, remembering that in most English boys there is what we have recently called a *Hobby*, to present, consisting of an image of birds and some fruit, contained in a basket which is covered with a napkin; but from beneath the napkin peeps forth some delicious black grapes, ripe and blooming; and the rustic messenger, alas! turns out to be a true son of Eve, and is plucking a grape!—only just to taste—a single one!—which surely not be missed, he thinks;—and not Eve herself could be more entirely unconscious that Mr. Woodward was looking at her.

He is a smiling, good tempered looking boy, with much self-complacency of countenance: a faint shade of sly slyness is there, but nothing amounting to consciousness of guilt. Indeed if his young mistress were to see him, she would not be *very* angry, seeing that the boy is as blooming as the fruit, and recollecting the power of temptation. Whether he looks a little too innocent for the occasion, and whether repentance will follow, the reader may perhaps think it worth while to reflect; and perhaps not—but at present, the boy's mind seems engrossed by the idea of the delicious flavour of the grape, and not a shadow of remorse or of the fear of detection can inhabit there.

The bank ground is a pretty village scene, with a church, a grove, and a manor house beyond the grove. The horizon is low, and a grey cloud occupies the middle portion of the picture, of a tone nearly as deep as the middle tint,—so deep, in short, as to bring off the light of the white and speckled poney with considerable brilliancy of effect; while a lively spotted terrier, who is pacing on before, turns back his head for a smile or look of encouragement from his rustic master.

This engraving is eminently worthy of the favourable notice of the connoisseur, and consequently of our critical attention, being executed with considerable care, taste, and talent. The plate is advertised as being "Engraved by W. R. Smith," and "the Figure by J. H. Robinson:" figure is a somewhat vague term, and though generally restricted in its meaning to the human figure is not always thus restricted, and of course

[illegible] the figures in the picture, which we think are the best executed parts of the plate, and which perhaps may have the name of the author specially as the boy. The style of engraving is formed on a careful study of that style which Scott formed from studying the famous white horse of Raphael Morghen, but rendered more picturesque, and it will bear comparison with the best performances in that way of the former. But the style of "The Tempting Present" throughout is entitled to high praise, being distinguished by a certain convivial liveliness—an animated variety in the mode of treatment, producing an harmonious and brilliant result, from which the lovers of the legitimate art of engraving will not fail to derive gratification, and Mr. W. B. Cooke of Soho Square, *may* learn to blush for comparing it with what he has put forth under the denomination of *Gems of Art*. It is not *merely* variety that Messrs. Smith and Robinson have here displayed but a variety homogeneous in itself, and analogous to that of a well coloured picture. The shadows, while they are sufficiently clear, are also sufficiently obscure to shew off the lights with that temperate splendour which is so grateful to the judges of good engraving. Hence the optical sense is very agreeably irritated, just as it would be in painting by the harmonious arrangements of a good colourist, and as we presume it is in Mr. Woodward's original, which we have not had the pleasure of seeing.

Let those persons who would cultivate a taste for prints, and who would set themselves above being imposed upon by the meretricious attractions of a flashy prospectus, compare the lights in this engraving, as they fall on the horse, the boy, the basket, the bit of wild country road, with the dull, muddy, scraped lights, picked out from the dark ground of Mr. Cooke's *gems*. Little more will be necessary to be set before them by way of example to assist in forming his taste for prints. He will there [illegible] a little teaching to find out the principles upon which we have

instinct. The Tethered Beast," or other passages which might have been similar or congenial, but which suffer either from

and general brilliancy of surface that distinguishes our hobby, he will find traces of road after Wilson and Gaspar Poussin, but entirely without the characteristic crispness, the pebbly breaks, and the sparkling ruggedness of Mr. Smith's; and he will find among them abundance of instances where "the human face divine," may be compared with that of the smiling ogress from the graver of Mr. Robinson: and yet these same gems are often pictures of much higher pretension than "The Tempting Present" of Mr. Woodward. We may say so without the least disparagement to his merits, for in fact they are after select works of the very first masters.

In attending to these local details of the merits of this performance, let not the reader omit to notice, the nicieties of drapery in which the hero of the piece is attired, the beautifully wrought rustic saddle cloth on which he sits, the well reticulated basket which he carries, his smoothly worn bridle, and the delicately clean napkin which covers "The Tempting Present."

And now, as in duty bound by our unprofessed impartialities, and before we take final leave of a work that has much gratified our graphic sensibilities, we must mention, that the weed by the road-way side, are thready, poor, not judiciously clustered, and not done from nature, but manufactured at home; that the burdock with its stunty appurtenances of dubious character at the left hand corner, had been better omitted; that the turning up of the dust, of whatever the ambiguous appearance is meant for which attends on the fore-feet (and *not* on the hinder feet) of the hobby, is an unfounded, over-refinement; (as the scene represented is part of a wild common, we at first guessed that the hobby had kicked out a couple of pebbles;) that his off hinder leg is a little too clumsy for the other three; and that the dog also is a little too clumsily marked about the head; but no human works are faultless and the critics will be peeping and peering about; and the artists who have so highly honoured "The Tempting Present" (which means we think, we are to be tempted to purchase) may console themselves for these little blemishes as the dimensions of their merits

British Galleries of Painting and Sculpture, comprising a General Historical and Critical Catalogue, with separate Notices of each Work of Fine Art in the principal Collections, by C. M. Westmacott. Part I. containing the following Galleries, viz.

The King's at Carlton House.
Buckingham House.
National Gallery (late Angerstein's)
Marquess of Stafford's (Cleveland House.)
Kensington Palace.
St. James's Ditto.
British Museum.
Mr. T. Hope's, Duchess Street.
Presentation Works of the Academicians at the Royal Academy Arts, Somerset House.
An Essay on the Marbles of the Parthenon.
With Portraits of His Majesty, The Marquess of Stafford, Earl Grosvenor, and Sir J. F. Leicester, Interior Views of Carlton House, Cleveland House, and Mr. T. Hope's, Duchess Streets, and numerous illustrative Vignettes on Wood.
Embossed? Yes, "Embossed into the letter-press."—London Sherwood, Jones, & Co.

This octavo volume of 240 pages being of portable dimensions, will prove a useful pocket companion to such visitors of the metropolitan collections, as may desire information concerning the names of the artists and the subjects of their several works, with which those collections are adorned. Such visitors generally derive some satisfaction from making a pencil, cross, or other short hand marginal note, on their catalogues, to remind them afterwards of what they have more particularly noticed and here is blank margin enough for that purpose.

More than this we cannot honestly say in favor of Mr. C. M. Westmacott's catalogue; nor do we profess to have looked at every article, and visited the several galleries, to see that the pictures, sculptures and [illegible]

[illegible] and that is the full extent of the merits which [illegible] beyond this, and all Mr. C. M. W.'s allegations and assumptions that go beyond this, are unfounded," as is clearly shewn by Mr. C. M. W. himself; for when he arrives at the Kensington Palace collection, of which he could obtain no ready-prepared catalogue, and but imperfect information from the servants, what does he do? He finds himself unable to supply their deficiencies, and accordingly, when we arrive at pp. 43, 4, we read as follows—

"Portrait [instead of portraits] of two females. Companion pictures. *Artist and characters unknown.*"

"Head of the Saviour. An oval picture, the size of life." [but no painter's name.]

"Head of the Virgin Mary. A companion picture—*by the same hand!*"

"Christ reproving the scribes concerning the Tribute money." [again no painter's name.]

"Portrait of a *Boy*. An expressive head in a ruff." [Here is no mention of the name of the painter, and none of the boy; (that we might discuss,) and none *of what* his head is expressive.]

In these instances, and alas! in several others, the *honest* ignorance of the compiler slips out, and this rash confession, if such we *might* deem it, is far better than if Mr. C. M. W. had here affected an unfounded competency of judgment, to assign the names of the authors of these and other works which he has found it prudent to leave *anonymous*.* But Mr. C. M. W. will not allow us to do him this justice. He will insist upon setting up false pretensions, in the face of his own veracity. He strenuously denies that he is honest—but by inadvertency. He says in a note which is appended to his introduction, "certain criticisms on a few of the paintings in different galleries, originally published in the Monthly Magazines, have made their appearance in a collected form. *To prevent misrepresentation*, I feel it necessary to state, that this work is *not founded on any previous* publication, and is, *as far as I am aware*, the first and only attempt to combine one general, historical, and critical catalogue, with separate notices of every work of art, descriptive sketches of the Palaces, Mansions, and Galleries of the illustrious and distinguished owners, with topographical views, and essays on all the principal collections in the kingdom."

All in the *kingdom* has he written! Yes, we have copied this word incorrectly. But what we were about to comment upon here, is the compiler's bare-faced and arrogant assumption that his catalogue is *historical* and *critical*, when it is neither. Indeed, it is utterly impossible that it should be so, much less all else that Mr. C. M. W. has written of it, within so small a compass: and whatever this gentleman may promise, we will not expect impossibilities from him.

What does Mr. C. M. W. mean by its being historical? That it contains

* We would ask Mr. C. M. W. how it has happened that so many of these Royal pictures are in this anonymous state? Has that gentleman succeeded to the care of the royal collections for any considerable length of time?

here and there an anecdote—once in 250 instances perhaps, concerning who have been the former possessors of certain pictures, we do not deny. Is this what he means by its being an *historical* catalogue? or what else? As to its being *critical*, we must plainly say it is no such thing. It is mere common place parrotting and child's play, to have employed this term as Mr. C. M. W. has employed it. If, therefore, he should exclaim, "Oh! I'm nothing, if not critical:" we must leave him to the alternative, for he is not critical.

Mr. Thomas Hope's gallery is better attended to than the rest, owing probably to the facilities and kind indulgence* (assistance perhaps we may not say), which Mr. C. M. W. met with in Duchess Street, but which at Somerset House appears to have been denied to him. Of this the compiler† complains in p. 168. Mr. Fuseli, the keeper of the Royal Academy, has however, generally, good reason for what he does, especially for what he does of a public nature: We have often known him open the Academic stores with the greatest readiness and liberality; and if we rightly divine, he thinks in the present case, with ourselves, that a simple mention of the subjects of exhibited pictures, such as we find in the catalogues of the Royal Academy, is better than an abortive attempt at a critical catalogue. The best we can say for Mr. C. M. W. is, that he imposes on himself, if he supposes it practicable, to comprise in 240 octavo pages an historical and critical catalogue of nine metropolitan collections of art, beside the marbles of the Parthenon. Why the official professors of painting themselves, find that to criticise less than half a dozen pictures, is quite enough to fill a lecture of an hour's length. Shall a pragmatist then, find impunity in offering to criticise the grace and grandeur of the metropolis, in a thin octavo? That the public want to be enabled to appreciate great and good works of art, we shall not deny; but he who would affect to explain the merits of a picture, or a group of sculpture, that has cost the artist months, or perhaps years, of study, in so many lines—

> "Untwisting all the chains that tie
> The hidden soul of harmony:"

can be no more than a smattering compiler, who skims the surface only to disturb the cream.

We are thus putting the best construction on the work of Mr. C. M. W.; for it is far less culpable to be ignorant, than attempt to impose on the public, and that too by one who knew better than this young gentleman; on whom we should not have bestowed so much notice, but for two reasons—first and foremost, our public duty; and next, the supposition that

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* Second thought, and the suspicion naturally awakened in our mind, induced us to look at Mr. T. Hope's folio volume of interior domestic decoration, and we therein found, as we had partly anticipated, that the descriptions of the several rooms are taken from that volume; whole sentences, and even pages, being with a few transpositions, incorporated with the text of C. M. W. This may be all very well, and probably was the best that could have been done in this case, for the public; but it should have been acknowledged, instead of the flat and unfounded declaration that "this work is *not* founded on any previous publication."

† "It may possibly excite surprise in the reader that I have not indulged in any remarks, or given *critical* descriptions of the presentation works of the Royal Academicians, as of other collections. Now although I can satisfy the public in this particular, and free myself from all charge of neglect, I am doubtful if I shall not excite another and a very different feeling in every liberal mind, when I state, that I applied by letter to the keeper, for permission to view the Council Room of the Academy, wherein these works are deposited, and therein distinctly stated my object and intentions; but up to the time of this work being printed, I have never received any reply."

"Of the motives for such prohibition *in* a public body, *I am at a loss to conjecture*; but as the Academicians annually print a list of these works with their catalogue, and as regularly cover over the greater part with baize and other material, to hide them from the view of the visitors, I *must suppose* they are determined that the sacredness of their Academical depository, shall not be violated by the public eye, or subject to the liberal and independent remarks of honest "puppyism—puppyism! no: *criticism*." Well then criticism be it. Here the writer is at "a loss to *conjecture*," but at no loss to "*suppose*" the motives of the naughty Royal Academicians.

Mr. C. M. W. is some overweening and mistaken youth—unconscious as a humming-top spun among skittles, of the mischief he may do,—who has the misfortune to think that success in his pursuit is to be accomplished by large promises and huge pretensions, supported by unblushing assurance and fulsome adulation: and did we not hope that when duly admonished, he would compile his catalogues in a more humble, chaste, sober, and castigated spirit, we should treat him with more severity. Let him read the old story in Junius, of Apelles and the Cobbler. Let him learn that a catalogue-maker may be a useful member of society, if he does not, like Icarus, aspire to aerial flights; and let him remain on earth, and stick to his last.

That none of the personal friends of this writer, and none of the same shallow tribe with himself, may suppose we deal in unfounded assertions, a specimen or two of his adulatory powers are subjoined, which at the same time that they shew how much he desires to flatter, without being able to accomplish his purpose, will shew also his ridiculously inflated and ungrammatical style. To dismiss him without hearing him, would scarcely have been fair, and might have been complained of.

The following is introductory to his catalogue of Mr. T. Hope's collection. "There are few *names in English history* which will better deserve the honours of *posterity*, than the exalted individual of whom I am about to speak." [Mr. T. Hope has a very fine family, and which certainly do him great honour. So far all has happened well.] "In the very dawn of science, while yet the arts of England trembled in helpless infancy," [So then there were arts in England "in the very dawn of science," nay more, Mr. T. Hope was then living!] "this enlightened scholar stretched forth his fostering hand to raise the sinking *child of genius!*" Why, the Wandering Jew, in point of longevity, is nothing compared with Mr. Hope. We know pretty well what Mr. C. M. W. wishes to insinuate here; but it is our duty to point out that he says what he does not mean, and means what he does not say. In vain should we remind the writer, that he has previously ascribed this same fostering, first impulse to the Kings, George III. and George IV.; and in another page to the Marquess of Stafford; he will in this place, insist upon complimenting Mr. T. Hope, with being the raiser of "the sinking *child of genius*," and accordingly he proceeds, "Proudly may he wear the *ever-budding*—" *wreath* a nation's gratitude cheerfully awards him. It is an *ever-green*. [Why, yes, if it be ever-budding, it cannot well be otherwise.] "It is an ever-green, the *gift of every voice*, that must bind his brows while living, and will perpetuate his fame, shedding a fragrant odour over his memory to the latest period of time." So then, notwithstanding it is a wreath, it is also a perennial and ever-during tree or flowering shrub. O these poetic flights! to what obscure regions do they raise the imaginations of poor catalogue-makers.

Does the reader wish to know more of the brow-binding and ever-budding wreath-crowns? Let him turn to page 65, and wonder at the sublime compliments which are there paid to the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Angerstein. "Not the luxuriant crown of victory, *studded* with ten thousand *budding* honours, the grateful *tribute* of a nation's *voice*, can *reflect* more lustre on the name of a Nelson or a Wellington, than does the enviable laurel wreath, breathing a balmy odour and brightening in perpetual freshness, which decorates the revered recollections of those who have contributed to the glory and elevated character of their country, by a liberal advancement *and* promotion of the Fine Arts. Such is the *halo* that must ever illumine the name of Angerstein." According to which rhapsody, the *studded* crown is *budding*, and the *halo* is a *laurel*. How much better would be a little plain sense, than all this amiable pomposity and affected rapture. And how differently, how poorly, *other poets* have chosen to express the profound sentiments of love and admiration. M'Kenzie and Shenstone, for example—

"Yet ne'er did I practise a wile
To flatter I never could yield:
So a coxcomb's impertinent smile,
Has oftentimes lost me the field.

* * * *

These, for other passions may pass;
But they could not be figures of mine.
Yet sure they are simple, who prize
The tongue that is smooth to deceive;

And sure they have sense to despise,
The idle train who only wave."

We shall pass by the volumes of similes incense that come smoking hot from the corner of C. M. W. towards the nostrils of royalty—happy to get out of the smoke, and well assured that a gentleman of Mr. T. Hope's taste, to say nothing of the Marquess of Stafford, can have no relish for adulation that in the first instance has been presumptuously offered to his Majesty, and in the second saucily hashed up for Mr. Angerstein. The cookery is so nauseous and gross, and is served up with such clumsy insensibility, towards the delicacies of other tastes, than the writer's own, that it can have no other effect than to excite the risible muscles of the reader.

On this business, therefore, we must here move *the previous question*. A much more important matter for British art and the public is, whether what this catalogue-maker takes for granted, and would ascribe to so many, has been effected at all? Surely this should precede all assumption or enquiry of *what* kings or *what* nobles have appreciated, enthroned, and established, the arts of England. Now, if the first painters have been very inadequately remunerated, while inferior men have found patronage; if, (confining our remarks to living artists) Stothard has been left to the caprices of book and print-selling *encouragement*, with the exception of a single picture for Burleigh house; if Fuseli has scarcely fared better; if Howard has been driven from poetry and classic history, to portrait and landscape; if Smirke has had almost nothing to do for nobility and gentry, in the course of a long life, excepting a small picture (or it may be two) for Sir George Beaumont, and one for the Missionary Society; if two large scriptural works by Haydon, were allowed the other day to be—not sold, but—mercilessly knocked down in the full view of the metropolitan patronage: in fine, if that most valuable commission bestowed by the noblemen and gentlemen of the British Institution, was given for a notable allegory which posterity will spurn and scorn, and few of the present generation would look at—where is that patronage of "*native art*," (see Mr. Westmacott's phrases), where is that patronage, and that an eclipsing the art and patronage of all other nations and ages, with which the writer would delude his readers and the public? Where are those enviable laurel-wreaths, which at the same time splendid crowns and halos also, and which so dazzle the mental vision of Mr. G. Mr. Westmacott, that is to say, unless he wilfully and hypocritically flatters the great, from the most sordid and ignominious of motives.

We would here willingly have done with this gentleman, but we shall probably be expected to add a few words concerning his engraved embellishments. Of the four little heads, which, together with some petty, toy like, matters, poorly engraved, form the frontispiece, that of His Majesty is *borrowed* (with or without leave) from the last mezzotinto after Sir Thomas Lawrence; but it is here attempted to make the king look younger; which is about as decent as it would be, in treating of him, to write *his most youthful Majesty*, and further, to superinduct an unbecoming simper on his countenance, amounting almost to a ridiculous laugh. The other three (borrowed also without acknowledgment from other prints) are better likenesses; but (we would ask) with what species of "critical" propriety are the heads of two noblemen introduced whose collections are *not* catalogued in the present work, (viz. Earl Grosvenor and Sir John Leicester,) and that of Mr. T. Hope, whose collection is enumerated in the volume, omitted?

The ground plat and interior of the Cleveland House gallery, that latter after Clarendon Smith, are old plates, formerly published by Mr. Britton. This shews connection between the two flattering compilers, and it will remind our readers of the old proverb, "birds of a feather, &c." Mr. Cattermole's outline of the Duchess Street gallery is the best in the book, although compared with that published by Mr. T. Hope himself and executed under his eye, we observe some discrepancies. But this also once belonged to the "Magazine of the Fine Arts"—an inefficient attempt of Britton's to subsist a little longer on the pockets of the unwary, but which stopped at about the fifth number. The half-length, right hand, at the same time, the drapery having been moved, and the

antiquity, those which pretend to distinct allegorical personification for such, are slovenly and unknown wood-cuts, far inferior to those which we have seen in the Struggling Astrologer, and other fourpenny publications; and utterly unworthy to have accompanied any sort of catalogue of such collections as are named in the volume before us. The tail-piece vignettes are better, but these have no reference whatever to the catalogues—they have evidently been supplied by Mrs. Clowes the printer, from his old stores, and appear to be from the designs of the elegant Thurston.

Wood-Engravings accompanying a quarto volume of the History of Wine, from the pen of Dr. Henderson.

When a phrase is once *prostituted*, it soon becomes common-place and infectious. The "Gems of Art!" shouted forth by Mr. W. B. Cooke, of Soho-square, has been echoed and re-echoed in numberless reverberations, by Mr. C. M. Westmacott and others, and will probably soon be posted or pasted up at every stall, and at every corner. Should there not be a penitentiary for *voluntary contribution* for such unfortunate victims of verbal seduction? Let us contribute our mite in anticipation of an event which is most devoutly to be wished for.

The work before us consists of between thirty and forty little Gems of Art, wrought by the skilful hand of Mr. Wenlock Harvey, from the precious materials of his own mind, and the precious remains of Greek and Etruscan art. They are gems, because the art bestowed on them is of an exquisite character, and the subjects of most of them having an antique foundation, they possess a double claim to the epithet. By antique foundation, is meant, that many of the groups and figures which are here displayed, are actually taken from those smaller sculptured productions of Grecian art, which are generally performed on costly stones. But these Grecian designs have appropriate dark grounds added by Mr. Harvey, from the resources of his own mind; and so added as to give to the unusual subjects, much of the grace and interest of original compositions. Mr. Harvey is of the Bewick school, and is, at the same time, the draftsman, and the engraver, of these beautiful vignettes—literally as well as figuratively so, upon the present occasion. And the manner in which he has so made them in great measure his own, at the same time that he has adapted them to the several purposes of the author of the history, by means (as we have already intimated) of picturesque and appropriate accompaniments, deserves to be dwelt upon, at least in some few of its details.

Mr. Harvey finds depicted among the Greek pottery published by the late French antiquary, Millin, the subject of the Lectisternium of Bacchus, Ariadne, and Hercules; presumptively (for we have not seen the originals and judge only from the general simplicity of the designs on the Greek and Etrurean pottery), not much more than an outline of these three figures. These three figures he *quotes*, and adds to them various others of tipsy and wanton wood nymphs and satyrs; and in a forest back-ground, which is treated with great freedom and ability, and peopled with Silenus on his ass, followed by a host of Bacchanalian figures, some of them piping, and the whole scene apparently resounding with revelry. This free treatment of wild objects on wood, where no etching can be employed, is a very difficult matter; and the trees are in this instance (as well as in others that occur in the work), very delicately toned, and engraven with sufficient attention to character for their distance.

Another of these head-piece vignettes is the representation of an ancient wine-press, taken from a picture dug from the ruins of Herculaneum, where the modern artist had less to add. But we must mention one thing which he appears to have omitted to correct, and the author (Dr. Henderson) to notice. Here two little genii, or cupids, are employed in urging circular bolts or billets, by means of such implements as are all now called cudgels, in order to press forth the juice of the grape. But in order to understand this device, we were obliged to have recourse to the historian of wine, who writes, "Another simple mode of pressing the grapes, if we may confide in the authority of an ancient painting, was by placing them in a trough fixed in the bottom of an upright square frame, in which were three cross beams moving in grooves, and having

a few of conical wedges between each beam, which could be driven in by mallets." Now, the little loves, or labourers—who for this task had been better without their wings—are here, not driving "conical wedges," but cylindrical rollers, which convert the whole of the mechanical operation to nonsense. The pan, or vase, moreover, which receives the juice, must soon overflow, and the wine be wasted, if we could suppose the machinery to be at all capable of pressure. Why did not Mr. Harvey rectify these drunken Irish blunders of the Herculaneum painter?

Of these head and tail-piece vignettes—which, although only from two to four inches in length, are the largest prints in the book—there are eight. But Mr. Harvey's ornamented capitals, or initial letters, shew off his art, and the fertility of his inventive powers, probably to most advantage. He finds one among the Marlborough gems, of which the subject is, a young faun sitting on the ground, in the act, as is supposed, of meditating some melody for his double flute. By adding to this a young Bacchante, or grape gatherer, holding forth a basket of fruit, and shouldering a laden vine-pole, he forms the capital letter E in a most picturesque manner. He finds on an Alexandrian coin, a captive figure—a personification of Africa: he introduces a back-ground of banana and date trees, and it becomes a very efficient letter U. He finds, among the published monuments of ancient Etruria, a Faun, or a Silenus seated on an Amphora, to which a draped female is presenting a Rhyton, or drinking horn: he introduces a back-ground of growing vines and other foliage, and behold a *capital* letter T.

And of these beautiful little initials, the volume contains nearly thirty; some of them abounding with antique grace and character; with whimsical and wild inventions of frantic bacchanals, thyrsi, amphoræ, and musical instruments. Of the rich and exuberant foliage and fruit of the vine, Mr. Harvey has, of course, made frequent use—his subject, the history of wine, required it; and he has contrived to mingle and unite it very judiciously with the Bacchuses, Ariadnes, Silenuses, and bacchanals of Greek art, some of the heads of whom he touched with much of genuine taste, truth, and naiveté. The effects are in general ably contrived, and of a sparkling character. There are, indeed, a few black spots too many; but that is probably incidental to the mode of art which is here adopted, and not easily, if at all, to be dispensed with in wood-cuts. But there is about them, on the whole, an Anacreontic luxuriance of poetic fancy, that is germane to the occasion, and the contemplation of which, in the words of the old glee—

"Gives a summer to the mind."

The production of these engravings cannot but enhance the well-earned reputation of Mr. Harvey. He had before shewn himself decidedly the first modern engraver of large works in wood, by the production of his death of Dentatus, after the picture by Haydon, in the collection of the Earl of Malgrave: and now he has done the same, as far as what we have inspected of the works of other modern wood-engravers enables us to pronounce, in the miniature department.

We deem it proper to add that, as wood-cuts are commonly printed (Mr. Harvey's as well as the rest), much of the sparkling delicacy of these little gems is impaired or destroyed; and that the art of engraving on wood, appears to be here carried to the full, as far as it ought to be attempted to be carried. Wood-cuts will not bear to be brought too near to engravings of this vignette kind, that are carefully and tastefully executed on copper; especially when they get beyond certain dimensions. In the present quarto, they are wisely kept small. The mode of printing with the letter-press, necessarily mars the delicacy of those tender terminations which are indispensable to good vignettes. Even in some of the adornments of the Bounty of Wine—in the head-piece of the Triumph of Bacchus, for example—the back-ground being of clouds, the tenderness of their extremities could not be rendered in a manner that will bear close comparison with the work of the dry-point on copper, as the reader of discernment, who shall make such comparison, will immediately perceive. And in that other head-piece, to the preface, where the Bacchante and Faun are rocking the infant Bacchus, the extremities of the clouds, or smoke from her torch, for which

ever it may be intended, and the delicate passages of the light drapery of the nymph or bacchante, are marred by the necessary operation of letter-press printing. In short, the greater the delicacy of the aim of the artist, the greater the tendency to a rotten result; as may be seen throughout the present engravings, wherever tenderness of tint was wanted, as it more especially is wanted in softening off the extremities. But this defect, being incidental to, and indeed inseparable from, the present mode of art, is no fault of the artist: on the contrary, we see with pleasure, and with some surprise, how much he has effected towards counteracting it: and we recommend to those persons who are curious, to order proof impressions; which are taken from the blocks without their being printed, or fixed into the forms, (as we believe the printer's phrase is,) *with the letter types:* and are taken on China paper, which is afterward pasted into the book; a lame procedure, and which, after all, only remedies the evil *to a certain degree.*

But neither have the impressions from the same block the same agreement with each other, as in those worked with the rolling press from engravings on copper or steel. However, to detail the professional mysteries of these matters is probably of small import, and we desist. The pecuniary interest of the bookseller, in these cases, over-rules critical considerations: aye, and in more ways than one, over-rules the honesty of many a *flourishing* critic: and the truth is, *Fine Art* is not considered in the getting up (as it is termed) of books; but only *pretended* to be considered. Nor is it likely to be otherwise, till the public taste and knowledge in these matters, is sufficiently improved to check book-selling empiricism: for, whatever pretensions may be set up to the contrary, the plain matter of fact is, that all is governed by the consideration of *how much* capital shall add to itself, by the adoption of the cheapest and most mechanical and expeditious processes, or of any processes that uncultivated intellect and mere manual dexterity are competent to.

"The rest is all but leather and book-making."

THE DRAMA.

Haymarket Theatre.

On the 3d inst., the comedy of *The Busy Body* was presented to a very thinly attended house. What-ever was the charm in Mrs. Centlivre's which made her muse predominate over Congreve, it no longer operates. For what reason they keep the stage, except it be to prove that the manners of our age are not more corrupt than theirs, perhaps no one besides the manager can tell. The plays have no brevity, either of thought or expression, to recommend them. The old men are fond and greedy—the young sensualists, who scorn to put themselves to the trouble of metaphor or circumlocution to suggest proposals not at all equivocal. And then, for language and manners—what would be thought in our times of the *badinerie* of that hero, who would justify to a woman of quality the use of a little amorous intercourse with her before his own marriage, by the delicate allusion of a cup of coffee before dinner? But still more, what would become of the play, if new, in which the heroine should listen to so polite a surmise, and afterwards accept the swain in wedlock? Miss Chester became the part of *Miranda*, so far as youth and passion were concerned; but she was actually too much for it in intellect. The low and prurient tendency of the dialogue disagreed with her elegance and graceful mirth. Her talent lies in a more elevated region of comedy, the powers of which she has considerably at command, though her style wants fulness and emphasis, and her features are deficient in flexibility. Mr. Vining, as *Sir George Airy* (what a recondite name to express a young man of fashion!) went through his part with credit to himself. He displayed much ease and animation, and he seems to bring into the business a degree of understanding, which, if seriously applied to his own improvement, will make him considerable in genteel comedy. Mr. Farren was *Sir Era-*

Gripe. His genius, within a limited range of characters, acts with vigour. There is, however, no mellowness in his humour, and he neglects the thin coating of good nature and good fellowship which nature herself suggests to hardened hypocrites as, the properest guise for their sordid purpose.

Colman and Garrick's comedy of *The Clandestine Marriage* was performed at this house, 12th inst., but not in a way (very materially) to assist the reputation of the theatre. The play itself is one of those which it is difficult even in our winter theatres, to "cast" well throughout; and it is moreover, of an order peculiarly fitted to be destroyed by the introduction of clumsy actors in its minor characters. All the gentlemen—the juveniles especially—are people of the Chesterfield school — very didactic and sentimental. *Lovewell* for instance—(the gentleman represented by Mr. Cooper)—has a very nice *role* throughout the play, to manage. In more than half his scenes —being himself a very tall, serious, interesting person—he has nothing to do but stand still, and be *acted at* by *Lord Ogleby* and *Sir John Melville*. Nobody ever did this well, within our recollections but Mr. Charles Kemble. Mr. Cooper is a very useful performer; but he cannot (of his mere mode of doing things) lift a character. He has not about him that manner—that peculiar *tournure*—which will carry a man with perfect ease, through a situation of perfect difficulty. The effect is, that the lover's dignity is lost; that of his mistress necessarily fades along with it; *Monsieur Lovewell* becomes rather the butt and 'scape-goat of the comedy; and we go short altogether of our "nice young men," who should sigh (in fact) for the benefit of all the young ladies in the theatre. For another example of the same deficiency (and a brighter) an actor like Mr. Vining, whose *agremens* are about those of a decent banker's clerk—an actor of this calibre sinks entirely under the very thought of such a character as *Sir John Melville*. The cocked hat, full dress suit, quality title, and long, nicely-balanced speeches, entirely set at nought even his own estimate of his own powers. Mr. Vining, (of whom we wish to speak with great kindness) is no more able to utter the mere text put into the mouth of *Sir John Melville*, than Mr. West, who performed the part of *Canton*, is competent to play any one of the characters nightly intrusted to him; and these to make up for this incapability to act any thing approaching to comedy, the plays are all pulled down into what managers (because the chimney-sweeps sometimes laugh at it) fancy to be "farce." It is but once a year, ever, that we grow critical; but Mrs. Windsor has no right to make a bit at the gods, in the part of *Mrs. Hridgeberg*, by leading the Frenchman off the stage, much as our friend *Polichinello*, in a pantomime, might lead off the *Devil*. Valuable performers have still less title to resort to extravagance and riding-house trick.

After *The Clandestine Marriage*, a new farce in two acts, called *'Twould puzzle a Conjuror*, was performed for the first time. We are prevented from giving any account of its plot or fable, by the circumstance of its not happening to have any. The scene lies principally in a dock-yard at Sardam, in Holland, at the period when Peter the Great of Russia sojourned to learn ship-building in that country; and the business (if a great deal of absurd equivoque and bustle may be so designated) arises out of the anxiety of the several potentates of Europe, some to seize the Czar's person, and others to secure his alliance. To this hotch-potch, however, such as it is—Harley and Liston give the principal support.

English Opera-House.

A new farce, entitled *Jonathan in England*, has been produced this month, at this house. It has been produced in Mr. Peake's pun-manufactory, chiefly for the purpose of giving Mr. Mathews an opportunity, as *Jonathan W. Doubikins*, of raising a laugh at the strange phraseology of our trans-Atlantic brethren. So long as this object was fairly kept in view, the audience were unanimous in their approbation; but Mr. Peake thought proper, on more than one occasion, to make some of his characters introduce matter, which by implication reflected reproach on American ideas of inde-

pendence. This side-wind censure of America, which doubtless was intended, by contrast, as a compliment to England, was received, as such illiberality always should be received, with a strong expression of disgust. It is time that the custom of satirizing every country but our own should be banished from the stage. Mathews, in action, rendered *Jonathan* more amusing than he was in the *monodrame*. He, is landed at Liverpool, where he receives from his friend *Mr. Ledger*, a letter of introduction to *Alderman Grossfeeder*, a member of the corporation of London. *Ledger*, at the same time, favours *Natty Larkspur*, the post-boy at the inn where *Jonathan* stops, with a letter of recommendation to the same Alderman. *Natty's* letter falls into the hands of *Jonathan*, who appears before the *Alderman* as candidate for the situation of postillion; while *Natty*, who has got possession of *Jonathan's* introduction, is received as the young American gentleman. The situation of the parties gives rise to some equivoque; but we think a man of Mr. Peake's experience (of talent we say nothing) might have made this portion of the farce more amusing and effective. Keeley's quiet and unforced humour were advantageously displayed in the trifling character of *Natty Larkspur*. The piece, though it met with some opposition, was on the whole well received. Mathews's humorous acting excited laughter at one moment, and Mr. Peake's bad puns were sure, by their flagrant absurdity, to provoke it in that which followed. "That only will live in the memory," says Dr. Johnson, "which is very good, or execrably bad." If this *dictum* be true, Mr. Peake's productions must live for ever—they are certainly as far removed from excellence as possible. The second piece was a new musical drama, denominated *The Frozen Lake*—a title sufficient of itself to draw a large audience in this broiling weather. It is, we understand, a translation from the French, by Mr. Planche. It is a heavy piece, although it boasts one or two interesting scenes. The first part of it, notwithstanding the efforts of Miss Kelly and Mr. Wrench, was exceedingly tedious. Love, of course, is the main-spring of the action. The *Grand Duke of Suabia* (Mr. Bartley) is anxious to unite his daughter *Louisa* (Miss Noel) to the *Prince de Neubourg* (Mr. Wrench); but the lady, according to the established rule in such cases, has chosen a partner more suited to her inclinations, in the person of *Count de Linsberg* (Mr. Pearman)—a youth of doubtful origin, but who has been patronized and ennobled by the *Grand Duke*. The *Prince de Neubourg* is an excellent soldier, but a very indifferent wooer; and to learn the gentle art of making love, he has placed himself under the tutelage of the *Baroness de Rosefeld* (Miss Kelly). *De Linsberg* is led to believe that the assiduities of *De Neubourg* are agreeable to the *Princess Louisa*, whom he had privately married; and stung with jealousy, he so behaves himself in the presence of the Grand Duke, as to call forth a decree of banishment, which is, however, annulled at the request of *De Neubourg*. The latter, who finds himself utterly unequal to the composition of a love epistle, entreats *De Linsberg*, as a return for the service he had rendered him, to write a few lines, which he would transmit to the Princess, as if written by himself. *De Linsberg* obeys the request, and writes a note requesting an interview with the Princess in her own apartments—the dropping her *bouquet* to be considered the signal of consent. To the inexpressible joy of *De Linsberg*, and to the equal delight of *De Neubourg* (the former not supposing that the latter had perused the note), the Lady lets fall her *bouquet*. Now comes the interest of the piece. *De Linsberg* enters the chamber of the Princess by a window which overlooks the frozen lake; *De Neubourg*, to whom the key has been given in mistake, enters at the door. *De Linsberg* and his lady retire, and a very agreeable *tête-à-tête* takes place between the *Baroness de Rosefeld* and *De Neubourg*, who is with difficulty ejected from the apartment. It is now time for *De Linsberg* to retreat; but alas, he perceives, that during his interview, the snow has fallen heavily on the frozen lake, and he knows that the track of a man's foot from the apartment of the *Princess*, if perceived, must lead to the most unfortunate consequences. In this dilemma, the *Princess* and her friend the *Baroness*

[illegible] is nothing, and [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

judgement, called up the latent, but then unsuspected, powers of her mind, which will lead them on to higher and higher efforts in some other tragic piece. When we say tragic, we must confess that if we were asked whether she is best calculated to excel in tragic or comic representation, we should pause to make a reply. She seems to have a versatility of power, a pliancy of genius, or in other words, that quick susceptibility of impression, whether the agency acting upon her be of a tragic or comic character, that will enable her to excel in depicting human life, and human manners, in all its shades and modifications; whether it assume itself in the light robes of joy and exultation, or puts on the mournful vesture of pensive melancholy or frantic despair.

In making these observations we are fully supported by the heroine in Juliet on the opening of the theatre. Perhaps the best evidence of her powers in the representation of this character is the unbounded and unqualified applause of the audience. Her style of acting is greatly improved, from having overcome that nervous and tremulous sensibility which is the inseparable attendant of genius, and which time and experience can alone correct.

Mr. Charles Kemble has also evidently improved in the character of Romeo. He is a much more natural and impassioned lover than he was last season. We suppose he has been consulting Ovid on the softer affections of our nature, for we cannot attribute his improvement to increase of years.

VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

Last month we announced some important changes in the French ministry, the object of these changes has since become more apparent. It was predicted, in the spring of the present year, by the physicians of Louis XVIII. that should the summer prove hot, his Majesty would, in all probability, be carried off. It was therefore deemed expedient, and the determination ought to be regarded as a masterpiece of policy on the part of M. de Villele, to effect such changes then, as might be essentially necessary on the commencement of a new reign. This was a measure which could in no wise prove injurious to the reigning monarch, and could not fail of rendering an important service to his successor. Its importance, indeed, will be enhanced in our estimation, if we reflect that many revolutionary projects were known to be in contemplation, and that the most imperative necessity existed for frustrating the aims of the disaffected. Spain, it is evident, was the grand rendezvous of the rebels of the perturbed spirits of all nations; but the result of the war in Spain defeated their efforts: it was found that the French invading army could not be corrupted by the gold of the conspirators; it was found, also, that the sanguine expectations of the French refugees to effect a hostile landing in their native country, were absolutely hopeless, and, consequently every debased mind was in activity, and every means was resorted to, for the organization of new plans, to ensure, if possible, another revolution in France, upon the anticipated death of Louis XVIII. If we mistake not, however, the last hopes of the disaffected have been crushed by the foresight and decision of M. de Villele.

The predictions of the medical men, respecting the fate of the King, have been verified. His Majesty's health continued to decline; notwithstanding the censorship of the press, which was resorted to for the purpose of keeping the people in a state of ignorance and doubt, reports were from time to time circulated, of the rapidly approaching dissolution of the sovereign, and yet, by dint of art and management, it was contrived that the royal sufferer should appear in the possession of comparative health. As recently as the 7th of September, although he was then in a dying state, and strapped in his wheeled chair to prevent his falling forward, he was made to hold his regular levee, at which all the foreign ambassadors duly attended. On Sunday, the 12th, though in a state of great suffering, he was present at the family breakfast; and, on Monday morning, he received the holy viaticum and the extreme unction with perfect presence of mind, and gave his benediction, "Adieu, my children, may God be

with gout" to the respective members of the Royal Family. On Tuesday, however, his Majesty was plunged into a deeper lethargy than ever; the symptoms of approaching departure continued to increase, and, at four o'clock on the morning of Thursday, the 6th of September, he expired.

Of Louis the XVIII., whatever may be thought of his political character, it may be truly said, that he met his fate with the firmness of a man, and the resignation of a Christian. On his death his successor, Charles X. (late the Count d'Artois) immediately set out for St. Cloud, with the Dauphin, the Dauphiness, and the Duchess de Berri. The new sovereign is a man of eminently amiable manners, of an active disposition, possessing great decision of character, and in the full enjoyment of health and spirits. Since his accession to the crown, he has granted the title of Royal Highness to the Duke of Orleans and the Duke of Bourbon. As a precautionary measure, Paris was nearly filled with troops on the approach of Louis the XVIIIth's death; but not the slightest commotion or insurrectionary spirit was evinced; every thing remains perfectly tranquil, and not the least danger is apprehended.

It is not so in Spain. There, the revolutionary spirit is far from being extinct; nor, indeed, can we reasonably expect it to be otherwise, until some decisive measures be adopted for improving the state of the government, and for meliorating that of the people. At day-break, in the morning of August 3, a party of about two hundred Constitutionalists, under the command of Colonel Valdes, having previously effected a landing in the vicinity of the Bay of Algesiras, possessed themselves of the town and island of Tarifa, by surprising the garrison as it opened the gates. They shut themselves up within the walls of the town, and held possession for more than a fortnight. On the fifth of the month, some columns of French and Spanish troops having arrived, the town was blockaded by land, and soon afterwards by sea; and, on the 19th, the heavy artillery of the besiegers effected a breach in the walls, and the town was carried by assault. The island itself was taken possession of on the following morning, when Valdes, another of the officers of the Constitutionalists named Gonzales, and 200 privates, were made prisoners. The importance of this achievement, in the eye of the Spanish Government, is shewn by the extraordinary honours and rewards which Ferdinand the VIIth. has showered upon the French officers who were concerned in the attack.

Previous to the recapture of Tarifa, Ferdinand the VIIth. with his family, had retired from Madrid to the Chateau of St. Ildefonso, and great alarm prevailed in the capital. Agreeably to a Convention dated Feb. 9, 1824, 45,000 French troops were to remain in Spain till the 1st of July following, and to garrison sixteen specified towns. A second Convention prolongs the term of French occupation from July 1, 1824, to January 1, 1825; two additional fortresses during that period to be garrisoned by the foreign force. This arrangement has been made, "because his catholic Majesty conceived, that, in order to have time to complete the organization of his army, a prolongation of the residence of the French troops would be useful."

The accounts from South America are confused and contradictory; excepting, however, the seizure and execution of Iturbide, the ex-Emperor of Mexico, who, it will be recollected, left this country a short time since in the supposed expectation of re-ascending his abdicated throne, very little of importance seems to have occurred in that part of the world. Iturbide when he left Mexico, was to receive a stipulated pension on condition of his residing in Italy. Political interference compelled him to quit that country; his pension was consequently stopped, and his alledged object, in proceeding thence to Mexico, was to endeavour, by explanation or negociation, to recover his pension. His real object is thought to have been different; and his enemies assert that he was one of the tools of the Holy Alliance. It appears that, on the 15th or 16th of July, he landed at Soto la Marina, about 400 miles north of the city of Mexico, where he was favourably received and entrapped into a state of perfect security. The commandant of Soto la Marina, however, caused him to be arrested and conveyed to Padilla, where, on the evening of the 19th, he was shot

in the public square by a file of soldiers. The only formality observed was the reading to him a decree of Congress of the 28th of April, which declared him an outlaw, and sentenced him to death if he should ever be found within the bounds of the Mexican territory. In all probability he was not previously aware of the existence of such a decree. In this country, the supposition is, that he was invited to Mexico by certain individuals, and that by those very individuals he was on his arrival betrayed. On the 27th of July, a resolution was passed by the Mexican Congress, for settling a pension of 800 dollars upon his widow, with reversion to his sons. Iturbide was considered to be a man of great military talent. His death was followed by illuminations, and other public rejoicings, in all the principal towns of the Mexican republic.

The reports which have been circulated of the intended return of Lord Cochrane to this country, appear to have been mere idle fabrications. As recently as the 2nd of August, his Lordship sailed from Rio de Janeiro for Pernambuco, with a considerable naval force, accompanied by transports having two thousand troops on board, to reinforce the Imperialists. After landing the troops, his Lordship was to join, and take the command of the blockading squadron at Pernambuco. On the day that Lord Cochrane's expedition sailed, the Empress of Brazil gave birth to a daughter.

Turning from Brazil to Greece, we find that the Ipsariots have taken signal vengeance upon the Turks for the dreadful loss which they had sustained. Such of the Ipsariots as escaped previously to the explosion, in which the remaining natives and the Turks were devoted to one common destruction, they obtained a reinforcement of Hydriots and Spezziots, and returned to Ipsara with sixty-five ships. They landed on a point of the island of which the Greeks had retained possession; by capturing about seventy of their gun-boats, they deprived the Turks of all means of escape, and then they put to the sword all who had not perished in the explosion. The loss of the Turks is variously stated, at from 4000 to 10,000. Scio is said to have been re-conquered; and there are reports of several other important victories and advantages having been obtained by the Greeks.

Looking at home, almost every thing wears a pleasing and a promising aspect. The harvest, throughout the country, is one of the most productive ever known, and the crops are of the finest quality. An expectation is entertained, that Parliament will meet for the dispatch of business early in November, and that it will be dissolved in the spring—probably in March. Ministers could not fix upon a more favourable time for the renewal of the great Council of the Nation; peace and plenty prevail; trade and commerce are flourishing in an almost unprecedented degree; disaffection is in consequence extinct; and, in the proposition of new members, no serious or successful opposition can be contemplated. The present parliament was elected in the month of April, 1820.

The London Gazette of September 11th, announces several new embassies: Sir. W. A'Court to be Ambassador Extraordinary to His Most Faithful Majesty; the Right Hon. W. N. Hill to be Envoy to Naples; the Right Hon. A. J. Foster to be Envoy to Sardinia; H. W. W. Wynn to be Envoy to Denmark; and Lord Erskine to be Envoy to Wurtemberg. In Ireland, the Orange party speak loudly of plots and conspiracies, and insurrectionary movements. The arrival of winter will soon show how far such rumours may be founded in truth. Early in the month, Mr. Canning left London for Dublin, on a visit to the Marquis Wellesley. In the course of his journey, and also at Dublin, the Right Hon. Secretary chose to be received only in his private capacity.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

We are happy to understand that Dr. Geo. Blattermann has been called to fill the chair of Professor of Modern Languages, in the University of Virginia. Dr. Blattermann will be an invaluable acquisition to this infant establishment. To a knowledge of the French, Spanish, Italian, German, and English languages, he unites what, to the University of Virginia, must be of incalculable advan-

tage, an intimate acquaintance with European Literature. To the arts and sciences, the philosophy and metaphysics, of this little portion of the globe, he has also devoted a great part of his attention, and though we may have some partial cause to regret this transfer of his talents and acquirements to Columbia, we are selfish enough not to rejoice that he has been added to the chosen few, through whose operations American Literature may hereafter vie with that of Europe itself, at present the undoubted Athens of the world. We suspect he owes this appointment to his friend Mr. Jefferson, under whose auspices this University has been principally organized.

In the press, and speedily will be published, with embellishments, in one vol., large 8vo. St. Baldred of the Bass, a Pictish Legend; the Siege of Berwick, a Tragedy; with other Poems and Ballads, descriptive of East Lothian and Berwickshire, by James Miller.

In the press, and speedily will be published, in 1 vol. 8vo., Greece in 1823 to 1824. Being a series of letters and other documents on the Greek Revolution; written during a visit to that country, by the Hon. Col. Leicester Stanhope. The work will be accompanied with several curious fac-similes, and a coloured portrait of Mustapha Ali.

Just published, a Sermon on the Death of Lord Byron, by a Layman, 1s.; Watson's (R.) Missionary Sermon, 1s.; Harding's (W.) Short-Hand improved, 3s.

Just published, price 3s. boards, Christ's Victory and Triumph in Heaven and Earth, over and after Death. By Giles Fletcher. With an original Biographical Sketch of the Author. Accurately and handsomely printed from the edition of 1610.

The first volume of the Register of Arts and Sciences, Improvements and Discoveries. Price 6s. 6d. in boards.

On the 1st Oct. will be published, price 1s., Old Heads upon Young Shoulders, a Dramatic Sketch, in one Act. By Thomas Wilson, Teacher of Dancing, Author of "Danciad," &c.

Just published, Exercises on the Globes and Maps; interspersed with some Historical, Biographical, Chronological, Mythological, and Miscellaneous Information on a new plan. To which are added, Questions for Examination designed for the Use of Young Ladies. By the late William Butler. 10th Edition. With an Appendix, by which the Stars may easily be known. By Thomas Bourn, Teacher of Writing, Arithmetic, and Geography. 12mo. 6s. boards.

Italian Classic Poetry.—Parnaso Maggiori Italiani Illustrati da Ugo Foscolo. The Illustrations of this edition are intended, first, to establish the authentic version of the ancient Italian poets; next, to present an estimate of their genius and of their works; and lastly, to exhibit, with their biography, a historical view of the times in which they flourished.

The Collection will be comprised in twenty volumes, and will contain the following Authors, viz.:

La Commedia di Dante, 4 tomi; Le Rime del Petrarca, 2 tomi; L'Orlando Innamorato del Bojardo, Rifatto dall Berni, 5 tomi; L'Orlando Furioso dell' Ariosto, 6 tomi; La Gerusalemme Liberata del Tasso, 3 tomi.

Subscribers' names received by the publisher, W. Pickering, 57, Chancery Lane, London; also by various booksellers on the Continent.

In the press, and will be published, on the first day of January, 1825, dedicated to his most gracious Majesty, as the Patron of the Institution, promoting the Fine Arts in Manchester; to Benjamin Arthur Heywood, Esq. as its most provident Donor; and to the liberal and enlightened body of Governors, as contributors to the advancement of this establishment. Part I. of a New Work, to be entitled The Connoisseur's Emporium; or, a Universal Historical Record of Artists, and of their works, as relates to Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, and Engraving, from the revival of the Fine Arts in the Twelfth Century, to the present epoch. By Thomas Dodd.

In the press, James Forbes, A Tale, founded on facts.

Prayers founded on the Liturgy of the Church of England.

The Confessions of a Gamester.

Mr. W. T. Brande has in the press, A Manual of Pharmacy, in one vol. 8vo.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

CORN-EXCHANGE, Mark-lane, London, Close of the Market, Sept. 27.

THE supply of WHEAT and FLOUR in the course of last week was tolerably good; the trade on Friday closed at rather better prices than on the previous Monday.

This morning the show of Land Samples was very fair, and our meal-men continuing to purchase of fine Old and New, such readily obtained an advance of 2s. per quarter from this day se'nnight.

FLOUR continues the same in value, but sells more freely.

The quantity of OATS of our own growth continues very small, we have, however, received an immense supply of Foreign, chiefly Irish Oats, many of

them out of condition; fine fresh heavy Corn nearly supports the terms of last week; but other descriptions have experienced a reduction of 1s. to 2s. per quarter from the terms of last Monday, at which some extensive sales have been made.

We had several parcels of NEW BARLEY at market, the quality of which was very indifferent; a few samples very fine sold as high as 46s. per quarter; but the general run did not exceed 43s. per quarter.

MALT has risen in value full 3s. to 4s. per quarter, and is in good demand.

WHITE PEAS continue in request, and fully support the terms of our currency. GRAY are 2s. per quarter.

OLD BEANS are dearer 1s. to 2s. per quarter, from last Monday. Other articles are nearly the same.

FRIDAY, Sept. 24.

COTTON.—The purchases of Cotton by private contract since our last report are too inconsiderable to enumerate; the trade was anxiously waiting the event of this day's East India House sale. It consisted of 16,500 bags, of which only about 100 bags were disposed of. Surats, of 13,000 bags, about 600 sold 6¼d. a 6¾d. Bengals, 200 bags, were scratched at 5d. which previously in the market were worth 5¼d. 500 of better quality were bought in at 5¼d. a 5¾d. a few at 6d. 250 Bourbons, common to fair, sold 8d. a 11d.

The sale was uncommonly ill attended, and there appeared no disposition whatever to purchase; the Bengals may be stated ¼d. Surats ⅜d. a ½d. per lb. lower than the previous currency; and such is the alarm in the market, that at two public sales, afterwards brought forward, of Egyptian, Demerara, and Carriacon, there were no offers whatever made.

SUGAR.—The demand for Muscovades has been very limited this week; the public sale of St. Lucia descriptions on Tuesday damped the market, and the low brown descriptions may be quoted at a reduction of 1s. per cwt.; the better qualities cannot be quoted lower, but there is a great heaviness, and sales are with difficulty effected at the previous currency. The request for Foreign Sugars continues general and extensive; 28s. is readily realized for good yellow Havannah; notwithstanding the quantity of Mauritius Sugar lately brought forward, about 40,000 bags, the prices are higher, 2d. and 1s. per cwt. premium is demanded on the late public sale prices.

COFFEE.—The public sales of Coffee this week have gone off rather heavily, except for the middling and finer descriptions, which fully support the previous currency; the ordinary qualities of British Plantation Coffee have sold a shade lower; Foreign descriptions are 1s. and 1s. 6d. lower; St. Domingo 59s. 6d. and 62s; good ordinary sold 60s. 6d. and 61s.

SPICES.—There continues to be some request for Nutmegs at 2s. 11d. and 3s. 1d.; Pimento of good quality still realizes 8¼d; in Black Pepper there is little alteration; White Pepper has advanced 1s. per lb., owing to the loss of a vessel with a large quantity on board, and the East India Company having none in the warehouses.

SILK.—The Silk Trade continues very brisk; Bengals and Chinas at the advance of 1s. to 1s. 6d. per lb. on the late India House sale prices, and the request extensive at the improvement.

RUM, BRANDY, AND HOLLANDS.—The Spirit Market remains in a very depressed state. The prices of Brandy are 4d. to 6d. per gallon higher than in London; the market here is, however, evidently improving; early in the week Brandies were more firm, without being higher, but within the last few days an advance of fully 1d. per gallon has been realized; several purchases of Brandy housed have been reported at 2s. 7d.; the quotation now is 2s. 7d. a 2s. 8d.

TALLOW.—The Tallow Market early in the week rather revived; it is again heavy; Tallow of 1823 may be quoted to-day at 34s. 6d.; of 1824, at 34s. 9d.

LIST OF PATENTS.

To John Vallance, of Brighton, in the County of Sussex, Esq. for his invention of an improved method or methods of abstracting or carrying off the caloric of fluidity from any congealing water (or it may be other liquors); also an improved method or methods of producing intense cold; also a method or methods of applying this invention so as to make it available to purposes with reference to which, temperatures above or below the freezing point may be rendered productive of advantageous effects, whether medical, chemical, or mechanical.—28th August.—6 months.

To James Nicell, of High Street, Southwark, in the County of Surry, Engineer, and William Busby of Broad Street, in the city of London, Esq. for their invention of certain improvements, in propelling ships, boats, or other vessels or floating bodies.—6th September.—6 months.

LIST OF BANKRUPTS AND DIVIDENDS,

From SATURDAY, AUG. 28, 1824, to TUESDAY, SEPT. 21, 1824.

Extracted from the London Gazette.

N.B. All the Meetings are at the *Court of Commissioners, Basinghall-street*, unless otherwise expressed. The Attornies' Names are in Parentheses.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Griffith, W. Beaumaris, Anglesea, currier.
Richards, J. Dursley, Gloucestershire, clothier.
Travis, W. Audenshaw, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancashire, hatter.

BANKRUPTS.

Barron, L. Strutton-ground, Westminster, linen-draper. (Bromley, Copthall-court.

Bartlett, A. and R., Bristol, ship-builders. (Clarke, Richards, and Medcalfe, Chancery-lane.

Barker, W. Oxford-street, ironmonger. (Allen, Gylby and Allen, Carlisle-street, Soho

Cato, W., Little, W., and Irving, W., Newcastle-upon-Tyne, drapers. (Dunn, Prince's street, Bank-buildings.

Cooke, J. Barnstaple, Devonshire, linen-draper. (Jenkins and Abbott, New-inn.

Davies, G. Haverfordwest, shop-keeper. (Slade and Jones, John-street, Bedford-row.

Davison, J. St. George's Circus, St. George's-fields, linen-draper. (Green and Ashurst, Sambrook-court, Basinghall-street.

Ellison, J. Keighley, Yorkshire, cotton-spinner. (Hurd and Johnson, Temple.

Foster, J. Abchurch-lane, merchant. (May and Boxer, Furnival's-inn, Holborn.

Grist, J. Midhurst, Sussex, bricklayer. (Palmer, France and Palmer, Bedford-row.

Houlden, R. High-road, Kensington, coal-merchant. (Beckett, Salisbury-square, Fleet-street.

Humble, S. Newcastle upon-Tyne, stationer. (Grace and Stedman, Birchin-lane.

Hirst, G. Manchester, clothier. (Coote, Austinfriars.

Harvey, H. S. Oxford-street, hosier. (Wrentmore and Gee, Charles-street, St. James's-square.

Hewett, J. Mitcham, butcher. (Newcomb, Poplar-row, Newington-causeway.

Hatfield, W. and Morton, J. Sheffield, cutlers. (Blakelock, Serjeant's-inn.

Hyde, N. Nassau-street, Soho, jeweller.—(Cocknyne and Towne, Lyon's-inn.

Hazard, D. Hackney, merchant. (Tottie, Richardson and Gaunt, Poultry.

Hopkins, G. and J., St. Phillip and Jacob, Gloucestershire, timber-merchants. (Poole, Greenfield and Gamlin, Gray's-inn.

Ilsley, J. Wyfold Court Farm, Henley-upon-Thames, Oxford, farmer. (Eyre and Coverdale, Gray's-inn-square.

Johnson, R. Burslem, Staffordshire, manufacturer of earthenware. (Barbor, Fetter-lane.

Jones, W. Ratcliff-highway, grocer. (Cooke and Wright, Lincoln's-inn-fields.

Jackson, L. Gerrard-street, Soho, picture-dealer. (Pinero and Lewis, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square.

Jacobs, T. Cley, Gloucestershire, clothier. (Fisher, Bucklersbury.

Jarvis, W. G. Penton-place, Newington, Surrey, coal-merchant. (Grace and Stedman, Birchin-lane.

Liddard, W. Charlotte-row, Bermondsey, coal-merchant. (Scott and Son, St. Mildred's court.

Loud, T. Dover, corn-dealer. (Abbott and Barnes, Peck's-buildings, Temple.

Lees, J. Nathbank, Bury, Lancashire, cotton-spinner. (Hurd and Johnson, King's Bench-walk, Temple.

Lewis, T. C. and Bevan, C., High Holborn, Middlesex, linen-drapers. (Sweet, Stone and Carr, Basinghall-street.

Morris, J. jun. Stingo-lane, St. Mary-le-bone, stage-master. (Coleman, Tyssen-street, Spa-fields.

Mayson, J. Keswick, Cumberland, shoreman. (Fisher, Warnford-court, Throgmorton-street.

Marsh, W., Stracey, J. H., and Graham, G. T. Berners-street, bankers. (Gordon, Old Broad-street.

M'Cormick, J. Jubilee-place, Commercial-road, victualler. (Benton, Union-street, Southwark.

Mardall, W. Water-lane, Tower-street, brandy-merchant. (Paterson and Pell, Old Broad-street.

Mayell, W. Exeter, jeweller. (Darke and Michael, Red Lion-square.

Nicholls, R. Ruthin, Denbighshire, apothecary. (Jones, Pump-court, Temple.

Peel, J. Rochdale, Lancashire, shoe-dealer. (Hurd and Johnson, Temple.

Poor, J. Bristol, victualler. (Jeves, Chancery-lane.

Perks, J. Monkton-Combe, Somersetshire, common-brewer. (Bridges and Quilter, Red Lion-square.

Richards, J. Manchester, cooper. (Adlington, Gregory and Faulkner, Bedford-row.

Rickards, J. Dursley, Gloucestershire, cloth-manufacturer. (Hurd and Johnson, King's Bench-walk, Temple.

Roughton, L. Noble-street, Foster-lane, wholesale druggist. (Vandercom and Comyn, Bush-lane, Cannon-street.

Sheppard, E. M. Hornsey, tavern-keeper. (Glynes, Burr-street, East Smithfield.

Stott, S. and J. Road-lane, Spotland, Rochdale, Lancashire, woollen-manufacturers. (Clayton, New-inn.

Sanderson, J. Birmingham, victualler. (Battye, Chancery-lane.

Simmons, A. Strand, tailor. (Knight and Tyson, Basinghall-street.

Smith, J. R. North Audley-street, Grosvenor-square, upholsterer. (Rhodes, Spur-street, Leicester-square.

Scrivenor, H. sen., Scrivenor, H. jun., and Wilson, J. Kentish-buildings, Southwark, hop-factors. (Wase and Young, Blackman-street, Borough.

Want, G. S. Skinner-street, London, cabinet-maker. (Rowlands, Suffolk-place, Pall-mall, East.

Woodlett, J. Southwark, tavern-keeper. (Young and Gilbert, Mark-lane.

Whitlow, J. Liverpool, linen-draper. (Blackstock and Bunce, Temple.

Wren, J. Great Pitchfield-street, Portland-place, carpenter. (Saunders and Bailey, Hatton-street, Hampstead-road.

Wooding, M. [illegible], Mile-end, Middlesex. (Argill, Whitechapel-road.

DIVIDENDS.

Appleton, R. T. Scarborough, Yorkshire, plumber, October 25.
Almore, W. Wood-street, merchant, Oct. 30.
Asherton, J. Lancaster, saddler, October 18.
Ablett, Isaac, Bucklersbury, fustian and velveteen manufacturer, October 9.
Bishop, J. Warwick, grocer, October 4.
Byers, J. Blackburn, Lancashire, chapman, October 2.
Blackburn, — W. Horne, and S. Stackhouse, Liverpool, merchants, October 1.
Beer, W. Plymouth Dock, Devonshire, ironmonger, October 2.
Buchanan, D. and R. Benn, Liverpool, merchants, October 13.
Brown, W. and A. Walter, Bristol, merchants, October 6.
Blunt, E. Cornhill, optician, September 11.
Carden, W. Bristol, merchant, September 23.
Chartres, G. Seymour-street, Euston-square, confectioner, October 5.
Clarke, H. Rio Janeiro, merchant, October 15.
Dodd, W. Liverpool, paper-hanging-manufacturer, November 6.
Driver, J. and M. Bristol, cabinet-makers, October 4.
Dixon, J. Ivy Bridge, Devonshire, merchant, October 1.
Dudley, C. S. Gracechurch-street, merchant, November 20.
Deavill, R. Manchester, wholesale grocer, October 13.
Davies, L. Liverpool, timber-merchant, Oct. 8.
Ellis, W. Liverpool, draper, October 13.
Ford, W. Black Prince-row, Walworth-road, linen-draper, September 4.
Fombay, J. Liverpool, merchant, Oct. 13.
Field, T. and John Du Vivier, of Kingston-upon-Hull, merchants, October 12.
Greenway, J. Plymouth Dock, brewer, Sept. 30.
Green, R. Selby, Yorkshire, banker, Oct. 15.
Hewitt, T. Carlisle, iron-founder, Sept. 27.
Haughton, T. Liverpool, merchant, Oct. 6.
Hill, R. Stafford, silversmith, Oct. 6.
Henry, J. Sol's-row, Hampstead-road, rectifier, October 18.
Hill, T. West Smithfield, grocer, Oct. 5.
Humble, M. Liverpool, merchant, Oct. 6.
Jones, J. Brecon, maltster, October 7.
Kerby, O. T. Finch-lane, Cornhill, stock-broker, September 4.
Longworth, J. Liverpool, joiner and builder, October 11.
Woddy, W. Leeds, linen-draper, Sept. 27.
Metcalfe, J. and J. Joyes, Upper East Smithfield, oilmen, Nov. 13.
Messenger, C. Oxford, cabinet-maker, Oct. 5.
Moline, S. Billiter-lane, merchant, Oct. 30.
Maxfield, T. Salisbury, linen-draper, Oct. 2.
Nunseley, S. Cransley, Northamptonshire, beast-jobber, September 23.
Peacopp, T. and M. Wilkinson, Liverpool, merchants, October 16.
Prichard, R. Regent-circus, dressing-case-manufacturer, September 18.
Randall, R. Truro, draper, Cornwall, Sep. 25.
Reed, T. and J. Middlemas, Newcastle upon-Tyne, merchants, September 18.
Richards, J. Exeter, cabinet-maker, Oct. 17.
Shannon, W. Whitehaven, Cumberland, draper, Sept. 22.
Sanderson, W. W. Nicholas-lane, Lombard-street, insurance-broker, September 28.
Smith, J. Bristol, stationer, October 12.
Sanderson, W. Cork-street, Burlington-gardens, tailor, November 9.
Seaton, J., J. Brook, J. F. and R. Seaton, Huddersfield, bankers, November 1.
Spear, J. late of Sheffield, saw and file manufacturer, October 7.
Smith, J. Rugby, Warwickshire, corn-merchant, September 20.
Todd, R. Liverpool, merchant, October 15.
Thompson J. and W. Walker, Wolverhampton, drapers, October 30.
Thick, C. late of Shaftesbury, Dorsetshire, maltster, October 7.
Tozer, J. Bristol, woollen-draper, Oct. 5.
Tennent, J. Liverpool, merchant, Sept. 26.
Wilks, J. sen. Westhouse, Yorkshire, flax-spinner, November 13.
West, Ann, Huntingdonshire, grocer, Oct. 6.
Willis, J. sen. Burley, Yorkshire, flax-spinner, November 13.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Sept. 3. Mrs. Henry Wakefield, of a daughter.
4. The lady of George Sandeman, Esq. of a daughter.
5. The lady of James Thompson, Esq. of a daughter.
7. The lady of Mr. Williams, Red Lion-square, of a son.
9. Mrs. G. Hamilton, of a daughter.
11. Mrs. George Helder, Euston-square, of a daughter.
14. Mrs. T. M. Alsagar, Mecklenburgh-square, of a daughter.
15. Mrs. Williamson, of a son.
18. Mrs. Law, of Ely-place, of a daughter.
19. The lady of J. Lucas, Esq. of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Sept. 4. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Wm. Adair Carter, Esq. to Elizabeth Hyde.
6. Sir Peter Read, to Agnes, eldest daughter of Richard Clogg, Esq.
7. Peter Johnson, Esq. to Mary, eldest daughter of Wm. Congreve, Esq.
9. James W. Cooper, Esq. to Harriet Angelica Evans.
11. John Mitchell, Esq. of F. to Miss, eldest daughter of John Elliot, Esq.
12. Charles Cusack, Esq. to Mary, youngest daughter of Henry Phillips, Esq.
13. James Smith, Esq. to Beatrice, eldest daughter of John Finch, Esq.
14. Patrick Walsh, Esq. to Miss Frances Burns.
15. John Evans, Esq. to Mary Anne, youngest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Gelbert.
18. Mr. Roberts, John-street, to Miss Lewis.

DEATHS.

Sept. 3. Mrs. Susanna Morrice.
5. William Wiltshire, Esq. in the 70th year of his age.
7. James Grandson, Esq. of Camera-street, Chelsea.
13. Sarah, wife of the Rev. S. Blackburn, of Leonard-house, Academy.
15. Mary Ann, wife of Thos. Ryan, Esq. of Portland-place.
16. William Brunswick, Esq.
17. Maria Lewes, aged 65 years.
— Henry Power, Esq. of Duke-street, St. James's.
18. John Lynch, Esq. aged 82.
— Mrs. Mary Bush, widow of the late John Bush, Esq.
— The Rev. William Bandy, Cranbern,

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS, from the 25th of August to the 25th September, 1824.

Days.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. C. Red.	3 Pr. C. Cons.	3½ Pr. C. Cons.	4 Pr. C. Cons.	N4Pr.C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Bds.	Ex. Bills.	Consols for acct.
25	236¼ 6	94⅜ ⅛	93⅝ ¼	101¾ ⅜	101⅛	101⅜ ¼	23 3-16¼	286¾	87 88p	37 42p	93⅝
26	236½ ¼	94⅜ ⅛	93⅝ ⅜	101⅞	101¼ ⅛	101½ ¼	23⅛ 3-16		88 87p	37 43p	94 5
27	236½ 6	93½ ¼ 4	93⅝ ⅜	101⅞ ⅛	101⅛ ⅛	101⅛ ⅜	23⅛	286½	88 89p	41 44p	93⅝
28	236	94⅛ ⅛	93⅝ ⅜	101⅞		101⅛ ⅜	23 3-16	286¼	88 90p	42 41p	93⅝
30	235¼ 6	93⅝ ⅜	93⅝ ⅜		101¼ ⅛	101⅛ ⅜	23⅛		90 89p	41 45p	93⅝ 4
31	235¼ 6	94⅛ ⅜ ⅛	93⅞ ⅜		101⅜ ⅛	101⅛ ⅜	23⅛		88 90p	39 45p	94 3
1	235⅞ 5	94⅜ ½	93⅞ ⅜	101¾	101⅜ ⅛	101⅜ ½	23⅛ 3-16		87p	41 45p	93⅝ 4
2	Holliday										
3	235,4⅞ 5	94⅛ ⅛	93⅞ ⅛		101¾ ¼	101¾ 2	23⅛ 3-16	287		45 39p	94
4		93⅝ 2⅞	93⅝ ⅜	102					84 86p	39 45p	94
6			93⅝ ⅜	102 1⅛					86p	39 44p	94
7			93⅝ 4	102⅛					86 87p	40 44p	94⅛
8			94⅛ 3⅞	102				286¾ 7	86 88p	41 45p	94⅛
9			93⅝ 4						87p	44 49p	94⅛
10			94 3⅞	102				286¾ 7½		46 49p	94⅛
11			94⅛ 4						87p	45 49p	94⅛
13			93⅞ 4					287⅛	88 86p	44 45p	94⅛
14			94 3⅞					287½	86p	43 47p	94⅛
15			93⅞ 4⅛						84 85p	42 46p	94
16			94⅛					287½ 7⅛	86 84p	42 45p	94⅛
17			94⅛ 6						84p	42 47p	94⅛
18			94⅜ 6						84p	44 45p	94⅛ 5
20			94⅝ 5⅛						84p	44 48p	94⅛ 5
21			95 4½					289	85 83p	43 46p	95⅛ 4
22			94⅝ 7						83 84p	43 46p	95 4
23			94⅞ 6					288,7⅛	84p	44 47p	94⅛ 5
24			94⅞ 6						84p	44 47p	94⅛ 5
25			95⅛ 4⅜						83 85p	48 45p	95 4

All Exchequer Bills dated prior to July, 1823, have been advertised to be paid off.
JAMES WETENHALL, 15, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

From the 20th of August, to the 19th of Sept., 1824.

By Messrs. Harris and Co. Mathematical Instrument Makers, 50, High Holborn.

August	Moon.	Rain Guage.	Therm. 9 A.M.	Therm. Max.	Therm. Min.	Barom. 9 A.M.	Barom. 10 P.M.	De Luc's Hygrm. 9 A.M.	De Luc's Hygrm. 10 P.M.	Winds. 9 A.M.	Winds. 10 P.M.	Atmo. Variations. 9 A.M.	Atmo. Variations. 2 P.M.	Atmo. Variations. 10 P.M.
20		226	60	65	56	29 78	29 80	77	78	W	W	Overc.	Clou	Clou.
21			60	65	52	29 74	29 80	80	78	W	NW	Rain	Rain	
22		56	55	65	50	30 00	30 07	78	80	NE	N			Fine
23			56	68	51	30 07	30 10	80	78	N	NE	Fine	Fine	
24	●		51	65	50	30 15	30 15	79	82	NE	N	Overc.		
25			57	70	58	30 22	30 25	80	78	E	ESE	Fine		
26			63	67	52	30 30	30 27	75	78	NE	E	Fair		
27			65	67	56	30 25	30 12	75	75	ENE	NE	Fine		
28			64	79	56	30 00	29 90	75	80	ENE	E			
29			54	78	55	29 87	29 87	80	76	E	SW			
30			60	76	58	29 87	29 83	84	80	SW	NNE	Fogy.		
31	D		59	72	59	29 87	29 92	85	80	NE	NNE	Overc		
1		282	66	81	60	29 98	30 00	80	77	E	SSW	Fine		
2			69	83	56	30 00	29 99	79	78	ESE	NE			
3			70	78	65	29 98	29 86	70	76	ESE	WSW	Foggy	Overc.	Clou.
4			67	74	59	29 82	29 80	76	78	W	WSW	Clou.		
5			65	73	57	29 74	29 67	75	70	WSW	SW	Fine	Fine	Fine
6			62	70	57	29 50	29 45	77	77	S	WSW	Clou.	Show.	Clou.
7			63	65	55	29 50	29 44	75	87	SW	WSW			Fine
8	○	145	53	62	50	29 40	29 41	85	82	SW	W	Rain	Fine	Rain
9			55	62	52	29 60	29 70	80	80	W	NNE	Fine	Rain	
10		77	53	64	45	29 74	29 72	80	89	NW	SE	Clou.		
11			60	65	55	29 60	29 73	90	90	SSW	SW	Fine	Show.	Rain
12		70	57	65	52	29 57	29 80	88	83	SW	SW	Rain		Fine
13			59	66	57	30 00	30 05	80	77	WSW	SW	Fine	Fine	
14			62	67	62	30 00	29 97	71	78	S	SS	Clou.		
15			65	79	54	30 01	30 10	80	79	SSW	W	Fine		
16	☾		65	72	59	30 20	30 15	75	80	W	SE			
17			6	71	60	30 12	30 00	90	95	E	SE	Foggy		Misty
18			65	72	58	30 03	29 95	95	90	E	ESE	Misty		Fine
19			60	65	55	29 90	29 80	90	93	W	W	Overc.	Fine	Overc.

The quantity of Rain fallen in the month of

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

OCTOBER, 1824:

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF NOVEMBER.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF CHARLES X., KING OF FRANCE.

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EDITOR'S NOTICE

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Correspondents frequently prevent us from replying to them from their not stating in their letters the title of their articles. They must know, if they ever bestow a thought on the subject, that letters and the articles by which they are accompanied must be separated from each other, and that the editor consequently cannot, after a short lapse of time, know to what particular article any particular letter refers, if the title of the article be not stated. We have, in consequence of this neglect, letters before us, at the present moment, to which we cannot reply until we are made acquainted with the articles to which they refer.

T. M. N. will receive a letter at our publisher's.

In concluding "Ali," last month, several lines were omitted by mistake, which makes a chasm not only in the sense, but in the story also. We intended to insert it this month, but we are very unwillingly obliged to postpone it until our next number.

Mr. Charles Westmacott's defence will appear in our next number. We have shewn it to the gentleman to whom it is directed, and if he should make any observations upon it, they shall appear also. We hope neither of the gentlemen are so embittered against the other as to wish to have the last word. As it is our fixed intention, however, not to become the partizans of any particular school of painting or poetry, we shall give both gentlemen an opportunity of making any further observations on the subject of dispute in the number published on the 1st of January, provided these observations be brief and exclusively confined to the points which they controvert. Indeed we regret that a spirit of acrimony should be excited by a subject that seems of all others most widely removed from the sphere of the human passions.

The review of "Wilhelm Meister," "Low Life," "A Journey to Portsmouth," "The Natural and Medical Dieteticon," and the notice of "The College of Virginia," will appear in our next.

The Sunday Times in its notice of the periodical works of the day, is pleased to inform its readers, or rather to misinform them, that the European Magazine and the New European are twin brothers, but that of the two the New EUROPEAN IS THE BEST. We beg leave to inform the impudent Editor of the Sunday Times that the New European is not the best, for it has had no existence for several months, and to that which does not exist neither the terms better nor worse can be applied. We have extinguished the New European, and we doubt not of serving such dunces as conduct the Sunday Times and papers of a similar character in the same manner. The interests of literature require that such dunces should be expelled from the republic of letters like the drone which consumes the honey which it labours not to produce. When we call him impudent, we mean to say that it is the height of impudence in a writer to affirm that of which he knows nothing—and surely if the Editor of the Sunday Times knew that the New European had been for several months out of existence, he would never venture to assert its superiority over the European. The very circumstance of calling the European and the New European "twin brothers," shews how much the public should be on their guard against the information and criticisms of certain publications.

Charles Philippe

THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND

LONDON REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1824.

MEMOIR OF CHARLES X. KING OF FRANCE.

The duties of a wise and good King are the most ardent of all others, because the more wisdom he possesses, the more clearly does he perceive what measures are conducive, not only to the happiness of his own subjects, but to the general peace of mankind; but he cannot perceive these measures without pursuing them, and endeavouring to realize all the blessings which he thinks they are calculated to impart: to remain inactive and perceive the means of doing good is certainly to forfeit all claims to practical goodness; and as to that theoretical benevolence which rests contented with wishing all men well, without attemping to co-operate in the promotion of universal happiness, it is the mere shadow of virtue. Whether Charles X. possesses the political sagacity of which we speak, it is impossible to determine in the infancy of his reign; but if we credit the French papers, he has never been wanting in that constant adherence to, and protection of, his particular friends in all the vicissitudes of fortune he has experienced, which indicates that kindness and benevolence of heart which, if it do not extend to philanthropy, at least promises all the blessings which may be expected to result from patriotic emotions. But a patriot king is a dangerous one, without political sagacity. His wish to do good without perceiving the means, leads him to do evil, and therefore it would be pretending to the spirit of prophecy to say whether the reign of Charles will be a happy one or not. That he will be more active than his predecessor, we have little doubt, but whether this activity will lead to good or evil, to order or disorder, time alone can unfold. The following sketch of his life we give from the 'Etoile:'—

The king—who is destined to console us under our afflictions—Charles Philip, was born at Versailles on the 9th of October, 1757, when he received the title of the Count d'Artois; he was the youngest son of the then Dauphin, and was remarkable in his early days for the vivacity of his spirit. He had the misfortune to lose, at a very early age, one of the wisest of fathers and the most kind of mothers; and this double loss deprived him of that advice and authority so necessary for calming and directing the ardour of his passions.

His education being finished, he was married on the 16th of November, 1773, to the Princess Maria Theresa of Savoy, who was born on the 31st of January, 1756, and therefore was a little older than himself. This union produced three children—first a daughter, who died in childhood, and also two princes, who received the titles of Dukes d'Angouleme and de Berry. His frankness, the amia-

bility of his manners, the generosity of his character, conciliated every one who had the honour to approach him. It is evident from the correspondence of Madame Elizabeth, which has been published by Count Farraud, what an exalted idea this princess entertained of her brother. She had perceived in his ardent and sensible mind whatever might be expected when a proper opportunity should present itself for developing his brilliant qualities.

In 1777, the Count d'Artois paid a visit to the western ports, and during the American war he repaired to the camp of St. Roche, in order to take a part in the siege of Gibraltar. Long before the period of the revolution, this prince gave his decided opinion against the projects of the factions, who on their part considered him an obstacle to the accomplishment of their views, and who, consequently, made it a point to represent him in the most unfavourable light. The populace were misled by the most absurd rumours, and such was the turbulence of the public mind on the 14th of July, 1789, that Louis XVI. himself advised his brother to retreat for the moment from the impending storm. Count d'Artois then parted with the princes, his sons, and repaired to Turin, where the King of Sardinia, his father-in-law, gave him an asylum. The following year the prince had an interview at Mantua, with the Emperor Leopold. In 1791 he repaired to Worms, with the Prince de Conde and the Marshal de Broglio, who were received at Brussels by the Archduchess Maria Christiana, and at Vienna, by Leopold. His interview at Pilnitz, 27th August, 1791, with the Emperor and the King of Prussia, shewed that those sovereigns had begun to concert measures for stopping the progress of the revolution, and in consequence the Constitutional Assembly, and that which followed it, made several decrees against this prince. His possessions were seized, and the allowance of one million per annum, due to him by the Constitution, was withdrawn. Louis XVI. was only able to give 200,000 francs a year for the support of his two nephews at Turin.

After the death of the king (Louis XVI.), Count d'Artois was appointed by his brother Lieutenant-General of the kingdom. He repaired to St. Petersburgh, where he was very handsomely received by the Empress Catherine; he then joined his brother (Monsieur) at Hamm, and resided successively in different cantonments of Westphalia. Touched by the situation of so many Frenchmen who had lost every thing in adhering to him, the prince (Charles X.) transmitted to Marshal de Broglio, his medals, his diamonds, and even the sword of his son, directing him to dispose of these treasures, and to distribute their produce amongst the poorest of the emigrants. It was not until the end of the year 1794 that the English government assured the prince of a suitable maintenance. The following year the prince was enabled to repair to England. He embarked the 26th of July, 1795, at Cuxhaven, and, after a short stay in England, he sailed from Portsmouth on the 25th of August, on board the *Jason* frigate. He was accompanied by a great number of Royalists, among whom was M. de la Luzerne, Bishop of Nantes. Their squadron was composed of 140 transports. But the disaster of Quiberon had already taken place, and the tragical fate of those emigrants who first landed here was known. Monsieur landed at the Isle of Dieu, where he received deputations from Morbihan. He caused a service to be performed for the Sombreuil and for the other brave men who had perished near Auray. Charrette and Stofflet sent deputations to the prince, and a council was in agitation at Noir Moutier; but the English did not consider it practicable. On the 29th of September the English anchored at the Isle of Dieu with 4,000 troops and 800 Royalists on board, which were afterwards augmented in number. Monsieur landed on the 8th of October, and proposed to Charrette to join him; but a foreign policy did not choose to allow a French prince to place himself at the head of Vendée. The Isle of Dieu was in consequence evacuated in a very short time, and Monsieur was carried back to England.

Here the ancient palace of the kings of Scotland, called Holyrood House, was assigned for his residence, and it was in this asylum that the prince passed some years, together with a few Frenchmen who were devoted to him. M. de Conzié, Bishop of Arras, and the Baron de Flachslanden, ex-

joyed the greatest share of his confidence. In 1799 Monsieur went to London, where he received communications from the Royalists of Britany; he did not return to Edinburgh till after the signing of preliminaries of the treaty of Amiens, and he repaired again to London on the renewal of hostilities. When the Abbé Edgeworth escaped from France, he repaired to the prince, and passed a week with him at Edinburgh. When at London, Monsieur received the French refugees with the greatest kindness; he assisted at the services at the French chapel, and visited the establishments of the Abbé Carron.

We might well apply to this excellent prince what Bossuet said of the great Condé—"The hour of God has arrived, the hour so long expected, the hour so long desired, the hour of compassion and of grace. Without being admonished by sickness, without being pressed by time, he performs what he had meditated under the influence of a wise religion, which always regulated his conscience. He conforms, with Christian humility, to this decision; and nobody has ever doubted his good faith." It was at this very time that Monsieur gave his entire confidence to a distinguished ecclesiastic, who was formerly minister of St. Sulpice, and who now occupies an eminent see in the church of France. We have thus witnessed this prince's fidelity to all the practical parts of religion, and who, as it was also said of the great Condé, is seriously engaged in conquering himself! Prayers, good example, works of Christian charity, will display all that remains to so noble a character; and even foreigners cannot help being struck with the profound attention paid by this prince to all pious exercises, and his exemplary exactitude in fulfilling the minutest duties of the church. It is in this manner that Monsieur did honour to his misfortunes, that he rendered them useful to heaven,* and prepared himself in silence to accomplish the views that Providence has assigned to him.

* Whether any thing earthly can be useful to heaven is, in our opinion, a position which can never be proved. ED.

ON THE GENIUS OF MRS. HEMANS.

We had written a long essay on the genius of Pope, but we found our space would not admit of its insertion this month. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves to a brief view of Mrs. Hemans' poetic genius. It has lately become a fashionable theory among those whom we deem to be superficial writers, and superficial thinkers, that learning is a dangerous auxiliary to a poetic mind, that the more the poet thinks for himself, and the less he studies, the more simple, chaste, and natural will be his productions; but which of those unlettered poets has ever produced any thing that can lay a just claim to immortality, or what is there in acquired knowledge that can mar the efforts of original genius. It is not to the writer of genius, but to the dunce, that learning will be an injury; for an original mind will disregard authority, however imposing it may appear, unless the sentiments and opinions which it advances be in harmony with truth and nature. Whatever wants this harmony, it instantly rejects, and consequently retains only what is worth retaining; whereas the dunce, makes no distinction, but mixing up the good with the bad, the bright creations of intellect with the dreams of dulness, stores his mind with principles and notions which are not only at variance with each other, but at variance with truth. Learning becomes, therefore, the source of all his errors, while, to the man of genius, it is the source of all his knowledge.

These observations peculiarly apply to Mrs. Hemans. Intimately acquainted with Camoens, Metastasio, Felicaja, Pastorini, Lope de Vega, Francisco Manuel, Della Casa, Cornelio Bentivoglio, Quevedo, Juan de Tarsis, Torquato Bernardo, Tasso, Petrarca, Pietro Bembo, Lorenzini, Gessner, Chaulieu, Garcilaso de Vega, and in being acquainted with these, it is nevertheless to observe, that she is acquainted with all the languages in Europe worth being acquainted with; she still breathes not a sentiment, or gives expression to an emotion that savours of pedantry, that savours of scholastic acquirements, or the *limæ labor ac mora*. We do not say that she is practically unacquainted with the *lima labor*, but we say that she has the art to conceal her

art; that all the effusions of her pen, whether they be the productions of study, or the emotions of inspired fervor no other vesture than the vesture of nature. In the mass of knowledge which she has acquired, it cannot be doubted that she has frequently waded through unnatural associations and common place dulness; but her own productions prove they have exercised no influence over her judgment and feelings. So far from chilling the ardour, or sullying the purity of the feelings which she derived from nature antecedent to her pursuits after acquired knowledge, her original ardour is rendered more chaste, and her purity of feelings more refined than if she had always remained under the *blind guidance* of what is called nature by our modern schools of poetry. In sooth, their boasted nature is only ignorance, for nature has only imparted to us the seeds of knowledge, and of expanded perception; but if the soil in which these seeds are planted be neglected and remain uncultivated, it will, like the most luxuriant soils of the earth which we inhabit, produce only the rankest and foulest weeds. It is genius only that ought to be cultivated; for to educate a dunce is to feed a swine with pearls, which afford no nourishment, because they are not natural to the beast, and it is equally the same with the learned dunce.

Feeling is the soul of genius; but feeling can be imparted by no human effort. Tell a man, who has neither heart, nor soul, nor feeling, nor sympathy, that he would be much happier if he would feel like a man of feeling, and sympathize like a man of sympathy, tell him that it would impart pleasures which neither the eye of insensibility can see, nor his ear can ear, neither can it enter into his heart, and yet what advantage does he derive from your instruction. What avails it to talk to him about feeling, when he cannot feel. You might as well talk to a blind man about colours: of all your definitions and distinctions of shades, he knows nothing. It is just as idle a task to attempt to make a dunce a man of distinguished talent: no human effort can change the nature of things. "Send a goose to Dover, and he'll come a goose over," by whomsoever it was expressed, is certainly the expression of a man who was no goose himself; it is the expression of a man who knew human nature better than Helvetius. But Helvetius was Helvetius deceived. Certainly in maintaining the source of human genius. He imagined that, if children were brought up alike, instructed alike, placed always in the same situation, accustomed to the same scenes, conversant with the same modes of life, and accustomed to the same habits, they would all evince the same talent, and prove that no such thing existed as original genius; but he forgot that men differ originally in degrees of sensibility; that the scene which affects one man, will have no influence on another; and that consequently, he can never enter into that association of ideas which occupies the mind of him who not only perceives, but is affected by the scene. Mrs. Hemans, then, owes much to nature, but more to her own study and application. The same study and application would have no doubt made fools or fanatics of others; but she possessed a mind fitted to receive all the fine impressions, chaste emotions, and more delicate perceptions of the philosopher and the poet. What representation of innocence was ever more happily imagined—what more delicately and poetically expressed, than the following dirge of a child:

No bitter tears for thee be shed,
Blossom of being! seen and gone!
With flowers alone we strew thy bed,
O blest departed one!
Whose all of life, a rosy ray,
Blushed into dawn, and passed away.

Yes, thou art gone, ere guilt had power
To stain thy cherub soul and form!
Clos'd is the soft ephemeral flower
That never felt a storm!
The sunbeam's smile, the zephyr's breath,
All that it knew from birth to death.

Thou wert so like a form of light,
That heaven benignly called thee hence,
Ere yet the world could breathe one blight
O'er thy sweet innocence:
And thou that brighter home to bless
Art passed with all thy loveliness.

Oh hadst thou still on earth remain'd,
Vision of beauty, fair as brief,
How soon thy brightness had been stain'd
With passion, or with grief!
Now not a sullying breath can rise
To dim thy glory in the skies.

We rear no marble o'er thy bier,
No sculptured image there that wears

Ah! fitter far the vernal bloom
Such dwelling to adorn.
Fragrance and flowers and trees must be
The only emblems meet for thee.
Thy grave shall be a blessed shrine;
Adorn'd with nature's brightest wreath,
Each glowing season shall combine
Its incense there to breathe;
And oft upon the midnight air
Shall viewless harps be murmuring there.
And oh! sometimes in visions blest,
Sweet spirit, visit our repose,
And bear from thine own world of rest
Some balm for human woes.
What form more lovely could be given
Than thine to messenger of heaven?"

It is thought by many, that philosophy is not less hostile to the genuine spirit of poetry than learning; but where was there ever a finer confutation of this opinion, than in the following description of absent reason:—

"Oh what is nature's strength? the vacant eye
By mind deserted hath a dread reply,
The wild delirious laughter of despair,
The mirth of phrenzy—seek an answer there!
Turn not away, though pity's cheek grow pale,
Close not thine ear against their awful tale.
They tell thee, reason wandering from the ray
Of faith, the blazing pillar of her way,
In the mid-darkness of the stormy wave
Forsook the struggling soul she could not save.
Weep not, and moralist, o'er desert plains
Strew'd with the wrecks of grandeur—mouldering fanes—
Arches of triumph, long with weeds o'ergrown—
And regal cities, now the serpent's own:
Earth has more awful ruins—one lost mind
Whose star is quench'd, hath lessons for mankind
Of deeper import, than each prostrate dome
Mingling its marble with the dust of Rome."—p. 17

"Spirit dethroned, and check'd in mid career,
Son of the morning, exiled from thy sphere,
Tell us thy tale! perchance thy race was run
With science in the chariot of the sun:
Free as the winds the path of space to sweep,
Traverse the untrodden kingdoms of the deep,
And search the laws that nature's springs control;
There tracing all—save Him who guides the whole.
Haply thine eye its ardent glance had cast
Through the dim shades, the portals of the past;
By the bright lamp of thought thy care had fed,
From the far beacon-lights of ages fled,
The depths of time exploring to retrace
The glorious march of many a vanish'd race.
Or did thy power pervade the living lyre,
Till its deep chords became instinct with fire,
Silenc'd all meaner notes, and swell'd on high
Full and alone their mighty harmony,
While woke each passion from its cell profound
And nations started at th' electric sound?
Lord of the Ascendant! what avails it now,
Though bright the laurels wav'd upon thy brow?
What, though thy name, through distant empires heard,
Bade the heart bound, as doth a battle-word?
Was it for *this* thy still unwearied eye
Kept vigil with the watch-fires of the sky,
To make the secrets of all ages thine,
And commune with majestic thoughts that shine
O'er time's long shadowy pathway? Hath thy mind
Severed its lone, dominions from mankind
For *this*—to woo their homage? Thou hast sought
All, save the wisdom with Salvation fraught—
Won every wreath, but that which will not die,
Nor aught neglected save eternity.
And did all fail thee, &c.

* * * * *

Lift the dread veil no further! hide, oh hide
The bleeding form, the couch of suicide—
The dagger grasp'd in death—the brow, the eye
Lifeless, yet stamp'd with rage and agony;
The soul's dark traces left in many a line
Grav'd on *his* brain who died, and made no sign!
Approach not, gaze not, lest thy fenzied brain
Too deep the image of despair retain.
Angels of slumber!—o'er the midnight hour
Let not such visions claim unhallow'd power,
Lest the mind sink with terror, and above
See but the Avenger's arm, forgot th' Atoner's love."—p. 18.

E. M. October, 1824.

PERIODICAL PRESS.

We have seen many attempts to impose on the literary credulity of the public, by speculators in the great mart of literature; but the editor of the European Review is at once the most consummate dunce, and the most impudent pretender that ever came before our critical attention. We have had occasion to be, what, no doubt, some of our readers may consider, too severe upon Mr. Christopher North; but we regret, that we cannot fulfil our duty as guardians of public taste, without being infinitely more severe upon the quack editor of the European Review. Christopher North has considerable pretensions to style and language, however great his absurdity in thought, conception, and combination of ideas; but here we have a literary quack (we really do not wish to be abusive, but we know of no term that more properly designates this literary trader,) who is a pedant in expression, and a dunce in conception. He is eternally swaggering, eternally pluming himself in the vast and mighty project which he has undertaken, and the mightier talents which he brings forward to accomplish it. *Materiem superabat opus.*

Pope tells us to "drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;" but we really think that Pope's observation can apply only to men of genius and natural powers. The more little, affected, contracted, and superficial minds drink at the well of literature, the more intoxicated they become; for nature having formed their intellectual optics for the mere observation of the superficies of being, the moment they attempt to go beyond the surface, and seize the spirit, they are instantly bewildered in an intellectual chaos. Darkness throws over them her dusky mantle, and plunges them into the gulph of embryo and abortion. In a word, the *ægri somnia vana.*

> Quite unravel all the reasoning thread,
> And hang some curious cobweb in its stead.

Such a cobweb, and cobweb-maker, is the editor of the European Review, No. 17, Westbourn Terrace, Bayswater, Millman's Row, London, or if you would have a "MORE DETAILED" (we borrow the expression from the title to one of his own grand divisions, or subdivisions, or sub-subdivisions of the mighty work which he conducts) account of this magnificent dispenser of intellectual light, we must inform you that he is MR. WALKER, GENERAL LITERARY DIRECTOR of the European Review. But let us stop for a moment to inquire what is the office of this General Literary Director? (the word smells of quacking.) He is not editor, be it known to you, gentle reader, for he tells us that Mr. Scott is editor of the English edition. If then Mr. Walker be the director, how ridiculous it is to call Mr. Scott editor. To make the most of him, he can only be the shadow of an editor, for every thing is directed by that *magin loquens* pedant, Mr. Walker, General Literary Director of the European Review. We suspect that Mr. Walker is not the same man at the festive board, that he is in the closet, and that he is better versed in the arts of persuasion, than in those of observation and diction. In a word, we think he is a literary Jack-ketch in dompany; but that all his arts and tricks fail him when he attempts to exercise the same talent upon paper. If this were not the case, would so many gentlemen, natives as well as foreigners, lend their names to a production of which he was either *director* or *editor*. Is it not throwing pearls before swine—is it not a humiliation to, and a degradation of, genius to see articles of merit placed in the hands of a man who mars their effect, and sullies their lustre by his own stupid ravings, and pedantic swaggering. O Genius, what has become of thee, when the talents of all Europe are submitted to the care and direction of a pedant!!! But is it really a fact, that all the writers, whose names are so formally announced, and classed together as specifically as if they were so many distinct tribes of animals, are actual contributors to the European Review? We are happy to say they are not; and that we derive our knowledge of the fact from a source that cannot be controverted, namely, the internal evidence of the work itself. The General Literary Director gives us the

names of thirty-two contributors in his first number; and yet, unhappily, there are only nineteen articles, partly original papers, and partly critical analysis of books, and in the second number, he gives in a list of thirty-seven contributors on original subjects, five on scientific reports, and alludes to a host of other writers, whose names, for very sagacious reasons, he deems it proper to conceal; and yet there are, in the very number in which their names are announced, but fifteen original articles, and four reviews, and not a single scientific report, though he tells us, at the end of his prospectus, or introduction, or whatever it should be called, that "in addition to the names of the contributors, for part II. SCIENTIFIC REPORTS given in a preceding page, we have now to add those of M. Depping and M. Malte Brun." Here then we have seven eminent writers on scientific reports, or more properly, seven eminent scientific reporters, whose united labours cannot produce one solitary report, either on the sciences, or any other subject; and yet we are pompously told, that the persons appointed to furnish these literary reports, are M. Charles Dupin, member of the Academy of Sciences; M. Heiberg; M. Jouffray; M. Koch, professor at the Royal School of Application; M. Say, and the two gentlemen whose names were subsequently added. Surely it did not require a member of the Academy of Sciences to tell us that there was an "approaching publication announced of the History of Burgundy, by M. de Barante, one of the co-operators of the European Review." A school-boy could furnish more information of this nature, without leaving Peele's Coffee-house, than the entire contents of the European Review. And yet we are told with the most solemn gravity, that, "as these reports have no dependance on national peculiarities, as each must embrace the progress of the science to which it relates in all countries, it was immaterial to what country their contributors belonged: their peculiar fitness will be disputed by none." Surely so senseless an observation never issued before from the Editor, or *General Literary Director* of a review, not only because he gives no report whatever, either of his own or of these gentlemen, but because, if he even did, he could not suppose for a moment, that his English readers were so stupid as to render it necessary to inform them that it made no matter whether a matter of fact was reported by a Frenchman or an Englishman, provided it was reported faithfully. But our General Literary Director loves to deal in truisms: he loves to tell us what we know already as well as himself. But unhappily, though what he expresses is not worth expressing, he cannot express it without making it still more worthless by his pedantic attempts at producing effect, and giving an air of importance to "trifles light as air." Whatever he tells you is either a common-place truism, or a downright absurdity. In the lines which we have just quoted, he tells us that, "these reports have no dependance on national peculiarities." Might he not as well tell us, that they were not made of wood? But what does he mean by saying that "each must embrace the progress of the science to which it relates in all countries?" This sentence is so obscure, that we cannot understand it in the first place; and in the second, the small portion of it that can be understood is perfectly erroneous; for so far from each report embracing the progress of the science to which it relates, there is not a single report in the entire of it that embraces any thing of the kind, either "in all countries" or in any country. The worst of it is, that there is not a report at all, except in the first number: at least, there is none in the second; and we had not curiosity enough to look at a third. M. Dupin then, and his colleagues, have been turned out of office by the General Literary Director; and surely, if they ever engaged in such an office, they brought themselves on a level with Mr. Walker.

We have already observed that the names of forty-two contributors are announced in the second number of this review, and that these forty-two gentlemen, who stand so high in the republic of letters, have been able to produce only fifteen original articles. Besides these articles, there are, it is true, four reviews; but these are by anonymous writers, it being according to the opinion of the General Literary Director, "inconsistent with the interests of literature and the reader to communicate their names." We really cannot perceive how a reader

could suffer by being told the name of the author whose production he was perusing. The European Review has another great advantage in consistency But why call a work consisting almost entirely of original papers, or at least containing only four reviews, by the appellation of the European Review? In fact it is from begining to end a jumble of inconsistencies: a part of the first number consists of extracts taken from the magazines of the last month; so that we are made to pay twice for the same articles. The forty-two contributors whose names are announced must surely spend most of their time aleep if they cannot fill up this little publication without borrowing from the periodicals of the day. That these extracts, however, were not made from any original plan is evident, from their being omitted in the second number, a proof that no plan was ever fixed upon in conducting this work. The General Literary Director had only one plan in contemplation, and that was that no plan was necessary provided he got the names of several eminent literary characters as contributors to the work. With these names prefixed to its contents, he imagined it would sell, whatever stuff it was composed of, or however glaring and palpable were its inconsistencies. It is accordingly a jumble of the most stupid and pedantic stuff that we have ever seen put together. Translations from foreign works are called original papers, and those translations contain not only the original French idiom, but completely mistake the meaning of the original. We are told, for instance, that "Heeren at Gottingen is publishing *under the title of his works*, all his compendia, and four thick volumes *full of ideas* about ancient history." Whoever understands what we have marked in italics is certainly more "full of *ideas*" than we are. Such is the review which we are told will be a concentration of the opinions of the persons who are "most distinguished throughout Europe!" We have no hesitation to prophesy that it will not long continue to be the focus of any opinions either good or bad. In the prospectus we are told that it will contain "a severe criticism of those works which have appeared during the month," and yet there are in the two first numbers only ten books reviewed. Indeed the prospectus was altogether as fine a specimen of the art of sinking, as fine a specimen of pedantic composition as ever was written. "That noble independence," says the writer, or General Literary Director, which reigns over the classic land of liberty will be applied to all the subdivisions of our work, to the accounts of new discoveries, to the sketches of the manners of nations and of men, to the literary analysis, to the principles of the sciences analysed, to moral and political views. Such is the vast plan which we have adopted, such is the light required by the actual state of knowledge diffused over this ancient Europe, which has civilized the world."

Here we have professions without a profession; for there is not a particle of meaning nor a particle of truth in the entire passage. In the first place, how is *it* possible to apply "noble independence" to all the subdivisions of a work in which there are no subdivisions whatever. Surely the General Literary Director does not know what a subdivision means when he applies the term to the accounts of new discoveries, to the sketches of the manners of nations and of men, to the literary analysis, &c. &c. If these be subdivisions, can he point out the divisions of which they form parts? But as we know he cannot, we shall pass by this absurdity, and tell him that if they even did form subdivisions, the "noble independence" of which he speaks could not be applied to them; for what has independence to do with "new discoveries, principles of sciences analysed," &c.? We can see no relation between independence and a new discovery, or any possibility of applying one to the other; yet this application of things cannot be applied to what is called "*the vast plan*" which he has adopted. It would appear that the plan of this magazine was *formed* by some other General Literary Director and adopted by Mr. Walker. But unhappily it is a plan which whether formed or *adopted* by him, consists only in proposing an effect what is utterly impracticable; and yet this absurd, impracticable plan, is called "the light required by the actual state of knowledge diffused over this ancient Europe." This is *light* with a vengeance; this is to

lucem dare falmen. We always imagined that ignorance stood more in need of light than knowledge; but it seems that Mr. Walker's light suits only those who are enlightened already. It is a blaze of a purer and diviner flame than has been hitherto imparted to the intellectual optics of the literary or scientific world. But let us speak seriously: the European Review is, in our opinion, under the direction of the most arrant pedant, the most ignorant pretender to literature, which this or any other country ever produced. "On the cover of every number," he says, "of the Journal we shall give the names of the literary persons who monthly co-operate in the work." So then a literary work, that is published only once a month, and contains no article that relates to one day of the month more than another, is called a "*journal*." But where there is no end to absurdity, it is an endless task to expose it all. We shall, therefore, at present merely say that there is not one sensible, rational sentence in the prospectus to this work, from beginning to end, and that we are prepared to defend this assertion against its forty-two contributors

EDITOR.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON EDUCATION.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

THOUGH the name of Goldsmith ranks deservedly high on the roll of literary fame, yet his authority as a philosopher and moralist, is by no means unquestionable. Reasoning was, indeed, not his forte,—that is, reasoning upon those happy possibilities of human improvement, which it is the business of philosophy to explain and render feasible. From the acuteness of his observation, he could paint most faithfully the scenes of life as it *is*, but he generally fails when attempting to point out what his original ought to be. He could sympathise with all, but none could he advise,—nor, fortunately for his fame, did he often attempt to do so, otherwise than as a correct representation of incidences might, like experience, have the effect of instructing. His Essays, however, the most preceptive of his minor works, have come into considerable repute; but rather, I believe, from the eloquence of his recitals, and the beautiful propriety with which he selected or invented incidents, to illustrate such remarks as might fall from him, than from any profound insight into the more serious of those subjects upon which he has ventured to be didactic. Yet among all the false argument which the Essays abound, there is nothing that appears to be so barefaced a sophism, and still (from the character of the writer) so deeply pernicious in its tendency, as the following sentence. It is from a treatise on education, and is introduced to demonstrate the superior advantage of public over private tuition.

"It is true, a child is early made acquainted with some vices in a school; but *it is better to know these when a boy*, than to be *first* taught them when a man: for *their novelty then* may have irresistible charms."

Now, to bring this theory within arm's-length of refutation, we must first come at the author's meaning. What, then, are these school-taught vices here alluded to? Setting aside the habitual misanthrophy, the unruliness, the low cunning, and the spirit of jealousy, which are engendered by the custom of tearing children from their family as soon as it becomes dear to them, and placing them under men, who, having no affection for their pupils, can govern them only by tyranny, (to elude which, of course, every artifice will be resorted to,) and among a set of little wretches already so far corrupted, as to hold bashfulness, stupidity, and humanity, cowardice; and to conceive of virtue no more than that it must exist in outwitting either their master or each other; setting aside *those* vices,—for unless taught to the *boy*, they would never be known by the *man*,—the three most pernicious ones to which novelty too often gives "irresistible charms" for the age of puberty, are gaming, drinking, and an excess even more injurious than the latter, both to nations and to individuals. No doubt, it is this

particularly, or perhaps *this only*, at which the Doctor's observation is pointed; but it happens, unfortunately for his hypothesis and for the world, that *no one* of them *all* is capable of being so prematurely enjoyed as to blunt the edge of appetite. Indeed, were such anticipation possible, "the charms of novelty" would surely be as "irresistible" to a child, as to one whose reasoning powers were more fully unfolded than they could have been in the state of infancy. But it is *not* possible. In gambling, the incentive to play is not avarice, but a love of excitement—the excitement of danger,—such as he who stakes upon one cast of the dice every shilling and every shilling's worth he has. A schoolboy has no opportunity of throwing himself into peril of this vital description; the halfpence, or the marbles, that he chucks or shoots for, may, perhaps, habituate him to the amusement of risking a solid bone for a shadow, but they can give him no idea of that morbid and maddening thrill of expectation, so dreadfully delightful to the gamester. *This*, then, is at all events "a pleasure to come," and with all the attractions of untried enjoyment. Drunkenness, also, is not to be forestalled in its effects, by even the most depraved of seminaries. It is not in the nature of a young and unvitiated palate to relish the artificial flavour of fermented liquors; and such boys as *do* indulge in excesses of this description are actuated rather by perverseness and bravado, or an ambition of apeing their elders, than by any predilection for the vinous poison. It may be said that there is greater likelihood of a child's becoming addicted to strong drink at *home*: but the facility of his obtaining them there,—nay, the importunity with which they are often thrust upon him,—is itself enough to create an indifference, if not an utter distaste for them. At a boarding school, the case is widely different. The smuggling a bottle of wine into the premises is an achievement—inferior only to that of emptying it: and thus, though the gratification of inebriety can not be so early experienced, the taste is gradually corrupted into an agreement—an acquiescence, as it were—with intoxicating draughts: until habit is mistaken for necessity, and the grape, so far from being less inviting than when its first bloom was on it, becomes every day more luscious, till at length its charms are irresistible." Who ever receded from the gaming or the guzzling table, before he had lost these—whether of health or property—at least what could never be regained even though it were not all he ever had possessed? And if early imitation in these depravities be so little to the credit of public education, surely the precocity of sexual sensualism which that species of education gives rise to, is incomparably more ruinous to the interests of mankind, and must therefore be held as even a stronger argument against the system thus occasioning it. It is true that the Irish essayist has recommended no more than an *acquaintance* with vice—a knowledge of it—but he cannot have been ignorant that the knowledge of evil is tantamount to the practice of it, where there is any thing like allurement. It was not the tree of *good* and *evil* from which Adam was forbidden to eat, but it was the tree of *knowledge* of good and evil, and the prohibition says volumes on the danger of man's knowing how to err. To urge that since the information must at some time be imparted, it is no matter how early, is not less unreasonable than it would have been in the Romans to say of their gladiators' children, "Oh they *must hereafter* contend with wild beasts,—let some be turned in upon their cradles." For, as I have just now made appear, to be informed is to be tempted, and to be tempted in the infantine weakness of reason, most certainly is *to yield*. There is no baby Hercules nowadays whose mind can grasp the serpent Vice and strangle it; and the sure consequence of exposing a young creature to so tremendous an antagonist, is unresisting subjection, if not utter destruction, and a total incapacity of all future effort. To enter fully upon this particular department of the subject, important as it is to every parent and child, would nevertheless be injudicious in a periodical miscellany, whose readers may be as various as its contents; for much of what it behoves a preceptor to know, must be carefully concealed from his pupil. The latter has but to move by the guidance of the former—not to

enter into his principles of conduct; and it may be doubted whether half as much evil can arise from ignorance in manhood, as from knowingness in infancy. However, even *here*, with regard to the general "bringing up" of youth, it may be as well to obviate a few of the commonest objections made to the system of parental instruction. "Not every father," it is asserted, "is competent to the task of cultivating his son's abilities." But he surely can impart such information as he is possessed of—if not so speedily as a practised hireling, yet even from that circumstance, the impressions made will be more lasting; and where is the necessity for a child's being adapted to a higher rank in life than its parent holds? Where there is a peculiar capacity of improvement, slight verbal tuition will suffice for the ground-work of a great character; and among those who have acquired the reputation of genius, so many were without any other education than what they gleaned from a commerce with the world, that perhaps the lessons of that extended school, which at the age of maturity we naturally seek, are *alone*, and without any others, far preferable to those which are whipped into us, when as yet the heart and brain have not assumed their functions, and the traces of what learning is poured through our minds are as fleeting as the rod-marks on our backs. Yet it has truly been said, that a child is never idle. While its eyes are open, and its untried senses are submitted to the agency of external objects, it is momently receiving some new accession to the store of its physical sensations, until all their varieties have been proved, and the natural love of novelty is driven to new sources of gratification. There feeling, bodily feeling, soon loses its charm; and that exhilirating consciousness of vitality, which forms the chief and ever-enviable enjoyment of our early days, is exchanged for an irrepressible curiosity to inquire into the properties and relations of everything around us; as if, after having worked out the vein of delight in our own bosoms, we were hopeful of committing into the same precious ore, whatever we could get within our grasp. And this kind of alchymy may be practised with success; though the object attained by it is incomparably more desirable than the philosopher's imaginary stone. But it is not by that wild-goose and wrong-headed chace after worldly knowledge in which a schoolmaster urges and scourges on his pupil, that the secret of living happily is to be discovered; learn, says the pedagogue, some three or four languages which you will probably never need either to speak or to write, some four or five sciences which makes brutes of their professors, and which severally ask a long life—time to know them thoroughly, and you then, after achieving these almost impracticabilities, will be entitled to sit down among the erudite and accomplished, and to feel yourself at leisure for enjoying that life whose last sands are just sliding into eternity. This is a round about road to happiness; there is one much nearer, and the road to school is not in the way. Thus, then the customary academic training of our youth, appears to be at best very ill-timed; and moreover, to be of no certain utility. *Certainty*, let it be argued, is attendant upon no human prospects; but that argument does but confirm and attest the impropriety of sacrificing, at the shrine of a phantasmal future, any present and substantial good. Let the boy therefore, in spite of the fancied necessity of accustoming him to the buffets of the world,—let him feast on the innocent luxuries of parental tenderness until his grateful heart is so overflowing with the milk of benevolence, that no drop of gall can mingle with his nature; he will then offend no one, and through that inoffensiveness, will be safer than the giant in his wrath. Those who fight, however strong they be, are sometimes overcome; but the peaceful can suffer no defeat. And slavery does not impend over individuals meek in spirit, as over a nation of armed cowards,—for the soul of a just man is unchainable; and, though it be suggested that a community formed of members so pacific would be a pray to the first foreign invader; yet on the other hand be it remembered, that when the multitude are virtuous, not the worst of rulers can make them otherwise; and it is unimportant to a people whom no misgovernment can corrupt, *what* puppets they suffer to call them *theirs*. But this perhaps is a digression from the immediate purpose of an essay in which all that was originally proposed is the co

recting an erroneous but too highly authorized opinion with respect to the bringing up of children. The subject is so interesting in all its details, that every collateral thought which occurs during the progress of even the slightest discussion on it, holds out to the writer an unusually powerful—nay, irresistible—temptation to digress; lest an opportunity of strengthening his position be let escape, or an objection be left unobviated. However, it is perhaps impossible to condense within any very limited space, a sufficiency of argument on the matter, for when truth has to contend against error long established, not only is the *onus probandi*, or the task of refutation imposed upon the *former*, but all the numerous petty sophisms and prejudices by which the one great error is invisibly supported, like a ship in its cradle, are to be sought out and struck away one by one before any decisive effort can be made. These are perhaps in the foregoing remarks, many conclusions which do not appear deducible from the premises; but it is a common fault of those who are deeply impressed with the conviction that their theories are correct, to proceed in developing them without a due regard to the closeness of connection which is requisite for making a statement of them intelligible to others, by whom they are either unknown or disputed. Such theorists are too apt to insist on their corollaries before the demonstration is complete; and, in consequence, they are no more credited than he would be who should boast of having performed a certain novel exploit, when no one was by to witness it. However, it happens well for the words of honest sincerity, that although they be insufficient, their paucity may be remedied, without danger of their becoming inconsistent, and, though, possibly, this light and imperfect sketch may bring little else to view than a few of the most remote and least apparent features of the subject, yet, if these now are true to nature, they will always continue so, at whatever time the foreground be touched in. To the equitable adjustment of a difference, it is almost an indispensable, that each side of the question have its pleader; and a plausible impeachment of right is greatly calculated to elicit new circumstances in its favor. Indeed, there few things that more facilitate the expression of one's ideas, than the arrangement which is arbitrarily prescribed for them by an adversary; the fluency of language being equally often checked by exuberance as by barrenness of thought. It may safely be predicted, that, in the event of this amicable challenge to all thinkers on *education* being accepted, much benefit will accrue, at least to the contesting parties, if not to the public at large, from a thorough investigation of that important doubt, so long and so vainly agitated,—whether a public or a private system of tuition be the more eligible,—the more likely to make children happy—men, good—and to ameliorate *ad infinitum* the condition of humanity? In other words,—ought the sacred duties of a parent to be executed by deputy, or in person? During the progress of this enquiry, many queries will arise, and among others, in the first place, whether or not it is expedient for a son to be more polished than his father? Secondly, whether or not can one man possibly do for many children, what two parents are incapable of doing for one child,—i. e. fit them for their probable station in life, with the least requisite coercion, and the greatest ultimate success? Thirdly, are the employments now customary for children, whether at home or at school, to suit either their feelings or their abilities? And, fourthly, is it, or is not, advisable to embitter the most helpless, yet the only certain period of our existence, in order that our minds may be precociously prepared for those years of maturity to which we may never attain?

With Goldsmith these observations were commenced, and with Goldsmith shall they end. In a prefatory notice to the essay from which that indefensible extract was taken, he expresses a hope that if his notions be found similar to those of a then living writer, on the same topic, he, Goldsmith, shall not be thought a plagiarist. Be it otherwise with regard to the strictures now concluding; and if they are allowed to resemble too closely for originality the Emilius of Jean Jacques Rousseau, full cheerfully will their author waive his humble hope of praise, and rejoice that they go forth into the world under the sanction and authority of so illustrious a name.

F.

THE PIRATE CAPTAIN.

"Ye gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease,
"Ah! little do you think upon the dangers of the seas."
SEA SONG.

sailed from Liverpool in the
of the year 18—, in the ship
bound for the Island of Bar-
I was appointed supercargo
vessel, and my directions were
rintend the landing of her va-
consignment, and receive in
a cargo of West India pro-
or the London market. The
was a fine brig, nearly new,
America, and remarkable for
st sailing. She mounted four
ounders, and six swivels, and
with a good supply of hangers,
ts, and boarding pikes, rendered
newhat formidable in case of an
, an event by no means impro-
as we were, at the time, at war
America, whose cruisers were
ularly expert on the West India
n. The crew consisted of ten
exclusive of the captain, and
and we brought out with us, as
agers, a young officer, whose
ent was quartered in Barbados,
issionary from the London
Society, and a Mrs. M——
her daughter, (a very lovely,
delicate girl,) who were about to
up their residence in the Island,
e estate of a wealthy planter, to
n they were related by the tender
f wife and daughter. The vessel
well stocked with every sort of
ision, and her accommodations
such as to afford comfort and
enience to us all. Of the cap-
I had known but little, and I
ess, that his appearance and man-
did not prepossess me in his
ur; however, as he seemed to en-
vour to be as civil and accommo-
ng as his rough nature would per-
I had hopes that my prejudice
t be removed before the conclu-
of the voyage.

We dropped down the Mersey with
tide at midnight, and the next
ning, such was the speed of our
sel, and the favourable state of the
id, that the English coast was no
longer visible. I shall never forget my sensations on quitting my birth and coming upon deck, to behold the prospect that appeared before me. The sun had just risen, and the whole eastern horizon, and the waters beneath, seemed dyed with the brightest crimson. The distant shores of Ireland were boldly marked out on the blue and cloudless sky; and here and there, vessels, with their white wings expanded, were scattered over the surface of the waters. The sea birds were careering in the air, as if rejoicing in their freedom; and our vessel, as she swept through the mimic waves, left behind her, as far as my eye could reach, a white track of foam. I was then in the morning of life, and this was the first time I had beheld the ocean. I felt my spirits rise to an unusual height, and as I gazed around me and inhaled the fresh sea breeze, I walked upon the deck like one who had received a new existence.

For nine days we had a delightful passage, and we calculated that in three weeks more we should arrive at the place of our destination. We passed our time as agreeably as we could, and endeavoured by mutual acts of civility and kindness to contribute to each other's comfort. The missionary was a man of talents and information, and the enthusiasm which he felt for the cause in which he had embarked, added much to the respect with which we viewed him. The ladies contributed, in no small degree, to the general harmony, and the young officer and I endeavoured to make ourselves as pleasant as we could. As to the captain, we saw but little of him; his manners, instead of improving, grew daily more morose and repulsive, and he exercised a degree of unmerited severity over a portion of the crew, the majority of whom, however, were evidently under his entire subjection; and there seemed,

thought, to be a suspicious understanding between them, for which I could by no means account. There was a boy on board, named David, whose business was divided between attending to the affairs of the passengers' cabin, and waiting on the captain in the capacity of servant. This poor lad led a miserable life, and scarcely a day elapsed that he did not experience some new act of oppression from his unfeeling master.

One evening, after passing a few agreeable hours at cards, I retired to my birth, and soon fell into a sound slumber, from which, however, I was awoke about twelve o'clock, by the violent motion of the ship, and an unusual noise on deck. I started up, and hastily dressing myself, I groped my way up the companion ladder to ascertain the cause of the tumult. The night was tremendous, and the vessel was reeling through the waves under close reefed foresails. Every man was at his post, and the captain, who stood on the after-deck, was giving his commands with a loud voice and furious gesture. The moon, at times, darting suddenly from behind a thick and impending cloud, flung a pale and lurid light over the surrounding scene, and the wind whistled through the cordage with a shrill and dismal sound. In one moment we were borne on the top of the roaring surge, and the next found us almost buried beneath it. Every thing loose on the deck had been swept off it, and spears, hand-spikes, and hen coops were dashed too and fro by the fury of the waves. To stand the deck without support was impossible; and although I clung with all my strength to the hatchway I had the utmost difficulty to keep my footing.

We were now wrapt in darkness almost total, and the succeeding moments were scarcely less appalling, when the pale presence of the moon showed us the horrors of our situation.

I was soon joined by the missionary and the young lieutenant. They were both naturally alarmed; and I own, I felt considerable apprehensions, notwithstanding that I knew the vessel was well formed in every particular. "What a dreadful night, gentlemen, said I, "and what a sudden change is this from the fine weather we so lately experienced. At this moment we heard the captain's voice, calling on the boy David for grog. "The fellow is already drunk," said Lieutenant Adams, "and if he is allowed more drink he will sink the ship." "God in his mercy protect us," said the missionary, "we have need of his assistance now." "Mr. Edwards," he added, addressing himself to me, "you have some authority on board: let me entreat of you to prevent that wretched man, whose blasphemy at a time like this is truly dreadful, from taking more drink, the consequence of such intemperance may be fatal to us all." I rushed forward, on the impulse of the moment, and snatching the glass which the boy was about to convey to his master, I dashed it overboard, exclaiming, "for shame, captain, you will lose the ship, and drown us all." A moon-beam at this instant fell upon his face, and in the whole course of my life I never beheld a human countenance that expressed anger so strongly. I saw that the first burst of his rage was likely to be vented on me, and I drew back a few paces in order to defend myself; but the cowardly ruffian chose a weaker object. He snatched up the end of a broken handspike and directed a blow at the poor boy beside me, which stretched him bleeding and lifeless on the deck. "Villain," I exclaimed, "you have killed the lad, and you shall answer for it: his blood be on your head." "Take the young rascal below," said he to one of his men; and then turning to me, he added, endeavouring to choke his rage, "as to you, Sir, you had better quit the deck yourself, or, using a tremendous oath, you may be served in the same way. What! the ship in a gale of wind and you to dare dispute my orders." "The lad is quite dead, Sir," said the man as he raised the body in his arms; "then fling him overboard," said the savage, "and mix me some more grog." "Stay," cried I, "the boy may have life in him yet; beware Captain Maddox of what you are about." But my intercession was in vain, and the bleeding remains of the murdered David were flung into the black and roaring waves. The moon at this time rendered objects visible, and I followed the body with my eyes as I clung to the vessel's side, till the sea rose upwards in a wave, from which the

rm blood was still gushing, was on
: right temple; the eyes were wide
en, and I thought I could perceive
t their gaze was fixed on me with
ed and earnest meaning. I stretch-
forward to grasp the body, but a
mendous wave swept it from my
ht for ever; and half drenched
th the splashing of the sea, and
arly overcome by my feelings, I
tered to the cabin, where I found
laus and the missionary endeavour-
; to abate the fears of the ladies,
o were awoke on the first alarm,
d had left their beds in the utmost
ror to learn the cause of the tu-
lt. "Well, Mr. Edwards, are we
?" demanded the anxious mo-
er; "I hope we are quite secure;"
dear madam, I replied, endea-
uring to regain my composure,
keep up your spirits, the vessel is
rfectly sound, and she seems to
ork her way in excellent style, not-
thstanding the fury of the tempest."
You hear that, my love," said she,
ldressing her pale and trembling
ughter, whose head reclined on her
oulder, "Mr. Edwards assures us
ere is no danger." "Yet his looks
ould almost belie his words," said
e young lady, with a faint smile.
he vessel at this moment began to
tch more furiously than ever, and
a unusual bustle on the deck led us
suppose that something dreadful
as about to happen. The mother
id her daughter, supposing that all
as over, dropped on their knees,
cked in each other's arms. Leav-
g them in charge of the missionary,
ho endeavoured to console their
ars with words of hope and comfort,
r. Adams and I rushed to the deck,
etermined to know the worst at
nce.

The storm had considerably in-
reased, and the waves broke over the
ip's head with the utmost fury; the
ils were split to ribbons, and we
ere running under bare poles, im-
elled by the fury of the gale. On
oking aft we found that the captain
ad taken charge of the helm, and
lthough he was now nearly quite
runk, such was his terrible ascen-
ancy over the majority of the crew
hat his orders were as promptly
beyed as if they knew he were in his
roper senses. The mate, however,
ho had heretofore the charge of the
elm, and three of the steadiest of the
crew, did not scruple to dispute his
commands; and at the moment when
we came upon deck, they were in
loud murmurs respecting the manner
in which the ship was managed. "He
will swamp the vessel," said the mate,
"if he holds the helm much longer."
"Let us then remove him by force,"
I exclaimed, "the cargo of the ship
is in my charge, and the lives." "Be
calm, Mr. Edwards," said the mate;
"Maddox is a savage man, and you
must remember that seven of the
crew are of his own picking, and as
great ruffians as himself. I have
strong reasons to suspect," he added,
in a suppressed tone, "that they have
a design upon the ship: I do not
wish to give you any unnecessary
alarm, but, from all that I have seen
and overheard, there is certainly some
plan in progress: perhaps to run the
vessel into an American port and sell
the cargo." These words, whispered
in the darkness of the night, and
amid the pauses of the storm, were
fearfully foreboding; and, coupled
with my previous knowledge of the
brutal temper of Maddox, of which I
had so recently witnessed the effects,
in the murder of a defenceless boy,
added no inconsiderable weight to
the dangers by which we were sur-
rounded.

The storm continued with una-
bated fury during the remainder of
the night, and every moment I ex-
pected to have gone to the bottom.
Towards morning, however, the tem-
pest suddenly declined, and, although
the sea continued to be dreadfully
agitated, as we had weathered the
fury of the gale without suffering ma-
terial damage, our hopes began to
brighten as the grey twilight spread
gradually around us, and showed

"A waste of waters whose incessant
roar,
Died not away upon a neighbouring
shore,
But at the dark and overhanging sky,
Discharged their hoarse and loud ar-
tillery,
Daring the heavens to strike."

I was standing on the fore-deck
observing this struggle of the ele-
ments, when a man, who was looking
out a-head, suddenly exclaimed, "a
wreck on the lee bow!" and all eyes
in an instant were directed to the la-
mentable object.—A large vessel was
driving before the wind without

yard or mast standing. The waves swept over her deck, and as well as the uncertain twilight would permit us to observe, there did not appear to be a living soul on board. She was nearly in our head-way, and it was evident that we should run close alongside of her. As we bore down on her we plainly heard the barking of a dog, and as we drew closer we discovered three miserable beings lashed to the capstan, and a dog howling piteously beside them; they appeared completely exhausted, and every succeeding wave seemed destined to carry them off. "Can we not save these poor fellows, Mr. Mortimer?" said I, addressing the mate. "I fear not," he cried, "unless we could manage to take the wreck in tow while we untie them from the capstan, for I see they are too far gone to assist themselves." At the same instant the gallant fellow seized a rope, and at the imminent peril of his life succeeded in making it fast to the wreck as we swept by her, within the distance of a few feet. The humane action caught the eye of Maddox, whose temper, naturally savage, was now under the influence of drink, he called to Mortimer to desist from his intention and leave the vessel and the men to their fate. The spirit of humanity, however, was not thus to be controuled, the noble Mortimer persisted in his design, and already had the half-drowned and worn out wretches anticipated a speedy release from their miserable condition. Mr. Mortimer having sprung upon the wreck to make fast another rope before he assisted the men, when suddenly, on a signal from Maddox, both ropes were cut at the same instant, and the wreck, with the wretched remnant of its crew, and the gallant Mortimer drifted from our reach, and in a few seconds disappeared for ever from my sight. I felt every drop of blood in my body rush to my heart, and I sprung at the author of the inhuman deed to vent my rage and indignation on him for this new act of cold blooded cruelty. This was the signal for the pirates to throw off their disguise; Mr. Adams rushed forward to assist me, and three of the crew ranged themselves on our side; we were without a single weapon, besides Maddox and his seven men were armed in an instant, as if by magic, with pikes, pistols, and swords. The consequence was, that after an ineffectual struggle, in which one of the seamen who rallied to our side received his death wound; we were overpowered by numbers, pinioned like culprits to the deck, and threatened with instant destruction if we did not immediately yield, with cocked pistols to our heads, and sabres pointed at our breasts, we had no choice but to submit.

Mrs. M—— and her daughter, pale, trembling, and exhausted, were then led upon deck; they were nearly overcome by terror when they saw that we were prisoners. The missionary was next secured, he submitted meekly to his fate, and only calmly expostulated with the pirates on their unchristianlike and unlawful conduct. By this time the morning had considerably advanced, and, but for our present situation, and our fearful anxiety as to what should follow, the glorious presence of the sun, as he rose above the troubled waters, as if to repay us for the dangers of the night, might well have cheered us with renewed hopes. But, absorbed as we were in feelings the most painful, and filled with gloomy anticipations, the cheering influence of the sun afforded us little consolation. The seizure of the ship was followed by an act equally unlawful; our trunks and luggage were ordered upon deck, and we were pillaged before our eyes without the power to defend our property. My papers, containing the invoice of the ship's cargo, my private instructions, West India bills to a large amount, and letters of credit and introduction, were eagerly seized on; and, in short, every article of value contained in our trunks, and on our persons, was appropriated to the use of these sea robbers. To sum up our misfortunes, we were then forcibly shoved into an open boat, let down from the vessel's side without chart, compass, or rudder to assist us, and with nothing to avert starvation, except a small bag of biscuits, a cask of water, and a bottle of rum; an old boat cloak was flung to Mrs. M——, who bore this unlooked for misfortune with a spirit that did honor to her sex; her chief care being centred in her daughter, whose tender frame was less fitted to bear up against a trial so cruel and

re. Thus prepared to encounter roughness of the sea, and the pro- le return of the tempest, we were, naroasly pushed off from the ship's y and cast upon the great Atlantic nout the most distant prospect of r reaching land. The ship, after sting fresh sails, and displaying an erican flag at her mast head, stood ly to the Westward, and favoured a fine breeze, out swiftly through waters, and in a few hours ap- red but as a speck on the distant izon. The sensations of our little w, as thus she gradually diminish- may be felt, but never can be de- ibed.

For my own part, overcome, as I rily was, by melancholy reflections, l feeling, as I did, that we were en up to destruction, the presence the excellent and amiable Mrs. —, and her pale and suffering aghter, called up every manly feel- in my breast, and endued me with fortitude, which, under different cumstances, I might not have felt. even assumed a cheerfulness that s foreign to my heart, and held out hope of being speedily released m our sufferings, as there was, I d, every chance of our meeting be- e evening with some vessel that uld take us on board. The mission- offered us a still better consolation, he spoke of that blessed heaven, which, if our earthly efforts failed, r faith in God would be sure to lead

Mr. Adams at first was low and sponding, which I, in a great mea- re, attributed to his loss of blood m a cut which he received in his ad in our brief struggle with the ates. The two seamen who joined in the fray, and who were now liged to share our condition, con- cted themselves with courage and titude, and, in short, considering r fearful situation, and the probable e that awaited us, we bore our mis- tunes with tolerable composure. ere were no useless lamentations, despairing ravings; for after the it shock was over, we used every ort to appear like men in the pre- ice of the heroic mother and her fering child, and the religious con- ation bestowed by the good mis- nary, afforded solace and assistance us all. The morning, by the bless- of providence, was uncommonly e, and although the sea was still agitated from the violence of the re- cent storm, our little boat bounded lightly over the waves, assisted by the remnant of an old sail fastened to an oar. Our store of provisions we hus- banded with the utmost care, and being resolved that no efforts of our own should be wanting to second the mercy of Providence, if such mercy should be extended to us, we entered into a solemn compact to be content with whatever portion of provision should fall to our lot, and to bear without murmuring, whatever priva- tions we might afterwards be destined to endure. Having settled these points, all eyes were directed over the bound- less ocean in the trembling hope of discovering a sail. But hour after hour passed away, and no aspect of a ship appeared between the heaving waters and the distant sky. A cloud on the horizon's brink arose, at times, to mock us with the hope of succour, and, as it melted into air, after attracting for a while our painfully anxious gaze, we felt more lost, more desolate than ever.

I shall forbear to repeat the detail of our miseries and sufferings for the three days and nights which we passed in an open defenceless boat on the treacherous bosom of the ocean. Scenes of this description have been sufficiently described, and the sad reality of the misery we endured on this occasion are too painfully pic- tured in my mind to bear a repetition.

Suffice it to say, that having en- dured the extremes of heat, cold, thirst, and hunger; having witnessed the last gasp of the fair and unfortu- nate Miss M——, who died on the night of our second day of hopeless misery in the arms of her fond and anxious mother, who vainly called on heaven to spare her darling child, having looked around us on the deso- late ocean for relief till our aching eye- balls sunk hopeless in their sockets, having wished for death myself, nay ardently prayed to God for my sudden dissolution, and having at length sunk into a torpor allied to death itself, I was roused on the fourth morning of our misery by the sudden cry of a ship! a ship! and, looking in the direction to which the sailor pointed, I discovered a large vessel bearing down upon us. To describe my sensations at the moment would be utterly impossible.

We were picked up by his majesty's frigate, the Thetis, of sixty-four guns, and every care and kindness were bestowed on our wretched situation. Under this treatment the good missionary, Lieutenant Adams, the two sailors, and myself were soon recovered, but every attempt proved ineffectual to restore the amiable woman who shared in our misfortunes. Her daughter's death, more than the miseries she had herself endured, preyed deeply on her spirits, and she died calling on her name.

The Thetis, being homeward bound, arrived in the Downs in three weeks from the happy morning when she took us on board. My first care on my unexpected return to England was to forward to my employers in Liverpool a detailed account of the seizure of their ship and cargo, which, being verified by the affidavit of my comrades in misfortune, was immediately transmitted to the Admiralty, and advices were instantly dispatched to the admiral in command, on the West India station, to seize the Captain and crew of the Fancy of Liverpool for murder and piracy on the high seas, and transmit their bodies for trial forthwith to England. Although every exertion, however, was made to act on these orders, the pirates evaded all pursuit, and were no where to be seen or heard of.

Some years after these occurrences I commenced business in London, on my own account, as a general merchant; and one day, being in Whitechapel, I observed a vast concourse of people proceeding at a slow pace towards Mile End. In the centre of the crowd I perceived a cart guarded by a troop of horse; enquiring of a by-stander the cause of this singular procession, I was told that the cart contained a criminal on his way to Execution Dock, to be there hanged pursuant to his sentence. His crime? the murder of a seaman under his command on a voyage homewards from New York; and his name I eagerly enquired? William Jones, replied my informant. By this time the cavalcade had nearly advanced to where I stood, and, anxious to get a look at the wretched culprit, I requested permission of a neighbour to be accommodated with a seat in his front window; my request was complied with, and just as I had taken my station, the cart having received a temporary check from the pressure of the crowd, drew up before the window where I stood. The miserable criminal was seated with his back to the horse; his hands were pinioned before him, and his head was dropped upon his breast. He was dressed in black, a red cap was on his head, and the halter was tied around his neck. The stoppage of the cart seemed, for a moment, to arouse him from the sullen stupor of despair into which his thoughts had fallen, and he looked up. What were my feelings when, in that wretched malefactor I discovered Maddox, the pirate captain. An involuntary exclamation of surprise to which I gave utterance, attracted the attention of the miserable man; he fixed his eyes upon my face, and after gazing for a few seconds on my features, with a look in which shame, horror, and remorse, were powerfully blended, he shuddering turned himself around, and the cart moved on. He was hung according to his sentence, and his body was afterwards suspended in chains on the high ground at Blackwall that overlooks the Thames. A few days after his execution I stood beneath the gibbet; and as I gazed on the lifeless body, as it swung to and fro in the evening breeze, and caught a glimpse of the pale grim features that were half hid beneath a black cap, I thought of those of whose deaths he was the cause, and I felt how well they were avenged.

Q. E. A.

EPISTLE FROM AN OLD LAMP TO A GAS LIGHT.

"——————— ex fumo dare lucem."
HORAT.

BROTHER LUMINARY,

cannot help considering as an act
surpation, your attempt to *put me*
and to *eclipse* my mild, sober,
modest *light*, by the imposing
e of your refulgence, drawn from
grossest matter, and of most offen-
effluvia; nor can I admit that
town is benefited by your pre-
e, to the extent which you and
r friends wish to have it believed.
a your senior by many years, and
ough you make *light* of me, I
l still hope to *shine* out my time,
the help of my patrons the oil
chants, and with the support of
lovers of the olden times; nay,
to take the lead of you upon the
lent principle of *seniores priores;*
introduction of gas light is an in-
ation similar to the superseding
d old common sense and the sober
t of reason, by new lights, and
ammatory doctrines; "*medio tu-*
imus ibis," is an old maxim, and
ery safe one, and it has always
ck me that it was as possible to
e too much light, as to have too
e; but let us examine the state of
town, since your arrival in it, and,
n we may more easily compute
advantages gained by your intro-
tion. In days of yore the two
ises of parliament were surrounded
our simple, unassuming form, yet
lustre within was not less brilliant
n in the present day; men could
their way just as well as in these
re modern times; and if, in the
sage to the senate, we had not all
external glare of day, the inter-
state was such that it might be
l by the eloquent patriotic mem-
s:—

"We have within what for surpasseth show."

The Palace of St. James's certainly
ked a little duller than at this pre-
t time; but, then again, at a birth-
, or the close of a drawing room,
scene was lit up by the *beaming*
nevolence of the royal family, and
the sun-bright eyes of the British
. If our Theatres were a little
ker from without, the inside boasted
as much luminous matter, both as
to the drama and the *dramatis per-*
sonæ, as ever has been produced since
the reign of gas, and I am bold to say
that there was more real light in those
days than in these more modern times.
Where are our Garrick's, and our
Barry's, our Siddons', our Miss Far-
ren, and our Kemble? and what has
become of our genteel and sentimental
comedies? Of the former, and a le-
gion of other brilliant performers, we
see but few successors, "*Apparent*
rari nantes in gurgite vasto." The lat-
ter are supplanted by the *gaseous*
show of pieces of pageantry, transla-
tions from the *light* productions of
our neighbour France; the *flash in*
the pan of the German drama, such
as *Der Frieschutz*, &c. &c. and thea-
tricals filled up with quadrupeds and
other strange animals, capering on the
boards. If we look to the appearance
of the streets, we will allow that your
glare illuminates them to a great de-
gree, but we strongly suspect that you
lend your dazzling effect to fraud and
imposition, and that night articles are
exhibited in the shops, which pass off,
like light wit, with a flash and away;
but which, under our twinkling, and
the moderate aid of the steady candle,
would have been subject to a scrutiny
that might have been followed by de-
tection; your appearance in the town
seems to me to resemble very much that
of our modern *beaux* and *belles*, of our
military *blades*, and *shining* charac-
ters of fashion; all is fire and stage
effect, trinket and tinsel, novelty and
foreign finery; our nobles, in my
young days, wore the star of their or-
der, thus distinguishing them from
the man who owed all his consequence
to his tailor; now duke and dandy,
baronet and boxer, are of the same
cast, and the brazen face of the latter
passes for as *bright* a character as his
betters. I liked the old times when
royalty drove down to the concert of
ancient music, environed by torches
and honest lamp-light; and when
his majesty's life-guards, (satirically
called the cheese-mongers, real *weighty*
and most responsible citizens,) boldly
bumped along by his side, in a plain
English jog-trot, with their gold laced
cocked hats, and fine substantial cloth

ing; now your face of fire is encased in helmets and cuirasses, and displays terrific mustachios which put John Bull in mind of foreign invasion, and look so outlandish, that a man scarcely knows whose he is; after this, instead of the sprace *light* horseman, fellow galloping lancers, bearing the flag of defiance at one end of their *Polish* weapon, and seeming as if they were about *to bring matters to a point* with the other extremity of it; whereas, in the triumphant reign of oil and cotton we *poled* in another way, and only gave our countenance to the freedom of election. Our enemies have erroneously stated, that we are more apt to *go out* than you; let me tell you, mister gas, that the ins and outs, in my best days, were pretty much what they are in yours; the *outs* wanted to be in, and the *ins* dreaded to be out; moreover, if we *went out* in a quiet manner, whilst the watchman was dosing, and after the small hours had begun, you may be *cut off* altogether by a malicious hand, and leave all your customers in total darkness; but that is not the only evil and disadvantage attending your *glaring* glory, since, for one disorderly person, who formerly paraded or traversed the metropolis, at least a score are now to be found, you are so convenient with nocturnal wanderers, and so handy to conduct them home at undue hours; whereas the two classes of night walkers *d'autre fois* were fully accommodated by lamp-light, the modest retired at its approach, whilst the dissipated depended upon the sun to find their lodgings, instead of braving the dangers to which you expose them; whilst you, at the same time, injure the hackney coachmen, who picked up many a *fare*, by good people who feared to be overtaken on foot by our *clear obscure*; whereas now, persons of both sexes frequent the streets at all hours of the night, encouraged by the assurance that they are as light as at noon-day; in spite of which, more deeds of *darkness* are done than in the time of our great grandfathers, and more romance is abroad than in the *millenet umanita*, the Peruvian knights' entertainments. So much for your *nightly* entertainments: your coffee shops, shell fish rooms, royal saloon, *cum multis aliis*, which now open their doors (under a gas light) to midnight hags, queer fish and loose fish, and sport a little *palais royale* in the centre of our once antigallican metropolis; not to mention your irradiating the gates of hells and pointing out the road to ruin, whereas, in my younger days, nocturnal luminaries alone distinguished the apothecary's and *accoucheur's* entrance with a polite, "please to ring and knock," or "Mr. Bolus's night bell;" alas! your *night bells* are of a far more dangerous cast! although you may arrogantly cry, "*here's metal more attractive*," it may be objected to lamplight, that

"Clouds and darkness rest upon it."

But to gas, a just accusation may be made, that many a black business is brought to light to the great scandal of society; the greatest evils flowing from the old lights, were a man's losing his way, or a shilling occasionally; whereas one may now lose a limb, or a life, by your frequent explosions*, be poisoned (in the theatres, shops, and elsewhere,) by your offensive smell, or may miss a good dinner from your destroying the fish in the river by your filthy intrusion on a bed, and by your contamination of its waters. If you have any thing to show forth which may *elucidate* the subject, or *clear* you from the charge which Lamp-light, Candle, and Company advance against you, they and I will receive and attend to it, provided, always that we are less of you; then shall the *flame* of discord be *extinguished* betwixt us, the *burning* hatred of rivalship shall sink into it's socket, the *torch* of truth shall appear as before, and the old light shall overpower the new in spite of the *eteignoirs* of the *ancien regime*, and the *illuminati* of the continent and elsewhere; slow and safe, sure and moderate, will then be the order of the day and night, and I shall flourish as heretofore.

I remain, Mr. Gaslight,
Your senior and competitor,
Signed, for the firm of
Wick, Blubbinsop, Lamplight, & Co.

P. S. An answer is requested if you can write.

* The explosion of gasometers is meant, the effects of which have been very serious.

SMILES AND TEARS NO. II.

"_____ Man
"Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear."

A SINNER RECLAIMED.

You remember the maid whose dark brown hair,
And her brow, where the finger of beauty
Had written her name, and had stamped it there,
Till it made adoration a duty.

* * * * *

But she wander'd away from the home of her youth,
One spring ere the roses were blown;
For she fancied the world was a temple of truth,
And she judg'd of all hearts by her own.

She fed on a vision, she liv'd on a dream,
And she follow'd it over the wave;
She sought where the moon has a milder gleam,
For a home—and they gave her—a grave!

T. K. Hervey.

THE imagination of a youthful poet uld scarcely picture a more lovely ot than that chosen for the cottage old Richard Alleyn. It was somed in one of the wildest and ost romantic vallies of North Wales: each side rose high and lofty ountains, some with dark, barren rfaces, others clothed with beautiful d luxuriant verdure, while on the e immediately before the cottage shed a swift and wide torrent, hich, like the energies of an ambi- ous man, seemed to regard no ob- acle, but carried every thing tri- nphantly before it. The valley elf was the picture of primitive mplicity, and the cottage was one hich a spirit were he exiled in this der world from the realms of est, might have chosen for his home. simple, so unadorned, except by e lavish hand of nature, it greeted e traveller's eye; and afforded to it most pleasing relief after gazing on e rapid torrent before the dwelling, hich resembled too closely the never- easing anxiety and bustle of the orld; while the still and quiet habi- tion seemed the home of happiness d peace, and all the kindlier affec- ons of our nature.

Those whose travels have been con- ned to the city which gave them irth, are too apt to imagine that the ictures of rural beauty and simplicity which we meet with in poetry and romance are not to be found in the paths of reality, and are merely frail though beautiful creations of the poet's or describer's mind. Those who have taken a more extended view of human nature will draw a line be- tween those two extremes. If they have read the book of life as atten- tively as the narrator, they will agree with him that there are many parts of the south and west of England where the primitive simplicity and open frankness that early distinguished its inhabitants above the rude barbarians of the north are yet to be found, though not perhaps blooming as untarnished as before the innovations and luxu- ries of foreign manners crept in and laid the foundation to the gradual decay of its national character. Had the cynical traveller beheld the cot- tage of Alleyn in the spring time of the year, when the damask roses were hiding with their blushing heads its humble exterior; when the eglantine and jessamine strove to surpass in luxuriance if they could not in beauty, their queen-like sister; he would have paused ere he asserted that deceit and treachery could exist in a home which seemed the dwelling-place of the best fruits of the heart. It ap- peared as if nature pitied the neglects of fortune, and gave to the possessor those gifts around his dwelling which

the richest inhabitants of the proudest city might envy, but which all his wealth could not obtain.

If all seemed peace, happiness and love without, it was but a just emblem of the interior of the cottage. Its inhabitants consisted of the aged possessor and his daughter, his only child. Ellen was the beloved of his heart, for she was the surviving pledge of a hapless, though romantic affection, which, though it gilded his maturer years with the sunshine of contentment, yet destroyed those visionary hopes which the hey-day of youth had created. The story of Alleyn may be related in a few words: he was one of those fortunate beings who are said (by way of excellence) to have married for love; in the eyes of the world, a most ridiculous sacrifice, but to those who have studied the human heart more attentively, a better and surer security of happiness than any road the finger-post of highly excited youth and hope could point out. To marry for love, signifies to marry for no other consideration whatever. Where neither rank, titles, wealth, the influence of family connexions, and, in short, no selfish feeling can have any command; but an interchange of affection, a sacrifice to the opinion of the world; a determination to make up in the society of the object of each affections, all those enjoyments and expectations they have resigned to obtain the wishes of their heart.

Novelists would fain make us imagine that love is to be found only in the regions of Grosvenor and Portman-squares, that it must be fostered in the lap of affluence, and rocked in the cradle of splendor. They know not that it is independent of geography; it palpitates as deeply beneath the russet gown of the hardy cottager, as in the bosom of the sickly votary of fashion, whose brow is clasped by a coronet. But love is a flower which must have the free and balmy air of retirement and seclusion, where its fragile tendrils may acquire strength and vigour to cling with permanency. In the forced air of palaces, and drawing rooms, it is like an exotic whose beauty and novelty delights its owner for a while, but from the ungenerous nature of its clime, or the want of proper nourishment, it gradually decays and enjoys a sweet but ephemeral existence.

It was in the same cottage that Alleyn and the partner of his felicity gave up the tumultuous cares and heartless enjoyments of the world for the calm and quiet seclusion of domestic life. Ellen was their only child, she was the child of their hope and their affections, and the harbinger of happiness their declining years were continually pointing at. She was to them the solace of the past, the joy of the present, and the hope of the future. How can the enfeebled narrator relate the delicious transports of the parents, as with silent delight they watched over their daughter as she increased equally in beauty and in age. Each day brought to them a dearer joy, for it brought to light some new charm or grace that before she was not possessed of, or hidden from their admiring sight. The mother of Ellen was a most accomplished woman, and though it was impossible that her daughter could receive all the advantages of education she herself possessed, yet she imparted to her sufficient to keep her mental charms in keeping with her personal endowments. In this delightful task, this amiable woman was called from the arms of her doating husband and child, to that heaven which alone was superior to the one she already had enjoyed. The fostering of Ellen, the bringing her up in those paths which his deceased wife so eminently graced, had now become the only consolation her loss had left the afflicted widower.

Years passed away and left with the old man resignation and contentment. The virtues of his departed wife rendered her always alive in his memory, and his soul was too much devoted to providence to repine at his decrees. Ellen had now attained her seventeenth year, and with it all the beauty and grace that could possibly adorn that delightful period of life. The reader may reconcile this to his mind as the usual description of an heroine of romance. But alas! that she was as beautiful as the poet can fancy, or the painter can delineate, is fatally true. Ay, fatally; for those charms which seemed the offspring of heaven's dearest love, were but the mother of hell's blackest machinations.

Know ye not, that the grub, the
le, the odious grub, will lay waste
e loveliest flower the breath of
aven ever kissed—that the dark and
rthly worm will prey into the fairest
and that ever reared its proud head
wards the skies, and can ye wonder
at the bosom of the purest and most
otless virgin should be ravaged by
e desolating power of the black
arted and remorseless seducer?

It was in the summer of Ellen's
ventcenth year, when a young man
elegant and striking appearance had
ken up his abode at the little village
which the residence of Alleyn was
uated. He had arrived there on
ot and unattended. But that this
ode of travelling could not have
en the result of necessity, was
ident from his not denying him-
lf any luxuries the place could
ford. His precise object for visiting
at part could not be gained: in-
ed, its romantic beauty would have
one been a sufficient enticement to
e pedestrian's visit. It moreover
as distinguished by a variety of
ooks which abounded with a pecu-
ar kind of trout, that frequently
ought strangers to that secluded
ot, and in which sport he seemed
take much delight. His appear-
ce was striking though not showy;
ere was an elegance even in the
mplicity of his dress, which well
reed with his slight though beautifi-
lly formed person, that seemed to
y its owner had not much mingled
the storms and buffetings of the
orld. Those who look for beauty
the face of man as the first recom-
endation, would have been dis-
ppointed at first with Irwin. His
ountenance was more intellectual than
andsome, yet it could not be con-
mplated without leaving a most
vourable prejudice for its possessor.
is eyes were alone regularly beauti-
ful, and spoke with a brilliancy and
imation that could only be sur-
assed by his tongue. His hair was
f a raven black, and told well with
e expression of thought and senti-
ent his countenance displayed. His
anners were the most captivating
e simple inhabitants had ever ex-
erienced, and without any effort or
eming inclination he interested every
ne around him in his favour.

Such was the being that Alleyn in
nitation of many of his neighbours
had admitted into his dwelling; such
was the being that was for the future
to be the companion of his romantic
and susceptible child. It was evident
that Irwin was more delighted with
the place than its inhabitants. Though
they were frank, open and hospitable,
they were not in any way adapted to
the mind of a young man of refined
ideas and intellectual education. The
case was altered when he became
known to Alleyn and his beautiful
daughter. The former was in no
wise inferior to his guest in natural
and acquired abilities, while the latter
astonished Irwin in the elegance of
her manners, the chastity of her lan-
guage, and the loftiness of her ideas.
If she was bereft of those bewildering
charms, and had but the graces of her
mind to engage his attention, Ellen
would have been safe; for the in-
cense he paid to her shrine would
not have mixed with a sentiment less
purified or refined. But what was the
creature before him. She possessed a
form, that were the visionary creations
of Arcadia realized, would have
passed for its loveliest idyl. Her
countenance was so expressive, that
it was difficult to trace whether the
woman's beauty, or the angel's grace,
reigned most triumphantly. Her
eyes were hazel and their darkness
only served to render the pure enamel
of her complexion more beautiful.
O! not more sweet were the roses that
shed their sweetening breath round
her doorway than those which faintly
blushed in her cheeks. They were
like the mother roses, and her lips
seemed like twin buds, whose love-
liness so rivalled their parent as to
keep the admirer's decision wavering
which were the most beautiful.
Ellen! 'twas mine to see thee but
once, and the recollection of that
moment will for ever associate itself
with my ideas of innocence, youth,
and loveliness.

The innocent heart of Ellen till that
hour knew not the meaning of the
words love and affection, more than
the duty she evinced towards her
parent, and the benevolence with which
she treated all who were in the sphere
of her heavenly nature, illustrated.
With a mind naturally romantic, and
its enthusiasm increased by the wild-
ness of the scenery around her, with
no other notions of love than what
the ballads and legendary stories a-

they were sung and told in her native mountains, had created in her mind. With a disposition enthusiastic in its highest degree; with a soul too blindly wedded to the higher and kindlier affections of our nature, she became deeply interested in the society of their guest. He, above all others, was the most likely to become the centre of attraction to the heart of a young and susceptible girl. Though his dark eyes and his expressive countenance could be lit up at his command with the brilliancy and animation of genius, yet there was a pensiveness and deepness of thought in his countenance and manners, which told irresistibly in the heart of her he was most anxious to create a favourable impression.

She was his guide in all his rambles: it was she who related to him the traditions connected with the romantic objects around them, while he would breathe into her ear, the high-born sentiments of a superior and cultivated mind. The blandishments of polished life when exercised by him, seemed to lose their emptiness, and acquire a fascination and reality, which he alone was capable of bestowing. His manner, his actions, his pursuits, were so completely different to the rest of the beings she had been accustomed to consider as specimens of mankind, that his really graceful and fascinating manners, viewed through the medium of an elevated and inexperienced fancy, became to her totally enchanting and self subduing. Nature, when reflected from his eyes seemed to be dressed in a lovelier look; and as the witchery of poetry and romance beamed from the mirrors of his soul, or breathed from his lips, a new world seemed to be opened, and he

'the god of her idolatry'

appeared, like that superior, yet undefinable being, that in the dream of her infancy and in the imaginings of her youth, was constantly their object. The visions of years seemed at length realised; and her heart, her trusting heart, was now unutterably full—full even to bursting. But though her mind was opened to new thoughts and desires, her soul was as pure as ever; pure as the snow that lies in the azure firmament on the "misty mountain top," as yet unknown to the foot of man.

Think not reader this to be but the idle pomp of diction: alas! Memory weeps over its sad reality. Love! sacred love! why should thy roses be accompanied with thorns, and why is the breast devoted to thee, doomed to be wedded—to sorrow—to shame—to guilt and to affliction?

Thou art in the rosy morning of youth, the herald of hope, of expectancies too bright ever to be realised; 'tis well thou art transitory, and the forerunner of misery, for were thy power here permanent, the heaven on earth would be so complete, that the heart of man would not believe there was another, and more delightful sphere.

She delighted in his conversation, in his manners, in short in every thing which his presence blessed. The glooms of the past and the sorrow of years were dispelled by one glance of his eyes, and rapturous expectations of the future were conveyed to her heart by one soft pressure of his hand. It was her wish and her hope; the very summit of the ambition of her previous years, that Providence would grant her a heart which would beat at the same time pulses with her own; a soul whose sentiments were akin to hers, to whom she might breathe her thoughts and sentiments, which she withheld from those around, from the apprehension of their being despised, or ridiculed as unintelligible.

That long-wished for heart, soul and understanding, seemed at length realised in a form which had already caught her enamoured fancy, and she entertained for their possessor, the most delicate and enthusiastic adoration. Her virgin heart, more than ordinarily susceptible, yielded to the intoxicating instigations of her imagination, and surrendered itself to the energies of love, in its deepest and most intellectual sense.

Her father so long absent from the world, knew but little of its deceit and treachery; suspicion was the most unwelcome inmate of his breast; and here there was nothing to suspect. He thought it was no more than natural, that the young people (unhappy man he made no distinction for the difference of their sexes) should prefer their own society to those of riper years. While his daughter, whose innocent and unsuspecting

rt fearing no danger because it
w no sin, became her lover's
mpanion, as often as he desired,
l he was too well acquainted with
arts and refinements of vice, to let
y opportunity escape, without for-
rding the end he had determined
obtain.

Often, with this lovely enthusiast
ging on his arm, would he
end the highest cliff which over-
ng the distant sea. There they
uld watch the declining orb of
ht and beauty surrendering its
ers into its Creator's hands. Here
its last dying rays lighted up her
pressive countenance, with its
ling splendour, she would exclaim
Oh! thus, Oh! thus may we die
re him in happiness, and undimi-
shed glory; our end like his more
owing and beautiful than the hour
his meridian splendor." "Blessed
pe," reiterated her lover, and pressed
r yielding palm, as if with the
surance of its completion.

Could a voice then have cried aloud
om the Heavens, or arisen from
e dust, it would have answered
EVER! Could the light of his eyes
that moment reflected what was
using in his soul, they would have
esented a picture where selfishness
d crime were the prevailing objects.
hey would have foretold her end
ould be one where shame, misery,
d repentance would be exchanged
r innocence and glory. Could he,
may be asked, look at that tender
d confiding creature, so young in
ears, in hope, even the seeds of vice
ot embosomed in her heart? Could he
r an instant have imagined her a
ject of disgrace, or longed to make
er such? Could he in reward for
e confidence she had so illimitably
aced in him, reward her with
eachery? Could he render those eyes
hich now seemed devoted to heaven,
earful of encountering its light? Yes!
e could do that, and wish for more,
hough he knew the penalty on one
ide would be the chill bed of death,
nd on his own the never ending dis-
ast and abhorrence of the world.

Could a voice at that moment have
risen from the dead: had the angel of
nnocence that till now had presided
ver her fate, been present, the guile-
ss soul of Ellen would have been
aved. As it was, it fell with all that
as bright and heavenly in her nature,
to the depraved and sensual monster
Desire—and left her not repentance
and tears—for the emotions of her
soul were too great for those relievers.
Wretched and unhappy, how was
she able to return to the sinless arms of
her parent? how was she to meet his
looks? How, when left alone to her
own sad feelings, could she meet the
gaze of that power her bursting soul
told her she had irremediably offended?

Man, man, art thou a man, and
canst treat the being that was given
for thy solace, amidst all thy miseries
and affliction, thus: if thou art,
thou art a libel on nature, which
blushes to own a monster like thee as
her offspring. Is it not strange, wonderful to think, that he who sees a
being devoted to himself, looking up
to him with faith and confidence, en-
joying the treasure of an unsullied
conscience, the protection of her God,
and the good opinion of the world, can
calmly, and deliberately, for the sake
of the gratification of a mean and
paltry emotion, plan his actions to
render her the disgrace of the earth,
an object of anger in her Maker's eyes,
a thing for the finger of scorn to point
at?

——Man! proud man!
Drest in a little brief authority,
Commits such crimes under high Heaven,
As make the angels weep!

When they arrived at the door of
her father's cottage, the sense of her
humiliation overcame her. What was
she about—for the first time, she was
going to enter his threshold to *disgrace* it: she went out of it the most
celestial being on earth, a virtuous
girl, and had returned to it—what she
was. Her father would take her in
his arms, and clasp what?—a thing
polluted, and disgraced—a rank and
flower-less stem. "Never!" she ex-
claimed, in a voice which even made
the hardened libertine tremble. As
she uttered these words, she flung her-
self on her knees before the moon,
which was rising from the murky
clouds as if ashamed to gaze on her,
and as it spread its pale beams over
her agonized face, she cried aloud,
"Great God, I kneel before thee for
the first time, a wretch defiled! wreak
thy anger on my sinful head, but
spare, oh spare in thy merciful good-
ness my——that aged man, visit not
my sins on his head, grant him re-

signation and happiness till thou takest him to thyself—and I swear this form of mine shall never shame a home that has hitherto been devoted to thee!"

After a few violent sobs of passion, she turned to her betrayer, who stood motionless, gazing on her in the full conviction of his villainy, and told him with an air of determination he had never beheld her before assume, she was ready to fly with him. "It is you that have rendered me a thing of shame, and my shame will be thine." This was the only complaint or reproof that ever escaped her lips, and her heart smote her as she uttered it. Reader, this man was a nobleman! how he deserved that title, Ellen's fate will tell.

She fled with him; late as the hour was they procured means for flight. She became his companion in solitude, but here every thing reminded her of the home and the parent she had left behind, and she became miserable. He took her to courts, she breathed the air of palaces, but their gaiety only made the darkness of her heart more insupportable. He sought the refuge of foreign climes, in hopes that change of scene might dissipate her melancholy, but all was of no avail; in the splendor of palaces and the pomp of courts her thoughts would wander to the home of her infancy, to the peaceful valley, and to the lofty mountains; to the cottage which her sainted mother once blest with her presence; and who perhaps now was in a happier sphere, weeping that the immeasurable space that seemed to be between them was never to be dissolved. She considered herself as a thing abandoned by heaven, as having committed a crime which the tears of repentance could never wash away.

She could fancy she saw her father daily declining and drooping into his grave, unbefriended and unrelieved. The thought was agony—she had sworn never again to enter his doors, but perjury seemed a lighter crime than ingratitude. A voice whispered into her ears, "wilt *thou* arise and go to *thy* father." And she determined to fly and end her life with him, as she believed her end to be fast approaching, for the sting on her conscience preyed like a worm on her heart, and gradually undermined her constitution.

Poor Alleyn was at first distracted at his daughter's absence, thinking some accident had befallen her—but when her lover was absent too, the fatal truth at once flashed upon his mind, and when he heard it confirmed by the testimony of the innkeeper who produced the post chaises, he thought himself abandoned by heaven. He was never seen to smile after wards. All traces were lost of that resignation and contentment which formerly were the leading features of his character. He seemed reckless of every ill that might occur to him, and at first had recourse to drinking. His affairs became embarrassed, which only increased his sullenness. At length he betook himself to the cottage, which had now grown hateful to his sight, from the many delightful associations connected with it, and rarely stirred from it; and would, were it not for the kindness of his neighbours, have wanted the necessaries of life.

Happily it was not his fate long to brood over the remembrance of joys flown never to return in anticipation of increasing misery and woe, though the means through which he was ushered to the haven of happiness were the most pitiable and revolting.

A gang of ruffians from the coast, instigated with the hope of plunder, fired the cottage and stript it of every thing it contained; the owner made no defence, no not even prayed for that mercy which they were not inclined to bestow. The next morning, horrid to relate, the mangled corpse of Alleyn was all that was found in the ruins of his habitation.

The winter passed away, and the flowers of spring, as if in mockery of the desolations around, were already shedding their sweets over the ruins of Alleyn's cottage; while around it the rank grass waved its head proudly in the air, like one who elevates himself on the ruins of his foe. It was on a smiling Sabbath morning when a young female, shabbily attired, with her long hair waving wildly in the wind, was seen traversing the quiet church-yard, as the most tardy of the villagers were entering the portal of the temple of the Lord. She hurried through with a wild and distracted air, till she came to a grave which was newly made; she flung herself frantically on it, and clasped

lean, unsound to her breast.
gers passed into the church,
nholy truth was apparent to
e grave was Alleyn's, and the
could be no other than his
daughter.
mained near an hour on the
hen she determined to enter
ch. It was the same aged
to whom she had from her
always been his dearest fa-
He gazed on her as she en-
and she saw the tears burst
s weak eyes, and course each
own his aged cheeks. He was
pulpit, about to deliver his
, when he stopped short, and
by accident or design, (the
most probably) he uttered in a
nd impressive tone, those joy-
d hope inspiring words to a
s ears. "NEITHER DO I CON-
THEE WOMAN, GO AND SIN
ORE.—Then spake Jesus unto
saying I am the light of the
, he that followeth me shall not
in darkness, but shall have the
of life." [1 St. John, c. 8. v.
d 12.] She looked up to him
he sound of hope, and the love
igion was once more kindled in
breast. She drank eagerly the
ls of his voice. He reminded
f our Saviour, when he spurned
from his feet the sinful Magda-
as she washed them with her
; of his pardoning, without con-
ning, the woman taken in adul-
tery, and those eyes which beamed displayed the certainty of pardon, which purchased by the tears of repentance. When he spoke of the kindness and love of heaven, which delighted more in reclaiming one sinner from wickedness, than in the reception of a hundred stainless souls, his pious enthusiasm—the eloquent animation his eyes assumed—and her own soul confirmed the truth of his words, and for the first time she felt relieved by tears. The venerable old man saw the effect he had created, when he summoned up a graver and more earnest voice, "Father of goodness! receive into thy flocks a strayed lamb! Let the tears of repentance that now fall prostrate on thy throne, seal her pardon. May thy holy spirit for the future, guard over her steps, and if the frailty of her nature should again tempt her to wander, may the thought of thee bring her back to thy fold, there to remain till it shall please thee to call her to that home, where the spirits of the just hold their joyful communion, and where those she loves best, are ready to welcome her."

* * * * *

He paused—she dropped a tear of happy acknowledgment, the spirit of the Mighty One that hovered round her, caught it and spread the balm of Hope in her breast. The sinner felt she was pardoned.

GEORGE GORDON.

TO MISS H. B. R—— L,

(IN HER SEVENTEENTH YEAR.)

PRETTY *flow'rette!* the eve of thy childhood now o'er,
Dawning womanhood rises to view;
As the spring of thy life hath been cloudless and pure,
May its summer glide cheerily too.

Till the last may you ramble through life's chequer'd way,
Ne'er depress'd by one motive for sorrow;
May pleasure conduct you through each coming day,
And happiness smile on each morrow.

Ere long may I see thee, sweet prattler possess'd
By some youth, fortune-favor'd and true;
And I deem that on earth he can never be blest,
If he find not a blessing in you.

G.

THE MOSS ROSE.

To Lady D——

Thou thrivest on a lonely hill,
Where the cool breeze softy blows,
Thou art watered by a purling rill,
My sweet moss-rose!

And oft I've seen, when the burning sun
His rays o'er the water throws,
Thy shadow reflected bright thereon,
My sweet moss-rose!

And again, when the dark and solemn night
Its mantle o'er nature throws,
I've hied me to thee, in the still star-light,
My sweet moss-rose!

And *thou* wilt not ungrateful be,
For the care my hand bestows;
No! thou throwest out sweet scents for me,
My sweet moss-rose!

And when a cruel stranger told,
He'd pluck thy mossy boughs,
I've bid him from thee his hand withhold,
My sweet moss-rose!

But when the cold and ruthless wind,
Thy leaves on the margin strows;
I'll gather and cherish all I find,
My sweet moss-rose!

And when the world shall frown on me,
And friends are chang'd to foes——
I'll come—and I'll weep o'er my lovely tree,
My sweet moss-rose!

What though thy leaves decay and wither,
When the wind of Autumn blows;
Unlike to *them*, we'll mourn each other,
My sweet moss-rose!

And when the dust is my silent home,
And o'er my grave the zeyphr blows;
Oh! wilt thou shed thy leaves on my tomb,
My sweet moss-rose?

They shall gather a bud from thy mossy tree,
When my clay to the still tomb goes;
And then, on my cold, cold breast thou shalt lie,
My sweet moss-rose!

CLIO.

UNPUBLISHED SIDNEY MSS.

To the Editor.

R—A few weeks since, a person, though by no means a high ary character himself, has yet rong veneration for every thing ch he imagines to be a literary osity—placed in my hands, for the pose of allowing me to take copies, umber of old manuscripts which averred were autographs of Sir ilip Sidney. Of course, on hearing h an assertion made, the first feeling ich one is conscious of, is that unhesitating incredulity—and I d not scruple to let my friend rceive that I was not very ready to knowledge the likelihood of what e advanced. He persisted, however, affirming them to be genuine, dding, at the same time; "I know ow useless it is in this age of literary nysticism, to produce to you or any ody else, the collateral evidences I have been able to procure of the truth of my statement; but there are the MSS.,—take them—you are a scholar—a literary man—examine them as closely as you please, and if they be the things *I* know them to be, you will find it out sooner in that way, than if I could trace them for you through the hands of every possessor, up to the gallant Philip himself. For my part, I have no doubt upon the matter."

Whether the arguments of my friend had any effect upon me, is of little consequence; but certain it is, that he stumbled upon a sagacious observation, in saying that internal evidence was the most satisfactory, and indeed, the only satisfactory mode of ascertaining the genuineness of manuscripts thus submitted to one's inspection. I read them according to his wish, and by his permission, shall now present you with a few of the copies I have taken: at the same time offering you my own critical reasons for deeming the internal evidence, alone, in this instance, to be very conclusive.

At the same time, I am aware that there are a great many who will not consider the discovery of MSS. by Sir Philip Sidney, a matter of any great importance in this age. He is one of those writers among our own antiques, whom we may be said to have *found out*. He has been weighed in the balance of modern criticism, and found wanting:—a composition in which the alloy trebles (at least) the gold both in substance and in weight. That there is, nevertheless, a vein of sweet and tender poetry running through, and qualifying by its spirit the dross of his conceit and puerility, is what none will deny. He had genius beyond a doubt, and was the victim of the silly affectation of his day.

The first of those little pieces with which I shall present you, is one which I was delighted to lay my hands on, and which to me is the gem of the collection. If it be not the production of Sir Philip, it comes from the pen of the most perfect imitator the world ever produced. Indeed, it is delightfully in the spirit of that unequal writer. It is, certainly, the only attempt in the English language which gives any thing approaching to an adequate version of that beautiful passage in the Old Testament, which has been so often mangled by our verse *erectors*, as Addison calls them. Sir Philip was the only person competent to the task, although many will say, that simplicity of diction was hardly to be looked for from the bard of Arcadia.

The little piece of which I speak is *verbatim et literatim* as follows: The metre, though I cannot immediately call to mind an acknowledged piece of the author's in which it is used,* is, to my thought, very happily chosen for the subject.

* Since writing the above, a friend has reminded me that Sir Philip makes use of it in his version of the Book of Psalms.

E. M. October, 1824.

Kynge David, hys Lamente over the Bodyes of Kynge Saul of Israel and his sonne Jonathan.

The beautye of the lande ys slayne,
Howe lowlye are the myghte layne!

I.

Now lette us shede the brinie teare,
And lette us heave the pityinge moane!—
But whyle we strowe the willowe biere
For Ysrael's pryde to lye upon;
Oh! lette not Gath the tidynges heare
Oh, tell yt not yn Askalon,
Lest every waylinge sounde of ours
Rayse triumpe-shoutes in heathen boweres!

II.

May raine or dew droppe neuer lyghte
Upon thy mountaynes, Gilboa!
May offerynge flame ne'er crowne thyne heighte
In deepe of nyght or noon of daye!
Where worsted yn unholie fyghte
The myghtie flung hys shielde away;
Caste meanlie on the fouled greene,
As he had ne'er anoynted beene!—

III.

From battel fyelde they turned them ne'er
With bowe unstrunge, or blade untryede—
Pleasant they were yn lyfe, and fayre
Nor yette did deathe theyre loues divide—
Theyre nervous armes myghte scathelesse dare
To bearde the lyon yn hys pryde;
Yette theyre lyghte limbes made fleeter speede
Than eagles, stoopynge o'er the meade.

IV.

Ye daughteres of the lande, deplore
For Saule the bounteous and the bolde,
Whose kynglie hande hath founde you store
Of crymson geare and clothe of golde;
Alack! that hande can giue noe more,
That worthie harte ys stille and colde;
Unknowne amongst the deade and dyinge,
The mightie with the mean are lyinge!—

V.

Ah! Jonathan! my brother! lorne
And friendlesse I must looke to be!—
That harte whose woe thou ofte hast borne
Is sore and strickene nowe for thee!
Younge brydegroome's loue on brydal morne,
Oh! yt was lyghte to thyne for me;
Thy tymelesse lotte I now must playne,
Even on thyne owne highe places slayne!

Howe lowlie now the mightie are!
How still the weapons of the war!

ave marked in italics a few of
nes which breathe most intensely
pirit of the author. Those in the
stanza, approach as nearly as it
ssible for paraphrase to do—the
ty of that inimitable passage in
original, "Thy love for me was
derful—passing the love of wo-
!" With how slight an altera-
from the scriptural text, he has
contrived to make the very last line
the perfection of sublimity.

If you have ever had the complaisance to read Dr. Edward Young's brick and mortar version of the same passage, you will, I think, be more ready to do honor to this.

The next piece on which I have laid my hand, is an original, and rather quaintly addressed:—

my harte's loue, and the ydolized object of my soule's worship, these:—

SONNET. THE DREAME.

I slept, and lo! methoughte, beneathe a tree,
Within whose outstrechede armes the windes laye husht,
Listenynge oure love-thoughtes—whyle a smalle streame gusht
By its foot gurglynge lowe, I sat with thee,
And thou diddest smyle upon me bounteouslie;
Whyle I wreathed jessamynes for thy blacke haire
And talkt—But one approached of aspecte fayre
And took her seate betweene us, and on me
Did looke ryghte playsomelie! Oh! she did steale
My tender suite from thee! I turned askance
And wooed her beautye with unholie zeale,
While thou satest bye, thy drearylie pleasant glance
Ranklynge my harte! At lengthe my horride trance
The rosie morne dyssolved, and founde me faithfulle stille!

I should before have mentioned, that more than half of the collection consist of papers in prose, many of which are letters on private, and some on official matters. But as I have begun by submitting to you specimens of the poetical pieces, I shall for the present confine myself to them, reserving the last mentioned to another opportunity.

There are several of the sonnets, but I shall only give at present another specimen. It appears addressed to Sir Walter Raleigh, and must consequently have been written in the author's youth:—

To my deare friende, W. R., these:—

SONNET. FAME.

Heare ye how faintlie now, and timidlie
Whyle hys husht waves sleep on the peacefulle shore,
Old ocean yn hys leisure murmurs o'er
A streamlet's songe, beneath a willowe tree!—
Yette I have seene, when as that mightie sea
Curlynge yts thousand foamynge lippes yn scorne
Did utter forthe a crye againste the morne
A fearfulle sounde of giante mynstrelsie!
"But ys that ocean, yn hys great repose,
"Lesse lonelie for the peryl which hath past
"Lesse pleasant for hys myghte?" Ah! since at laste
Thou thus wilt flinge thyne harte and hope to those!
On—and be great! But oh! give me agayne
My home of sylent peace! my lute, and smilynge playne!

It was well for the nation, however, that this longing for inactive retirement was merely a piece of poetical affectation in the heroic versifier. The longest poem among them, is a projected classic pastoral, of which many passages are edited in prose; and the whole, taken together, very broken and unconnected. I shall subjoin a few lines of the poem. The scene is laid in the classic vale of Tempe; and that is the title which the author has given to the work:—(quasi τεμενος, lucus.) It is prefaced by a long quotation from one of the ancients, which professes to give an accurate description of the place in question:—

Whoe hath not beande of Tempe's beauteous vale?
That pleasant spotte of anciente Thessalie,
Where the blythe tongue of sylvan gayetie
Fill'd with glad soundes eache mellowe mountayne gale:
Where silver Peneus fyrste of Grecian streames,
Pour'd hys fulle tyde beneathe huge groves of greene,
Chequerynge with shade his undulatynge streeme;
And Sol threwe myldlie from the hyll hys beames
On that sweet scene of rural elegaunce,
Where Zephyre freste from Ossa's mountayne highe
Stole through eache wylde bowere slowe and murmurynglie,
As loth to leave that ravishynge abode
Where the fayre wood nymphs loved in spryghtelie dance
To foote it featelie on the flow'rie sodde,
And heaven's owne deityes, wanderynge from their skies,
Yn those soft shades, forgot the Olympian Paradyse!

* * * * * * *

Then follows a description of the break of morn on the valley—the waking of its inhabitants, and a dramatic dialogue which is broken in upon at intervals by descriptions of a very poetical quality. Two of these, one describing the descent of a deity; and the other a boat race on the Peneus, are spiritedly and beautifully written, but occasionally disfigured by the conceit and mysticism of the author. Should they prove acceptable, you shall have them in another paper. There are also little lyrical pieces interwoven with the poem.

For the present, I shall now take my leave; and I hope, at least, that those things I have submitted to your consideration, and those which I propose to myself the pleasure of sending hereafter, should they be thought unimportant in themselves, may lead to a more sedulous and more productive research.

LINES ON KENILWORTH CASTLE.

No more the sounds of battle float
From yonder ruin'd halls,
No more the sprightly trumpet notes
To death or conquest calls.

How silent now! the strife is o'er,
The storm has pass'd away,
Where waved the battle-flag of yore,
Now twines the lichen gray.

No sound disturbs the silent courts,
O'ergrown with verdure rank,
Which echoed once with knightly sports,
And heavy armours' clank.

The spot where roses clust'ring hung
The noisome thistle cheaks,
And in the bower where beauty sung,
The raven hoarsely croaks.

To reach those towers the Pilgrim tried,
Though tir'd, increased his pace,
Took firmer step and bolder stride
To reach the well-known place.

Now no retainers throng that gate,
No minstrel seeks the door,
And nought, save Ruin, tells the fate
That waits the rich and poor.

G. W. H.

SCRAPIANA.

v of sensibility is always either
tic of ecstacies, or the cellar of
either jumping with joy, or
; with grief. But pleasure and
: like a cucumber,—the ex-
re good for nothing. I once
late minister compared to the
getable. "For," said the pun-
nis *ends* are bad."

: the style of such writings as
nded to attract the public eye
: elevated than that of private
is as requisite as it is for the
f a preacher to be somewhat
ne level of his auditors.

---

too constant association, the
t friendship may be estranged,
er, obliterated; as the richest
re defaced by the friction of
her.

---

erent periods of time, when their
has faded from the memory,
ll consolidated into one; as
ant horizon appears to mingle
ne sky.

open countenance is like the
a dial,—shewing clearly what
within.

---

erfection were ever once beheld,
ould be so fully convinced of
possibility of equalling it, as to
p all attempts at imitation.

---

o would wish to kill themselves
dy, like poor Kirk White, that
aureat might publish their *re-*
;—unless indeed, he could give
a new edition of their *lives*.

---

ong minds are like strong *spirits*,
y soon calm after agitation. Yet
any one desire the current of
oughts to be so frozen that no
ng breath of passion might ever
it with a wave?

ere is the same wide difference
een the splendid but lawless
es of a lively imagination, and
tudied scintillations of a mecha-
brain, as between the whirling
of a meteor or comet, and the
cial sparklings of a sky-rocket.

---

opening the heart to the eye of
world,—that is, in publishing
thoughts,—it is with minds as
with bodies, the most deformed and unnatural are those which the multitude is most anxious to behold; while the utmost regularity and propriety of principle or feature, may be exhibited for ever without attracting the least attention.

Milton's Paradise Lost was Parnassus Gained; but his Paradise Regained was Parnassus Lost.

When first we enter a crowd, there is little to be done but to push on through those before us, while our limbs are fresh and our spirits high; but we soon feel that multitudes are gathering behind us, and that the most we can hope, with probability of success, is to maintain our ground in advance of the new comers. And thus it is in a literary life. We set out, with a view of overtaking our forerunners in the chace; but eventually find it sufficiently toilsome to preserve our advantage over those youthful competitors who are momently threatening to outstrip us.

I like that hypocrite who gives one a fair opportunity of discovering his impostures, by seeing how little his conduct is in unison with his precepts.

Man's heart in this life is like Thames-water in the cask; it grows every day more foul 'till it arrives at a certain acme of fœtidity, and then gradually re-purifies itself.

It is beauty whose frown is the most awful: no tempest equals that of a summer sky.

The best way to silence a talkative person is never to interrupt him. Do not snuff the candle, and it will go out of itself.

Anger is most fearful when unaccompanied by tears: it is lightning without rain.

An illustrious ancestry is to the high-born, as the reflector of a lamp is to its wick, for if *that* be without light, all the science of catoptricks cannot kindle it, and neither

Can all the blood of all the Howards
Ennoble fools, or knaves, or cowards.

When ideas have slipped from the memory, every effort to regain them but drives them further away; as often, when your cork breaks, attempting to extract it, only pushes it into the bottle.

To analyze a romantic tale is to unravel a piece of variegated embroidery,—to separate the dyes of a rainbow; it is, in fact, to disunite things whose principal charm is in their union.

An author need never be at a loss what to write; for, if he feel himself unable to proceed with the subject on which he has hitherto been engaged, he can expatiate upon his own stupidity; and, perhaps, by enquiring and examining the cause of it, empower his readers to overcome or escape any attack of a similar kind.

A whole work as first given to the world, is but a rehearsal; it is in the extracts which unbiassed criticism republishes, that the full-dress performances is exhibited, from which all that was objectionable or uninteresting has been judiciously rescinded.

The root of love may, perhaps, be passion; but it must be hidden, or the plant will not flourish. However otherwise it may at first sight appear, there is hardly a moment of our waking existence (except during the overwhelming influence of pain) when the mental faculties are not in exercise, and few are the thoughts which if clearly expressed, and flowing pure from their source, undiluted with pedantry or affection, would be wholly valueless to mankind in general. A faithful portrait of mind is always very interesting; as it contributes, if only by way of contrast, to determine the standard of moral perfection.

A virtuous heart is a jewel, to which the rubs of this life will but give a brighter polish.

How unfounded is the notion, that fairness of complexion is indicative of mental effeminacy! As if the soul were as beauty is said to be, merely "skin deep."

We may be a long while convinced of a particular truth, before the conviction is powerful enough to influence our conduct.

FEELING.

'Tis beautiful to hear the tones
Of a beloved tongue,
Whose trembling gush of music owns
The fount from which it sprung.

But oh! how sweeter far to steal,
So near the eloquent mouth;
As not alone to hear, but *feel*,
That soft and tuneful south,

Breathing along your joy-fill'd eyes,
Until they twinkle, even
As morning brooks, when o'er them flies,
The first young wind from heaven.

'Tis beautiful to see the blush,
Of a beloved face;
Hurridly o'er the bosom rush,
Love's loveliest dwelling place;

And speak as well, what wishes run,
Behind that veil to hide,
As twilight's glow, that there's a sun,
Though now beneath the tide.

But oh! to *feel* that blush inflame
The cheek against it prest;
To feel that cheek burn, throb the same,
This, *this is to be blest.*

THE SILENT WOMAN.

"Panca verba!

s not of Miss Lalor, whose the potent Prince and Priest lohe has loosed; nor of Epicene, lent woman of Ben Jonson, roves in the sequel to be no n at all, that I am about to ; but of one whose speech has n no shackles save those in a rare discretion holds it; and n all the virgin honours of blush- ineteen shew to be very woman. ther maidens be renowned for hrilling sweetness of their accents; et me attest the delightful witch- of this lady's singular faculty of ice. It is not that, like Morose in Play, "I am a gentleman who e no noise." Quite the reverse: an even tolerate "the noise and sense of the brawling bar."—It is y "the sweet voice of a fair lady it has (*not*) the just length of ne ears;" the voice, be it observ- , (strictly pursuing the terms of this scription), the voice of a fair lady; r if a woman be not handsome she as my full licence to prattle as much she chooses. Let me explain the aradox: to express the higher nd more intense emotions of the oul, language is, on whatever theme mployed, confessedly faint and un- qual. It is well therefore said in general, that silence is the most true and touching eloquence; but the apophthegm is more especially just with relation to the intercourse of love. "Words," says one of Congreve's characters in the 'Double Dealer,' "are the weak support of cold indifference. Love has no language to be heard." The emotions belonging to that passion are of a nature so delicate and subtile, as not to admit of being defined by, and embodied in words; and even though language should afford vent to the feelings of an ardent lover, the modesty of his mistress would not allow the ideas inspired by his declarations to be avowed on her part with that explicitness and premeditation which would be needful to enable her to frame a reply. In the most favourable circumstances therefore, the expressions of woman must be disappointing to the expectations of an enamoured swain; she knows little of her sex or of human nature, who waits the confirmation from her tongue of that approval which he may read in her glance or her blush. The bard was wiser who sang to his lady thus—

"We'll breathe not a sigh to the tell tale air,
"Nor proclaim the fond triumph for others to share;
"For the rose never speaks when it opes to the dew,
"And lovers say nothing whose feelings are true!"

* * * *

But if when blessed with a return of his passion, no judicious lover will desire the use of language in corresponding with his mistress, much less will he do so in a less happy predicament. I speak not to those rude and boisterous gallants whose love arises from mere exuberance of spirits; but I would ask those who have a soul to feel the delicacy and sentiment of a refined passion, have they not found it inexpressibly irksome to be obliged to maintain a colloquy about the uninteresting trifles which form the usual topics of conversation, while their hearts are filled with the most tender and profound emotions of love and admiration. To me it is at all times extremely tedious to take a part in that sort of idle talk in which people bandy words from one to another like children playing at shuttlecock; but when there is before me some fine young woman, in whom I could please myself by fancying I contemplated the high personification of innocence, and purity, and grace, and virtue, and gentleness, how severely do I feel the call for attention to passing trifles when the usage of society enforces it upon me! With what keen disappointment too do I find the illusion I had indulged regarding the fair object of my contemplation, as something ethereal and angelic, gradually dissolved by her dropping such frivolous remarks as (perhaps not improperly) form a part of the conversation in which she engages. It is true, that

while she speaks I am not insensible to the sweetness of her voice, and were it like the note of a bird, or the strain of an opera singer, a mere melody, devoid of meaning, I could hearken to it with pleasure; but since words will bring along with them, by whomsoever uttered, those associations of ideas with which they have been linked, my thoughts are irresistibly distracted by the sounds, and diverted from the visions previously engaging my mind to something paltry and pitiful in comparison. Oh let me adore in silence the idol of the hour!

Language may facilitate our communications in every other concern of life, but its existence and use is an impediment to love. How promptly and how surely would a glance convey to a maiden an assurance of the impression her charms had made, if language did not exist and furnish a medium of communication exclusive of every other, but which, nevertheless, cannot be used till after tedious formalities and delays. If the language of the tongue were prohibited, how quick would be the progress of intelligence between the nymphs and the swains through the agency of the eyes exclusively. How speedily would the conscious cheek or down-cast eye bespeak that assent which is now so slowly wrung from the reluctant lips!

I have always thought that one great source of the universal admiration with which men regard the Venus de Medicis may be found in the speechlessness of that famed beauty. To none has she ever uttered a pettish remark; no one has ever heard her discourse on vulgar and homely matters. She looks at all times and upon all her worshippers with equal benignity, grace and dignity; and with the acclamations of all ages and nations she is crowned queen of love. Were she brought to the homestead, and endowed with speech, her empire might be in jeopardy. I have all my life thought that if among the daughters of men I could meet one who was like the Venus, fair and silent withal, I should prostrate myself before and worship her for ever. Such a prodigy it has been my fortune recently to discover. She is one of a family of several sisters, the youngest, and in the first bloom of virgin beauty. Her elder sisters are also handsome, and as remarkable for the gaiety and vivacity of their conversation, as she for her taciturnity. I know no social circle, the members of which possess among them a greater stock of intelligence; my prodigy, the lovely Pauline, shares her full proportion, although her talents, information, and accomplishments are concealed from the eye of the careless observer; while the sprightly wit and agreeable qualities of her sisters arrest the admiration of every visitor. Amid all their gaiety, Pauline remains serene and unmoved; her countenance wears a grave, but not severe air, and no passing cloud ever darkens her brow. If addressed, she answers with promptitude and cheerfulness, but with brevity, and immediately relapses into her previous abstraction. She never originates an observation, but her replies to such remarks as are made to her bespeak an action and well cultivated understanding. I have often attempted to lead her into conversation, with the same hopes of a failure as animated Jonson's Morose in his efforts to prove the taciturnity of his bride: I have never succeeded; I have not been able to carry the conversation beyond a single observation and reply, and am obliged to start a fresh topic. Pauline seems to possess a singular faculty of cutting short discussion by a few pregnant and decisive words, uttered withal in a manner so modest and courteous that one cannot feel hurt, though one may be disappointed. On this engaging creature I could look for hours, imagining her a muse, a sylph, something above the common lot of humanity. Her presence fills my soul with images of beauty, peace, and happiness. I lose thought of all the low and little concerns of life, and enjoy in such degree, as my rude genius will allow, something like those dreams with which the favoured of the nine have been blessed, such as visited Pope when he pictured the commerce of the sylphs and gnomes of his Rape of the Lock, as delighted Beattie when he depicted the Elves disporting on the green, or filled the mind of the divine Shakspeare when he drew the Miranda of his Tempest. For such gleams from a brighter world what recompense should I find in the most poignant conversation of the most quick witted of women! While I gaze on the silent Pauline, nothing disturbs or distracts my mind; it pur-

s delicious reveries unbroken,
oses in the calm contemplation
fair form. But in conversation,
t it were with an Helen, ideas sug-
by the topic, whatever it might
ould inevitably take hold upon
irid, and turn it from the more
able object of contemplation.
t not the reader imagine me to
e so foolishly enamoured that the
faults (such many may deem the
inity I laud) of my mistress seem
e excellencies.

Illic prævertamur, amatorem quod amicæ
Turpia decipiant cæcum vitia, aut etiam ipsa hæc
Delutant; veluti Balbinum polypus Hagnæ.

HOR. SAT.

I am no enamoured swain; neram I a wooer of the fair Pauline. I have long sat by a solitary hearth, and in whatever visions I may indulge, that hearth will remain solitary to the last!

T. M. H.

TO MARY ANN.

Adieu dear girl, may heartfelt bliss
Soon chase thy bosom's sorrow;
For sweet affection's fervent kiss
Will bless thee e'er to-morrow.

Fond memory will recal the day
When I have shar'd it too,
And flattering hope with prospects gay,
Will those lov'd hours renew.

The tear that trembles in thine eye,
Reflected stands in mine;
My bosom echoes sigh for sigh
Responsively to thine.

Thus ever will sweet friendship's power,
Link my fond heart to you,
As firmly as in this sad hour,
In which I say adieu.

LOUISA.

ON THE DEATH OF RIEGO.

What o'er thee though no hand shall sculpture raise,
To speak the warrior's and the patriot's praise,
The sigh that oft escapes the generous breast,
Will lightly fan thy silent bed of rest,
And thoughts of thee, upon thy lonely bier,
Will call down beauty's cheek the feeling tear.
Think not imperious tyrant that thy scorn
Has power to make his resting place forlorn;
Riego needs no storied urn to shew,
How great the mind whose relicks rest below;
Search the warm bosoms of the good and brave,
And there you'll find what you deny his grave.
What though o'er thee no pious hand shall raise
Elegiac lays of monumental praise,
The hallow'd lines did no rude hand displace,
Time in her round of ages would efface,
While in the virtuous bosom, warm, and free
Fond memory ever will reserve a *place for thee!*

LOUISA.

E. M. October, 1824.

MONIMIA THORNTON.

A TALE.

In a passing romantic retreat within sixty miles of the great metropolis, near the borders of a pleasant forest, and far from the follies and deceits of a wicked world, is placed a neat and lowly cottage, where once dwelt Monimia Thornton, the innocent and only darling child of a fond mother. Monimia's father left this world of sorrow and disappointment before she was sensible of his protecting care, or capable of lamenting his loss. In this cottage Monimia drew her first breath, and for sixteen years enjoyed the affectionate smiles of an aged and widowed mother, for she was the pride of her maternal heart, and the joy of her widowhood. But it is melancholy to think how uncertain is every thing, and how very unstable are all human possessions! Eternal suns and cloudless skies are not to be expected in this world! our earthly joys are all alloyed. Our temporal pleasures have all an end!—Soon after Monimia had attained her sixteenth year, she was deprived of her affectionate and lovely parent by the cold and unrelenting hand of death. She mourned over her dear mother's remains with an unaffected sorrow, and it was more than two years before her reason resumed its empire. No tongue could give utterance to what she felt, or pourtray the intolerable anguish of her mind. Her mother had made it the business and purpose of her being to please and make her happy, for benevolence had been at the root of all her actions. Monimia therefore owed much—very much to her, and dreadful and insupportable was the event which separated her and her poor mother for ever. While we are in human form, and susceptible of human impressions, it is not in our power to rise above the reach of sorrow on such overpowering occasions, though we may moderate the intensity of our anguish by calm reflection assisted by the healing hand of time. And thus it was with Monimia;—she did not entirely give herself up to despair. Her loss, no doubt, was great;—pangs of eternal separation from those we love, are far beyond all power of expression. But Monimia felt assured that her dear mother had gone to a better world, and although she had sighed out her last adieu, and turned her eyes from her for ever, she doubted not that her recompense was unlimited and immense, and that her happiness was completely secure. She therefore saw the justice of what had happened, and humbly gave way to the afflicting blow as time brought the olive branch to her distress, and fortitude subdued her mind to repose. Monimia having an aunt residing in the country, to whom we shall introduce the reader by the name of Martha Bloomfield, and it being a pleasant romantic spot, she was advised to fix on it as the place of her destination. Martha Bloomfield had been married, and had lived with her husband many years in a comfortable state of independence, until at last his affairs became embarrassed, and he failed. The poor man being quite borne down by sorrow, remembering the thick and blushing promises of his spring, and contrasting them with the sear and yellow leaf of his withered and fruitless autumn, gave way to melancholy, which produced a kind of delirious fever, and brought on a rapid consumption, when, after a short continuance of the disorder, he was carried to that silent place of chaste repose—the grave! About three years after poor Bloomfield's demise, Martha, his widow, was left in possession of a tolerably good fortune by the death of a rich relation who had made a large fortune in a very respectable mercantile line, and who had neither children nor wife to provide for. Both before and after Martha's marriage, poverty had breathed its pestilential breath upon her, and the morning of her days rose immersed in clouds, and seemed for a long time to carry ruin in its aspect. But it had pleased heaven to bless her with good spirits and a fair religious trust in the goodness of providence, so that in all her trying circumstances the genuine worth of her character appeared most conspicuous, tranquil, collected, and dignified; and though time and the sore

hin her bosom had destroyed
bloom on her cheek, she
served unbroken the serene
ness of her manners, and her
suavity and good humour.
l, no look, ever betrayed even
most scrutinizing eye that she
t all she could wish. The
ue of such a character as Mar
n scarcely be appreciated
inds are capable of great and
efforts of virtue; but that
constant, and steady patience
he displayed in all her poverty,
called upon to exert. She
ver utterly hopeless, but bury
her cares and troubles in her
east, she trusted to that Being
es in secret. The friendly
of fortune, however, at length
d the threatening storm;
ity's golden sun shot forth its
g rays, enervated the chilling
f black adversity, and decked
ning of her days in rosy smiles.
. But Martha having expe-
a sufficient share of the
ry and inconstancy of the
when her husband was living,
ing heartily disgusted with it,
ined to turn recluse in some
retreat, and there to enjoy the
l pleasures of a country life.
oved a most excellent neigh-
or she was a meek, quiet, still
l woman, with a heart true to
tues of her sex, and neither
g her richer nor despising her
neighbours; she felt for those
d been precipitated from pros-
s flowery mount into the barren
poverty, and never refused the
ry sigh of pity to the offspring
ress, or withheld the sacred
of charity from the needy
r. In short, Martha Bloomfield
forgot that there were such
as cold, hunger, and thirst in
vorld. Her benevolence was
which makes life amiable;
feels, and pities when it feels;
carries itself with a winning
ness towards every being, and
ts congenial pleasure in doing

cottage was small, with a
ed roof, part of which was
n with a thick ivy, which
ed a safe and pleasant asylum
he birds, especially those
e smaller species, who fre-
d this delightful spot in great
numbers. They were, indeed, almost the only inhabitants and companions of the place, Mrs. Bloomfield and her niece excepted, who spent the greater part of their time with them, and had by continually feeding their sweet pensioners, taught them to chirp with the most enchanting confidence around them. The front of the cottage was entirely covered with woodbine and honey-suckle, which strongly scented the peaceful dwelling. A grove of beautiful oaks, that surrounded the house, cast a solemn shade over, and preserved the verdure of the adjacent lawn, through the midst of which ran a small brook that gently leaped with mirthful music down the hills. Behind the cottage stood the village church, where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet slept." It was for the most part surrounded with yew trees of a very ancient date, beneath whose solemn shade many generations had mouldered into dust and nothingness. Indeed, Martha Bloomfield's little cottage wore the appearance of rural loveliness and simplicity, and was in every respect furnished in a very neat but plain style, at the same time, a certain elegance discovered itself, which plainly bespoke the owner to possess a true refinement in taste, and every one perceived that intelligence and gracefulness ruled over the character of the whole cottage. Her garden was very extensive, and filled with flowers which at once charmed the eye and gratified the senses with their odoriferous sweets. Martha was fond of flowers, and raised some of the most beautiful with her own hands. She and Monimia rose early in the summer mornings to enjoy the azure sky and the genial breezes of spring; they were always to be seen early in the garden besprinkling it with water, talking and smiling together, and acquainting each other with the birth of some new flower or plant. They took much delight in raising and propping an opening flower, in guiding their little but luxuriant vine, and in pruning for its health and its beauty a fruitful tree. In this charming though humble dwelling, Monimia was perfectly happy and content. In the sweet spring days she would walk out with her aunt or some young friend, to enjoy the fresh breezes and the beautiful sunshine. She had no

disturbing hopes or wishes; no longing anxieties about the joys or griefs of future life, and she saw nothing around or near her but what seemed to smile on the pleasant surface of existence. She was in the spring of life; and beautiful to her was the world before her, for it seemed to teem with innumerable pleasures; its pleasing prospects delighted her heart, and she could hear nothing but promises of felicity in the whispering gales which passed by her. It had pleased the Almighty to cut off and number almost all her dearest relations and best friends with the dead, but amid all the wrecks of time, heaven had secured to her one constant, one unalterable friend, who shared with her every joy and every pang of life. It is not our intention to present the reader with an elaborate account of Monimia's serene beauty and charms; indeed to give the most highly finished description of her beauty and loveliness, would only be mocking fair nature's inimitable work. As well might we attempt to add perfume to the violet, beauty to the rose, or fragrance to the hyacinth. Suffice it then to say, that she was the loveliest of the lovely, and that the most critical eye sought in vain for a single blemish or imperfection in the person of this angelic creature; and with all these charms she was endued with a sensible heart, for it may be fairly said that the accomplishments of her mind was superior to most, inferior to none. To be sure Monimia had received only the instructions of a home education, yet she was what is called an accomplished woman; she had learnt several languages besides her own, and was a sweet painter and musician; and all her natural feelings had been fostered by assiduous culture. Nothing selfish had ever grown up in her nature, which was always full of pity, charity, gentleness, and love. Monimia and Frederick Fitzarding were inseparable companions, even from their infant years, and as they grew up together regarded each other with feelings of the tenderest esteem. Frederick's parents lived about four miles distant from Martha's cottage. Their little country seat was most beautifully furnished. It stood on a gentle rising, with the views of a spacious valley before it, through which a luxuriant river poured down in sparkling train, and blessed the borders with verdure; the wide champagne beyond, opened a great variety of hills and fertile plains which terminated in a distant prospect of the sea. This beautiful scene of nature you had from every window in front of the little family mansion. Frederick was the son of a gentleman of fortune, and perhaps as happily circumstanced as could be imagined. He was, likewise, a young man possessed of many amiable qualities, and an excellent understanding, improved by the most liberal cultivation. All the fine seeds of honour and integrity were deeply rooted in his heart, and virtue and magnanimity formed the basis of his character. He was a man whom it would have been impossible not to have loved. There was in his nature that attractive union of a modest, benevolent heart, with a luminous and devout mind, with which those who know how to feel and appreciate excellence, are always captivated. Bright, therefore, were the hopes which all his friends had formed of his career in life. His mother looked upon him as a dutiful son, firm and thoughtful even beyond his years, and thought it likely, if his life was prolonged, that he would be a blessing to all his friends, and to society in general. She wished much to bring him up to the law, whilst his father was as desirous to see him practice in physic. But, said Frederick to his mother, though I do not mean to speak ill of, nor vilify any particular calling or profession, yet the natural and unavoidable chicane attendant on that profession may considerably impair that candour and honesty which in some degree I hope I possess; in short, said he, I will never immerse myself in chambers to study the vile jargon of the law; I will never embrace a profession where I should be obliged to argue for a fee in defiance of any cause good or bad, and have to be as often the advocate of a rogue as of an honest man. And if, said he to his father, I am brought up to physic, my heart will be constantly pained at beholding the miseries and afflictions of human kind. It was, therefore, finally determined to bring him up to the church, to which he was a splendid ornament and did honour to the

s he taught and enforced by
xample.
om his earliest years religion
ed him for her son; and as he
ased in wisdom, the influence of
livine precepts controlled all his
es, and directed all the affections
he soul. He had a mind rich in
rials, and a zeal almost without
rallel, so that his prospects in
ade him fair to be very brilliant,
were far beyond the expectations
of his most sanguine friends.
s Monimia grew up Frederick was
inattentive to her charms; he
d on and admired her beauty and
won the affections of her soul.
respectful deference and his affec-
ate attentions assured her that his
om was the seat of honour, her
idity and reserve wore off, and
hout a word on either side, a seri-
and mutual passion took root in
bosom of each party, and they
e on the footing of avowed lovers.
h were good, both truly amiable,
l the hearts of both tender and
st delicately susceptible. She
rly improved in grace and ap-
rance, and he became hourly more
l more attached, and it was gene-
ly understood they would soon ex-
ange at the altar their holy vows,
d sign a contract of eternal love.
hat a happiness! what a triumph
Monimia to be selected by so
perior a being! Nothing could be
ier, nothing more tender than
e love which attached Frederick to
onimia; and it would have been
possible—it would have been unjust
at Monimia should not be sensible
it. They were always together,
eaking the wishes of their hearts
d vowing love and constancy to-
rds each other. But the many soft
enes which followed are better
ssed over:—neither the tongue nor
e pen are eloquent enough to do
em justice. Frederick, however,
d not commenced the country
ergyman long, before an event hap-
ned, which led to that which marked
e most melancholy period of his
e. Oh! the visionary bliss of hap-
ness! When we think it is within
r grasp, it is gone, and we are lost
regret for the departure of the be-
tching and deceitful phantom!
Frederick began to grow weak,
e colour on his cheeks soon faded
rfully away, and his brow con-
tracted itself into wrinkles. His health and spirits seemed to decay daily, and a mysterious indifference appeared in his behaviour even to Monimia, which none of his friends could develope. Groans would involuntarily escape him, and at every noise, however trivial, he started and trembled; when he went abroad, he became terrified at his own shadow, as it were, and the light of day was painful to his sight; and when he lay down, sleep was a stranger to his eyes. He was scarcely ever to be seen at home, and when he did give audience to any one, they found him sitting in the inmost recess in his house alone, pensive, and dejected, so that they almost feared to approach him. If he was excited to the pursuit of pleasure, his friends perceived that pleasure was far from him, for when she shook him by the hand he could only answer her in sighs and groans, which he endeavoured in vain to suppress. If ever his eye brightened, it was only with a tear! His friends, struck with the evident alteration in his health and spirits, and conceiving a change of air might be serviceable, prevailed upon him to spend a few months with a distant relation at Cornwall. Thither he retired, and though extremely ill and much broken down in spirits, he passed a few days very delightfully with his friends, and cited this visit as one of the happiest eras of his life. Indeed, in a very short time he grew rapidly strong; hope, and even gaiety had taken possession of his countenance, and his friends told him that he was throwing off all his vestiges of indisposition and debility, and getting rid of his asthmatic complaints. But, alas! they were miserably deceived! fate had ordained it otherwise! His health evidently seemed symptomatic of a consumption; his strength gradually wasted, his pains became more and more acute, and every ache taught him that he had nothing to hope! There was an unusual pearly lustre in the white of his eye, and the weakness and languor of his body became very distressing to him. He could never sleep till after midnight, and then his dejected countenance would be bathed in a profuse and weakening perspiration. The doctor shook his head, and his friends gave a deep sigh of despair, and burst into tears as they observed the sepulch-

smile upon his cheek! Poor Monimia was ruined in seeming peace, and completely broken-hearted! She durst not bear solitude or darkness one moment; and shewed more than childish fear and weakness in her actions. She begged the physicians to flatter her with the hopes of his life, and not to let her know if they thought poor Frederick's case desperate; and she charged her attendants not to mention death or the grave, nor to speak a serious word in her hearing.

Frederick was exceedingly moved at her tears, and when she was with him his feelings were beyond what can be painted by the most forcible expressions. He could not disregard the tears which she shed, and the sighs which burst from her bosom, without being moved. For, whenever he perceived in her eyes any mark of sorrow, it was to him as if all nature had been eclipsed. His attentions were never without complaisance, and his concern for her tender, and solemn, and full of sensibility. His desire was that of rendering her happy with him and of being happy with her, for he loved nothing in the world so much as Monimia Thornton. But his sad state of health at last rendered it absolutely necessary for him to make a voyage to a foreign land, and in compliance with the wishes of his medical attendants he determined to embark for Italy, the air being recommended as highly salubrious. But amongst the many sacrifices which his unfortunate situation forced him to make, there was one above all which he had at heart. He had not only to leave all his friends and relations, and his native village, which was consecrated by the recollection of all that was dear to him, and where he had hoped to pass in quietness his allotted time, but he had to part with one in whom all his happiness was deeply centred. The bare idea almost drove him to distraction, and the scalding tear descended along his pale cheek as he reflected on his melancholy situation. Oh God! how should he ever be able to speak to his poor Monimia upon this subject! He knew that he should be unequal to the task. He paused, again burst into tears, and seemed very much agitated. Early in the evening he retired to his bed chamber, but every attempt to procure sleep proved ineffectual. Monimia so occupied his thoughts that no moment of the night was suffered to pass unnoticed. The next morning he addressed a letter to her requesting to see her. The sun shone forth in all its wonted beauty on the wild moor and the surrounding landscape as she walked along;—the reapers of a distant field were whetting their scythes, the cow and the ox were feeding together, the bleating of the sheep-fold fell softly on the ear, and the plumed inhabitants of the air carolled their sweetest notes, but poor Monimia was too much indulging in sorrow, and too profoundly absorbed in deep melancholy of thought and anticipation, to heed any of these rural objects. She arrived at Frederick's house with marks of anxious feelings in her face, which had been washed on that morning by the bitter tears of desponding grief. It was with infinite anxiety that she beheld the decline of poor Frederick's health. He was lying on the sofa when she entered the room, and he gazed on her with a vacant stare that plainly proved he was in great agony both of body and mind. Monimia advanced with a slow step, and plainly in great agitation of mind; then seating herself at the foot of the couch, remained there for an hour weeping bitterly the whole time, but without uttering a word. She was completely cast down, her fortitude had utterly forsaken her, and she seemed to sorrow like those who have no hope. Her aunt Martha, who was with her, perceiving that she was plunged into the most bitter distress of mind by the violent battle of thought wherewith she was agitated, and feeling that poor Monimia's situation was one in which sorrow had a heavy part, begged of her to live in hopes that the Almighty, who had thought fit to afflict her dear Frederick, would, in his own good time restore him to health, and wipe the sad tear of despair from his eyes. Monimia made no reply, but a shower of sympathizing tears fell from her eyes at the condition in which she beheld her poor Frederick. Her face was pale, her limbs trembled, and a flush, betokening as much of sorrow as alarm, was on her cheek. A thousand blended ideas and recollections of the past and the present rushed across her brain, and she covered her face and

wept bitterly. At length Fre- broke silence, and summoning fortitude, apprised her of his ed journey to Italy, assuring it he felt persuaded he should recover, and that all would go with him; but, said he, if I here long I shall soon fall into ave; a loss which might not enhance my dear Monimia's but might prove fatal to her. s was the severest shock Monimia ver felt; pale and spiritless she scarce prevent herself from faint- hen this intimation was made to her; in silent agony she him, and her looks but too well ed the deep interest Frederick n her bosom. She strove to say hing to him, and pressed his , but could not speak; every y of her soul was agitated; the ht of parting with him, and per- for ever! went quite through her and shook her to the very depths r nature. The passion of love xerted its sway most despotically her, and she gave him such a of sorrow as pierced him through. sudden overflowings of thoughts feelings on his heart, obliged him ve the room. He could not bear ffect of Monimia's mournful as- She was distracted at the thought rting with him, but at length, by ilence, seemed to say, with tears ling down her cheeks, that it be as God and his physicians ght best, and Frederick having iently recovered for the journey, arrangements were made for his ture, for the restoration, as it was ondly hoped, of his health. The ing on which Frederick was to long adieu to his native country was awake and stirring with the rful lark. It was in the sweet th of August, and the whole face e landscape and the forehead of sky appeared unusually spacious beautiful. He was struck with beneficent aspect of nature, as he several hours alone in a calm and contemplation in his library, with Bible before him, on which were d large drops of tears! but the passion of his prayers which com- nicated to heaven in such a time be- s not for us to unfold. The painful nent at length arrived when he was id poor Monimia adieu!—After a ; and an affectionate meeting with all his friends, and a tender and heart-rending interview with his dear Monimia at her aunt's cottage, wherein they mutually interchanged the vows of unbroken constancy, Frederick set sail towards Italy. We shall not attempt to describe their last interview; the pencil of imagination may paint it, but the pen cannot do it justice: they whose feelings vibrate at the tender touch of sympathy may behold it in glowing colours, and for the rest of the world we heed not its approbation.

The evening was calm and serene, the air mild and balmy, gently sighing at intervals through the rich foliage of the young waving trees which surrounded the cottage; the windows were unwontedly illumined by the glories of the setting sun, and the heavens resembled a sea of flame. Every thing in the spacious and pastoral view was calculated to calm the mind and expand the feelings; summer was clothed in her richest verdure and green fields and fresh leafy boughs. The birds in the hedge rows were holding a gentle and harmonious interchange of occasional notes, whilst the sheep and the lambs were lying down to rest, as if to partake of the general composure of all nature, and to acknowledge the delightful influence of such an hour of beauty and rest. Monimia followed Frederick to the garden gate, and as the last rays of the setting sun were shedding its mild, sober, and serene glows around the country, she took her last farewell of him; her eyes were fixed on him with the most lively expression of tenderness and sorrow; she waved her hand to him while he remained visible, muttered some words of affection, which ran together into one choking sob, and when the distance hid him from her view, she returned to the cottage in a thoughtful and melancholy mood, her eyes streaming a briny deluge! her heart was full.

Poor Frederick quitted his home as he then thought but for a short period, yet it was with extreme reluctance, and while it remained in sight he often looked back to catch another glimpse of the place which he was necessitated to leave, and which contained all which he held most secretly dear. He was much agitated with sympathy for the mental anguish which he knew poor Monimia was suffering, and the frame of mind in which he was at the

time, and the tinge of melancholy with which his reflections had for several months been embued, made him peculiarly susceptible to delicate impressions, and he felt something akin to dread at leaving her. A chilling horror came over his spirits as he anticipated the melancholy consequences of his own disease; and his nature recoiled in the prospect of losing for ever his dear Monimia; her voice, her smile, her face, her eyes, her person were before him, and then her parting tear, her final farewell! These reflections brought tears in his eyes and produced a sad depression.

As he journied on to the place of embarkation the sun went down, the stars in the heavens began to twinkle, and the moon smiled on the country in all its loveliness and tranquillity. A lively breeze blew on him, and it seemed to whistle round him, and to make him hasten his pace as if it had been instinct with eagerness to take him from his native shore. But this he heeded not, he only thought of his poor Monimia! Indeed the tie of firm love and constancy which had bound them together, would not allow him to forget her one moment. There was a still, a sacred, a grave, a solemn voice that seemed to whisper at his heart, and tell him that they would never more walk hand in hand together, that he would soon drop lifeless into the tomb, and lie in the dark shadow of death, and sleep with deathless souls! death therefore was the theme of his meditations; — humiliating theme! How calculated to break down and depress the spirits:—how calculated to alarm. He could not, with a stupid boast, defy the gloomy monarch! terror, said he, is in his livid cheek; and who will bail me from his arrest? and as he walked on he again shed tears, his mind retired within itself, and his thoughts took tremendous gloomy paths. This separation created in the breast of Monimia very melancholy sensations, and from this era her sorrows may be said to have commenced. After receiving her aunt's good-night kiss, she retired early to rest, but ere she extinguished the candle, she bent her knees to Him who hears the voice of earthly anguish, and the beatings of an agitated heart, and implored the Almighty's protection towards her dear Frederick, in the deepest passion of prayer. Monimia now became to Martha an object of solemn sympathy and commiseration, and never before had she uttered her name, perhaps, with such extreme tenderness, as she did that night in her humble supplications to heaven. At the dawn of day Monimia arose, and after rubbing her eyes, (for she was at first confused with stupor, and very far from being refreshed,) unhasped her little casement, and threw it back to its farthest limit, to taste the cool spirit of the morning's breath, and to smell the sweet flowers in her aunt's garden, which shook out vast perfume. The day was up, the lark was already at heaven's gate, and the sun with all its glittering jewellery was drying fast the dew drop which laid like pearls on the glittering grass. It had always been a luxury to the native simplicity of Monimia's soul to leave her pillow early in the morning, and contemplate the majestic rising sun; it animated her nature to the sublimest and overpowering emotion of delight, for she saw the omnipotence of God in this glorious picture. But this morning she arose pale, absent, and spiritless, and sat at the window in mournful silence, with difficulty repressing her tears. The sweet eglantine, and hawthorn blossomed before her, roses, lilies, pinks, and carnations of delicate verdures springing up on every side, and the butterfly wantoned on its wings of delight, and the bee on her errand of industry buzzed before her, but to all the beauties of nature and to all the charms of her dwelling, a complete type of paradise, she was lost—utterly lost! When she entered the little parlour which she was wont to term her own, because poor Frederick's picture decorated the room, and it had ever lived in her heart, she sat down by the side of her aunt, and hung her head as if her heart had been wrung, and when Martha made a kind enquiry concerning her health, she gave her a look which would have softened marble. She then covered her face with her hands, and her eyes swam in a sea of most melancholy grief. Martha was too well acquainted with the human heart, to be ignorant of the cause of Monimia's grief, but she said but little to her: indeed she was afraid to say much to her in the present weak state of her nerves. If only the name of Frederick was pronounced before her, a pale tinge overspread her visage, her bosom heaved, her lips

l, and her whole body was
ith a sensible shivering painful
ld. Her aunt, seeing her
al situation, paid her every
nd endearing attention, and
by every means in her power
d her consolation, and to
r thoughts from the objects
h they were invariably fixed.
however she had but very
ccess. Persuasion, indulgence,
sion, all that was warm in
nip or delicate in sympathy was
ractice to no effect. Her village
nd young acquaintances invited
merry evening parties, for the
interrupting her most painful
s, but she tasted not the plea-
nd repose which they meant to
her. Her heart had begun to
e in solitary sorrow, and the
finding itself unopposed, gained
day by day, and had gone far
l the reach of any human skill.
ia's heart was rent with a pang
:h no one could form a just con-
, and she hung down her head
tate of melancholy dejection,
ing worse than that of despair.
shaking her head and giving
iteous looks, she would say to
nt, with an agitated voice and
ng countenance, pray forgive me;
feelings must be my own;—I
t conquer my affections;—do not
ore ask me to hold up my head;—
e no smiles to give till again my
ar Frederick breathes his native
d till from the cruel band of
ss he is freed. I have foresworn
. And then she would pause to
away the tear which reflection
. Eleven months thus wore
at which period she received a
from Frederick; when it was
efore her she gave it a delicious
ooked at the seal with a wander-
aze;—she knew not what to
or what to fear—one moment
saw her countenance wearing
s dawning smile, and in the
the dusky frown of trembling
Her heart beat thickly as she
e open the seal, and her whole
e shook with strange anxiety.
read its contents; it seemed to
like music to her fond ear;—
emed to inspire her with joyful
igs, and to gladden her heart, for
e was an expression of sprightli-
in her countenance, whilst she
erusing the letter that indicated,
as her aunt thought, the possession of some joyful secret. She seemed to be picturing to her mind's eye the most pleasing prospect, and to be investing herself with a thousand cheerful thoughts. Her eyes were completely lighted up with joy, and the smile on her cheek seemed as if it would be deep, placid, and steadfast, till a mortal silence came on her bosom, and bade it move no more. The letter was from one and to the other a monument of love and affection; it contained a passionate declaration of Frederick's attachment to Monimia, and was expressive of the tenderest affection and the most undiminished constancy, informing her at the same time that he was much recovered, and concluding with a very agreeable plan to facilitate their speedy marriage. She read it with an emotion and ecstacy quite inexpressible; but what her feelings truly were on the perusal of this letter we shall leave our readers' imagination to suppose. She prized the epistle as her richest treasure, and deposited it in her bosom for many months. The sanguine expectations of hope had raised her spirits for a short period, but they were raised only to suffer depression. This calm proved but the forerunner of a storm;—fate had a blow in store for her, and she was not very far from the midnight of her misfortunes. Horrid calamity soon rushed in upon her with all its blasting stings, and wrecked her peace for ever. It was not long ere Frederick began again to feel the effects of his mitigated disease; but thinking that which would hurt, if it were known ought to remain concealed, he sent privately to Monimia's aunt a just and an affecting description of the manner in which it was preying on his vitals, which frequently stifled poor Martha's hope of ever beholding him more! As all his letters to Martha contained sad and melancholy accounts of his health, she wisely kept Monimia in ignorance of their contents. But Monimia at length observing that her aunt and friends were frequently engaged in mysterious closetings and long private conferences, and often receiving leters, which she was careful to conceal from her, naturally became alarmed, and when left to solitude and her own reflections, gave way to many

tears. She frequently remained silent and thoughtful, looking at her aunt with an anxious and scrutinizing glance as if she wished to penetrate into her inmost thoughts.

Notwithstanding Martha's extreme anxiety to keep Frederick's letters carefully locked up from Monimia, she one day accidentally left the bureau open, wherein the whole of the papers were deposited: they were perused by the afflicted girl, and from that fatal moment she was misery's own child. On perusal of the letters the tears quietly flowed down her cheeks, but there was no loud grief, for her thoughts were too deep and heartfelt. She then knew that the knot of her bliss was about to sever, and that the star of her hopes was sinking with a rapid flight. She saw nothing, she thought of nothing but poor Frederick! His image followed her every where, and her soul flew back towards him, even across the depths which separated them. In the day time ghastly forms came before her view, and at night her dreams were hideous, lorn and wild, without one ray of hope to gild the gloom.

Whilst she was in this wild abyss of thought, and seated by the cottage door in undisturbed and lone serenity, gazing on the moom beams in all their chastened loveliness, and thinking of that world where no moth can corrupt nor blight can wither, a letter from Italy arrived, sealed up with black wax, and bearing the impression of Frederick's crest; but the hand writing was not known to her. She broke open the seal with a frantic force, and whilst she was unfolding the paper her reason seemed almost crazed. It informed her that poor Frederick would never speak more—that he had closed his eyes on mortality! The bitter intelligence thrilled upon her soul;—in an instant, as it were, her heart was broken, and her mind and hope completely shattered and ruined;—she was shaken to the centre of her frame!—the support of her life had fallen!—hope was extinct!—she put her hands before her face, the blood fell back upon her heart, and she stood the statue of sorrow and romance. Her countenance in the course of a few days presented a most shattered aspect. The seeds of death were sown within, and her frame and external appearance soon justified the apprehensions of internal decay. A slow, consuming, withering fire preyed upon her powers, and dried her up like a fallen leaf decayed. No medicines could reach her broken heart, or lull her hopeless mind to sleep. Her disease was wholly irremediable;—nothing could restore the debilitated powers of her mind, for despair was her disease, and misery was in her blood. It was impossible to be deceived;—her sands were running fast away; the dust was returning to its native dust, and the immortal part to its great original. Never did any one behold so rapid a change; never behold the countenance of any person so battered in so short a space of time as was that of poor Monimia's. There was a completeness in her sorrow never before observed in any human creature; grief had completely withered and smote her down. She associated with no one, and frequently refused all kinds and species of nourishment. She could do nothing but shrine in sacred thoughts poor Frederick's memory. Can it be, she would say, that the hands I have so often pressed, the eyes on which I have so often gazed in silent admiration, the lips on which I have lavished the softest seals of my fondness, and the arms which enfolded me in ecstatic love—are they all borne forth from my view, shut up in the caverns of the dead, the property of worms, and become incorporated with the surrounding elements, and sleeping with the slime of worms! and then, after a deep chilling groan which used to absorb all her friend's faculties in awe and wonder, and which mocked the power of description, she would turn her pallid face, and with clasped hands, and an unsettled wildness of eye, she would fling to heaven a hopeless look, as if her swelling heart would burst. Her aunt and friends did every thing they possibly could to stop her tears, and laid before her all the reasons which kindness and philosophy could furnish, thinking it might, in some degree, soften the strokes of fortune; but all their endeavours proved useless; grief had wholly seized upon her spirits, and they could find out no expedient to relieve her. Friendship could pity, but it could not cure

Her loss comprehended every
g that was most valuable to her
n earth. She had been bereft
companion whose love and at-
on towards her were sufficient of
, if all the world had forsaken
to make her happy and content.
hese things might be small to
rs, but they were great—very
t to her; and though all her plea-
s and enjoyments with her dear
lerick were gone, as the vision of
night, the memory of them were
n her mind during the short remain-
of her solitary journey through life.
hopes were entertained of her re-
ery, for it was impossible for na-
to support herself long in such a
tched state. The brightness of
large dark eyes were gone for
! and her cheeks grew awfully
l and transparent. In fact, her
n was so impregnated with un-
lesome thought, and so cruelly
et with grief and care, that you
got her date of years, and thought
old. At length the final hour ar-
d when her miseries were to cease,
hen her wearied heart was to ren-
forth its last sigh, and her spirit
take its journey to the King of
gs! Martha saw that her dissolu-
n was at hand, and all her friends
re summoned to witness the mourn-
termination which nature was
aging forward. No voice spoke,
noise was heard. They stood at
dreadful post of observation, ab-
bed in the deepest melancholy and
ef. There could be no mistake,
hope! They saw that the great
l eternal law of death was being
ecuted before them in all its awful
nce, and they gazed upon her in
mb suspence as the saffron hues of
ath were taking possession of her
cheeks, and its sickly chills were
creeping through her frame. She
fixed her eyes intently upon her aunt,
and after a solemn pause, and a long
convulsive struggle, she gently ex-
claimed, "'tis well!"—After this she
was silent—her eyes were directed
towards heaven, and seemed to
look as if they were fixed on
those angelic beings, that stood
ready to receive her spirit. The
last faintings of nature came on
her;—the peaceful haven was in
view—heaven was her home, and
to her home she bent!—Her coun-
tenance was mild and placid, and
turned from earth and friendship
unto the realms of immortal bliss.
The coldness and the pains of death
were creeping all over her body;
every power and hope of farther ex-
ertion seemed to desert her; some-
thing gurgled in her throat—her body
gradually stiffened—her hearing was
locked up for ever—her jaws fell—
her lips closed—with a look of fear-
less composure she shut her eyes, and
in a few brief minutes all was over!
—Poor Martha was almost broken
hearted, and quite unable to control
her grief;—the colour of her cheeks
receded, but there was nothing to be
perceived in her countenance, or to
be gathered from her words of what
she felt inwardly in her heart. Her
countenance never more wore a smile,
and she soon took her journey to that
distant and obscure province whence
none return. The grass grows be-
tween the stones of Monimia's tomb,
where many a time we have dropped
a tear to her memory, when the flut-
tering tribe of the evening are on
their feeble wing, and the sun turns
his face from the shadowless land.

SONNET. THE DYING EXILE.

A lonely wanderer on a foreign strand
Far from each former friend and that dear shore
He fondly call'd his own, (though *his* no more)
The exile felt that awful hour at hand,
When life declining to its latest sand
Had feebly ebbed—and every grief was o'er,
Save the sad thought, that all who might deplore
His fate, were distant in his native land.
And he must die neglected and alone;
Nor wife, nor child might even know the spot,
Where he must sleep unmarked by cross or stone,
His woes unpitied, and his name forgot;
Yet wrath he felt not—and his dying prayer
Rose for his country's sufferings and despair.

A. S——D.

THE PENITENT'S DEATH-BED.

"Long she flourish'd;
Grew sweet to sense, and fragrant to the eye,
Until at length the cruel spoiler came,
Pluck'd this fair flower, with all its sweetness,
Then flung it like a worthless weed away."

OTWAY.

"I TELL you it is of no use, she must die," cried the apprentice of the dispensary.

"But, Sir," answered the attendant, "she appears better to day than she has been for some time; and, as we are told, that while there is life there is hope, may —"

"Phoo! pack of nonsense; when I tell you the woman is dying."

"For heaven's sake, don't speak so loud; she will overhear you."

"And what if she does? I tell you the girl is at death's door. You may give her the composing draught if you like—that is, if she lives to take it."

"But, Sir,"—

"I can't stay to hear any more. Do you think I am paid for staying?" With these words he left the apartment.

And who was the unfortunate subject of this conversation? In a corner of a room, in every part of which the winds of Heaven seemed to have uncontrolled licence, on a bed—no, I misname it; but, it is from the impossibility of fixing a name on so wretched a substitute for one: it was a mere bundle of rags—there lay a being. Could that wretched ghastly-looking object be called a human being? Yes, it was such; but, oh! what a mockery of humanity!

The figure was that of the once lovely and amiable Ellen R. Ellen! 'twas my fate to see thee but once. Would to Heaven that the recollection of that interview had faded for ever from my memory! So great—so awful is the alteration two years have made! I remember her then a lovely and a blooming girl. I remember her more: I remember her everything that a girl should be—she was a virtuous girl. What volumes do these simple words express! They tell of her as one who was a being that was not only proud of herself, but as the pride and satisfaction of all who knew her. Let me behold her now: her shivering limbs half encircled with the remnants of a carpet-rug; those eyes, which once beamed with the conscious pride of virtue, seem now fearful of encountering the light of that Being her agonized heart tells her she has offended. Look at her: those livid lips—there was a time when they knew not sin or pollution. See her countenance, that wreck of beauty!—see the expression of pain and suffering it bears. There was a time when it was the emblem of innocence and peace; but, now, oh! I must turn away my eyes from the loathsome object!

* * * * *

She beckoned to the young person who was humane enough to grant her the assistance she stood so much in need of in these trying moments.

"My kind friend;—" she stopped: it was a violent effort to utter those words. With greater difficulty she proceeded—"I would spend my last breath, after imploring forgiveness from my Maker, in thanking you for your kindness, but I know it is needless. The heart that can prompt so humane an action, cannot find any praise so grateful as that which its own feelings excite. I will not waste the small remnant of breath that is left me, but will employ it, if I can, to your advantage. Yes, lady, the few words that are now faltering on my tongue, will not be thrown away upon you. There was a time, though not twenty months since, it seems a dreary age, when I was like yourself, innocent, and therefore happy—happy! Now, what do you behold me? And how came this change? Listen; and, by the description of the miseries occasioned by vice, you may learn to avoid its incitement.

was left just as I had entered my teenth year, an orphan, unpro- l and friendless. I knew that I nandsome and possessed of great nal accomplishments; but these ot the means of gaining an honest stence. I looked around, and l see no other; but think not my heart was in the least tainted ice: no, then it shuddered at its reflection. My father died sud- y, and involved: the little pro- y he was possessed of was quickly :d by his creditors, and I was left ie world, of which I had heard ning but its villainy. He had taught better than to repine at the decrees Providence. I resolved to benefit iis instructions, and do honour to memory. See how I have sue- led.

My first care was to get any em- yment that was suitable to my sex; vas an humble but it was a reput- e one. Its emoluments were scanty; eed, it was with difficulty a bare stence could be supported. There o one but who would feel this pri- ion; but, to one who had been ac- tomed to every indulgence, it was at. But, ah! how happy were those ys in comparison with such as have ceeded them! I may date the first e of misery as that on which I first v him, for whose happiness I sacri- ed all that was bright and amiable my nature. From that day he was erything to me. He flattered not; nor l he resort to those means by which e purity of our sex is too frequently stroyed; he took a more cautious ough a surer ground. He first lulled y heart, that he might form it as he eased. He entered into the scenes my past life, and I thought I dis- rned the full vent of manly feeling splayed when he compassionated me i the reverse of my prospects. In ort, he made me believe that I was l to him; and my own heart told e his happiness was all I thought orth living for. He discovered the ntiments I entertained, and took ad- ntage of them. Instead of guarding s a sacred pledge, that heart which e had sworn to protect, he moulded to his own purposes, and triumphed i its weakness. I did not remain ng undeceived: his real character egan to display itself. Fickleness nd light-heartedness were uppermost. t was impossible, I thought, that I could have reposed my confidence on a thing that was combined with trea- chery and falsehood, but such I found to be the case. When he had de- prived the poor object of everything that was estimable—when he had plucked the flower of innocence, and scattered its leaves abroad, he threw away the stem as a thing that was rank to the touch, and loathsome to the eye. Oh! what heavier punishment can woman have for her frailties, than that of discovering that he for whom she has sacrificed all that is amiable in her nature, is the first, THE VERY FIRST, to despise and loathe her for her weakness. It was great; but I had severer trials: I found I was deserted not only by the object of my affections, but by all the world besides. Reputation is a flower that blooms but once: if it ever fade, or is once plucked, 'tis gone for ever. There is no second spring; the first blast of winter de- stroys it. I was soon abandoned by all—a thing disgraced and polluted, and no one would own me. I had but one resource—infamy or death.

"My sense of remorse was great, but the love of life was stronger. Despe- ration urged me through the whirlpool of vice. It is a mighty current, whose course flows rapidly forward; but no friendly tide can ebb the adventurer back. My career has been short, but how dreadful! Pleasure I never sought for; and, for one error, which at the time I committed I taught my heart to think it was not much, I have experi- enced all the horrors of a guilty con- science, the most rankling remorse, the slowest pain, and the prospects of never-ending torture. But I blame not him who has been the cause of all; no, he could never have known how much I loved him, or else he would not have suffered the thing that doated on him to be trampled on as the refuse of the world. Yet so it is; and may you, dearest lady, who have thus ac- cidentally witnessed the effects, often ponder on that which excited its com- mission. The world seems fast fading from my eyes. Oh, God! who has pleased to visit her who has aban- doned thy ways with this punishment, grant that he who first caused me to wander, may never know the pains, the agonies, I feel; but rather, in thy merciful goodness, forgive him, and let my sufferings atone for his crime; and, may thy blessed son, who despised not

the Magdalene as she washed his feet with the tears of repentance, look down with compassion on the wretched sinner now prostrate before them!

Oh! could the deep anguish of repentance that fills me, but wipe away my sins, and cleanse my soul, that it may be fit for thy heavenly presence! The thought lifts me above earth; it is too much. Yet, deny it not to him who betrayed me! Oh, grant him thy forgiveness. I come ——"

* * * * *

And this is woman's fate! All that is bright and amiable in her nature is awakened; the most powerful impulses of her mind are stretched like a bow-string to their fullest extent, and then thrown back upon themselves or rent asunder. And then, the being who was created for his solace and happiness—the thing that looks up to him for his protection—that relies on the boasted superiority of his nature, and, in so doing, confers the highest earthly honour; the pride, the ornament of the creation, is converted by man to its DISGRACE. Yes, *that* woman, whose only fault may have been, if we can call it a fault, a want of suspicion, becomes to the eye of the world as sickening and loathsome as a venomous serpent; and her society is only thought worthy of the abandoned and depraved.

Oh, ye, whose delight and whose glory is the downfall of female virtue, behold one of those whom you have lifted from the enjoyment of happiness and reputation, pacing the midnight street, the scorn of the lowest ruffian, *yourself included*. Oh! what a triumph! how becoming a hero! how worthy a MAN! Deign to witness the last scene of your triumphs. See the death-bed of one of your victims, and think how great—how generous an act you have committed. Yes, in the depths of misery and woe, you will find your trophies enshrined with the tears of repentance, and the glories of your triumphs exalted in the cries of the agonized. But ye whose plea is thoughtlessness, teach your hearts this truth; and, though you may endeavour to banish it from your memory in the contemplation of crime, it will still exist, and be as green as ever in your conscience—that he who endeavours to engage the affections of one whom he knows, or determines he cannot, or will not make honourable amends, *has the whole of the crimes attending her ruin to answer for*, the remembrance of which will be REMORSE in this world, and RETRIBUTION in the next.

A YOUNG AUTHOR.

SONG.

Last night I saw yon sea, 'twas still,
The moon's broad light play'd o'er the wave;
And nought on earth had power to chill,
The pleasing glow that prospect gave.

A little bark roll'd o'er the sea,
Its fairy lights beam'd gaily round;
'Twas Hope's frail bark which sail'd so free,
To Joy's bright bay that bark was bound.

This morn the waves were tost on high,
The air was cloth'd in robes of night;
The rolling thunder rock'd the sky,
And redly flash'd the Levin light.

Hope's fragile bark sail'd lightly on,
And seem'd secure from wind and wave;
Joy's beacon lamp still brightly shone,
And promise fair of shelter gave.

But Disappointment's rock was near,
Hope's bark was wreck'd and broken there;
She shed one bitter burning tear,
Then fled to dwell with dark despair.

So, oft in life my hopes have died,
E'en when I thought my joy secure;
And I have often wept and sigh'd,
To find Hope's dreams were never sure.

W. HENRY LANCE.

A STRATAGEM OF AN INSANE LOVER.

old man, called James Watson, on the trade of a grocer, in a town in the county of Sus- By *dint* of regular attention to siness, and very parsimonious he amassed a considerable for- which, it was understood, would y descend to the possession of y daughter. This daughter was ss remarkable for the beauty of erson, than the simplicity and nce of her character. She was ul, because the serenity of her ition was never disturbed by exations of ambition or disap- nent; unassuming and affection- because she was unconscious of eauty, and regardless of her des- wealth. She had many suitors, g, middle aged, and old; all sing a total disregard of her mo- and a most exalted and disinte- l passion for herself alone. She issed all those suitors, who were ipally persons in business, not se she aspired to higher matches, because her heart was totally in- ble of their admiration. The n, however, of a young woman the age of puberty is never en- y unoccupied by love. That pas- , like the slow movement of the keeper, or the progress of vegeta- advances in her heart, although may be unconscious of its opera-

There was in the shop of old son, a youth who was distantly ed to him, and whom he had n, while yet a child, into his e, and reared with more kindness was natural for one of so selfish sposition. From this conduct a rt originated, that the child was son; but that report was false. boy grew up to manhood, in pany of Ann Watson. He was play-fellow in childhood, and her w-student at a more advanced od.—They always agreed; for the , conscious of his dependance on bounty of the father, was dis- d to yield the superiority to ı; and she, pleased and flattered is compliance and assiduity, ne- exercised her dominion beyond bounds of a moderate and gentle ire. He was her friend, her con- nt, her champion, her servant. The commencement of a passion is often full of cheerfulness and plea- sure, but darkens as it advances, and terminates in misfortune; like those autumnal days, which begin in cloud- less beauty, and end in storms. The young lad no sooner beheld Ann Watson surrounded by a host of ad- mirers, than he felt the inferiority of his condition, and the great impro- bability of ever gaining her hand in marriage; he saw that his situation in the family was nothing more than that of a dependant, who had been reared up in the company of her he loved, merely that he might serve as a play-mate; and had been placed behind the counter to be the drudge and slave of his unfeeling master. His spirits failed: the temper of his mind grew sullen and dissatisfied: he was often caught by his companions in tears, and often reprimanded by his master for his stupidity and indolence. The cause of this change was not unknown to the object of his affec- tion: she saw and pitied his condi- tion: she did more than pity him— she loved him—but that innate deli- cacy and pride, which check in the female heart an unsolicited avowal of affection, prevented her from di- vulging to her admirer the state of her own feelings. Her conduct, however, towards him, assumed a character of great respect and com- miseration. Instead of treating him as she had been wont to do, in a playful and familiar manner, she ne- ver saw him without addressing him in expressions full of tenderness. Her voice when she spoke to him had a sweeter delicacy than usual, and her eyes, which generally spar- kled with animation, beamed with a milder radiance that penetrated to the recesses of his soul. This conduct, which was intended to ameliorate his woes, and restore him to cheerful- ness, plunged him more deeply into misery; for the youth soon concluded that no affection for him could exist in a bosom which delayed to confess its sentiments for him, when he knew it must be evident that he was dying for her. While things were thus pro- ceeding, and the young people were exposed to those delicious agonies

which constitute the essence of pure love, it happened that the whole family, except Charles Jackson and Ann Watson, were engaged abroad. A desire to have one look at his mistress, induced the lad to venture into the room where she was sitting, under pretence of searching for some trifle, which he pretended to have lost. He had no sooner entered the room than she began as usual to commiserate his appearance. 'What!' said she, 'Charles, you have still the same woeful air which neither time, I see, nor my entreaties, can dispel. I must advise my father to consult a physician, if you continue much longer in this dejected state.' 'It is not, lovely Ann!' said he, 'in the power of medicine to administer comfort to a heart that is miserable, or cheerfulness to a mind that is disordered by agitation. My sufferings can only be relieved by the gentle administration of one, who has the power to soothe or distract, to sadden or cheer this afflicted bosom. The heart which has done mischief, can alone relieve the sufferer.' 'Indeed! indeed!' said she; 'and pray! who is this formidable person, that has had the power to make such an alteration, in a short time, in the character of so discreet a youth as yourself?' 'It is—but I cannot, I dare not divulge the secret.' 'I insist upon it,' said she, 'I am interested in whatever concerns you: I am—but tell me without farther reluctance.' 'Since I must speak,' said he, 'it is—it is you, Miss Watson, who have brought me to this condition. I—I—I—I love you! I love you to distraction!—you now know all. Let me on my knees implore you to pity and forgive my unfortunate situation.—bid me, bid me leave your father's house; bid me never utter the matter again to your ears; bid me die—but, do not, do not, lovely girl! tell me that you hate me.' 'I tell you that I hate you, Charles! lips never divulged a greater truth than mine, when I now declare that I sincerely love you.' At this moment Ann was sitting on the sofa, and Charles was kneeling at her feet, who, as soon as he heard the words, sincerely love you, let fall his head upon her lap, and burst into tears. The maiden kissed his cheeks, and was in the act of dealing up his hair with her handkerchief, when old Watson, who had been listening at the door, which was half open, rushed into the room, and seizing his daughter by the arm, thrust her violently out. He then turned immediately towards the lad, whom he seized by the collar, and having kicked and cuffed through the passage, forced him into the street. He then ordered his clothes to be packed up, and to be sent to the house of an old woman, his relation, from whom he had taken him into his family.

The situation of the unhappy lovers might be described: perhaps it were easier to imagine it. They felt the tenderest passion subjected to all that the most cruel disappointment could inflict. The lovely maiden, whose conduct to her father had always been attentive and respectful, was committed to the safe custody of a maiden aunt, and confined to her chamber. The poor lad, whose nerves had been shockingly affected by love, and the pressing meditations on the disparity of his condition, compared to that of his mistress, and the consciousness of the great improbability of his ever being united to her, wandered through out the night, in the field contiguous to the town, and was found by some workmen, in the morning, lying under a hedge, exhausted by fatigue and hunger. He had just strength enough remaining to inform them who he was, and to desire that he might be conveyed to the house of his unfeeling master. The labourers soon arrived at the house of old Watson, conveying on their shoulders the languid and endeavorous person of the youth. There is no stone harder than the heart of an avaricious old man. The sight of the poor boy seemed but to inflame his indignation.—He rushed into the street, and openly upbraided the youth to his face, with the crime of having seduced the affections of his daughter. He even lifted his hand, and would have stricken him, unless one of the poor labourers had stept forward, and caught on his arm the blow aimed at his person. A by-standers, admiring them to proceed to the workhouse; and the lad was accordingly conveyed thither and deposited in a bed. A low typhus fever, accompanied by delirium, attacked him, from which he slowly recovered; and which left behind it a melancholy, that by, &c.

s terminated in an insanity which mined to be permanent.

n the meantime, the pretty Ann toon remained under strict con- ment, and measures were taken by father, to marry her to a wealthy tleman, about twenty years older n herself, and as his own conduct he young lover had excited con- rable odium against himself, and affection of his daughter to the th remained still unabated, he re- ed, by a systematic hypocrisy, to ain the good opinion of his towns- n, and by a dexterous manœuvre id himself for ever of the presence roung Jackson. He circulated re- ts that the conduct of the lad had ch exceeded the bounds of a pure l lawful affection: that his princi- s were scarcely honest; and that had often abused his kindness and ction, by actions which his mercy im prevented him from divulging. the same time, with a pompous dis- y of generosity, he paid all expences urred by his illness; furnished him h many comforts; clothed him, him, and allowed every advantage ch his medical attendants declar- necessary to his recovery. But he same time, he privately gave a e fee to a medical gentleman, who lared his malady to be incurable, l recommended his immediate re- val to Bethlem, as the only resource n which any relief could be ex- ted. Who was to attend him? ly, none but the good and gentle . Watson, who, it is said, albeit he l shewn a little passion at first, d it was natural that he should be newhat violent on the discovery of pose a design to seduce his daugh- , was nevertheless one of the best n upon the face of the earth, and most inclined to the humble and ek duties of Christianity. The per authorities having been applied an order was obtained to admit youth into Bethlem Hospital, l the old gentleman, accompanied his insane kinsman, travelled in stage to London. During their rney he treated him with pretended dness, bestowing on him any little ury which he desired, patted him the cheeks, and hoped in the ne of God, that he would soon over and return to his afflicted nds. When they arrived in Lon- n, it being too late an hour to

admit patients into Bethlem, they re- tired to an inn in the neighbourhood, where they ordered supper, and plen- teously regaled themselves.

The abstemious habits of old Wat- son rendered him liable to be dis- arranged by the slightest deviation from his accustomed regularity; and his body being plethoric and disposed to congestion of blood in the head, he felt the immediate effects of a more generous diet than usual; and, soon after dinner, fell fast asleep. There is a cunning in madness, a craft in simplicity, which is often an over- match for the experience of age, and the plans of judgment. The poor lad no sooner observed his keeper asleep, than, retiring into a distant part of the room, he entered into con- versation with a person who had shewn him some attention, and to him divulged the whole story of his love and misfortunes. Truth often carries its conviction along with it. What one had related, the other in- stantly believed; and they combined their wits to elude the severity of con- finement, and punish the cruelty and injustice of the old grocer. Charles knew that the order for his admission to Bethlem was deposited in the breeches-pocket of Watson. He searched, and found it; and having made such alterations as he thought proper, reserved it to be used in the morning. They then roused the old man lest he should sleep too long, and thus be prevented from re- posing until a late hour.—Hav- ing induced him to indulge him- self in a glass or two of spirits and water, they carried him up stairs in a state of intoxication, and having un- dressed him, placed him in his bed. The two men, that is the unfortunate lad and his friend, reposed in the same chamber.

As soon as the morning appeared, they rose and dressed themselves; and leaving old Watson asleep, repaired to Bethlem, where they delivered their order, and requested (inasmuch as they pretended to be going out of town by an early coach), that the insane person might be immediately removed into the Hospital. Their wishes were complied with; and they immediately set out to return to the inn, accompa- nied by two keepers, bearing in their hands the necessary instruments of bondage and correction. They opened

the door of the chamber without disturbing him, and arranged themselves in order round his bed. On each side, and near the head of the bed, stood one of the keepers, prepared to seize on the prisoner: while the youth and his friend stood at the foot, in anxious expectation about the success of their scheme. Watson suddenly awakes: he beholds around him four figures, indistinctly manifest on account of the gloom of the chamber, but so accoutred, and standing in attitudes so hostile and menacing, that he instantly concludes they are robbers who have entered his chamber for the purpose of taking his life. The first operation of his mind impels him to attempt an escape:—He utters an ejaculation of horror; jumps up, and rushes towards the foot of the bed. Beholding Charles Jackson standing there, and preparing to oppose his progress, he overwhelms him by a single blow, and immediately directs his course towards the door. The door being open, he hastens through it; descends the staircase, and hurries into the street, vociferating, 'thieves! murder! help!' Close at his heels, with hands outstretched to seize, and sticks upheld to smite, follow the two keepers, that are succeeded by young Jackson and his friend, who having like sportsmen, roused the game, enjoy in the rear the luxury of the pursuit. The morning was exceedingly wet, and few persons being in the streets, he ran a considerable distance before he was interrupted. Having taken refuge in a street which had no outlet, he placed his back against a wall, and for some time kept his assailants off by kicks and blows; until one of the keepers having stunned him by a blow on the head, they all rushed upon him, bound him hand and foot, and conveyed him in a hackney coach to Bethlem. While they were transporting him thither he exhibited symptoms of the wildest frenzy; kicked and spit at young Jackson; foamed at the mouth, and used the lowest and most abusive language. As soon as he was safely deposited in the hospital, young Jackson and his friend took their leave, and repaired to an inn to talk over the events they had transacted. The latter having assisted him in his operations against Watson, supplied him also with a little money, and advised him to apply for a situation at a grocer's, and abandon all desire of returning into Sweat. This the poor lad was willing to perform; but there was a more powerful adviser in his bosom, than the suggestions of his prudence or the apprehension of danger. Having wandered for some days in the streets of London, he turned his face towards his native place, and, conducted by that Daly who led Paris to Lacedemon, and Anthony to Egypt, walked almost bare-foot and half-famished, supporting himself on such food as charity would bestow, to the house of his cruel master. Having watched for an opportunity of entering the door, he stole softly and unseen through the passage, and appeared pale and emaciated in the presence of his mistress; who, turning her head suddenly round, imagined that she beheld before her the ghost of her lover, and having shrieked, fell from her chair in a swoon. Miss Watson's aunt, as well as other persons of the family, who had heard the shriek, immediately entered the room, and beheld the youth, hanging over the inanimate person of his mistress, and endeavouring to cheer and revive her. Their anxiety about the young lady, made them for some time almost unmindful of his presence, and he was allowed to assist in her recovery. As soon, however, as life returned, and she beheld her lover among those who were endeavouring to restore her, she no longer resisted the impulse of her feelings, but stretching forth her arms, called him her dear, her beloved Charles. The aunt, whose delicacy was shocked at this open avowal of a passion, which it had been her endeavour to subdue, rushed hastily between them. Some of the party seized the youth by the collar, while others gently detained the maiden by the waist. One attempted to stuff a handkerchief into the mouth of the youth that he might not speak: while others covered the eyes of Miss Watson that she might not see; and in this manner these innocent and gentle lovers were torn asunder and conveyed into different parts of the house. As soon as those who had seized upon young Jackson, had conveyed him into a separate apartment, they began to enquire after old Mr. Watson.—They were instantly told by the lad that he was safe, and when they

nd he was safe they thought of
rder, and thinking of murder, they
urally thought of a constable:—a
istable was immediately sent for,
h the lad was committed to his
ody. On the following morning
was brought up before a magistrate,
charged with the murder of old
tson. The evidence against him
s multifarious and intricate. The
ositions all tended to excite sus-
ion against the lad, though none to
minate him. The aunt of Miss
tson deposed that the youth had
itted L——— in company of her
ther, and returned without him:—
sequently he had murdered him.
e Magistrate over-ruled this obser-
tion, and declared some farther
dence was necessary. She then
clared that the attachment of young
kson to Miss Watson was of a most
rific nature, and capable of execut-
g the most desperate acts, that he
ght possess her person and her
ney. Upon this the Magistrate
verged into a very elaborate and
rned disquisition on the passions of
e human heart. He began by ex-
ining what love was. In what par-
ulars it differed from the grosser
ssions of animal life. He then made
ny profound and philosophic ob-
vations on the necessity of a just
d proper regulation of the passion
love, all tending to show, how
uch of the happiness of human
e depended upon its nice adjust-
nt. He then took a brief and rapid
rvey of love from the creation of
e world until the hour when he was
aking. He touched with great
licacy upon the many impure af-
tions related in the Bible, entered
re boldly in his animadversions on
gross and disgusting passions of
Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans;
ised Homer for his loves of Hector
l Andromache, Ulysses, and Pene-
e: blamed him for having made
deities the slaves of impure love,
sured Herodotus: quoted his Eu-
e; blamed Aristophanes; won-
ed at Lucretia; censured Horace,
acreon, Sappho; reviled Cleopatra;
d up Portia to admiration, and
ssalina to contempt; cited Petro-
s Arbiter; mentioned the origin of
Constitutions of Clarendon; blam-
Lord Rochester; pitied George
ewell—and then declared, that the
th who stood before him, was in
his estimation an instance of an un-
fortunate, but not a wicked passion.
'There is something,' said the worthy
magistrate, 'in this case which inter-
ests me much. The lad may be guilty,
but until proof be given, I shall con-
sider him innocent. I will myself
be answerable for his appearance. In
the meantime, let those whom it con-
cerns dispatch a person to London,
and enquire at Bethlem Hospital re-
specting the fate of Mr. Watson.'—
The party immediately retired, and
the magistrate taking young Jack-
son into a private room, seriously
expostulated with him on his con-
duct, and insisted upon an immediate
avowal of the circumstances which
had detained Mr. Watson in town.
The lad instantly divulged every par-
ticular, and the magistrate delayed not
to inform the aunt of Miss Watson of
the situation of her brother.

At the suggestion of the worthy
magistrate, young Jackson accompa-
nied the messenger to London. As
soon as they made enquiries at Beth-
lem respecting old Mr. Watson, they
heard, to their great astonishment,
that a mania of the most dreadful and
ferocious description had possessed
him, from the time of his admission
into that hospital, that he had talked
in the wildest and most incoherent
manner about his daughter, and one
Charles Jackson, whom he declared he
had murdered, and who appeared
standing perpetually before him gnash-
ing his teeth, and gazing on him with
eye-balls flashing fire. It was for
some time doubted whether it would
be proper to admit them to his pre-
sence; but, the messenger having as-
serted that the young man who ac-
companied him was the identical
Charles Jackson whom he imagined
he had murdered, it was thought that
his presence might relieve his mind
from the weighty apprehension of the
calamity which seemed to oppress it.
They were accordingly conducted to
the room where he was confined,
which they had no sooner entered
than he beheld young Jackson, and
immediately vociferated, "Save me!
save me! look! look! look! look! he
comes! he comes to seize and torture
me. Stand! stand before me! If he
approaches me, I shall suffer. If he
touches me, insufferable torments will
drive me to madness!" The keepers
no sooner heard these expressior

than conscious that the presence of the young man might produce a paroxysm which would be fatal to the patient, hurried him out of the room. The physician of the hospital being consulted, advised that no one, except from necessity, should from that time be admitted into the room where he was confined, and intimated the probability of a speedy and fatal termination. Notice of the situation of Mr. Watson was dispatched into Sussex, and his sister and daughter immediately set out for London. In the meantime, an extraordinary alteration had occurred in the state of the patient; the mania, which had been induced by a violent inflammation of the membranes of the brain, gradually subsided; and, upon the arrival of his sister and daughter in London, he was able to receive and converse with them.—Great debility of body, and a passive sobriety of temper, had succeeded to a disposition naturally mean and tyrannical. He felt abashed and humbled. That Being who protects the virtuous against the designs of the wicked, had turned his own arts against him. The ruin which he had destined to another had been almost brought upon himself. He had been defeated by a boy whose prospects he had blasted, and whose intellects he had deranged. He beheld his daughter sinking under a hapless and unconquerable passion. The morn of her life was overshadowed by clouds, which the whisper of his apprehensions might disperse. Apprehensive of death, conscious of having committed injury, desirous to make reparation, he called them about him in a moment of gentleness of disposition which he had never felt before, and consented to their marriage.—Charles Jackson was united to his beloved mistress, and the weakness of intellect which he had shewn in love, never manifested itself in marriage. They lived happy and respected, and a monument erected by their children to their memory, in the parish church of L——, describes them as patterns of conjugal affection, and enumerates a catalogue of virtues which few could imitate and none surpass.

THE SWEET SOUNDS OF A RURAL EVE.

Oh! for the sweet sounds of a rural eve!
The chime far-floated on a billowy breeze,
Now buoying, now o'erwhelming it!—the faint
Chorus of infant revelry, so mellowed,
By the soft air it struggles through, that none,
Save the most rapturous and thrilling notes,
Can reach the longing listner:—the light carol
Of some fair-finger'd knitter in the sunset,
Smiling at ev'ry wind that lifts her tresses;
Or, likelier, at the mingled breathings of
A rustic pipe, sway'd—by the unseen hands
Of him who *must* partake *some* bliss with her—
Into the same loved melody,—the bark,
The bark of dog, the whirr of bat, the buzz of insect,
All musical *afar*;—the liquid horn,
Clear as it were the very spirit of sound:—
Then, the last lullaby of parent-bird
Over her sleepy nestlings, where the leaves, too,
Murmur among themselves in a wild strain
That seems of their own making;—these, oh! these,
Are gentle noises that do minister
So plentiously to the *one* thrice-joy'd sense,
That what more can remain, to steep the *others*
In such unwishing blessedness, we know not;
Nor heed we, so the precious tide run high
From thousand rivulets, or a single fount—
It matters not: the heart can be but full.

DIALOGUE,

(IN THE MANNER OF LUCIAN,)

TWEEN BUONAPARTE, DUKE OF W——N, RHADAMAN-
THUS, CHARON, AND JACK KETCH.

uke of W. Pr'ythee, Charon, who
nat dirty vagabond that stands wav-
his hand and nodding to me from
shore?

ha. I am unacquainted with his
ne, but know him to be one of
r country. His conversation is
erally directed to his own exploits
he upper world; he talks largely
ut the number he put to death, the
ices he did the state, and the little
ard which his merits received.
nce I conclude that he is some
at but disappointed general. 'Tis
, he looks somewhat shabby and
e-worn; but it has been my lot to
y over this river a host of very emi-
t characters, whose personal ap-
rance little denoted the greatness
y once possessed. Hannibal, for
ance, was as mean a personage
I ever saw, and in no particular
erior to yonder meagre looking
ow. No man would have given
e-pence for his body to sell as cats'
at; and yet all agree that he was
reat general; and, except in the
nion of your countrymen, by no
ans inferior to the hero of Water-
. But you will soon see who the
ow is, for we shall touch the shore
n instant.

. Ketch. Welcome W——n! wel-
ne to the infernal regions! I arrived
ut a month back, and have already
ad a report of the expected coming
your grace. Rhadamanthus has
tted to me the office of attending
naparte, and that great man has
t me down to the banks of the Styx
ail your approach and conduct you
his presence.

Duke of W. I know not who you
Sirrah! but I am convinced, that
le living in England, you were a
on of no importance, or a man of
rank must have known you; but,
ou seem to be acquainted with the
icacies of the Elysian fields, con-
t me into the presence of Alexan-
Cæsar, Xenophon, Pompey, Sci-
Hannibal, and the rest of those
thies, whom I have at least equal-
if not excelled.

J. Ketch. Tarry awhile, my good W——n. Much as I am inclined to oblige you, (for I have an unfeigned respect for you), I have not the power to introduce you into the presence of these great men. As for Alexander, Cæsar, Xenophon, and the rest of whom you have mentioned, they are too much occupied in philosophical and learned disputes with Homer, Socrates, Plato, Cicero, Virgil, Aristotle, Descartes, Newton, Hume and others, to admit you into their presence. You are aware, that, when alive, war was not alone their pursuit, but that they were all eminent for their learning, and were emulators and patrons of the most illustrious philosophers and poets of their day. Among such accomplished men, an unlettered soldier like yourself, will make but a poor figure; for you possess no talents but for war, and even in that particular you fall so far behind most of them, that you will be held in little esteem. But here comes one who will be pleased to converse with you:—you may know him by his sallow complexion and the rotundity of his belly, which he gained by your kindness, in sending him to St. Helena.

Buo. Welcome W——n! I have been anxiously waiting your arrival.

Duke of W. I am not less delighted in seeing you, from whom I must confess, I gained the greater part of my knowledge, and to whom I owe much of my reputation—for, if you had never existed, I might have remained in obscurity. But I am somewhat displeased with you that you have sent me no worthier ambassador to greet my arrival than this paltry vagabond, who declares himself deputed to attend upon you by Rhadamanthus.

Buo. That is true. The judge considers him as the most proper person to attend upon me, and observed, when he appointed him, that it would have been well for mankind if he had been better acquainted with me while I was in existence. You must know that the fellow was for twenty years executioner at your Old Bailey in Lon-

don, and declares that he put more persons to death than any man in Europe, except myself and you; and he adds, that all his executions tended to the happiness of mankind, and did not originate in ambition and vain glory, like some of our achievements.

Duke of W. Ignorant blockhead! But of course you do not listen to him.

Buo. Yes I do. My long confinement in St. Helena, presented me with abundance of leisure for considering to what purposes my life had been directed; and although, while I lived, I affected to retain the same opinions as had swayed my life, yet I could not fail to discover, that twenty years of restless ambition, fifty great victories, and the slaughter of a million of men, had in no single instance increased the happiness of mankind; the people of France reaping no advantages from the blood spilt, and I the misery of being confined till my decease in St. Helena. With such facts before my eyes, I candidly admit that an executioner is a more useful personage than a general; and I am sorry that I did not apply for the situation of hangman before my expedition to Egypt; for, by obtaining it, I should have gratified my thirst for blood without the unnecessary cruelty of putting a million of men to death. To be sure, I have gained immortal fame; for, between ourselves, men are too stupid and ignorant to admire what is useful, and always prefer the brilliant and pernicious destroyer of their own species to the humble and obscure qualities of moderate men.

Duke of W. You astonish me! can it be possible that you are so much altered in opinion? However, I must so far assent to your present ideas, as to admit, that you destroyed thousands of men without any useful or necessary purpose, and that in all your wars you were the aggressor.

Buo. I the aggressor! you know full well, W——n, that your ambitious country was always exciting the continental nations against me, and I could only preserve myself by opposing them.

Duke of W. 'Tis false, Sir! and the world would have been subjected to you, unless the gods had sent me to protect it.

Buo. Monstrous vanity! but——

[*They seize each other by the throat.*]

Enter RHADAMANTHUS.

Rha. What uproar is this? How dare you disturb the peace of these flitting by your hasty and insolent passions? Is it not enough that you kept the earth for years in an agitated state? But I'll punish you. (*To Jack Ketch.*) Do you observe those two tall oaks which extend their huge branches over the vale? Suspend Buonaparte on the branch of one and W——n on the branch of the other. Let them hang there for one hundred years, and do you pull their legs twice a-day. The vagabonds must not disturb these regions.

TOWN EMPTY.

"HA! what are you in town?" (with an air of surprise) says one exquisite addressing another. "Business, George, vile business, the absolute necessity of coming to town for the filthy dross, the needful; nothing else could have prevailed upon me to vegetate here for nearly a week," replies brother *Merveilleux*, as if it were a sin or a shame to be found in London in the months of August, September, and October; "and you," retorted George, as if to parry the reproof, "what could *possibly* bring you here? I thought that you were on the moors, or hunting with Sir Charles: as for me, I have been making a round of the watering places for these last two months, but my d——d steward cannot raise me any more money, and I am obliged to go to the cursed Jews after all, and what is worse, to wait day after day in an empty Hotel, (a sort of a bull this, and would be called so if coming from an Hibernian) and to go to the detestable city daily." "I—I—(hesitating,) I came up from Gloucestershire to meet a *chere amie* arrived from the continent; it was absolutely necessary, (laying great stress on the word *absolutely*) but I shall not remain long, I am off like a shot to Paris: my friend comes from Brussels—ah—(much confused) and we go to Paris together, for one dont know

t to do with one's self until spring,
mentum from a touch of the gout;
lish

When a lady's in the case
u know all other things give place."
ay!", exclaimed the other, by way
pun. Now the fact is, that the
apologist for being in town told
bounce: he was living in
environs of the town in the county
Surry, to wit, from motives of
ey, not being over rash in making
person public, for which purpose
had taken lodgings at Camberwell,
lst the other fashionable was really
e to town to borrow money; but
y all this mystery, excuses, and
ge on the subject? why just be-
se it is fashionable to be out of
n at this season, and even in the
d of the winter; the meeting of par-
nent and the spring months being
great attractions for people *comme*
aut, as they are called by the vain,
gay, the idle and extravagant.
hear such persons talk, you would
ak that the grass grew in Bond-
et, and that not a carriage, nor a
ll-dressed person was to be met
h in the autumn months from one
l of the town to the other, or that
ne epidemic disease visited the me-
polis, or that a monsoon or sirocco
id drove the inhabitants away;
ereas the last two months in ques-
n bring cold and long evenings with
m, and abridge the pleasures of
country very much; but that is
fling when compared to the gloom
December, which is endured in the
untry by many for the sole purpose
following the fashion, which over-
ns the seasons and deprives your
ople of high ton of seeing the lovely
orks of nature, its verdure, flowers,
d foliage, in their early bloom, to
omenade St. James's-street, ride
out the fashionable squares, and to
e an evening drive in Hyde Park;
y, even in the outskirts of the town,
ere many beauties of scenery may
found, the hurried round of pleas-
re is such, that they are disregarded.
remember once meeting a thing in
ry fashionable clothes, *which* (the
ing,) I had known when a boy at
estminster School, and, on ob-
ving to him what a fine day it was,
affectedly answered, "by Jove, so
is, but I declare I did not observe it
forey I was (this was at Hyde Park
Corner,) just calculating that I had
made a bad bet, and got up in a devil
of a fright about it; you see me now
on my way to Tattersall's," and does
say he was silly and depraved enough
to have thought nothing about the sun
or the weather, much less of what is great-
er and better than both. That there are
members of people of distinction who
invert the seasons in town and country
from necessity, we will allow; but the
far greater number either do it from
imitation or from motives which they
are afraid to own; of the first class
the members of both houses of parlia-
ment are justified in so doing, as are
country gentlemen who bring their
families to town for a short time in
what is called the high season, and
whose presence at their estates is bene-
ficial (or ought to be so,) to their own
interests and to those of their tenantry
and the poor; but the host of macca-
ronies who broil in London in the
commencement of the summer and
freeze in the country in the dead
winter months, who rise at dusk and
come home by day-light, who squan-
der their whole income in a couple of
months in the west end of the town,
and are in debt and difficulties all the
rest of the year elsewhere; your things
who starve in country quarters, to
twinkle amongst the stars of fashion
at its head-quarters, fellows who will
put up with any thing in France to
find fault and give themselves airs at
home. I abominate the whole tribe
of them: how many of such self-
created people of consequence would
be better employed in something use-
ful in town, which, although it might
confine them to it, when peers and
men of riches and influence in the
state and at court may be obliged to
leave it, would enable them to dis-
charge their debts more regularly, and
would make them appear more like
rational beings, both in their exterior
and interior. We will now come to the
real but concealed motives for being ab-
sent from town so large a portion of the
year; love of study and retirement *is*
not the cause, nor a taste for rural life,
nor a philosophical turn, nor a wish
to do good; benefit of pure air? no;
admiration of romantic scenery? no;
hospitality? seldom; preference of
nature to art? never; wisdom and
prudence? never; to avoid the vices
of a town, and to bring up a family
in the utmost purity? never, never,

never: the sports of the field is an excuse; but when we [illegible] sports may be obtained within one, two, and three hours' ride from town, and recollect a tradesman detailing the whole of a hard day's run in a smokey counting-house, and mingling [illegible] shooting and counting, with his ledger and his concerns of trade, we must be convinced that air and exercise, together with a moderate use of the field sports, may be considered as not to render it necessary to seek hiding places for fear of being found in London in September. Necessity drives half of high company out of town, whilst folly sends her legion of imitables after them, who form the other half; the watering places, in winter, offer cheap quarters to those who have indulged in extravagance half the summer (if such June and a part of July may be called). A trip to the opposite coast is cheap and easy, and there a dandy can conceal himself in order to recruit the losses of his spring campaign; but whether it would not have been wiser to have lived more equally the whole year round, I leave to my reader to decide. These, with the facilities afforded to gamesters by *sojourned* play and plunder at the watering places, and practised upon novices in the autumn, are the real reasons; there is one more, with which I shall conclude, and, as it was given very good-humouredly to me, I shall state it as I had it from an Irish gentleman of more verasity than prudence. Sir Con. O'Dogherty lingered very long in the parish of St. George's, Hanover-square, until all his fashionable acquaintances had left town; he was seen boldly trotting his Irish hack up and down the park, was passed by his lawyer on a bench in Kensington Gardens, and observed by his tradespeople at the summer theatres. Upon being interrogated as to the reason for his remaining in London at so unfashionable a period, he candidly replied, "Faith, my friend, it is easy enough to get into town, but it is not quite so easy to get out of it. I am wind-bound, and cannot start until a favourable gale springs up; and, as I mean to pay every body to whom I am indebted before I depart for the land of potatoes, I must wait for a remittance, and, when it comes, must off in open day." Such a reason for being unfashionable does much credit to Sir Con.; had he brushed off on a Sunday, or vanished under the cloak of night, he might have left town sooner and have been more *à la mode*; but his conscience would not have been quite so much at ease. One word on sportsmen, before parting: the list of real sportsmen, good shots, licensed, qualified, and country gentlemen, is not very extensive; but of powder burners, bunglers, bird-frighteners, game-fanciers, and poachers, the amount is immense. Now if the Cockney sportsmen stuck to the city, to the shop, or the counting-house, and if idlers got employment in the metropolis; if boys were kept at home, and poachers sent off from town and country, London would be more inhabited in the months of September and October; old women and children would be less frightened when walking through a corn field, or a turnip field; barn door fowls and sleeping pigs would not be [illegible] killed and wounded; [illegible] would not so frequently be blown off; we would our prisons be so crowded with prisoners either violating the game laws, running into debt, or absconding their employers for the sake of fashion and a trip to the country, in imitation of those in high life? A change which would greatly please a friend to London,

Paul Pry.

LONDON REVIEW.

QUID SIT PULCHRUM, QUID TURPE, QUID UTILE, QUID NON.

Wanderings of Lucan and inah; a Poetical Romance, in en Cantos. By M. P. Kavanagh. ith a prefatory View of the oem by M. M'Dermot, Esq. au- or of "A Critical Dissertation r the Nature and Principles of aste," &c. &c. &c. Sherwood d Co. London, 1824.

r all our modern poetical produc- s "The Wanderings of Lucan and ah" is the most original, both in e, manner, conception, and treat- t of character. When we say most original, we would by no ns have it supposed that origin- and poetic merit are synonymous is. A fool abounds more in ori- l ideas than a philosopher, yet t are they worth? But though inality without sense, accuracy of ception, minuteness of observation, harmony of combination, is a e tinkling cymbal; yet a writer out originality is, notwithstanding, ere imitator, and must rest content the humble excellence of mimick- his superiors. He travels not into worlds of being;—he creates no y region of his own, in which he take up his abode in solitude and ce, an abode where no intrusive step disturbs the delightful reverie magination, or the divine imagin- s of the muse;—an abode within ch he loves to seclude himself, but ond which his mind is eternally ying in search of new images and ried delights; *animum pictæ ectantem*. No, no, the humble tator can never move beyond the cinets of his kitchen garden with- a guide. Fontaine says, that *un chemin de fleurs ne conduit à gloire*, and yet he is not only a *min de fleurs*, but a chemin de rs, that while it leads him to glory l immortality, inspires that beauti- rapture that makes earth a paradise primeval happiness and delight. it will be said that the author of "Wanderings of Lucan and Dinah" n imitator of Spenser; we admit is an imitator of his style, but his ings and sentiments are his own.

But surely style forms no part of the body or essence of poetry, or even of prose: it is the mere garb in which it is decorated. The idea is the thing itself—the word, the mere sound in which it is expressed,—and one sound is as good as another, provided we understand it, and that it offend not the laws of poetic harmony. A good style can evince at most no higher quality than taste, but feeling and conception are the grand characteristics of genius.

If Mr. Kavanagh then has evinced those primary attributes of genius, it matters little whose style he has imitated, so far as regards the question of his originality and poetic merits, though the adoption or imitation of a bad style or model certainly proves want of taste. We must confess we are not among the number of those who imagine that taste and genius are hostile to each other: we think that Pope has united both in a very eminent degree, but we believe, at the same time, that genius may soar to its highest flight without a particle of taste. Of this Shakspeare is a proof, and we know that this extravagant kind of genius which despises rules, dress, and system altogether, is by a great portion of mankind deemed of a higher and sublimer character than that genius which props itself on the basis of taste or delicate perception, however high it may soar. Those who indulge in this opinion, imagine that genius must have something irregular in it, and accordingly they cannot relish a production in which they can find nothing to blame. If, however, we were to offer an opinion on the subject, we would say that those irregular writers who mingle faults with beauties in wild disorder have just sufficient genius to excite the admiration of the world; while those in whom no speck can be found, who avoid mingling faults and beauties in glorious disorder, whose delicacy of nerves shrinks at every deviation from nature, and from consistency of character, who can endure no gross vio-

lation of moral feeling, or countenance that stern apathy which plumes itself in a sneer at the weakness, or a shrug at the misfortunes and calamities of others; whose acute discrimination of virtue and vice, of truth and error, is in perfect harmony with the zeal that prompts them to pursue the former, and avoid the latter; who, in a word, while they can rise to all the grandeur of conception, rapidity of invention, sublimity of creation, and romance of feeling that characterizes Shakspeare, and writers of irregular genius, and possess at the same time a nice discrimination of right and wrong, of the specks that darken and the rays that give new and ineffable brilliancy to the creations of mind, have too much genius to excite an equal admiration. In the productions of such writers, every thing is in harmony, nothing stands prominently forward, and throws another into shade; we are pleased from beginning to end, but we know not the particular cause of our pleasure, because every expression, every sentiment, every conception, every combination of ideas, equally tend to produce the effect. Where every thing pleases, we cannot tell what pleases us most; every scene is clothed in the verdure of spring, or teems with the rich harvest and munificence of autumn; but the productions of irregular genius are like a wilderness in which some green spots are met with that gladden the eye, and relieve us from the dreary wastes through which we have passed. We know then that it is the green spot, not the surrounding wilderness that gives us pleasure, but where all is green, where every object is smiling in the fulness of bliss, and breathing the accents of delight, all we know is that we are pleased,—that we are enchanted, but as this mental rapture can be traced to no particular cause, as it proceeds from the *tout ensemble*, we cannot, when we afterwards come to reflect upon it, point to any particular cause of our delight. Hence it is that we read Pope over and over again with renewed delight; but to enter on the perusal of Shakspeare, is like entering the deserts of Arabia; and yet we think Shakspeare the greater genius, because when we meet with a beautiful passage or sentiment in him, we are the more surprised at it from the poverty and meanness of the stuff that precedes and follows it. The beauties of Shakspeare are like sweet notes amid discords; but the beauties of Pope are like the notes of a beautiful air, all in perfect harmony with each other. If then, it requires more genius to produce a few sweet notes where all the rest are discord, than to compose a beautiful air where all the notes are in perfect harmony, we must admit that Shakspeare was a greater genius than Pope, if not, we must attribute the blind preference given to him to the sole and exclusive causes which we have just explained. It is true that Madame de Staël and many other writers can excuse a thousand faults where a lustre is thrown over them by one redeeming beauty; but we must decidedly protest against the authority of such writers; feeling as we do that a thousand beauties are either superior to one, and evince greater genius in their author, or that this one beauty which stands by itself in solitary grandeur can be worth nothing.

But let us not be mistaken in the spirit or intent of these reflections: let us not be supposed to derogate from the fame of Shakspeare, or from that species of writing which may be called the off-spring of wild and irregular genius. We are convinced that this irregularity arises either from want of acquired knowledge, or an intellectual enthusiasm, that leads writers of this class to suppose that disorder is harmony; that too much learning and judgment is apt to induce art and pedantry, to induce a species of low craft that is at variance with nature, and unworthy of great and exalted minds; that nature is wild and irregular in itself, and that the productions of mind should be so also; but we are far from supposing that if they divested themselves of this opinion, that if they studied to become more intimately acquainted with the secret harmonies of nature; that if they laboured to unmask her, and remove the veil that makes her appear to us in wild and sublime disorder, they would still be unable to avoid those blemishes and defects that mar their beauties, and render their productions on the whole, insipid and unprofitable. Whoever would judge of men by their appearance, would seldom place much value upon men of genius, because, in general, their habits and

aners are different from those of
sober and tortoise-moving mass
their fellow beings; but their pro-
ctions shew that their habits and
inners are only the external garb,
d that to judge of them by this
rb is to form a mistaken idea of
ir true character. It is so with
ture: to study her to any purpose,
become intimately acquainted with
r, we must not look to her exterior,
regard the disorderly raiments in
hich she sometimes clothes herself:
e must travel beyond the surface,
d study nature herself and not her
abiliments. Her harmonies, and not
er apparent disorders, are alone
orthy of our contemplation and pur-
uit. In a word, if we admit that a
riter who mingles faults with beau-
ies is superior to him in whom we
an find no speck, no link unbroken
n the chain of his design, no expres-
ion at variance with his meaning;
ve must admit also, that faults are
eauties, and if so, the ravings of a
nadman are as intellectually excel-
ent as the finest conceptions that
ever beamed upon the human mind,
or gave inspiration to genius.

To apply these observations to the "Wanderings of Lucan and Dinah," it is evidently the production of genius, and of a genius too that seems formed for poetry, and for poetry only; but the author, if we mistake not, from a conviction that nature has endowed him with these original powers of mind, has fortified himself in an opinion that nature requires not what he would no doubt call the effeminate aid of art; that it is rich and teeming in resources of its own; that learning chills the glowing ebullitions of poetic enthusiasm, and that whatever is the result of study, must be artificial and unnatural. That he will think otherwise in his riper years, we doubt not, for youth and inexperience are always headstrong, always rivetted to opinions, which are eternally changing their hue and complexion, as time and experience gradually succeed in confirming the dictates of reason and common sense. But the disciples of the lake and romantic schools would here no doubt ask us, what has reason and common sense to do with poetry? If so, we ask, in reply, what makes the world look upon Virgil, Pope, Racine, Boileau, Moliere, and all describers of real life, not as fancy paints it, but as nature has formed it? why, we ask, do the world look upon those men as poets? In what does the great merit of Shakspeare consist? Surely not in his ideal pictures, but in his intimate acquaintance with real life; of life as it is, not as the romantic poet would figure it to the imagination. We are aware that the poet who is incapable of romantic feelings, has little pretensions to poetry; but we contend, that he who cannot combine with this romance of feeling, a knowledge of human life, and of human character, is not the poet who has the highest claims to immortality; and this latter knowledge being the sole result of experience and observation, he who hopes to derive it from any original powers, will find that nature can never supply the want of study, of observation, and experience.

But what have these observations to do with the "Wanderings of Lucan and Dinah?" To confess the truth, they have not as much to do with them, as such of our readers will be led to suppose, who imagine they have been suggested by the poem itself. They originate more from our acquaintance with the author, and from a knowledge of his opinions on poetical subjects, than from the character which he has impressed upon his work; and the opinions of a young writer, who abounds in genius, though not in acquired knowledge, and who imagines that to possess this genius is to possess every thing, is surely worth recording. But the poem itself would justify us in making the observations, for it is evidently not the offspring of much labour and study. It smells not of the *limæ labor ac mora;* nor has the author laid it aside nine years after composing it. There is frequently in the structure or measure of the verse, a want of poetic harmony or measure, which, though admired by some from its creating a variety, and by others from its having the effect of discord in music, is certainly not to our taste, except when it occurs at considerable distances. If harmony be pleasing, and discord disagreeable, the poet surely should avoid the latter, if not entirely, at least generally. Discordant sounds, when they seldom occur, have a good effect, not from possessing any thing agreeable in themselves, but from rousing the attention, and producing a new mode of feeling. An ugly woman can have

no charms; but if we should meet with a woman extremely ugly, we should go as far to see her as a woman extremely beautiful; but if we be confined to the society of ugly women, we become disgusted with them, while the society of beautiful women is always pleasing, unless the effect of their beauty be marred by some moral turpitude. Harmony then is always pleasing, but discord pleases only by its novelty, and consequently it can only please when it seldom occurs. In the "Wanderings of Lacan and Dinah," however, there is no discord, except in the structure of the verse; and it is due to the author to say that, even this discord seldom occurs; but so far as regards conception, sentiment, plot, and design, the author has certainly evinced powers of no ordinary character, which proves that he can avoid discords where he conceives that harmony is indispensably necessary. He has felt that no poetic licence can justify a false or unnatural sentiment, and accordingly his ideas are always poetic, and always consistent. He has no episodes that take away the interest of the story, nor an incident of a light or unprofitable character. They all arise naturally from the causes that led to them; or, in other words, they are not attributed to causes from which they could not naturally arise. He has no childish, or affected simplicity, like Wordsworth. His simplicity is the simplicity of nature, and his sublimity is the pure offspring of exalted feelings. He is ignorant of the cant which is so frequently used in modern poetry. He has no set form of expression: he writes as if he had never read a poet before, except in his professed imitation of Spenser. But this we should not call imitation; for he imitates him only in adopting the same stanza and turn of expression. His sentiments and imagery are the pure and original creations of his own mind, and it is in sentiment and imagery, not in turn of expression, that the essence of poetry consists. Expression, as Pope justly remarks, is only the dress of thought, but thought is the substance. He has not always, it is true, a musical ear, but he has always a poetical conception and poetical feeling. In a word, he excels in that in which excellence is most difficult to be attained. His chivalry borders upon romance, but it is a chivalry capable of the softest and tenderest emotions. Lacan is no warrior of the savage tribe; he is great in arms, but susceptible at the same time, of all the softer and tenderer emotions. The poem being of considerable length, we can neither give an outline or plot of the story, but we shall quote an episode, or rather part of it, for the episode is too long for the limits to which we are confined. From this episode our readers will be capable of forming an opinion of our author's poetical style, manner, and sentiment. The story is told by Hammond to Dinah and Harnol.

"Dinah, and Harnol," ye shall hear the tale,
By that, bright morning will, methinks, appear;
But how may I such heavy woe reveal?
O shed with me, young maid, the bitter tear!
Rhennah now, methinks, I grieving hear;
What heavy anguish doth the maid assail:
And now she starts—'tis Spardin with his spear—
And now she's on the mound—her soul doth fail—
O hear, young maiden, hear Rhennah's woful tale:—

"The stars are bright, the moon is heaven is high,
And now the night in all her splendour reigns;
But ev'ry splendour doth the night deny
Upon the yonder lone and bloody plains;
And there, e'en now, darkness her pow'r maintains;
And there the ghost of night, in the red stream,
The blood of the self-murderer, now drains;
While o'er the wave the screech-owls heard to scream,
And every ghost to yell that mars the nightly beam.

"And who art thou so lone upon the strand?
Wild are thy looks, and heavy are thy sighs;
Now doth the trembling steel flash in thy hand;
Now doth the fire of rage leap from thine eyes;
And what dread scenes from around thee rise!
There doth a rock his rugged brow upreare,
And there beneath a hollow steep low lies,
And here are fens, and bogs, and caverns dreur,
Who art thou so lone and the horrors of despair?

Tis Spardin then who plays the part
she knew
of the mighty spoiler with the
remains;
Why the spear that trembles for thy
death,
At soon must, Spardin, end thy mortal pains?
All the rage that in thy bosom reigns,
By Bendon's youthful arm o'erthrown,
And all the grief that now thy soul sustains,
Least, should one day, its foul deceit be known,
Just, Spardin, soon be felt by thee in death alone.

But who art thou so bright upon yon plain?
The glorious light of freedom's in thine eyes;
For doth of dread thy manly soul constrain,
That look doth speak the joys that with thee rise;
And oh what loveliness around thee lies!
There fairest hills their hoary heads upraise,
And there a stream through flow'ry meadow hies,
And here are groves, here arbours, nature's care,—
Who 'rt thou so bright amid the fields of hope so fair;

"'Tis, Bendon, thou; the well known bower is near;
And now in thought thou doest Ruennah see;
But no, fond youth; 'tis not Ruennah dear,
Thy love has fled the bow'r to look for thee;
For so with Spardin and his banditti,
Thou didst, O youth, in cruel strife delay,
That she, the hour now seeing pass'd to be,
And hearing from afar the horrid fray,
To search thee on the heath, has gone a lonely way.

"But has Ruennah right to trust her love,
To wait him, e'en to search him 'mid the night?
Did there ne'er yet young hero basely prove,
Ne'er mar of maiden fair the virtue bright?
There did; nor has fair maid to hazard right
That, which if lost, her worlds could not console;
However sure all Ruennah pardon might,
Sure here, at least, might censure save control,
For who would not her trust to Bendon's noble soul?

"O where art thou, my love? but why
those fears?
Away with them—yet no—my hope them yields,
And oft, methinks, my troubled soul still hears,
Still hears the far off shout and clang of shields—
But no—lone, dreadful silence, o'er those fields,
Now winds, as far from all, his dear career—
But, 'mid the dark, perhaps, some villain wields,
Against th' unguarded breast, the secret spear—
O where art thou, my love? for thee how great my fear!

"Could Spardin?—but forbid it to be so!—
Could Spardin, Bendon's dreadful enemy,
Have bought, with villain's vile, the overthrow,
Of him amid the night's obscurity?
But oh what sight!—whom, heavens, did I see?
'Twas like to him—in hand a mighty spear—
And now what thought—but oh! such terror flee—
His shout, amid the throng! Isee did I hear?
Oh! where art thou, my love? for thee how great my fear!

* * * * * * * * *

"Now hath Ruennah rang'd the plains around,
And now hath long the mid of night gone by;
When she her near a lonely desert found,
With hills, and rocks, and precipices nigh;
All was light; the moon look'd down from high;
And cross a drear, and solitary waste,
That near, in all its loneliness, did lie,
She hears the foot of one, as tho' in haste,
Whose mail in silence rings, whose step has often ceas'd!

"'O art thou he, art thou my love?' she cried?
Now it is late; the moon has wander'd high;
One half her stars already from her side,
And soon will morn awaken all the sky;
O! art thou he?—O to my bosom fly!
Proud Spardin's people then, I fear, pursue,
My love, I fear, they doom this night to die,—
You 've stopt—I hear no more—all now I do!
O hither to my arms!—O let me die with you!

"By this more nigh the wanderer has made;
And now he stops, now sighs, Ruennah hears—
'O thou art not my love!' the maiden said,
'My Bendon has not sigh'd! how great my fears!
And who is not?—but 'tis—he now appears!

Behold his plume! behold his noble shield!
But where the spear that he is said to wield?
Where is thy sword than mine, Bendon, now it
Speak, love—approach—hast thou been conquer'd in the field?

"'For thee how have I sigh'd! how wander'd all the night?
Yonder the strife.—I heard the clang of steel—
Proud Spardin's shout I thought amid the fight,
Then how Ruennah's soul did for thee feel!
But come, my love, come from the tyrant, we'll
To far off land, where fate may better shield,
And where no more, in night, in secret he'll,
Against my Bendon's breast, the dread spear wield,—
Speak, love—approach—hast thou been conquer'd in the field?

"'Yet no—thou doest not come—thou doest but start,
But fill thy soul with strange, with dreadful thought,—
Ah! why that hasty look to yonder part?
Say thence what ill that thee affrighten ought?'
She ceas'd—he spake—her soul's with terror fraught—
'Twas not her love—'he's slain,' the stranger cries—
'Near yonder dark and lonely plains we fought—
He fell—I bear his armour as my prize—'
He said, and looking back, swift from the maiden flies.

"O how, sad maiden, now thy constant soul?
All hope is gone, alone distraction reigns;
From heaven to earth, her eyes alternate roll,
Now toward the flying knight, now toward the plains
Where told in death her own true love remains;
Nor from those eyes, one tear to flow is seen;
She forward 'gainst a rock in silence leans,
As though in death her living soul had been,
So sad, so wild, so fix'd, so ghost-like is her mien!

"And long ere from her silent grief she woke,
Long ere one accent fell, or tear did flow,
But when,—'twas then her soul to wildness broke,
Then shew'd, in plaints and tears, how great her woe!
'Whither,' she cries, 'alas I do not know!
My sorrow, here, at least, will have its o'er;
If to the end of worlds my wand'rings go,
Nay, even there, they 'll fly my soul before.'
Then sorrows like to mine has bosom ever bore?

"She pausd—a dreadful thought is in her breast—
Upon the rocks, and steeps her eyes she throws—
'Tis hence,' she cries, 'my only hope of rest,
In death alone my soul can find repose.'—
Again she paus'd—another thought arose—
Afar the beast of night, the enemy
Of him in battle slain, now howling goes—
'Away,' she cries, 'thou to thy deart flee,
And leave, in death, at least, thy own true love to me.'

"So said, forth from the rock she sudden springs,
Her bent is now to reach the plains afar,
And thitherward as light her way she wings,
Filling with fright the wilds that round her are;
As when at mid of night a lonely star,
Across the heavens in fire doth dart its way:
Old night beholding from her dusky car,
The sight, is fill'd with sad, with strange dismay,
Nor looks up more to heaven until the come of day.

"So fled the maid—and now arriving where
She h'd heard erewhile the shout and clang of arms,
Around she throws her look of wild despair,
And wakens all the night with her alarms—
Why fly, ye wolves? Ruennah not you harms—
She seeks her lover slain, and he's not here—
O must you, savage death, receive those charms?
Mark how she shrieks! how dreadful doth appear!
O cease, ye wolves, awhile! cease that her love may hear!

* * * *

"Then cease, ye wolves, cease that her love may hear;
Three times he now has wander'd to the bow'r,
And there not finding his Ruennah dear,
Has b'lier'd her safe within her father's tow'r,
And puts their meeting to another hour;
But when, sad lovers, shall ye meet again?
Great the ills that Ruennah overpow'r?

tracted on the flies from plain to plain
king her love in death, and seeking
him in vain

Ye've borne him to your woods,' the
maiden cries,
stay, ye wolves! and bear me with
you too—
t why me fly? what 's dreadful in my
eyes?
odon them lov'd, and love not Bendon
you?
ion stay—I will the deed—heaven,
pardon do—
t 'tis thy will, however great my care,
I my long life to bear it willing through—
ence never shall I yield to fell despair—
y soul's fix'd—great heaven will teach
me how to bear.'

So spake the maiden, till she reached
at last,
he lofty summit of an ancient mound,
nd here she stopt, and here she wildly
cast
er hasty look o'er all the gloom around;
It was near this,' she cries, 'his death
he found'—
he paus'd—the dreadful thought her soul
o'ercame—
t's done—not swifter flames from heavens
bound—
he night ghost bears the shatter'd body
to the stream—
nd since that steep re-echoes to Ruen-
pah's name." EDITOR.

FORGET ME NOT; *a Christmas and New Year's Present, for* 1825. London: published by R. Ackermann.

"THE Forget me Not," for the ensuing year, is evidently superior to any of its predecessors, not only in the merit of its matter but in the style of its execution. The printer, the engraver, and the binder seem to have vied with each other in getting it up; nor have they bestowed their labours on a subject unworthy of their toil. The poetical pieces are from the pens of some of the most favoured poets of the day, among which we noticed the names of J. Montgomery, Bernard Barton, Henry Neele, L. E. L., J. H. Wiffen, Mrs. E. Corbold, Professor Bottiger, Geo. Hayter, &c. Though some of these gentlemen stand higher in the poetical world than others, it would pose the best of our critics to determine which of them carries the prize in the present work. "*The Lover's Tomb*," by Henry Neele, is exquisitely tender, romantic, and wild.

THE LOVER'S TOMB.

"I'll gather my dark raven locks o'er
my brow,
And the fleet wind my courser still be,
And I'll haste to the place where the
willow trees grow,
For my true love is waiting for me.
Sweet maid, say not so,
In the grave he lies low,
'Oh! no, no; he lives, and loves me!'
I see him at morning, I see him at eve,
I know his broad brow and sweet smile;
And he bids me no longer in solitude
grieve,
For he will but tarry awhile.
Sweet maid, he is dead,
In the earth rests his head.
'Oh! no, no; he lives, and loves me!'
He lives, tho' his cheek is more pale
than of yore,
And the light of his bright eye is gone,
And when his wan fingers my brow traversed o'er,
They are cold—they are cold as the stone,
God help thee, sweet maid!
In the tomb he is laid.
'Oh! no, no; he lives and loves me!'
Not long did that fair maiden mourn for
her love,
She soon slept in death by his side;
Yet 'tis said that when night hangs her
banner above,
Her spirit is oft seen to glide,
Where the willow trees grow,
While she still says 'No, no,
'Oh! no, no; he lives, and loves me!'"
HENRY NEELE.

Our limits will not permit us to make extracts from the different gentlemen whose names we have quoted, and who are already well known to every votary of the muses. We shall therefore omit them altogether, and turn aside to those contributions which, either from the diffidence of untried powers, or the modesty peculiar to what we may term infant genius, or genius in its infancy, are unacknowledged by their authors. Some of these unacknowledged pieces possess a merit of the very first order, and might be avowed by the first writers of the day. Would Scott, would Moore, would Campbell blush to avow the following lines to Music by R. M?

TO MUSIC.

"Nymph, we woo thee from the steeps,
That bend o'er Tiber's classic wave,
Where Rome's dejected Genius weeps
In anguish o'er her Brutus' grave.
Come to our land—thy altar here
Shall lighten with a nobler flame;

The [illegible]
And [illegible]

Leave the [illegible]
Here [illegible]
Here [illegible]
Here [illegible]
Here—here alone, man's hallowed form
In native grandeur stands sublime—
Bold, dauntless, and mighty as the storm
That thundering sweeps this northern clime.

A mingled wonder, wild and brave!
Stern as the wintry ocean's roar,
Yet softer than the murmuring wave
That sleeps along its summer shore.

And woman—loveliest woman—here,
From roseate lip, and diamond eye,
The living star that lights his sphere,
Beams love, and peace, and purity."

R. M.

The prose contributions are in perfect keeping with the poetry. We should quote "The Indian Orphan," by L. E. L., if our space would permit us, as a specimen of pure classical style bestowed on a most interesting and pathetic subject. "The Grave of the Suicide," by J. is the only piece that will suit our limits: *En une douce onnce.*

THE GRAVE OF THE SUICIDE.

"Then didst not sink by slow decay,
As like some who live the longest;
But every tie was wrench'd away,
And when those ties were strongest.

BERNARD BARTON.

Whose is that nameless grave, unmarked even by a rude stone or simple flower? And why is it lying solitary in the loneliest corner of the church-yard, beneath the frown of those dark trees, that in the storm swing their branches so heavily above it, and cast over it a desolate gloom, even in the brightest hour of summer sunshine? Why is it apart from those other hillocks that lie smilingly together, as though it alone were excluded from the peaceful communion of the dead?

That grave does not cover one who withered on the stalk of human life, and then quietly dropped from it in the sere and yellow leaf; nor one that was plucked by the spoiler in the bud of infant promise; nor yet one who shed the leaves of life in the full beauty of maturity;—it is not the grave of an old person who sustained life as a burden, and at last welcomed death as a refuge; or of the child who, snatched from the cherishing arms of its parents, was followed by them with deep but tearless sorrow; nor is it a matron's grave, where a lovely and pleasant life is embalmed in the memory of many friends. Now is in the [illegible]

[illegible] with those [illegible]
[illegible] and [illegible]
[illegible] hope of [illegible]
[illegible] the darkness of [illegible]
[illegible] which the [illegible]
[illegible] whisper to the ear of [illegible]
[illegible] of one [illegible]
[illegible] and [illegible]
[illegible] say in [illegible]
[illegible] rest is [illegible]
[illegible] old man, [illegible]
[illegible] wandering about the [illegible]
[illegible] as he was wont in former [illegible]
[illegible] days. Then he leaned [illegible]
[illegible] a fair and affectionate child [illegible]
[illegible] him by her smiles, and [illegible]
[illegible] tenderness. Like a [illegible]
[illegible] column wreathed with [illegible]
[illegible] youthful influence [illegible]
[illegible] desolation, and [illegible]
[illegible] his decay. Throughout the [illegible]
[illegible] evenings the [illegible]
[illegible] resort; for the [illegible]
[illegible] upon a grave and [illegible]
[illegible] lovely valley lying at [illegible]
[illegible] glorious by the [illegible]
[illegible] spirit would melt within him, [illegible]
[illegible] from that [illegible]
[illegible] world's beauty to the [illegible]
[illegible] ruin of its perishable [illegible]
[illegible] himself 'a stranger and a [illegible]
[illegible] earth, as all his fathers [illegible]
[illegible] then would his young [illegible]
[illegible] near him with the deep [illegible]
[illegible] and untroubled heart; lay [illegible]
[illegible] bosom, and bend over it [illegible]
[illegible] golden tresses mixed with his [illegible]
[illegible] like sunbeams upon [illegible]
Then would she whisper to [illegible]
assurances of her filial [illegible]
him a stanza of some old [illegible]
till, with the eloquence of [illegible]
now tearful eye, he blessed [illegible]
comfort and glory of his [illegible]

"But he knows a neglected [illegible]
man; he has no [illegible]
walks, 'none to watch [illegible]
smile upon him, or to [illegible]
after day, or stormy or [illegible]
winter, he haunts that churchyard, [illegible]
resting against the dark trees [illegible]
that lonely corner, [illegible]
neglected hillock at the [illegible]
ly may he sigh, for his [illegible]
that nameless solitary grave. [illegible]
few comprehend the [illegible]
man's soul! How few know [illegible]
of virtue which it can attain, [illegible]
of sorrow and degradation [illegible]
can descend! The days of a [illegible]
glide along in [illegible]
the tiny waves of a [illegible]
manners wear the same [illegible]
poet; her habitual [illegible]
seem to [illegible]
and [illegible]
[illegible]

cessary to prevent a mind like hers from preying on itself; and she yielded with proportionable enthusiasm to the first influence which broke the monotony of her life. That influence was love; love as it ever will be felt and cherished by one of Ellen's disposition, in all the delirium and danger of intense passion. But alas! if she proved in her own experience the full truth of the observation, that "love is the whole history of a woman's life," she equally proved the justice of its conclusion, 'that it is only an episode in the life of man.' A complete novice in the study of character, and accustomed to view every object alternately through the glare of imagination, or the gloom of morbid sensibility, it required little exertion to make her the dupe of a being who added to seniority of years a consummate knowledge, not merely of books, but of men, and manners, and the world; one skilled to wear all aspects, suit all characters, and speak every language, excepting that of simple reality and truth—one of that class of men, who treat the young hearts they have won like baubles which they admire, grow weary of, then throw aside. "But Ellen knew not this;—and beguiled by the thousand dreams of romantic love, the present and the future shone to her ardent eye alike glorious with happiness and promise. "Her soul was possessed by passion," every duty was neglected, every other affection superseded by this new and overwhelming interest. Even her old kind father felt, and sometimes sighed over the change, for he remembered the days when his comfort was the first and last of Ellen's anxiety; and his love for her great and sufficient: but how could he chide his darling—the single yew-lamb left of his little flock, the beautiful being that, like a star, irradiates the gloom of his evening pilgrimage! he could not do it; and he made those excuses for her inattentions which Ellen's better feelings would not have dared to offer for herself.

"At length, however, she discovered the fatal truth, that the passion which had formed the glory, the happiness, and indeed the whole business of her life, had been but one of many pastimes to her lover. Circumstances separated them, and after lingering through all the sickening changes of cherished, deferred, and annihilated hope, she knew in all the fulness of its misery, that she was forsaken and forgotten. It is well known that a strong mind can endure a greater portion of mental suffering without its producing bodily illness, than a weak one; and although other girls in Ellen's situation would have a violent fit of illness, or perhaps one of their doctors, here announced to the surprise of their friends; and often doctors hale and interesting as a few months would have wanted some one else, and

never very comforting to the daughter of their days. Ellen was not such a character. When she knew that the visions of fancy and the blossoms of hope were for ever scattered and destroyed, the stranger would have supposed her insensible to the blow. But the iron had entered into her soul. Throughout the whole of the night on which she received the confirmation of the blow, she sat in her chamber motionless and solitary. She neither spoke, nor wept, nor sighed; and though every passion warred wildly in her bosom, she sat and made no sign; and in the morning she resumed her station in her family, and went through her usual occupations and domestic pursuits with more mindfulness and attention than she had manifested for a considerable time. Many knew the trial which had befallen her, but none durst offer sympathy; for the pride that sparkled in her eye, and the deep calm scorn which curled her pale lip, alike defied intrusion and forbade inquiry. She conversed, but appeared unconscious of the meaning of the words she mechanically uttered; she smiled, but the sweet expression of her smile had vanished; she laughed, but the melody of her laugh was gone; her whole bearing was high and mysterious. Now her whole frame would shudder as at the suggestions of her own thoughts—then again she would resume the quiet stern determination of her former manner. One moment, her lip would quiver, and her eye filled with tears of mingled grief and tenderness; but the next her burning cheek, compressed lips, and firm proud step, bespoke only deep and unmitigated scorn.

"But who can pourtray the mysterious workings of pride, passion, doubt, horror, and despair that crowd upon one who meditates self-destruction. Oh! there is not the being in existence who may imagine to himself in the wildest and most horrible of his dreams, all that must pass through the soul before it can violently close its earthly career!—could we summon from his scorned and unholy grave, one who has laid down in it with his blood upon his own head, he only might adequately paint the emotions of that little hour between the action and its consequence! we only describe his state of mind, when the flimsy arguments which had cajoled his reason, had vanished like the evening shadows, when the sophistries which had lulled his conscience rose up like horrible deceits! when the home, friends, duties, comforts, even the life itself, a moment before so despicable, appeared of an overwhelming importance; and when a more terrible than all, he was left to grapple alone, and altogether with the anguish of his body, and the dying dark ness of his soul, with the near and unveiled view of eternity, and the dread of future and unmitigated vengeance! The sun was retiring behind the dark hills like a warrior in the pride of victory, and field, and stream, and forest lay glowing beneath them, in all the melancholy magnificence of the hour, when the old man sought his beloved child, to take their accustomed walk in the Church-yard. In vain he sought her in her flower-garden, in the arbour of her own planting, and in his quiet study. At length he tapped playfully at her chamber-door, and receiving no answer: he entered. There, indeed was Ellen! There, she stood! every limb shivering in that warm summer evening, while the cold perspiration gathered on her brow, and neck, and arms! There she stood, her fair hair dishevelled, her eye wild and glazed, and her whole countenance changed with mental and bodily torture; she might less he said to breathe than gasp; and the very motion of her dress shewed how violently her heart throbbed beneath it. 'Are you ill, my child?' said her father, terrified by her appearance! 'Speak to me,' my love, continued he with increasing agitation as he perceived the agony depicted on her countenance. Twice she strove to speak, but each effort was unavailing; no words escaped her parched and quivering lips: at last grasping his hand with convulsive energy in her cold and clammy fingers, she pointed towards the fatal phial, yet upon her table! The hideous tale was told. The old man gave one long miserable groan, and the next moment fell senseless at his daughter's feet!—There she stood, now turning her intense gaze on her father, as he lay extended on the ground; and now upon that setting sun, that bright sky, and brighter earth beneath it, which she must never, never view again!

"But oh! the depth of that darkness within her mind—that sickening desire of life, and that overwhelming certainty of death—and the stinging conviction of her sin and folly—and the dread of impending judgment! All these in a moment passed over her soul, like the ocean billows in a raging storm, sweeping away in their fury every refuge of hope, every trace of consolation!

"But it is time to draw the curtain over a scene 'so loathly horrible,' for thought or description.—Succour was ineffectual—comfort unavailing! She existed for a few hours in agony and despair; and when the morning sun arose to gladden and refresh the earth, all that remained of the once fair and gentle Ellen, was a livid and distorted corpse!

il and Virginia, from the French of St. Pierre, and Elizabeth, from the French of Madame Cottin, New Translations; with Prefatory Remarks by John M'Diarmid. Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd. Whittaker, London 1824.

This new translation of the two ost beautiful and interesting tales in e French language, is executed in a yle of elegance, sweetness and sim- licity of diction, that renders it a aluable addition to the library of the an of taste, and the lover of what- ver is pathetic in story or sentimental feeling. From the translators pre- atory observations, he would seem to ossess a soul as ductile and suscep- ible of all the finer impulses of our ature, as St. Pierre himself. As a pecimen of his manner, we shall quote is concluding remarks, on the story of Paul and Virginia, because while they shew the character of his style, they shew at the same moment the character of his genius as an original writer.

> Let those teach others who themselves excel,
> And censure freely, who have written well.

Such is the outline of a tale, which it is impossible to read without emotion— which in a thousand, and a thousand instances, has communicated the same humid lustre to the eyes of maiden sensibility, which the dew gives to the flowers: considering the fewness and simplicity of the incidents, we are apt to marvel how the author has been able to make so much of them; but as we said before, much depends upon the manner of telling a story, and this great art no man knew better than St. Pierre. His genius, naturally poetical, delighted to paint what he called the still life of human nature; to repose amidst scenes of pastoral peace and purity; where the husbandman rises with the sun, and rests at his going down. He is no admirer of those refinements which trade and commerce have introduced among our kind; on the contrary he seems to regard the contaminating influence of large cities, as the upas tree of the mind, benumbing and impairing its purest and noblest faculties. In certain stages of society, it is of great consequence to bring men back to the love of simplicity and nature, and viewed in this light, there are few performances that can be compared to Paul and Virginia. The work, it is said, was composed for the purpose of calming the public mind, during the first ferment of the French revolution; and although originally his efforts may have been as little attended, as a whisper amidst a storm, still they were bottomed on feelings and principles that survived the political tempest; the moral impulse which was meant as local, became general, if not universal, in its effects, and like every man of superior genius, the bread which he cast upon the waters, was found after the lapse of many days.

THE FINE ARTS.

List of the Engravings of the late William Sharp, with Critiques on some of the principal.

Towards the close of our biographical memoir of the late Mr. Sharp, we promised the reader to supply, at a future day, some account of his engravings: and if possible in our present number. In his works, every artist that is worthy of that denomination, continues to live long after the term of his mortal career: his works are also, generally speaking, the fittest, because the most just and impartial, monument to his memory; and some of those of Sharp, of which we are about to speak, will live and be admired for centuries after his superstitious credulity, and his infirmity of political purpose, will be forgotten. Writing for our contemporaries, however, we could do no less than mention those infirmities as we have done. Praise and blame are the light and shade of biography.

We cannot completely redeem this pledge at present, owing to ill health, which by compelling us into the country, has deprived us of the necessary opportunities of reference; but something towards it the reader will find below.

As even the *shop cards* of our engraver are now become objects to collectors, and as they mark the commencement of his career as an artist, we shall begin with them.

They are two in number. The one a vignette of an angel seated

appear clouds) wearing a wreath of laurel, and holding a circular tablet, on which is inscribed, "Sharp, Engraver, No. 9, Bartholomew Lane, Royal Exchange, London." The other is a small oval, apparently copied from one of Cipriani's designs, and consists of two figures; one standing erect, the other seated on a cloud. A wreathed circle is between them, bearing the same inscription as the former, and on a ribbon which they hold, "History, Ornamental writing, Seals, &c." Under the cloud is "W. Sharp, sculp." Both of these card plates are engraved so ably as to afford a good earnest of his subsequent productions.

His next work appears to have been *Hector*, the lion, which is mentioned in our memoir. It is not very ably drawn, but is freely engraven, and on the whole a clever juvenile performance; perhaps a better print of a lion (with the exception of Stubbs's mezzotintos) than has yet appeared in England since the time of Hollar and Barlow.

For the *Novelist's Magazine* he engraved five plates after the designs of STOTHARD. For *Bell's Poets* we have not ascertained the number. It is considerable, and they are chiefly after STOTHARD; and other early works. From the same painter, are *Gentleman's Benefit Ticket*; a subject from *Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered*; *Hallesley Hill, near Chester*, with a balloon passing over; the frontispiece to a quarto work, suspected to be from the pen of the late MAJOR CARTWRIGHT, of which the subject is *Philosophy*, personified by a female *dispelling the clouds of Ignorance from the garden of Science*; a large plate engraved in a slight style, and in various compartments, we believe folded into this 4to.; it consists of various emblems and symbols, illustrative of the British Constitution as it *is*, and as *it ought to be*, according to Major Cartwright's ideas, &c., and is the probable origin of Sharp's becoming a member of that "Society for Constitutional Information," of which the Major was one of the founders. It seems moreover, to shew that mysteries and symbols had charms for our artist from the very outset of his career. The entrance ticket for *Vauxhall Gardens*, and the *Two Maniacs*, sculptured by *Cibber*, which Pope had immortalized, and which once adorned the entrance to Bethlem Hospital.* The latter especially, is a capital performance, and is dated in the year 1782.

An assembly of the *Heathen Deities on Mount Olympus*, after a French print, improved by CIPRIANI, was also executed about this time. It was presumptively engraved for some foreign book, as it bears certain Italian verses beneath; but the figure of Venus is of great beauty.

The portraits of *three Natives of the Islands of the Pacific Ocean*, in their several costumes, after WEBBER, engraved for Captain Cook's last voyage, and in a very masterly style.

Two folio plates of *Solemn Dances, performed by torch-light, in the Friendly Islands*, after the same painter, and published in the same voyage. The back grounds of these dances are engraved by *T. Medland*.

A quarto plate of *Two Females assisting a Wounded Sportsman*, after STOTHARD, published in a work of Miss Burney's, in the year 1788.

Portrait of *Miss Brunton as Minimia* in the tragedy of the Orphan, exquisitely engraved, and also after STOTHARD.

Pursuing the chronological order as nearly as we are able, we now arrive at certain works of which good impressions are before us, and of which we are therefore enabled to treat more critically.

The *Prince of Wales* after Cosway, and the *St. Cecelia*, after Domenichino, were both produced to the public in the course of the year 1790, and the *Diogenes* in the year 1792.

The *Prince of Wales*, now our most gracious king, is a beautiful specimen of the art, both of the engraver, and the painter, who was the late Royal Academician COSWAY. It is a small half-length, in an oval frame of oaken wreath, dressed in the Vandyke costume, and surrounded by a radiance of glory, tastefully executed, and in which appears the plume of feathers—the ancient crest of the

* "Where, o'er the gate, by his fam'd father's hand,
Great Cibber's brazen brainless brothers stand."

mess of Wales—with its proper ...ster. The hair and the drapery are ...cuted with great ability. The ...ter is sufficiently bold in style, ...ried in its parts, and silky in its ...ture; the former is of luxuriant ...wth, flourished about, or disposed ...s most writers would say) with con...derable taste; and engraved with a ...elicacy approaching to that of the best ...orks of the kind, by Drevet, who has ...displayed so much talent of this kind ...n treating the superabundant wigs ...hat were fashionable in the court of ...France, during the age of the four...eenth Louis.

But the most exquisite part of this beautiful little print—as, beyond all question, it ought to be—is the *face*. Cosway may have drawn it a little too cherubic; but the engraver has bestowed on it his utmost art, and has been eminently successful. It is to the full as good as the best of Drevet's portraits, from whose style it is studied. The continued lines are, with the greatest beauty and skill, gradually melted into the long dots and stippled work of the lights, so as to express the carnation hues and the firm softness of flesh during the prime of life, with consummate graphic art. Cosway's miniatures—those of his best period—were admirable; and the present work of Sharp's is the most adequate translation of a miniature of Cosway's that we ever remember to have seen.

St. Cecilia, is a large rich looking print, with an air of great nobleness, after DOMINICHINO. The martyred Saint stands before her organ, holding a sheet of music in score, and her usual accompaniment, the emblematic palm branch. As the figure is large, it is engraved in a style of corresponding boldness, and possesses that enviable merit, (by which indeed the whole of Sharp's engravings are distinguished) *truth of translation*. The present print bears a resemblance to the style of the art of Domenichino, as obvious to the eye of the connoisseur, as the last reviewed does to that of Cosway. In this prime duty of an engraver (as of every other species of *translator*,) Sharp was far before Bartolozzi, and, in short, stood first among his contemporaneous historical engravers.

The display of drapery is here ample and abundant, and the art by means of which that of the under dress is rendered, (being wrought with a damask pattern) is peculiarly happy. It resembles in a degree, certain passages in the works of the celebrated French engraver, Wille, but in English engraving we do not remember any thing like it. The robe of the saint, is broad and flowing in its folds, and is treated in a style of corresponding boldness and breadth. This robe has golden shoulder clasps and a neck-band, both of them embossed with ornaments, which are engraved with due subordination to the realities; and above the robe is a mantle, where the mode of art is again varied, in order to adapt it to the painter's variety of colours; but the open texture of the work is kept up, and the difference is made, chiefly by interlining the mantle. Her under sleeve is a drapery of much lighter colour than the robe and mantle, and which it has been the artist's purpose to represent as also of finer texture; but the principle by means of which this is accomplished, is perhaps carried a little to excess, and the execution is somewhat dull and dry, when compared with the rest of the performance.

St. Cecilia is crowned with a coronal of roses, above which is the circular ring of light or halo of holiness, with which the old masters often furnished their saints. The character of her countenance is not highly intellectual, any more than those of her young angelic attendants. It has nothing of that sublimity of beauty about it which distinguishes the Zirobha of Michael Angelo, (of which we shall presently treat;) but looks as if copied from the face of a bright eyed Italian lass, *en bon point*, and with a set of round, well formed, and inviting features. The style of flesh which the artist has adopted in engraving it, is something like that generally employed by Sir Robert Strange—but more vigorous, particularly as displayed in the left arm and hand. The face, and this arm and hand, are very finely wrought; but the neck is somewhat inferior, being what engravers term a little *rowy*. The coronal, or wreath of roses with which the saint's head is encircled, is beautifully engraven; and her hair is entitled to share in the general encomium we have bestowed on that executed by Mr. Sharp, where he has mingled a portion of stippling with the work of the graver.

The two cherubic attendants—two of them bearing a harp—are kept in just subordination to the principal figure. There is a small copy of the *St. Cecilia* of subsequent date, bearing the name of Sharp.

And now we have great pleasure in turning to the *Diogenes* of Salvator Rosa, which is certainly to be reckoned among the very finest of the engravings by Sharp, and sufficient of itself to establish high claims for the artist. We esteem it before the St. Cecilia, (notwithstanding the preference which the artist is said to have given to the latter,) because there is more in it of high feeling and of originality—more of what had not been seen before, nor has been successfully imitated since. There is an energy, an enthusiasm, and a richness of style, throughout this work commensurate with that of Salvator Rosa, and of the subject treated. The style of the drapery of Diogenes himself, is vigorous and rich beyond all preceding example, and the manual power, dexterity, and truth, with which the courses of lines are cut, is combined with the utmost freedom, and richly tempered with interwork. It just comes up to the mark of the practical perfection of this species of art; had the mode of execution adopted been bolder, it had bordered on the impudent; had it been less so, it had been too delicate for the breadth, rough grandeur, and simplicity, which Salvator has in this instance so powerfully displayed. To an accomplished and discriminating taste, it has the flavour of a melon cut, or a medlar gathered, at the hour of mellow ripeness, or the gout of game that has been just sufficiently kept. It is a graphic verification of the bold couplet of Pope,

"——I never so sure our *passion* to create,
As when they touch the brink of all we hate."

And, with this energy of style, carried to almost dangerous extent, the face, beard, and hair, of the philosopher, are in good harmony, considering that his forehead is furrowed and his cheek wrinkled with age, which prevented the adoption of more vigorous and open-lined courses of lines. Probably nothing of the kind that was ever impressed from engraving on copper, is at the same time so much like nature, and like the painting of this energetic master. The large orbed, lowering eye, the finely-formed aquiline nose, and the snarling muscles which mark the cynic, are all admirably engraven; and the play of light and shade on his hair and beard, and the delineation of their several details, could not have been more freely and faithfully expressed by the pencil itself.

The *Three Scoffers* are ably diversified both in design and execution, and yet, all have such characters of countenance as we might well suppose to belong to those who would ridicule the philosopher who should be held for an honest man. The knavery of the Elder, is well contrasted to the foolish and vacant curiosity of the female; and all are kept subservient to the principal figure, in their several degrees of inferior interest. Even the lantern in the hand of Diogenes is entitled to its share of praise, and throws light on the taste and talents of the honest man who engraved it. If it be too modern in its construction, it is the fault of Salvator Rosa; such lanterns are among antiquaries believed to have been invented in England during the reign of Alfred,) but the engraver has well discriminated between the metal and horn of which it is formed, and they contrast the other substances that enter into the composition, with good effect, and in a manner which cannot but reflect honour on this species of art.

Some inferior hand to that of Sharp himself, appears to have been employed on the sky and distant houses—perhaps from the notion that the superior parts would gain additional importance from the comparison. This advantage however, has not been produced. Those superior parts would have looked better still, had the back ground been less *noisy* and more quiet.

The year 1798 gave birth to his *Love Home* after Guido, and his *Virgin and Child* after Carlo Dolci. They are both in ovals, contained within rectangles of the same dimensions, and appear to be intended as companion prints.

The former is from a very fine picture—or rather, perhaps, sketch in oil, which is reported to have been produced with unprecedented, and almost incredible, rapidity on the part of the painter, and which is now in the col-

of the late president of the Royal demy. It is engraved in a very ital style, well suited to the sub-

The Saviour is represented as crown- with thorns, which wound his fore- ad and temples; his hair is clammy th sweat; and the expression of his untenance is that of resignation un- r agonized feelings. His godlike init appears to triumph over the suf- rings of humanity:—If we might nture to differ on this point from e opinion that is generally received it is not intended by Guido for an *ece Homo*: that is to say, it does not well express Jesus Christ, as pro- uced by Pilate to the multitude, when e exclaimed, "Behold the man!" as t expresses his sufferings on the cross: when he gave utterance to his final xclamation, "Father! into thy ands I resign my spirit." The scrip- ural mottos however, which are in- scribed beneath and around it, and which are as follows, are not inappro- priate. "Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto his sorrow;" and "He is despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief."

The great merit of this engraving, is its striking resemblance to the ori- ginal picture. In our love of simpli- city, we should else have thought the courses of lines, which the engraver had employed, were too many, and too various and complicated, but the result, forms altogether so faithful a translation of Guido's picture, which we have frequently seen and admired —the end is so completely accom- plished, that we feel awed into ac- quiescence, with regard to the eligi- bility of the means employed. There is the animated and rapid touch of the hair pencil throughout: and the varied art of combining lines, by means of which is expressed the flesh of the face and thorax, the thorns, the gouts of blood, the dark clammy hair, the scumbling of Guido's pencil in the treatment of the beard, and the pervading depth of tone by which the whole is harmonized, entitle the pre- sent work to rank high among the engravings of this artist.

The Madonna and Child, after CAR- LO DOLCI, is from a picture in the collection of Richard Sullivan, Esq. It differs from the former, as Charles the *Sweet* differs from Guido the *Di- vine*. In other words, the chief soli- citude of Carlo, was concerning the beauty and perfection of his materials; the richness of his draperies; the pu- rity of his colours, and so forth. In these he endeavoured to transcend all other painters, while the characters of his heads was with him but an inferior consideration.

The result was accordingly, and is seen in the present work. The head of the infant Saviour has nothing god- like about it; being no more than that of a common pretty boy;—a sort of Jacky Horner, whose narrow shoulders are very unfit to bear "*the government*". The head of the Vir- gin Mary is better, and, though far short of the Madonna's of Raphael and Guido, there is a certain sweet- ness about it that is very agreeable; its easy inclination is maternal, and so is the general air of this figure.

The engraver has performed his part with his accustomed ability. The style of treating the drapery which covers her head, is beautifully varied from that of her arm. The former seems of fine linen, the latter of some richer material. Carlo Dolci proba- bly painted it from silk; and both are executed in a style perfectly ana- logous to the localities and careful finish which are so conspicuous in the paintings of this master. These, and the face of the *Madonna*, and hair and face we may add, of the *Bambinos*, are the best parts of the plate. The former, is firm, fleshy, and exquisitely wrought; and the general tone of the whole performance, is rich, deep, bright, and altogether to the purpose.

Twenty-four years afterward, (viz. two years ago,) Sharp produced an- other of these scriptural heads of about the same dimensions;—a Mag- dalen, after Guido, in which an evi- dent abatement of his powers may be perceived; but still it is an un- common work to have been performed by a man of seventy-two years of age.

The style of engraving the flesh in this instance, bears nearer resemblance than was formerly usual with Sharp,

* The motto to this print is from the text of Isaiah: "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be on his shoulder."

to that of Sir Robert Strange, whose style is not equal to his in energy and richness, as displayed in his best works. The defective execution, to which we have alluded above, is chiefly perceivable in the chin of the Magdalen, and in the drapery which covers her right shoulder.

Among the engravings published by Mr. Sharp himself, are two heads, (apparently executed *con amore*, and the plates of which are of small folio dimensions,) after MICHAEL ANGELO. One is a *male* head, entitled *Evil*. The other appears an union, or epitome, of all that is *good*, *great*, and *feminine*, and is entitled—we suppose by Sir Joshua Reynolds, from whose collection Sharp obtained the original picture,—*Zenobia*.

This latter is one of the most excellent works of our engraver; its display of excellence being attended with more freedom from defect, than that of any other engraved head within the scope of our recollection. Little is known of the ancient Palmyra, or its costumes, the attire of the present bust being very peculiar, and not less elegant and highly wrought; and the character of the countenance, elevated, illustrious, and majestic—even Godlike, we might term it; Sir Joshua, as we are led to conceive, has given it the name of the greatest of the queens of antiquity—unless we should except Semiramis.

One reason for our attributing the name, Zenobia, to the taste and imagination of Reynolds, is the justness of its application to the character and expression of the bust before us: another, that the following paragraph which Sharp caused to be printed in order to be pasted at the back of those impressions that might be framed, appears to be from the pen of the literary and accomplished President: a third, that Sharp adopted it as a subject for his graver, at his particular recommendation.

"*Zenobia*, one of the most illustrious women mentioned in history, was the wife of the celebrated Odenatus, prince of Palmyra, and afterwards partner in the empire with Gallienus. Upon his death, the Roman provinces in Asia and Egypt acknowledged her sovereignty. The emperor Aurelian, anxious of putting an end to the power of so formidable a rival, led his forces against Zenobia, and, after many strong conflicts, she was reduced to the necessity of shutting herself up in Palmyra. There she sustained a siege with [illegible] courage and perseverance, [illegible] superior resources of Aurelian at length prevailed, and she adorned his triumphal return to Rome, in the 273d year of our common era; and Palmyra, the seat of her fleeting empire, was consigned to stand in the desert a melancholy, though splendid, monument of the vicissitudes of human grandeur."

The head attire of Zenobia is learned in its contrivance, and doubtless is invented by Michael Angelo—that is to say, altered and improved by that great artist, from the fantastic costume, which was prevalent in her own age, to which the foremost part of this head-dress bears no slight resemblance. The jewel fronted [illegible] was then and there worn, and is moreover an ancient mark of royalty. The engraver has treated the [illegible] of this head-dress [illegible] with close work, so as to [illegible] sufficiently bright and distinct, the small ornaments with which it and the shoulder decorations are charged enamelled; and it is thereby kept in due subservience to the carnations, or flesh tints of the face and neck, which are beautifully and tastefully wrought, and with extraordinary power of manual execution, not a single line being in any respect or degree [illegible] yet with so much freedom as to be without the least symptom of solicitude on this score. Within the range of the art of engraving we know not where to look for a face and neck where the firm softness and colour of flesh are more truly expressed; while the majestic sparkle of the commanding eye is worthy of Juno herself. With this are combined a nose of the finest Grecian form, an elegant mouth, and a forehead sublime in amplitude. Nor should we omit to say, that the style of engraving the drapery is in good harmony with the rest of the performance.

We learn from Mr. Thomson's report, that with the engraver himself his Zenobia was a great favourite, which cannot excite surprise. For what bliss is greater, than that arising from the successful accomplishment of a beautiful and admirable work, such as the present? Does

reader expect from us, after this panegyrick, a summary of the delight which we may seem to have revelled at the sight of this exquisite performance? Let us add that, in form, it is "express and admirable:" in character majestic, elevated, commanding,—to a celestial degree: in expression gracious, benignant, and conscious of rectitude. The *tout ensemble*, a being to be worshipped and obeyed.

But we have a way of questioning our own impressions as well as expressions, and are here led to ask have we said too much? Perhaps we have—a little,

"The smallest speck is seen on snow:"

and the off line of the under lip has a trifling imperfection.

This engraving has another peculiarity that is not unworthy of notice, namely:—that notwithstanding it is highly finished, it is entirely without back-ground; and does not seem to need one.

The godlike serenity of this head, is finely contrasted to the agitation of that personification of *Evil*, after the same great master, of which we shall next proceed to treat. This is somewhat less elaborate in its style of execution as being the translation of a more sketchy original; but the lines are ably adapted to that perturbed play of muscles which are here anatomically displayed. The style bears considerable general resemblance to the best of those engravings by Sciavonetti, which accompany the poem of Blair's Grave, after the designs of Blake. The plate is well toned, and sufficiently impressive in chiaro scuro without being overcharged with shadow; and the subject is gradually blended, from the emphatic and more central parts, into the white ground. It appears to be entirely executed with the graver and dry point, and so freely, that the flesh and drapery leave us nothing to regret on that score; but the hair which is wildly agitated so as to *suggest the idea* of flames, would probably have been better had etching been intermingled—the etched hair of this artist being always performed in an admirable taste. In the execution of the light side of the neck, and the whole of the face, which are the principal parts, Sharp has been particularly happy; though the flourish of drapery also, is very much to the purpose.

We have now to observe, that the mouth is somewhat distorted, and out of drawing; the left side not corresponding with the right: yet we shall not affirm that this distortion may not be in the original, and may not aid the sentiment which Michael Angelo intended to convey. Still we are led to question, whether the engraver has not in expressing the extreme agitation of the Evil being, somewhat too much subdivided the parts, introducing minutiæ of his own, about the temples and the left eye orbit, and clavicle on the shadow side. There is certainly more of detail and particularity in these parts, than nature would warrant, even under these extreme circumstances. But not having seen the original, we cannot pronounce that Sharp is here in fault.

As is observed above, this head is entitled '*Evil*,' which is the same in fact as if a D. had been prefixed: for 8 evil, is no other than the Saxon mode of writing *the Evil*,* that is to say, the evil principle personified: just as *Satan*, is literally *the Enemy*—or principle of enmity personified. The character of the head is completely diabolical. The expression, not that of malignity *exulting*: but, as if the hour of exultation was past, and the alarm was felt that must ever accompany the consciousness of the inevitable approach of well deserved punishment. The countenance is sublimely terrible to contemplate. It bears a motto from the xxxvii. Psalm, both in Hebrew and English, namely: "He seeth that his day is coming;" but these words express only foresight, while there are more amplifying passages in Milton, and which are to the full as pertinent: for example, the following, expressing the perturbation of Satan when on the borders of Paradise—

——— horror and doubt distract
His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir
The hell within him: for within him hell
He brings, and round about him, nor from hell

* See Verstegan's "Restitution of decayed Intelligence."

One step, no more, from himself can flee
By change of place. Now, conscience wakes despair
That slumbered: wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be.
Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face,
Thrice changed with pale, ire, envy, and despair.

His "*Sortie made by the Garrison of Gibraltar, on the morning of the 27th of November*, 1781," may be pronounced one of the finest historical engravings of modern events, that has been produced in the world. It is also one of the largest; and be it remembered, that "a large work is difficult because it is large;" and the difficulties of a work of this nature increase in much more than a direct ratio to its dimensions.

The present performance is more homogeneous, and in better harmony with itself, than Woollett's celebrated engraving of the Death of General Wolfe; which may be thought high praise. The courses of lines are more gracefully and expressively laid. It has a more deep-toned brightness of chiaro scuro, and the parts are more coherent, and in better subordination. The ground, which in General Wolfe's death, is far too ostentatiously glaring, is here, not only characteristic of sand, but is with great judgment subdued throughout to a quiet and sober tone; and this sobriety of tone is rendered to a certain degree,—and precisely to the right degree,—compatible with the varieties of the art so peculiar to line engraving, of expressing the textures of the various other surfaces and substances that enter into the composition of this grand work; and is wisely distributed in due gradations over the plate. As a musician might express himself, the composition is performed in the right key. If the lines had been woven into a wilder, or more open, texture, the stirring sight must have lost its dun hue, and the numberless little glittering sparks which play about the buttonholes, the epaulettes, and other foppery of the modern war-dress, must have lost their splendour. There are thousands of them about the gallant Lord Heathfield, and the group of officers behind him, as if to contrast by their flicker the calm magnanimity of his action.

And this quiet stillness proceeding from the system of close texture, and the master key of deep toned brightness which the engraver has adopted, is of further value, inasmuch as most of the heads are elaborate portraits of the individuals concerned on that memorable morning, and *come out* with considerable brilliancy of relief from the breadth of still half tint which is spread over the sky and distant rock of Gibraltar. The manner of executing the different kinds of drapery too, is just sufficiently varied for the time and occasion, and the tooling of the portraits is most admirable.

By no other art than that of line engraving, could an adequate translation of this capital picture have been so faithfully rendered. Probably by no other translator could it have been rendered with equal ability.

We beg leave altogether to decline the task of criticising this noble work *as a picture* from the pencil of Mr. Trumbull, which places him on a level with the first historical painters of his age; at least, of such as have distinguished themselves by the treatment of modern events. We could not enter upon it efficiently without expatiating at large; and Mr. Sharp, the deceased engraver, is *our present subject*. This plate was published in the year 1799.

In the year 1812 was published his Boadicea *the British Queen, animating the Britons to defend their country against the Romans*, from a drawing by T. Stothard, R. A.

The Queen, and the part of her army which she is immediately addressing, are here supposed to be viewed through a sort of arched prosenium, with ornamented spandrils. The Roman legions and encampment are dimly seen at a considerable distance.

The best part of this performance, both as a picture and as an engraving, is a half clad group of

Rough, poor, in arms, unconquerable bold:
War in each face, and freedom on each brow,

who are listening respectfully, but with kindling indignation, to the harangue of their heroic queen. They are not tattooed or stained with woad. Mr. Stothard seems to be no believer

such matters. He does not think it the

——painted vest prince Vortigern had on,
Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won,

as the well dried skin of a flayed briton; and has accordingly painted his ancient warriors as clean, well-made, athletic fellows, without a particle of dandyism about them, unless he *plumed* helm of one, should render him liable to that reproach.

The group is but partially and irregularly armed, with swords, targets, helmets, and spears; and is backed by floating banners, on which there is no device. They are a wild, unsophisticated party, whose resolution to "do or die" is kindling in some, and in others ready to burst forth. In their delineation, the abstract idea of active strength appears to have governed the hand of the painter; and they are engraved, especially their nudities, in a fine mellow style which corresponds with it, and at the same time is well adapted to brawny fellows when reduced to a small scale. Let him who would become a connoisseur in engraving, compare them with the Diogenes, Zenobia, and the near arm of St. Cecilia, and he will see the extent, or at least may form some idea of the scope, of Sharp's powers, and art of adapting them. The scanty draperies and shields of these ancient Britons, are ably executed, but their naked parts are in his very mellowest and best style; and as the secondary light falls on this group, it affords every variety of flesh tint.

Boadicea and her daughters are somewhat less strongly to the purpose. The attitudes and expression of the latter are certainly pathetic; and the action of the former is animated and commanding: but the queen wants heroic elevation of character (she must not too nearly approach the presence of our favourite Zenobia), and is scarcely old enough to pass for the mother of these princesses. Neither are the cloaked elders, who stand between the troops and their queen, worthy of particular praise.

The car of Boadicea is drawn by two caparisoned horses, of which the nearest, a white horse, is engraved in a very masterly style. The delicate hairy texture of the gracefully turned neck, is uncommonly fine, and the drapery of dark coloured velvet, with a fringed ornament, which partially covers the horse's body, is also very ably executed.

But the foreground, sky, distant mountains, and these plains, where the Roman legions are drawn up in battle array, are evidently by some inferior hand; and the sky and distance especially, have a coarse, tasteless, and unfinished look, which can be of no real advantage. If it be supposed to make the execution of Sharp's figures look the more delicate and finished from the foil it affords, it subtracts more than in the same degree from the effect of the whole: and the whole sadly wants more expression of space. But, we repeat, that the style of engraving the white horse, and the principal group of British warriors, have a redeeming influence that is very gratifying, and make us willingly forget minor defects, or look on them with an indulgent eye.

The following account of this composition has been printed by the artists themselves:—This celebrated character (Boadicea) having been the victim of the barbarous tyranny of the Romans, sought to be avenged for the cruelties which she suffered; and as the crimes of those conquerors had spread universal hatred against them, she easily kindled the flame of revolt in the hearts of her injured subjects. In the first burst of its violence, upwards of seventy thousand of their enemies were slaughtered by the Britons, in London, Colchester, St. Albans, and in the surrounding districts, before Suetonius, the Roman general, had time to concert the means of resistance.

At length the two hostile armies drew up, opposed to each other: the Britons appeared an immense multitude divided into large separate bands of horse and foot; and withal, so confident of victory, that they had brought their wives with them to be spectators of it from their waggons, which they had placed round the borders of the field.

Boadicea rode in a war chariot, having her two daughters along with her; and, as she traversed the ranks of the several confederated tribes, she declared to all, that though it was not unusual for the Britons to war under the conduct of a woman, yet upon

this country, or claimed not the authority of one descended from a line of illustrious ancestors, but appeared upon the same footing as the lowest among them, seeking vengeance—not for the loss of her kingdom, but for the expiration of liberty—for the stripes inflicted upon her person—for the brutal indignities offered to her virgin daughters. She added, that men might, if they were so inclined, still live, and be doomed to slavery; but that Britons determined to be free, must, in the impending conflict, either remain victorious, or utterly perish; and that, with regard to herself, she was prepared for either.—Thus far we have thought it proper to extract, and here to stop; for the picture has no reference to the issue of the battle.

Other of the prime works of this extraordinary artist, we would willingly have reviewed in our present number; but good impressions are not within our reach (here in a remote corner of Essex), and we are reluctantly obliged to postpone them, being too conscientious to affect to write critically of *such* works from recollection. We shall, therefore, simply subjoin, for the benefit of those persons of taste who may be engaged in collecting his works, a list of the remainder, to the best of our present knowledge, beginning with his

PORTRAITS.

John Hunter, (the great anatomist) after *Sir Joshua Reynolds*, a transcendant performance, of large folio dimensions.

Mr. Moore, the original secretary to the Society of Arts, after *West*. Ditto.

Shakespear's Patron, the *Earl of Southampton*, of quarto size, (a small ruined chapel beneath.)

A Head in Du Roveray's edition of Paradise Lost, erroneously called the portrait of *Milton*.

Three views of the Head of *King Charles the First*, after *Vandyke*.

Sir Everard Home, the distinguished comparative anatomist.

Sir Walter Farquhar, physician.

The Rev. Dr. Valpy.

Lord Erskine.

Sir Francis Burdett, bart.

Horne Tooke.

Thomas Paine, (with a small copy,) after *Romney*.

John Keble, together with

Sir R. Dundas.

Charles Long, esq.

F. Walker, esq.

John Bunyan.

Joanna Southcott.

William Sharp, engraver, (after *Joseph*.)

Richard Brothers, (two plates of this.)

Rev. Dr. de Salis.

The Duke of Clarence.

Equestrian figure of *H. R. H. the Prince of Wales*.

HISTORICAL SUBJECTS.

The Children in the Wood, after Benwell. The landscape by Byrne and Medland.

The Fathers of the Church, after Guido Reni, a work of superlative merit.

Destruction of the Floating Batteries before Gibraltar, after *Copley*.

The Witch of Endor, after *West*, (a small copy of this was afterward engraved for Macklin's Bible.

The Hovel Scene in *King Lear*, after *West*, (a very capital performance.)

The Holy Family, after *Sir Joshua Reynolds*, (a small copy of this also, was engraved by Sharp as a frontispiece to Macklin's New Testament.)

The Infant Saviour, from *Annibal Carracci*.

Christ and St. John the Baptist.

Interview of King Charles the First with his Children in the presence of Oliver Cromwell, after Woodforde.

Head of an *Old Woman*, after Rubens.

The figures to an oval plate, after Hearne, of *Mr. Peter Pounce waxing Fanny*, (from the Novel of Jos. Andrews.)

A large plate in a forward, though unfinished, state, of the *Dead Christ and Three Maries*, after the celebrated picture by Annibal Carracci, in the collection of the *Earl of Carlisle*.

Boadicea and her daughters, after Opie, engraved for Hume's History of England, published by Bowyer.

Mary Queen of Scots escaping with Bothwell, after Smirke, for ditto.

Judith Attiring, after Owen, engraved for Macklin's Bible.

Destruction of the Assyrian Host, after De Loutherbourg, engraved for ditto.

The Three Maries at the Holy Sepulchre, after SMIRKE, for ditto

SMALL BOOK-PLATES, &c.

The Rosicrusian Cavern, after FUSELI, engraved for an edition of the Spectator.

Theodosius and Constantia, after ESTALL, for ditto

Scene from the *Provoked Husband*, after SMIRKE, and some others, for Bell's British Theatre.

An elderly Female Meditating, after WILLIAM LOCKE, Esq. engraved for Seward's Anecdotes, and inscribed "*Dies Præteritos.*"

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

THE season commenced here on the 3d instant. Whatever improvements might have been made here since the former season, we can say that no perceptible change has taken place in the general effect. It is true that some one was required; but managers, in their love of splendour, seem to think it necessary now-a-days, that they should be continually employed in making or promising embellishments. After the company had twice executed the national anthem of "God save the King," for it was encored as usual, the curtain drew up for *The Marriage of Figaro*, which was the first performance of the evening.—Mr. Harley undertook the part of *Figaro*; but curiosity had been so lately exhausted and attraction fatigued by the constant repetition of the character, that Mr. Liston himself could not have rendered it attractive. There was little hope, therefore, that any successor of his could succeed in producing a strong impression, and accordingly Mr. Harley's effort, though a clever one, went off with little enthusiasm. A young lady of the name of Grannon, from the Dublin Theatre, made her first appearance as *Susannah*. Miss Grannon has a sweet voice, and a well cultivated taste, but she wants power to fill the huge area of this theatre. In speaking also, she frequently dropped her voice so low as to be inaudible in many parts. We hope, however, that as she becomes more aware of the exertion that is required, some improvement will take place in this respect. There is an agreeable vivacity in her appearance, and an ease and self-possession in her manner, from which we should be entitled to augur very favourably, if the advantage of physical power were added to the rest.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

The lively comedy of *The Instant* was acted at this house. With a little pruning of the original dialogue, the characters and incidents are fair and free from objection. This play was well acted; Mr. C. Kemble's comedy certainly has more freedom than it had. The difficult point of his acting used always to be that he could not descend; but he got over that in his *Charles the Second*, where he made his sailor's disguise as good as anything we ever saw. A great deal of his *Mirabel* deserves equally to be commended. The early scenes were very light and elegant; the serious part he always played extremely well, and the business in the last act—the ring, the recovery of the watch, and the episode of the Bravo's nose was less solemn, but as whimsical and vivacious as our friend Beliston in his best day. Mrs. Chatterley played Bizarre; there seems to be no reason why Miss Chester should not try what she can do with it. Jones in *Burette* was smart and pleasant, as he always is—his points always ready and exact, and his business executed to the breadth of a hair.

Mr. C. Kemble represented *Octavian*, the desperate lover in the *Mountaineers*; and, shutting our eyes to what his celebrated brother had done in the same part, we can fairly assert that the effort was a very fine one.—Mr. Mason had little to do in *Virolet*, but in that little there was promise, for there was improvement. His action is graceful, his emphasis correct, but still there is a coldness and formality about him which the public, or those

who represent the public in theatrical audiences, seem to resent too severely. Mr. Connor's *Kilmalock* realized the idea of a thorough bred Irishman, though we should prefer seeing him as a tutor, in which capacity he has often made us laugh within the same walls. Of Mr. Blanchard's *Lope Tocho* it is only necessary to say that it was in his usual rich comic style, as far as he had scope to indulge in it. How it is that this gentleman, though confessedly one of the very first comedians of the day among the judicious, has never attained the celebrity which many of his inferiors have done, is one of those curious theatrical questions, that we would put to those who are skilled in stage manœuvring. Mr. Chapman, in *Roque*, had little to do; but, to say the least of him, he always understands his business. Mr. Duruset undertook the part of *Sadi*. As our readers well know that this is a comic part, such of them as were not present will be surprized to hear that he did so. We presume that he did not volunteer; but let us do him justice whether he did or not. The attempt was a respectable one; it was evidently a studied one; and, amongst the group of our popular vocalists of the same sex, where could we be expected to select an individual of whom we could say the same thing? We are far, however, from wishing Mr. Duruset in speculating on this line of character. To speak in theatrical or critical technicality, it is possible for a man to be *respectable* (these are the *Chronicle's* own italics) without affording *a glimpse of hope that he would ever become more than* TOLERABLE *in a particular line.* The *Florinthe* of the evening was Miss F. H. Kelly, we had almost said Miss Juliet Kelly (why will not the managers afford us an opportunity of giving this lady another tragic appellation?) The part of *Florinthe* is one which could afford her but little opportunity. She looked extremely well in male attire; her action was graceful, as it always is, and feeling and energy distinguished her delivery of the few passages of any force allotted by the poet to the heroine. Mis Lacy, as *Zoraida*, was placed in nearly the same situation; she had not much to execute, and her powers were kept under by the situation in which she was placed. Miss Love was a lively *Agnes*. We cannot however, extend any favourable notice to the getting up of the musical embellishment in its minor departments. One of the choruses not only hung heavy, but produced some disagreeable symptoms of dissatisfaction. The house was well attended in the pit and galleries, but the boxes presented a thin appearance.

There is nothing further to be observed regarding the "Opera," as the remainder of the cast presented no novelty worth remarking on. Miss Povey as the *Countess*, sang sweetly, and amongst other testimonies of applause was encored with the new actress in the "Letter Duet." A Ballet succeeded, which was like all ballets unintelligible in subject, but sufficiently interesting in the display of activity and grace. The house was as well attended as could be expected.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

A NEW interlude, in one act, called *Birds without Feathers*, was produced at this theatre. It would scarcely be worth while to go into criticism about a piece which was decidedly negatived, and has no chance, we should suppose, of being played again; but it is certainly difficult to conceive upon what sort of even ordinary judgment such a performance could have been paused upon—far less put into rehearsal. The point of the piece lies in the very stale fancy of a young man being brought up to the age of eighteen, without ever seeing a woman; and, often as this incident has been dealt with, it was perhaps never so worked upon as in the present instance. The boy (Mrs. T. Hill) does at length see a girl; and his father tells him that it is a bird—whence the joke of the title "Birds without Feathers." Then an old woman is sent to this lad, instead of Madame Vestris, in order that he may be disgusted, and hate the sex for ever; and Mrs. Jones is selected to accomplish this feat, for which, of all the people in the world, she is obviously the most unfit. This dull story is told in dialogue, evidently written by a person who cannot write at all. Madame Vestris wants to know "what a husband is?" Mrs. T. Hill has a strange new sensation, and wishes to know "if it is a sin?" And all this sort of stuff, which has

onger any novelty or interest about equires to be managed not only a delicate, but (for the stage) by experienced hand. There are ie songs sung in the course his little matter; but the music is se, if possible, than the dramatic of it. Upon the whole, it is such ilure as a manager should make a at of hazarding as seldom as possi-

The author is a gentleman of pectability, and this is said to be first attempt: we should be doing great injustice if we encouraged to make a second.

Mrs. W. West made her first apparance at this theatre in the charac- of *Lydia Languish*, in Sheridan's medy of *The Rivals*. The charac- is not one of those in which she most adapted to shine; it is too ng for her; but she was well re- ved and warmly applauded.

Madame Vestris took her benefit at s theatre. The performance was the *rry Wives of Windsor*. Mr. wton was the representative of *Sir n Falstaff*. We have not space to er into any detailed notice of the nner in which he supported the ty knight. Suffice it to say, it was y fine. Mr. Cooper performed *Mr. rd* with great effect. Mr. Harley cted *Master Slender*, perhaps as ll as any actor now on the stage ld represent the part; but we have n it better done. Mr. Williams, .W. West, Madame Vestris as *Mrs. rd*, Mrs. Garrick as *Mrs. Page*, and Miss Povey as *Anne Page*, contributed their respective talents in the most satisfactory manner. Mr. Dowton has since been engaged for the season. We should, however, recommend the manager to pay a little more attention to the orchestra.

The comedy of *The Rivals* was played at this house, and two new candidates for London engagement, appeared in the parts of *David* and *Falkland*. It is rather late in the season now to be criticising fresh actors at summer theatres; Mr. Duff (from Edinburgh) who played *David*, is an endurable actor, without any considerable pretensions; Mr. Raymond (from Birmingham), who performed *Falkland*, must have mistaken his own powers, in ever attempting the stage at all.

The comedy, in most other respects, was well, in some points excellently performed. Liston's *Acres* is well known; we never saw him play better.

Miss Kelly did *Lydia Languish* most pleasantly and unaffectedly; she would have played *all* the female characters in the piece, from *Mrs. Mallaprop* to *Julia*, and have been entertaining in all of them. Dowton's acting in *Sir Anthony Absolute*, would have been better had he coquetted less; but it was an admirable performance as it was, and if he will only act plainly and straightforwardly as he has been used to do, it will very long, we suspect, be an unrivalled one.

VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE expectation of a general elec- n in the Spring still continues; and active canvas is, in consequence, ng forward in many parts of the ntry. Parliament has been far- r prorogued, from the 4th of No- nber to the 6th of January; but no imation has been given that it is n to meet for the despatch of busi- s.

n every respect, our domestic re- ons wear the same favourable as- t that they long have done. cording to the official accounts of last year's revenue, to the 10th of tober, the excess of 1824 over 1823 1,184,000. It must be recollect, however, that the repayment from stria, which enters for an item into the revenue of 1824 exclusively, amounts to £2,500,000; consequently, when this deduction is made there will be found, instead of a surplus, an actual deficit of £1,316,300 upon the net revenue of the year as compared with that of 1823. In the Assessed Taxes there is a decrease to the amount of £1,907,000 in the year; in the Excise, a decrease of £81,391. Still the details are eminently satisfactory, proving beyond controversy that the revenue is in a state of growing increase; and affording grounds for a confident expectation that, in the course of the ensuing session, the national burdens will be still further diminished. The window and other duties having been reduced one half,

would fairly account for a more extensive decrease in the assessed Taxes than has actually taken place; in the Excise, although there is a decrease of £81,391 upon the year, there is an increase of £278,000 upon the quarter; in malt, there is an increase on the quarter of £167,951; in foreign spirits, an increase on the quarter of £146,436, and on the year of £314,224; in British spirits, an increase on the quarter of £74,572; in glass, on the quarter, an increase of £30,365, and on the year of £80,649; in bricks and tiles, an increase on the quarter of £18,107, and on the year of £56,540; in stamps, an increase on the quarter of £147,735, and on the year of £417,077; in the post office, of £12,000 on the quarter, and £89,000 on the year. Thus, as we have observed, the account is altogether eminently satisfactory.

Some new military regulations of considerable importance to the service, have been issued. According to these, no person can be eligible to hold a commission in the army till he shall have attained the age of sixteen; and all recommendations are to certify the eligibility of the person recommended, as respects education, character, connections, and bodily health, and that he is prepared immediately to join any regiment to which he may be appointed.

According to the latest intelligence relating to our discovery ships, the Griper, Capt. Lyon, was at the entrance of Hudson's Straits on the 4th of August. She was then proceeding on her voyage towards Repulse Bay, where Capt. Lyon expected to arrive about the beginning of September, and where he proposed to winter. The Snap, surveying vessel, had left the Griper off Cape Sedley, with the Arctic land expedition, which was prevented by the ice from a further prosecution of its course. Generally speaking, however, the coasts were remarkably free from ice; the season was altogether favourable, and the ships enjoyed the finest prospect of a successful progress.

In our foreign relations, the strictest amity prevails. Our sovereign is understood to have received an autograph letter of thanks from the Emperor Alexander, for the successful mediation of England in arranging the differences between Russia and the Porte, which, it is said, have been finally adjusted.

Turning towards our distant possessions, the war in India is perhaps entitled to the first consideration. According to the latest intelligence, the British troops were in the occupation of Gowahatty, the capital of Assam; several of the petty chiefs had placed themselves under our protection; the Burmese had been attacked by the Assamese chief, Chunder Kaunt, assisted by some of the neighbouring hill tribes, and compelled to abandon some of their advanced posts; and disappointed of reinforcements and supplies, the Burmese had been reduced to great extremities. Our army was consequently in the highest spirits. The accounts from Madras intimate that the *cholera morbus* had been extremely fatal there in the latter end of May and the beginning of June. Edward Wood, ex Chief Secretary to the government; the Hon. Sir W. Franklin; J. D. White, Esq., senior member of the medical board, and other persons of note, had fallen victims to this dreadful disease.

Through the medium of despatches received at the Colonial Office, from Cape Coast Castle, from the 30th of June to the 22nd of July, we learn that on the 11th of the latter month, the Ashantees sustained a signal defeat. It appears that *Assai Tooms* Quamina, the reigning king, at the commencement of hostilities, had lately died at Coomassie, and that Adoo Assai, his successor and brother, had left Ashantee accompanied by all the warriors he could muster, with the determination of destroying Cape Coast, and driving the English out of the country. The confidence which the savage chief felt in his power, is evident from the message which he sent to the governor of the Castle. "If," said he, "the walls of Cape Coast Castle are not high enough, you ought to build them higher; and if they are not sufficiently furnished with cannon, you ought to land those belonging to the ships of war; but all will not prevent my throwing the whole into the sea!" After about three weeks preparation, the king advanced from Fetue on 21st of June, with his whole army, to within five miles of the fort; immediately afterwards, he formed an extensive chain of posts round great part of the settlement; and, by the

ill of the month, Cape Coast Castle as nearly surrounded by the Ashanees, who had ravaged the circumjant country, and burnt the villages. t this time, the garrison, in a very eak state, was making the best dispositions in its power for its defence. ortunately on the 4th of July, His ajesty's ship Thetis arrived with a inforcement of troops from England. he enemy then recalled his detachents, for the purpose of concentratg his army, part of which on the h was distinctly seen defiling in eat force over a hill, towards some ights which he occupied near the t of his position, where the king's nt had been pitched. Every effort r action was now made on both les. Soon after day light, on the orning of the 11th, the enemy was en descending in several masses of eat strength towards the town; and out two in the afternoon his adnce was fired upon by our skirishers, and a general engagement as brought on, which, at half past r, p. m. was determined by the deat of the enemy at all points. Two his camps having been burnt and undered by part of our unorganized rces, who fought bravely, he was mpelled to retreat. On the 12th, e enemy again appeared, but without making any hostile effort. On e 10th he was encamped at a disnce of five miles, but evinced no position to approach; and, on the th, he made off towards Annamae. Famine and disease, discontent d insubordination, were understood prevail in the Ashantee army; nich, independently of an immense s in the action of the 11th, had sufed greatly by desertion.

The enemy's force, in that action, s estimated at not less than 15,000 hting men; that of the British did t exceed 19 officers, and 5,053 rank d file, of whom there were only 5 regulars, and 118 militia, the aining 4,650 being unorganized ops, chiefly Fantees. One of our ers, Lieutenant Swanzy, of the yal African Colonial Corps, and 3 men, were killed, and 448 men re wounded; but not a single prier fell into the hands of the my.

This is one of those unfortunate rs which ought never to have been mmenced; and which, for the sake of humanity and justice, we hope will be speedily terminated. Regarding Sierra Leone as the grave of Europeans, we should rejoice in its abandonment.

Some of our West India Islands remain in a very precarious state. At Jamaica, not long since, a conspiracy of an alarming nature was discovered only within four hours of the time in which it was intended to be carried into effect. The design was, to murder all the white people on the island.

Returning to Europe, we perceive that the legislative session of the Netherlands was opened by the king, at Brussels, on the 18th of October. The royal speech describes the country as in a very flourishing state, and intimates that a farther reduction of the public expenditure would be proposed, and also the redemption of a considerable portion of the national debt. The civil code is to be completed during the session, and more changes in the Tariff, of import and export duties, are to be proposed for the advantage of the national manufactures, and of agriculture. The harvest has been abundant, and the universal plenty which now prevails has produced the most favourable effects amongst the people.

General tranquillity is apparent in France. His Majesty, Charles X., made his first public entry into Paris on the 27th of September, in great splendour, and amidst the most joyous acclamations of his subjects. Several popular acts have marked the commencement of his reign. The censorship of the press was abolished by a royal decree, on the 29th of September; and, to evince his liberality of feeling on another important point, the King has despatched three vessels of war to co-operate with two others now on the coast of Africa, in repressing the slave trade. Preparations are also making for an indemnification of emigrants. Some settlement upon this subject must be extremely desirable to all parties; for so long as any fear is entertained that the original proprietors may regain possession of their estates, the confiscated property purchased by individuals from the state, must be of comparatively slight value. According to an official report, the number of estates sold in France, during the revolution, was

457,000 ; their produce in francs amounted to about 645,470,338 ; a sum exceeding, by many millions, the annual revenue of the country.

M. Villele's project for lowering the interest of the national debt, will, it is said, be postponed.

The interment of the late King, Louis XVIII. was fixed for the 25th of October. The General Council of Paris have resolved upon the erection of a statue, in honour of his Majesty, in the Square of the Palais Bourbon, opposite to the spot where the charter was declared.

Spain is still in commotion. Civil war, to a great extent, exists in the provinces. Report states, that Ferdinand VII. has requested Charles X. to allow the French army to remain six months longer in Spain than the time fixed by the last treaty, which expires on the 1st of next January. A Spanish loan, to the amount of eight millions sterling, has been contracted for by different banking houses at Paris.

Spain is likely to be, in some respects, annoyed from abroad. Algiers, that nuisance of the Mediterranean, is said to have sent out a squadron for the purpose of cruising against the ships of Spain and Sardinia. Hostilties are also expected between Tunis and Tuscany.

The Emperor of Russia has been making a tour through his Asiatic dominions; but in consequence of indisposition, it was supposed that he would return to St. Petersburgh sooner than had been intended. His Imperial Majesty is expected to visit France and Italy in the Spring.

The Turks are likely to have enough to do, especially if they should hesitate to evacuate Moldavia. It is said that Bagdad is threatened by the assault of a Persian army, and that serious disturbances have broken out in Syria. The Greeks are represented as every where victorious. The Capitan Pacha, in making his long threatened descent upon the island of Samos, experienced a disasterous and decisive defeat. The plague is committing great ravages in the city and vicinity of Constantinople, and serious political disturbances are reported to prevail in that city.

In a proclamation, dated on the 27th of May, the Greeks announced their intention to attack, burn, and sink, *with their crews*, all vessels aiding or abetting the Turks in any way, *under whatsoever flag they might be found*. In consequence of this proclamation, Sir Frederick Adam, the British Governor at Corfu, issued an order, by direction of the Lords of the Admiralty, authorising British cruisers to detain all such Greek vessels as might fall in their way, until the Greek Provisional Government should rescind its sanguinary proclamation. The opposition newspapers raised a great outcry against this act of Sir Frederick Adam's, which they affected to treat as a violation of the law of nations, and as tantamount to a declaration of war against the Greeks. As far as the law of nations is concerned, we believe the case is simply this: If a neutral subject let out his vessel to a belligerent as a transport, he subjects such vessel to the chance of capture by the opposite belligerent; and if taken in delicto she may be justly condemned, as she may for carrying contraband of war, for breach of blockade, or for any other violation of her strict neutral character; but there the penalties end. However it appears that the Greek Provisional Government, convinced, probably, of the injustice of its decree, had withdrawn it previously to the promulgation of Sir Frederick Adam's order.

We have nothing fresh from South America, excepting a loose report of the dethronement of the Emperor of Brazil in an insurrection.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Not published, in one vol. price 6s. 6d. My Children's Diary; or, the Moral of the Passing Hour, In three parts, for young persons from ten to twelve, or thirteen years of age. Harvey and Darton, Gresham-street, Bunhill-row; Hunter, St. Paul's Church-yard; S. Low, Lamb's Conduit-street. Early in November will be published, a new edition of Zinnia, or, the Flower-garden, in one vol. foolscap 8vo., illustrated with engravings, by Rhodes, Rolls, and Corbould, from paintings by J. Stothard, Esq. R.A.

Times' Telescope, for the year 1828, was published with the almanack on the 22d instant, comprehending a Complete Guide to the Almanack, an Explanation of Saints' Days, and Holidays, Illustrations of British History and Antiquities, the Naturalist's Diary, with a Description of the principal Culinary Vegetables,

eir Mode of Culture, &c. Prefixed which will be an Essay on English oetry, and two introductory poems, by r. D. H. Wilkie, and Mr. Alexander aring, author of Contemplation, and their Poetics.

On the first of January will be published, in foolscap 4to., price 1s., and ost 4to. 1s. 6d., The Botanical Garden; or, Magazine of handy Flower Plants, ultivated in Great Britain, by B. Maund.

A second edition of the "Poetical Memoirs," and the "Exile," a tale by Mr. James Bird, author of the "Vale of Slaughden," &c. is in the press.

The long expected "Tales of Irish Life," are nearly ready for publication. They will be illustrated with engravings, by Messrs. Thompson, Hughes and Bowyer, in their best style, from designs by George Cruickshank. These tales will exhibit a faithful picture of the manners, habits, and condition of the people, being written from actual observation, during a residence of several years in various parts of Ireland.

"Suicide and its Antidotes;" a series of anecdotes, and actual narratives, with suggestions on mental distress. By the Rev. Solomon Piggott, A. M., Rector of Dunstable, and author of several works, will appear in a few days.

Just published, Poems and Poetical Translations. By Samuel Gower. Price 2s. 6d.

In a few days, dedicated to the Rev. and Venerable Archdeacon Wrangham; The Prophetess; The Recluse of the Village; The Enchantress; Rosamond Clifford; and other Metrical Legends. By Richard Brown.

A cabinet edition of Salmagundi. By Washington Irving, author of "The Sketch Book," "Tales of a Traveller." Beautifully printed in a pocket volume, with an exquisite steel embellishment, from a design by Henry Corbould.

A cabinet edition of Knickerbocker's History of New York. By the same author, to correspond with Salmagundi.

The celebrated Holbein's Dance of Death, with fifty-two spirited engravings by the celebrated Bewick, beautifully printing.

Smiles and tears, a series of 13 exquisite Vignettes, with letter press illustrations. A handsome volume.

The Juvenile Bible Class Book. By the Rev. A. E. Fanet.

In the press, Horæ Poeticæ, or Effusions of Candor. By a British Officery shall convey

The Rev. Lake Booker, M. D., Vicar of Dudley, is printing Lectures on the Lord's Prayer; with two Discourses on interesting and important subjects, which will be published in November.

Just published, Picturesque Views of the Principal Monuments in the Cemetery of Pere la Chaise, near Paris; also a correct view of the Pantheon, erected by Abbadie; accompanied with concise descriptive notices. Drawn by John Thomas Serres, marine painter to His Majesty, and H. R. H. the Duke of Clarence. The work contains ten coloured views, atlas 4to. Price £1. 1s. sewed.

Early in November will be published, in octavo, an Explanatory Dictionary of the Apparatus and Instruments employed in the various Operations of philosophical and experimental Chemistry; with seventeen quarto copper plates. By a practical chemist. To be published by Boys, Ludgate-hill.

In the press, Le Nouveau Table au de Londres, de Leigh; ou Guide de l'Etranger, dans la Capitale de l'Angleterre.

Just published, a Synopsis of Ancient Arms and Armour, chiefly taken from Dr. Meyrick's excellent Work, and extracted from the "Encyclopedia of Antiquities." By the Rev. T. D. Fosbroke, M. A. F. S. A.

Speedily will be published, in demy, 8vo., price 7s. 6d.; or, royal 8vo., 10s. 6d. The Opinion of the Catholic Church for the first three Centuries; or, the Necessity of believing that our Lord Jesus Christ is the true God. Translated from the Latin of Bishop Bull. To which will be prefixed, a Biographical Notice of Bishop Bull, dedicated to the Venerable Archdeacon Wrangham. By the Rev. J. Rankin.

EDINBURGH.—"The Modern Athens," by a "Modern Greek." Now in the press, and soon to be published by Messrs. Knight and Lacey.

Speedily will be published, a Narrative of the Condition of the Manufacturing Population; and the Proceedings of Government which led to the State Trials in Scotland, for administering Unlawful Oaths, and the Suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, in 1817, with a detailed Account of the System of Espionage adopted at that period in Glasgow and its Neighbourhood. Also, a Summary of similar Proceedings, in other Parts of the Country, to the Execution of Thistlewood and others, for High Treason, in 1820. By Alex. B. Richmond.

Mr. Burridge (the latest author on the Origin and Prevention of Dry Rot in Ships) has another work in the press, describing a new Process for Tanning Leather, in a quarter of the usual time, without extra expense, either with or without Oak Bark.

New Londoniana Tales, in two volumes, will be among the earliest of the forthcoming literary novelties.

In the press, "Waklandir;" freely translated from the English of Walter Scott, translated from the German Sylvan Sketches, by the author of Flora Domestica. 8vo.

LIST OF PATENTS.

To Ernest Henry William Needham, of Dayid-street, in the County of Middlesex, Esq. for his invention of an improved method of casting steel.—7th October.—6 months for inrolment.

To Walter Foreman, Esq. of Bath, in the County of Somerset, Commander in our Royal Navy, for his invention of certain improvements in the construction of steam engines.— 1st October.—6 months.

To Fredrick Benenke, of Deptford, in the County of Kent, verdigris manufacturer, and Daniel Towers Shears, and James Henry Shears, of Fleet Market, in the City of London, coppersmiths, in consequence of a communication from a certain foreigner for certain improvements in the making, preparing, or producing of spelter or zinc.—7th October.—6 months.

To Pierre Alegre, of Kerez de la Frontera, in the Kingdom of Spain, engineer, now residing at Colet-place, Commercial-road, in the County of Middlesex, for his invention of an improved and more economical method of generating steam applicable to steam engines, and other useful purposes.—7th October.—2 months.

To Humphry Jeffreys, of Park-street, in the City of Bristol, merchant, for his new invented improved flue or chimney for furnaces and other purposes.—7th October.—2 months.

To Robert Dickenson, of Park-street, Southwark, in the County of Surry, Esq. for his new invented improvement or improvements in the manufacture and construction of metal casks or barrels for the conveyance of goods and products, by sea or otherwise.—7th October —6 months.

To Francis Richman, of Great Pultney-street, Golden Square, in the County of Middlesex, carpenter, for his invention of certain improvements in the construction of fire escapes, parts of which said improvements are likewise applicable to other purposes.—7th October.—6 months.

To Stephen Wilson, of Streatham in the County of Surry, Esq. in consequence of communications made to him by foreigners residing abroad, for certain improvements in machinery for making velvets and other cut works.—7th October.—4 months.

To John Ham, of West Coker, in the County of Somerset, vinegar market, for his new invented and improved process for manufacturing vinegar.—7th October.—4 months.

To Matthew Bush of West Ham, in the County of Essex, calico printer, for his invention of certain improvements in machinery, or apparatus for printing calicoes and other fabrics.—7th October.—6 months.

To John Shaw, of Milltown, in the Parish of Glossop, in the County of Derby, farmer, for his invention of transverse spring slides for trumpets, trombones, French horns, bugles, and every other musical instrument of the like nature.—7th October.—2 months.

To John Thomas Hodgson, of William-street, in the parish of Lambeth, in the County of Surry, veterinarian, for his invention of certain improvements in the construction and manufacture of shoes or substitutes for shoes for horses and other cattle, and method of applying the same to the feet.—7th October.—6 months.

To Philip Chell, of Earl's-court, Kensington, in the County of Middlesex, Esq. for his invented improvements on machinery, for drawing, roving, and spinning flax, wool, waste silk, or other fibrous substances.—14th October.—6 months.

To John George Bodnier, of No. 50. Oxford-street, in Charlton-row, in the parish of Manchester, in the County of Lancaster, civil engineer, for his invention and perfection of certain improvements in the machinery for cleaning, carding, drawing, roving, and spinning of cotton and wool—14th October.—6 months.

To James Gum, of Hart-street, Grosvenor Square, in the County of Middlesex, coach-maker, for his invention of certain improvements on wheeled carriages.—14th October.—6 months.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

CORN-EXCHANGE, Mark-lane, London.
Close of the Market, Oct. 25.

THE WHEAT trade was heavy at the close of last week, and there was this morning a good supply from Essex, Kent, and Suffolk, but the quality not generally dry in hand; very superior samples sold at barely last month's prices, but inferior descriptions may be quoted 1s. to 2s. per quarter lower, and very difficult to quote that reduction.

BARLEY last week remained without alteration from Monday:—fine Malting this morning, has commanded good prices; but secondary and inferior sorts are very dull sale, and must be noted cheaper.

MALT is also heavy sale and lower.

OATS were in good supply last week, but without any variation in price—the sales this morning are by no means brisk, though no alteration in prices can be noted from our last.

BEANS, new and old, came to hand

his morning more plentifully; the quality of the new, not very good—both sorts may be considered a trifle lower; many remain over unsold.

MAPLE PEAS are 1s. per quarter dearer.

WHITE PEAS fully maintain last week's quotation.

COTTON.—The Cotton market has in some measure recovered from the late depression; the purchases were nearly 1500 bags; the greater proportion Surat Cotton; the other sales were Bengals, Pernams, and a few Smyrna descriptions; the market looked more firm, on account of the favourable reports from Liverpool, &c.

SUGAR.—The Sugar market has been more steady this week than for some time preceding; the purchases are more considerable, and rather higher prices have been obtained.

In Foreign Sugars very few purchases are reported.

COFFEE.—The public sales of Coffee this week have gone off steadily; the British Plantation descriptions at rather higher prices; the Foreign rather heavy, and a shade lower; St. Domingo 58s and 59s.; Brazil 56s. 6d. and 57s.; Havannah 58s. and 58s. 6d.

RUM, BRANDY, and HOLLANDS.—The inquiries after low Leewards continue considerable, and the market is firm, there is also a renewed demand for the finer descriptions of Jamaica Rum for home consumption. Brandy is steady, and in rather increasing demand; housed 2s. 8d. and 2s. 9d. In Geneva there were no purchases reported.

INDIGO.—The sale at the India House, is expected to finish on Monday; the prices generally are 31s. and 6d. per lb. higher; the whole is going off with much briskness.

SILK.—The Silk sale has closed at the India House; generally the prices were 20 to 25 per cent higher than the last sale; there has been great briskness in the demand.

FRUIT.—The arrivals of new Malaga continue to be considerable, and the same anxiety is shown to force them off. On Wednesday there was a large parcel offered by public auction, also of new French Plums, Imperials, Prunes, Jordon and Shell Almonds, and Faro Figs; nearly the whole of which appeared to have been bought in. The chief demand at present (which is rather limited) is for common fruit.

TALLOW.—There is little alteration in the prices of Tallow; the new may to-day be quoted 35s. 3d. and 35s. 6d. Accounts from Petersburgh, stating extensive purchases of Tallow, supposed to be for London, has damped the market; the nearest price of new Tallow this day 35s.

TURPENTINE.—About 2000 barrels rough have been taken by the trade at 13s. Spirits are dull.

Rice.—The demand for rice continues; white Bengal 14s. and 15s. a Carolina 31s. and 34s.

LIST OF BANKRUPTS AND DIVIDENDS,

FROM SATURDAY, SEPT. 28, 1824, TO TUESDAY, OCT. 21, 1824, INCLUSIVE.

Extracted from the London Gazette.

N.B. All the Meetings are at the *Court of Commissioners, Basinghall-street,* unless otherwise expressed. The Attornies' Names are in Parentheses.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Samuel Twamley, Aston-road, near Birmingham, miller.

BANKRUPTS.

Appleton, C. Northampton, hosier. (Taylor, John-street, Bedford-row.

Arcangelo, C. Gloucester-terrace, Bethnal-green, feather-merchant. (Fairthorne, Lofty, and Hicks, Coleman-street.

Baildon, T. Dean-street, Soho, coffee-house-keeper. (Jay and Byles, Gray's-inn-place.

Bell, J. Manchester, dealer in cotton twist. (Norris, John-street, Bedford-row.

Burgess, T. Sittingbourne, Kent, banker. (Nelson, Essex-street, Strand.

Burgess, G. and E., Maidstone and Sittingbourne, millers. (Nelson, Essex-st. Strand.

Byng, C. Acton-green, bookseller. (Brookes, Spur-street, Leicester square.

Cooper, E. W. Wrexham, Denbighshire, spirit merchant. (Long and Austin, Gray's-inn.

Clayton, W. B. Manchester, baker and flour-dealer. (Adlington, Gregory, and Faulkner, Bedford-row.

Davies, S. Great Surrey-street, Blackfriar's-road, dealer in drugs and chemist. (Fielder and Bartley, Duke-street, Grosvenor-square.

Duncan, J. Trafalgar-square, Stepney, merchant. (Walker, Rankin, and Richards, Basinghall-street.

Edgington, T. Wells-street, Oxford-street, coach-maker. (Bartlett and Beddome, Nicholas-lane.

Emans, J. Ivy-lane, bookseller and publisher. (Brough, Shoreditch.

Eveleigh, F. and S. Union-street, Southwark, hat-manufacturers. (Clabon, Mark-lane.

Fairless, M. Bishop-Wearmouth (Blakiston, Symond's-inn.

Goodenough, C. Fleet-street, baker. (Stevens, New-inn.

Hinson, R. B. Bedford, boot and shoe-maker. (Swain, Stevens, Maples, Pearse, and Hunt, Frederick's-place, Old Jury.

Helling, E. Bedford-street, Bedford-row, Holborn, painter. (Collier, Birch, and Marchand, Carey-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields.

Harrison, B. and M. Sheffield, paper-manufacturers. (Taylor, John-street, Bedford-row.

Harris, W. Monmouth, grocer. (Hurd and Johnson, Temple.

Hyslop, J. Ipswich, grocer. (Jones and Howard, Mincing-lane.

Humphries, J. Westbury, Wiltshire, woolstapler. (Egan and Waterman, Essex-street, Strand.

Hodgson, G. Liverpool, grocer. (Chester, Staple-inn.

Lowman, J. G. Crawford-street, Marylebone, grocer. (Green and Ashurst, Sambrook-court, Basinghall-street.

Loud, T., & Burgess, T., Sittingbourne, Kent, bankers. (Wildes, Lincoln's-inn-fields.

Mobley, J. Oxford, butcher. (Miller, Elyplace, Holborn.

Martindale, B. jun. Gate-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields. (Ford, Queen-street, Westminster.

Metcalf, F. Friday-street, wholesale linendraper. (James, Bucklersbury.

Millard, J. Cheapside, linen-draper. (Bailey, Addle-street, Aldermanbury.

Nunn, R. Queen-street, Cheapside, warehouseman. (Swain, Stevens, Maples, Pearse, and Hunt, Frederick's-place, Old Jury.

Pearson, C. Grosvenor-place, Southwark, grocer. (Draper, Walcot-place, Lambeth.

Peckham, H. C. Bushy-row, Pimlico, paper-manufacturer. (Courteen, Lothbury.

Perkins, R. C. Penmain, Monmouthshire, Monmouthshire, coal-merchant. (Platt, Bond-street, Boswell-court, Lincoln's-inn.

Plant, U. Wharton, Cheshire, flour-dealer. (Hostage, Norwich.

Robson, G. Benwell, Northumberland, common-brewer. (Bell and Broderick, Bow-church-yard, Cheapside.

Salter, T. Manchester, and Pearson, W. London, merchants. (Wills, Watson, Bennet, and Willis, Tokenhouse-yard, Lothbury.

Smith, J. and F. Clements-lane, and 32, Swithin's-lane, wine-merchants. (Hewitt, Tokenhouse-yard, Lothbury.

Stickney, W. Welton, Yorkshire, linen-draper. (H. T. Shaw, Ely-place, Holborn.

Stubbs, J. Hadlow-street, Burton-crescent, wine-merchant. (Willett, East-street, Strand.

Thompson, M. Norfolk-street, Commercial-road, Middlesex, and Longridge, R. South-Shields, paint and colour-manufacturers. (Hodgson, Hatton-court, Threadneedle-street.

Vincent, G. St. Margaret's-hill, Southwark, jeweller. (Niblett, Cheapside.

Walker, J. Manchester, corn-dealer. (Adlington, Gregory, and Faulkner, Bedford-row.

Wainwright, J. Manchester, merchant. (Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields.

Wilkins, J. Warminster, Wiltshire, corn-factor. Helder, Clement's-inn.

Worthington, W. J. Lower Thames street, wine and spirit-dealer. (Carlon, High-street, Mary-la-bonne.

Waylett, J. N. Fish-street hill and Crooked-lane, cordwainer. (Carter, Lord Mayor's Court-office, Royal Exchange.

DIVIDENDS.

Ashton, W. jun. Canton-place, East India-road, under-writer, October 16.

Ablett, J. Bucklersbury and Manchester, Fustian and Velveteen manufacturer, October 30.

Atmore, C. Manchester, warehouse-man October 30.

Brown, S. and T. H. Scott, St. Mary-hill, merchants, October 23.

Buckmaster, J. and W. Old Bond-street, army-clothiers, November 2.

Burbery, T. Woolston, Warwickshire, grazier, October 26.

Bail, J. Poultry, ironmonger, October 26.

Bury, B. J. Broadhurst, and J. and J. Wilson, Yorkshire, manufacturers of fancy cloths, November 2.

Bates, W. Oldham, Lancashire, cotton-manufacturer, November 9.

Beams, H. Soldship-lane, Sydenham, Surrey, stock-broker, November 27.

Boughton, A. Hungerford, grocer, Nov. 2.

Brown, C. Dundee, merchant and ship-owner, October 19.

Burnett, A. Lisle-street, Westminster, cabinet-maker, Nov. 6.

Barrow, R. and T. Liverpool, corn-merchants, November 12.

Clark, W. H. and R. Clarente, High Holborn, linen-draper, October 30.

Cort, R. Cowcross-street, West Smithfield, carrier, October 30.

Cutler, S. Stratford, Essex, cheesemonger, October 30.

Cavaley, W. Kenilworth, Warwickshire, dealer, November 9.

Cudley, J. R. Ipswich, maltster, Nov. 10.

Crowther, W. Charles-street, Middlesex Hospital, coach-maker, November 9.

Chadwick, J. Holborn-hill, watch-maker.

Dearmer, R. Barnsley, and R. Dearmer, Pinder, Oaks, Yorkshire, October 30.

Dunn, F. Berkeley-square, auctioneer, Oct 30.

Dyson, B. Doncaster, dealer in corn, Nov. 1.

Dalmaine, G. Chandos-street, Covent-Garden, embroiderer, October 30.

Dark, H. Bath, woollen-draper, November 8.

Denham, C. R. Fetter-lane, ironmonger, October 30.

Dods, R. High-street, Southwark, linen-draper, November 9.

Elliot, T. and S. Haslock, Northampton, boot-manufacturers, October 23.

Eduby, T. Emberton, Buckinghamshire, lace-merchants, October 27.

Elliott, T. and S. Haslock, Northampton, shoe-manufacturers, November 18.

French, J. Coventry and Edinburgh, ribband-manufacturer, October 23.

Freethy, T. Acton, baker, October 23.

Frost, T. Little Titchfield-street, coach-maker, October 23.

Fox, S. Mosbrough, Eckington, Derbyshire, scythe-manufacturer, November 8.

Forbes, J. Oxford-street, chymist, October 23.

Felton, R. Lawrence, Highbury House, hop-merchant, November 6.

Frears, E. Birmingham, merchant, Nov. 4.

Fearman, W. New Bond-street, bookseller, November 6.

Grimshaw, R. Goston, and J. Grimshaw, Manchester, merchants, November 8.

Green, G. York-street, Covent Garden, drapers, October 37.

Grierson, A. Dudley, Worcestershire, draper, November 8.

Greig, W. City-road, upholsterer, Nov. 9.

Humphreys, R. and W. Lacon, Liverpool, iron-merchants, October 23.

Hould, S. Laytonstone, butcher, October 23.

Hoult, L. Norwich, iron-founder, Nov. 1.

Hudson, T. Lower Pillerton, Warwickshire, weaver and farmer, November 3.

Home, T. Bishop's Castle, Shropshire, mercer, November 2.

Hickman, W. and D. Timothy, Leicester-square, hosiers, October 23.

Johnson, B. Cherry Trees, Worcestershire, farmer, October 30.

Johnson, B. Samborn, Warwickshire, farmer, October 30.

Langhorn, H. and W. Brasisford, Bucklersbury, merchants, October 30.

ramay, J. Foston Mills, Yorkshire, corn-factor, November 8.
ycock, T. Minories, oldclothier, Nov. 13.
iddleton, F. T. Stone, Staffordshire, coach-proprietor, October 25.
ilford, H. Cranbrant, Piccadilly, tailor, October 23.
swam, W. Dunster-court, Mincing-lane, merchant, October 30.
nneley, S. Cransley, Northamptonshire, beast-jobber, November 4.
eld, J. Mirfield, Saddleworth, Yorkshire, clothier, November 6.
sman, J. West Drayton, Middlesex, vintner, October 30.
'Brien, J. Broad-street-buildings, merchant, October 30.
rker, J. L. and J. G. and T. Roberts, Birchin-lane, merchants, October 19.
yatt, J. London-street, Fenchurch-street, merchants, October 30.
esent, M. W. St. James's-walk, Clerkenwell, table cover manufacturer, October 23.
lam, R. Leeds, merchant, November 9.
lling, W. Old Southsea House, Broad-street, merchant, October 30.
att, R. Archer-street, Westminster, iron-founder, November 2.
ichard, R. Regent-circus, Oxford-street, dressing-case manufacturer, October 30.
ton, A. Felling-shore, Durham, ship-builder, November 18.
ns-ell, H. and R. Bruce, St. Martin's-lane.
ghton, J. Bristol, haberdasher, Oct. 21.
ose, T. Regent-street, Pall-mall, wine-merchant, October 30.
obinson, J. Old Broad-street, merchant, November 6.
ooker, F. and J. Watt, Preston, Manchester, cotton-manufacturers, November 9.
ing, S. Bristol, glass and china seller, November 11.
ickards, J. Newmarket, innholder, Nov. 16.
Redmayne, J. Burton, Yorkshire, coal-dealer.
Shepheard, W. Boswell-court, Carey-street, money-scrivener, October 13.
Salter, J. and J. S. Foster, Kingston, Surrey, brewers, October 23.
Sidebottom, W. Stayley-bridge, Lancashire, cotton-spinners, October 25.
Sidford, G. Bath, common carrier, October 29.
Sloggett, J. jun. Bath, hosier, October 25.
Shepheard, W. Boswell-court, Carey-street, money-scrivener, October 30.
Sfarie, T. King-street, Seven Dials, stove-grate manufacturer, November 2.
Seaton, R. and J. J. E. and T. Foster, Pontefract, Yorkshire, bankers, November 8.
Smith, A. Lime-street Square, merchant, November 6.
Sharpers, R. Davies-street, Berkeley-square, dealer in china, November 9.
Tye, E. Sibton, Suffolk, farmer, October 25.
Taylor, H. Sidney-place, Commercial-road, master-mariner, October 23.
Taylor, J. Leominster, skinner, October 27.
Turner, C. J. Winchester House, Broad-street, Insurance-broker, October 30.
Taunton, W. D. Essex-street, Strand, money-scrivener, November 13.
Troward, R. J. Cuper's-bridge, Surrey, soap-manufacturer, October 30.
Thompson, J. Birmingham, victualler, Nov. 1.
Thick, C. Shaftesbury, Dorsetshire, maltster, November 11.
Trewent, W. Pembroke, draper, Nov. 6.
Ubsdell, C. Warminster, Wiltshire, linen-draper, October 30.
Wade, W. Gloucester-street, Queen-square, carpenter, October 16.
White, T. Bricklow, Warwickshire, innholder, October 26.
Whitington, H. Manchester, silk-manufacturer, November 8.
Young, J. and J. Thornton, Bristol, woollen-drapers, October 23.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

ct. 2. The lady of William Bolland, Esq. at Fetcham, of a son.
The lady of the Rev. John West, Huntspill, Somersetshire, of a daughter.
The lady of J. K. Fisher, Esq. Smyrna, of a daughter.
The lady of Mr. Serjeant Fean, at Cambridge, of a daughter.
Mrs. Whitehurst, Havering Bower, Essex, of a son.
The lady of William Prescott, Esq. at Clapham, of a son.
The lady of George Hurst, Esq. of Red Lion-square, of a daughter.
The lady of Alderman Garratt, of Kingston, of a son.
The lady of the Rev. Charles Spencer, at Wheatfield, Oxon, of a daughter.
. The lady of J. A. F. Simpkinson, Berks, of a daughter.
. The lady of Joseph Kay, Esq. Royal Hospital, Greenwich, of a daughter.
. The lady of James Langdale, Esq. Lavender-hill, Surrey, of a daughter.
. The lady of the Rear Admiral Harvey, C. B. Walmer, Kent, of a daughter.
. The lady of E. H. Desvignes, Esq. Hunter-street, Brunswick-square, of a daughter.
. The lady of John Campbell, Esq. New street, Spring-gardens, of a son.
. The lady of James Webster, Esq. West Ham, of a daughter.
. The lady of John Lawrie, Esq. Camberwell, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

ct. 1. Mr. W. Wood, High-street, Borough, to Miss M. Ponder, eldest daughter of E. Ponder, Esq. Crown-row, Walworth.
2. J. Harris, Esq. of Walworth, to Maria, second daughter of Thos. Ridley, Esq. of Essex-wharf, Strand.
4. Abel Peyton, Esq. of Birmingham, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Timothy Cobb, Esq. Banbury.
6. Charles Smith, Esq. of Merton Abbey, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Rev. Thos. Lancaster, of Merton Abbey.
8. Wm. Luddington, Esq. of Verulam-buildings, to Frances Elizabeth, eldest daughter of E. Lee, Esq. of Verulam-buildings.

DEATHS.

Oct. 1. Dr. John Davis, of Clapham.
2. Robert Baxter, Esq. of Queen-square, Bloomsbury.
2. John Brooks, Esq. of Chancery-lane.
5. The Rev. Henry Patteson, Suffolk.
7. Ebenezer Fielder, Esq. purser to his Majesty's ship Tees, by falling overboard at New Zealand Harbour.
7. Rev. Thos. Roberts, of St. Peter's, Cornhill.
8. James Brumhead, Esq. collector of excise at Mile End.
11. Rev. Stephen White, LL.D. Castor, Peterborough.
13. Mr. S. White, of the Consul Office, Bank of England.
13. Margaret, the wife of H. Clarke, Esq. of Bentinck-street, Manchester-square.
16. Jane, widow of John Wing, Esq. Thorpe Abbey.
18. Mrs. S. Towle, of Newington-place, Kennington.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS from the 25th of September, to the 25th Oct. 1824

Days.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. C. Red.	3 Pr. C. Cons.	3½ Pr. C Cons.	3½ Pr. C. Red.	N 4 Pr. C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Bds.	Ex. Bills.	Cons. for acc.
27			95 1/8			106 1/4			85 84p	18 20p	95
28			95 5/16			106 5/16			85p	44 45p	95
29			95 1/4			106 1/4			84 86p	45 43p	95
30			95 1/4 1/8			106 1/8			80 75p	43 46p	95
1			95 1/4			106 1/8			80 81p	44 46p	95
2			95			106 1/8			83 86p	48 45p	95
4			95			106 1/8		290	83 86p	46 49p	95
5			95			106 1/8			87 86p	48 50p	95
6			95			106 1/8			87p	48 50p	95
7			94 7/8			106 1/8			87p	48 51p	95
8			95			106 1/8			87 88p	48 50p	95
9			95			107 1/8			89 92p	50 52p	95
11			95 1/8		101 1/8	107 1/8			93 00p	53 56p	95
12			95 1/8 1/16		101 1/8	107 1/8			90 91p	49 52p	95
13			96 1/8		101 1/8	107 3/8			93 94p	53 54p	95
14			96 1/8		101 1/8	107 3/8		290½	95 93p	51p	95
15	233,4½		96 1/8		101 2/8	107 3/8			95 97p	54 56p	95
16	233,4½		96 1/16		102 1/8	108 1/8		291 290	96 96p	51 54p	96
18	Holliday										
19	234, 3		96 1/16		101 3/8	108 1/8		290½	98 100p	52 55p	96
20	233½ 4		95 15/16		101 3/8	108 1/8			90 101p	53 56p	96
21	233½ 4½		96 1/8		101 2/8	108 1/8		290½ ½	100 102p	54 56p	96
22	234½ 3½	95 1/8	96 1/16	102 1/8	102 1/8	108 1/8		290½	102 100p	54 56p	96
23		95 1/8	96 1/8	102	101 1/8	108 1/8	23 1-16		100 101p	53 56p	96
25	234½	95 1/8	96 1/8		101 1/8	108 1/8	23 1/8		100 101p	55 57p	96

All Exchequer Bills dated prior to July, 1823, have been advertised to be paid off.
JAMES WETENHALL, 15, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

From the 20th of Sept., to the 19th of October, 1824.

Kept by Messrs. *Harris and Co. Mathematical Instrument Makers, 50, High Holborn.*

September.	Moon.	Rain Guage.	Therm. 9 A.M.	Therm. Max.	Therm. Min.	Barom. 9 A.M.	Barom. 10 P.M.	De Luc's Hygrn. 9 A.M.	De Luc's Hygrn. 10 P.M.	Winds. 9 A.M.	Winds. 10 P.M.	Atmo. Variations. 9 A.M.	Atmo. Variations. 2 P.M.	Atmo. Variations. 10 P.M.
20			55	65	53	29 78	29 80	95	90	SSW	N	Rain	Fair	Fine
21			54	62	52	29 77	29 80	95	96	NW	NW		Rain	Rain
22	●		61	66	55	30 00	30 00	80	87	NE	NE	Fine	Fine	Fine
23		50	56	60	55	29 90	29 91	89	83	NW	NW	Rain		
24		21	56	63	50	29 97	29 97	80	86	NE	N	Fair	Rain	
25			52	62	41	29 96	29 85	84	82	N	W	Clou.		
26			47	51	41	29 95	29 80	80	84	NW	NW	Fine	Fine	
27		14	46	53	37	29 60	29 50	87	80	WNW	NW	Rain		
28	●		43	50	37	29 73	29 85	78	79	W	W	Fine		Foggy
29	●		48	57	49	29 84	29 77	73	79	SE	S	Clou.		Fine
30			57	60	54	29 57	29 41	92	80	S	SE	Clou.	Fine	Rain
1			58	64	55	29 16	29 21	88	80	SE	SW	Rain	Rain	Fine
2		50	58	67	51	29 30	29 42	75	80	SW	SW	Clou.	Fine	
3			57	60	50	29 70	29 77	80	82	SW	S	Fine	Clou.	
4			56	62	46	29 74	29 74	88	84	E	ESE	Fine		
5			55	60	57	29 57	29 48	90	96	SE	E	Rain	Show.	Sleet
6			58	62	58	29 36	29 27	97	96	SE	E	Clou.	Rain	Clou.
7		40	60	62	57	29 20	29 23	96	88	SW	SSW		Show.	
8	○		58	63	54	29 27	29 32	86	76	SW	WSW	Fine	Fine	
9			57	62	56	29 46	29 54	82	70	W	W			
10			58	50	51	29 50	29 13	80	96	E	S	Clou.	Rain	
11		68	54	57	47	28 95	28 90	92	75	SE	SW	Rain	Rain	
12			51	54	37	28 82	28 97	90	87	NE	N var.	Clou.		
13			43	46	35	29 30	29 42	75	66	NW	WSW	Fine		
14			38	44	33	29 48	30 55	70	72	WSW	W	Fog	Fine	Sl. Fog
15	●		42	47	32	29 57	29 62	77	82	W	N			Clou.
16			37	45	35	29 78	29 87	78	64	WNW	NW	Fine		
17			35	39	32	29 93	30 03	80	78	W	SSE	Fine		Clou.
18		30	3	50	41	30 03	30 03	78	78	WSW	WSW	Fine		
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THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

NOVEMBER, 1824:

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF DECEMBER.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF MR. HAYDON.

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EDITOR'S NOTICE

The Editor of the [illegible] Mr Westmacott, which [illegible] just as we [illegible] W[illegible]

[illegible]

In reply [illegible] would [illegible] have the [illegible] public motives [illegible] which govern [illegible] be not given [illegible] the gentleman to [illegible] his own [illegible] Editor [illegible] hope [illegible] entered [illegible] to [illegible] it, or [illegible] to it if he [illegible] to a gentle[illegible] and with [illegible] him, put it [illegible] session and [illegible] determine [illegible] servation [illegible] circumstance. The [illegible] that can attach [illegible] consequently [illegible] mixed up with [illegible] true number [illegible] no control, [illegible] could not injure [illegible] tend to injure others [illegible]

The length of [illegible] "Notes to All," and [illegible] omitted in the [illegible] author of All, with [illegible] All itself, but of [illegible] month.

Pollio—A. P. D. Human Heart—D.—X. L. L—C.—are left at our Pu[illegible] [illegible]

EDITOR'S NOTICE.

The Editor of the European Magazine has received the following letter from Mr. Westmacott, which he inserts, feeling, as he does, that if Mr. W. has any just cause of complaint the fault rests not with him. He shall first insert Mr. W.'s letter, and then make a few observations.

SIR,—I am very sorry to have occasion to trouble you so often on a subject which I had hoped would long ere this have been submitted to public opinion, but I have my doubts or suspicions of the course you *mean to pursue*, and, allow me to add, I shall consider any *thing less* than the *complete publication* of *the reply I sent you* for *insertion* as most *unfair* and *ungentlemanly*, a conduct, from what I have previously seen of you, I must suppose you incapable of. You will, I am sure, make some allowance for my feelings in this case. I have no *fear of any reply* to my statement your reviewer may think proper to make, although that is giving him a *double* advantage, but must protest against my *matter* being *mixed* up *with his*.—Your's, &c.

5, Clement's Inn, Nov. 26, 1824. C. M. WESTMACOTT.

In reply to this letter the Editor begs leave to inform Mr. Westmacott, that no literary character shall ever have to reproach him with illiberality, or with the weakness of yielding to any undue or unjust influence. If he has any weakness, it is an unbending, an uncompromising zeal in dispensing literary justice, without respect to persons, or if he has any learning, it is to those who are as yet unknown to the literary world, but whose talents and genius deserve the meed of public approbation, which can never be procured without public notoriety. But Mr. Westmacott will say, if these be the principles which govern the conduct of the Editor of the European Magazine, why has he not given his article whole and entire without putting it into the hands of the gentleman to whom it was addressed, and suffering him to mix it up with his own commentaries? That this would be Mr. Westmacott's reply, the Editor doubts not—that it is a just one, he fully and implicitly admits; but he hopes that after relating the history of the transaction, Mr. W. will remain satisfied, that no blame can attach to him. The simple history is this—when he received Mr. W.'s article, and perused it, he instantly determined to insert it, or give the gentleman to whom it was addressed, an opportunity of replying to it if he chose, in a future number. After perusing it, however, he gave it to a gentleman who is very intimately connected with the European Magazine, and who expressed a wish to peruse it. This gentleman, without consulting him, put it into the hands of Mr. W.'s reviewer, who still retains it in his possession, and has refused to return it. The public will have little difficulty in determining whether he was justified in doing so or not, and therefore any observations of the Editor on this head, must be perfectly unnecessary. The circumstance of retaining it, however, exonerates the editor from any blame that can attach to the omission of Mr. W.'s reply to his reviewer. The Editor consequently has only to justify the propriety of his inserting any matter mixed up with Mr. W.'s defence. To this he will satisfactorily reply in a future number: at present he can only say, that circumstances over which he has no controul, has occasioned its insertion, and that though these circumstances could not injure him in public opinion, were they made known, they might tend to injure others very seriously.

The length of our present editorial notice prevents us from inserting the "Notes to Ali," and the passage, which we have already observed, has been omitted in the poem. We regret this circumstance, but we are sure that the author of Ali, well knowing the high opinion which we entertain not only of Ali itself but of all his productions, will excuse the omission for the present month.

Pollio—A. P. D.—Human Heart—D.—Z. L. I.—G.—are left at our Publisher's for their respective authors.

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND

LONDON REVIEW.

B. R. Haydon

THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND

LONDON REVIEW.

NOVEMBER, 1824.

MEMOIR OF MR. HAYDON.

MR. HAYDON was born at Plymouth, January 25, 1786. His father was a respectable bookseller in that town, and of an ancient but decayed family. The Haydons of Cadbay, near Ottery St. Mary, lived for several hundred years on their landed property in great honor and respectability, until the last possessor of the estate, being addicted to horse-racing, was ruined, and his children put out to different trades to earn a subsistence; one of these children was great grandfather to Mr. Haydon.

Mr. Haydon's propensity to painting was always so irresistible, that, after several obstructions had been thrown in his way, his father permitted him to come to London, which he entered May, 1804, glowing with anticipations of future fame, and resolving to distinguish himself in the department of history, a department which foreigners had decided to be too high an effort of mind for an Englishman.

He devoted two years to dissection and drawing, and painted his first picture, 1806, which was exhibited 1807, at the Royal Academy, and bought, 1808, at the British Gallery by Thomas Hope.

In 1808 he painted Dentatus for Lord Mulgrave, and sent it in express opposition to the wishes of his Lordship to the Royal Academy in 1809; as he had always determined to support the Royal Academy, he begged Lord Mulgrave to let him have his will, which was granted; and the manner in which he was served by the Royal Academy was just what Mr. Haydon deserved, for opposing the wishes of his employer, who desired to have let it first appear at the British Gallery.

It was hung, by Fuseli's interference, in the great room, and after a day or two taken down, and put out in the dark anti-room. Its effect was then totally destroyed for the season, nor did it at all interest the public till the following year, when it was sent to the British Gallery, hung at the head of the room, and gained the great prize!

In 1810 he put his name down for an associate, but was refused admittance.

In 1812 he exhibited Macbeth at the British Gallery, which was begun for Sir George Beaumont, on a large whole length, a size specified by himself; after six months the size was objected to; to gratify his employer he began it on a smaller scale, but finding it impossible to do justice to such a subject on a scale less than life, he requested to finish it in the original size, offering, if not satisfactory when done, to paint any other subject on a smaller scale; the offer was accepted; the Macbeth finished and exhibited; Sir George declined it,

but offered Mr. Haydon one hundred guineas for the trouble he had had, or to paint him a smaller picture, the price to be settled by arbitration.

Mr. Haydon declined, in return, both propositions.

The sale of Macbeth was thus entirely destroyed, for no one of taste could buy what Sir George Beaumont thought fit to refuse.

At this critical moment, when all the artists were feeling sympathy for Mr. Haydon, out came his attack on the Royal Academy, and his refutation of Mr. Payne Knight's theories against great works; thus, at one blow, making enemies of two important classes in the art, viz., the connoisseurs and academicians.

The sympathy of the artists was instantly turned to bitter invective, for the irrefutability of his arguments only increased the irritability of his enemies. From that moment all was animosity, resentment, and passion. His picture was caricatured, and enclosed to him by the post; his name was never mentioned but with a sneer or a sarcasm. The British Gallery refused him the prize for Macbeth, and thus, at twenty-six years of age, he was deprived of eight hundred guineas; viz., five hundred guineas his price, and three hundred guineas the prize offered for the best work.

This blow at so early a period was the root of all his future embarrassments, for, when this happened, he was in the middle of "Solomon," and was now left to conclude it without one sixpence; since he had been under the pain of borrowing money to finish Macbeth, his father having declined to aid him any longer.

Unwilling at the first serious check to relinquish the fruit of eight years secluded study, or to render nugatory the advances of his father, he resolved not to yield, but to persevere, through wants, obstructions, and anxieties. He brought his "Solomon" to a conclusion; it was exhibited at Spring Garden; it sold, and succeeded, and he was thus once more elevated from the very depths of want, and censure, and obscurity, (for he had been quite deserted,) to the full blaze of victory and triumph!

Such continual anxieties, of every description, impaired his health, and his unexpected success was a pleasure rly too painful to be endured. The British Gallery voted him one hundred guineas; two directors were deputed to buy it, and came just as it was sold. Mr. Haydon, accidentally calling in, found the room crowded. Sir George Beaumont advanced to him, saying, "Haydon, I am astonished," and held out his hand, it was taken with pleasure, and all was now congratulation. Even the academicians began to attribute his attack on them to an ardor for the interests of the art, which it really was, and professed reconciliation with a sincerity that he ought to have met half way.

Mr. Haydon, in company with Wilkie, went to Paris, saw the Louvre in its glory, returned, and proceeded with "Jerusalem." Having now left off writing, he was going on quietly and contentedly, for he had never written a line for three years on the art, when suddenly appeared the famous or infamous "Catalogue Raisonné." In this catalogue Mr. Haydon was sneered at. His passions were roused in an instant; he offered his aid to the Editor of the "Annals of Art," he exerted his influence in every quarter, and the "Catalogue Raisonné" was fairly and completely exposed.

But why did he leave the rapturous pleasures of painting, again to take up his pen? It was wrong; he should have treated the remarks with silent contempt.

He was now embroiled more than ever; every thing in that publication was placed to his account, though he never in his life wrote, or suggested a single criticism on the works of any modern or living painter whatever. Ambitious of forming a school of history, he instructed some young men in the principles of design: their drawings from the Cartoons and the Elgin marbles, will long be remembered, and the prejudice that Englishmen could not draw, was destroyed. But the animosity this excited in the art was truly singular. Mr. Haydon was assailed for six months with anonymous letters of every description, sometimes his name would be printed, and all sorts of abominations sketched around it, sometimes they would begin "*You presumptuous fool!—do you expect to found a school of history?*" At last, they were regularly burnt.

He and his pupils were caricatured, and at the British Gallery, where they

rew the Cartoons, it was with the reatest difficulty they preserved their emper, from the repeated insults they eceived in every way. The ill will hus roused in the art, was unfortunate, nd the severity of his remarks on the Royal Academy kept it bitterly alive; but the Royal Academy had done nothing to induce the government to purchase the Elgin Marbles, and there was just ground for complaint. Mr. Haydon again became the antagonist of Knight on this subject, in consequence of being excluded from the committee by his influence, and here he offended more than ever, the class who where crowding about him, and had forgotten his former refutation. But could he do otherwise? He had studied the Elgin Marbles the first of any other artist; he had gained whatever knowledge he had got from them; he saw a man of great influence denying their beauty; he was excluded from giving his opinion before the Committee of the House of Commons by this gentleman's influence; he feared with every other artist the consequences; and actuated by the purest public feeling, he sacrificed for ever his private interests, and refuted Mr. Knight's assertions without hope of defence.

The effect of this letter was great, but it hurt the pride of Mr. Knight's friends, and it never has been and never will be forgiven. A proposition at that moment was on the point of being laid before the Directors by one of high rank, to send Mr. Haydon to Italy at their expence; it was instantly dropped; and to shew that it is still remembered, just before his ruin, in conversation with a patron, Mr. Haydon said "that letter, Sir, will never be pardoned." "It never ought," was his reply. "Young men indeed giving themselves *airs!*" And was it no *air*, to kick the beautiful friezes of the Elgin Marbles, which Mr. Knight *did*, and say with an *air* of insufferable importance—"They will do very well to sell for *old marble*." Was it no air at Lord Stafford's table to tell Lord Elgin before twenty noblemen, that Lord Elgin had lost his trouble, for all the marble he had bought was executed in Adrian's time! Thus stamping his censure before men who reverenced his opinion; and who from that moment doubted the excellence of these works! It required all the enthusiasm of the artists and the public to stem the influence of Mr. Knight, but they did do so;—and Mr. Haydon contributed effectually to help this; and this was unpardonable. The fact was, Mr. Knight was envious of Lord Elgin's having got so important a collection together, to which his name would be for ever attached. Mr. Knight had the same views, but Lord Elgin's collection in importance took the lead. He could not bear this, and depreciated their value in consequence.

About this time Sir George gave him a fresh commission for two hundred guineas. Mr. Haydon offered him Macbeth for that sum. It was accepted, and Macbeth at last placed in his gallery. At some time after this period Mr. Haydon became affected with weak eyes, and Sir George left a fifty pound note on his table. Had he originally purchased Macbeth, he would have rendered Haydon not only independent of this charitable offering, but independent of the world, by preventing all the bitter consequences that resulted from his refusal to place it in his gallery. Men of fortune seldom reflect that the destiny of fortuneless genius is frequently placed at their disposal; but we fear that this want of reflection arises more from indifference than forgetfulness.

At last "Jerusalem" was finished, brought out, and after one of the most splendid private days that ever graced the picture of an individual, laid before the public, who rushed in crowds. The triumph was great, but not complete; for no triumph can be so if the picture be not bought. A subscription was attempted, but ruined by limitation; and the great receipts did little more than help Mr. Haydon on. He now appealed to the public in a letter, which had no other effect than to bring all his creditors on him; and, as a last resource, by the assistance of friends, he dashed to Edinburgh, which completely succeeded. His reception by artists, poets, and the public, was enthusiastic; and he will remember as long as he lives the hearty welcome and respect he received from the Scotch. He returned, and brought out the "Agony in the Garden," which he exhibited with all his former works. Two hundred pounds was lost by this speculation, for the novelty was over.

Misfortune now seemed regularly approaching; a large sum was raised on the "Jerusalem," the picture and its receipts in Dublin made over in the security, great expectations being formed from Dublin, but they failed, as every thing seemed to do at this moment, with which Mr. Haydon connected himself. Eighty pounds were lost, which he had to pay. A fresh attempt in Scotland failed too, and every post brought tidings of an approaching catastrophe. In spite of continual pressure of the heaviest nature, "Lazarus" was brought out; the receipts were great, but not equal to "Jerusalem;" and the party getting irritable who had advanced nine hundred pounds on the "Jerusalem," that no returns had been made, insisted on payment; promises were continually made by Mr. Haydon, still lightly trusting to the delusive smiles of hope, but all his promises were unavoidably broken, as his hopes vanished. Some people got it into their heads that he had money, and law expenses hastened his ruin. In the midst of all this harassing he contrived to advance another large work, "The Crucifixion," and got it fit to finish, and the Saturday before the execution that decided his fate, he passed the greater part of the night contemplating his composition, surrounded by his casts and his drawings, and glowing with the delights of rapturous study! At this critical juncture, the person who had obtained these nine hundred pounds, lost five thousand pounds in Spanish bonds, and left himself five hundred pounds in debt to the party who had advanced, at his instigation, the first sum to Mr. Haydon. As he had passed his word for a part of it, his own misfortunes rendered him apprehensive, and to save himself, he advised an execution on the "Lazarus." Such a step in a public exhibition was irretrievable; accidentally calling in to see his picture, Mr. Haydon found an officer in possession, and returned home, distinctly foreseeing no energy could avert the consequences of this blow. As he dined with his wife and child, he gazed on "The Crucifixion" he had just prepared, and which would have been his best work, in a state of expiring enthu-

[illegible] hopes [illegible] ing execution, property to the amount of three thousand pounds in value, was sold for six hundred pounds. The "Lazarus," (the sketch of which cost one hundred and sixty guineas) sold for three hundred and fifty, and the "Jerusalem" (the sketch of which cost one hundred guineas) was knocked down for two hundred and twenty. A collection of casts which had been twenty years in forming, and were a very fine collection, were dispersed like injured paper, the finest casts in Europe from nature, so arranged to illustrate the Elgin Marbles, and which Canova said were the finest he ever saw, were sold for a few shillings; a Roman cast of the Apollo, which cost twenty five pounds, was bought for five pounds;* and even Marc Antony's in one lot, for eighteen shillings!

At this time Mr. Haydon [illegible] signed himself and his [illegible] to that hereditary palace of [illegible] Historical Painters—the Bench!

His refutation of Mr. Knight, and his opposition to the Royal Academy contributed to his ruin. But he acted on no narrow or mean selfish principle. He considered the Royal Academy founded for historical purposes *principally*: he considered from [illegible] accidents, a body of eminent portrait painters wielded its influence to the injury of history, and that this body was inimical to young men, who devoted themselves to improve the public taste. Under this impression, he thought all compromise for the sake of his own interests dishonourable, after he had once attacked them: but the question is, whether in considering a little more his own interest, he would not have benefitted the department: if the Royal Academy had backed him, as it would, had he become a member for its own credit, his success would have been more likely.

After having proved the inefficacy of power to crush him, by the success of *Solomon*, why was he [illegible] Because it is the nature of [illegible] never to be contented: [illegible] must be followed by another [illegible] greater—one victory by [illegible]

* This picture was bought for five pounds, and is now [illegible]

more complete one danger must be exceeded, by plunging into another which if successfully passed, will render the eclat of having passed the first, a non-entity. Such a nature has the seeds of ruin, "even at its quickening."

So influenced he declined a connection with men whom he considered vanquished; and so they were in art, but not in influence, and this influence they soon put in force with full effect. Had Mr. Haydon possessed the same sound view of his situation in *prosperity* which he had in *adversity*, his conclusion would have been different. But his brain became dazzled, he conceived he could conquer impossibilities, instead of meeting the advances of the Academicians, which were now made him in sincerity; he disdained the proffered respect, which had been withheld in misfortune, and turning his back on all reconciliation, began another great work.

Mr. Haydon placed too great a dependence on his own talents, of which he had the highest opinion; but he should have remembered the acknowledgment of talent is optional, and if men are wounded in their self-love, they will naturally deny the talent, which wounds it, however contrary to their conviction.

Painters and poets cannot force obedience, like conquerors with bayonets and cannon. Mr. Haydon vainly imagined the moment a truth was uttered all classes would hail it.—No man could blame another for painting as well as he can, because the merit of a picture is a matter of discussion; but a truth in writing is a fact, on which there can be no dispute; and the party whom it concerns are always too irritable to forgive the writer.

A painter had always better let his plans be realized by the silent unobtrusive talent of his works. To be able to write is a dangerous power for an artist.

As far as the public voice went he triumphed—but public approbation was not public support; and after the first burst of wonder was over, the public left him and his works to the protection of that class who were too angry to afford it.

There can be no doubt that historical painting has never been effectively patronized in England; and there is but one way for doing so, viz. the vote of the government. The government must, if they wish the arts to rise in England, do as other governments have done, where art has flourished. Pictures must be voted yearly for the public offices and halls, of subjects suitable to the character of each place; and when once such a system is established, and it will be, sooner or later, the genius of the country will tend in that direction, and develope itself with vigour; but till that time arrives, men cannot be expected to qualify themselves for undertakings which have hitherto infallibly ruined all who have executed them, and they must and will continue to pursue that line of art, as Mr. Haydon is now doing, where there is a demand, and where there is a reward.

Soon after his release from prison, Mr. Kearsey, of Lothbury, the friend of his misfortunes, employed him to paint his family; directly after he got a commission for St. Andrew's Hall, Norwich, to paint Robt. Hawkes, Esq., and at this moment owes tranquillity and ease to that line of painting which he once held in such contempt. He will never undertake another historical work, unless employed to do so; for with history he has scarcely any other associations but bitterness, degradation, and sorrow*. Flashes of hope, brightening only to be obscured; anticipation of success, generated only to be disappointed. The bitterest pang in his misfortunes was,

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* At the very moment of beginning the "head of Lazarus" he was arrested by a tradesman, with whom he had dealt and paid for fifteen years. The officer getting interested with the picture, told him, he would take his word, to come down in the morning, and he would leave him to finish the head. The promise was given, the officer retired. Let the reader imagine the state of mind of the artist directly after such a scene! In disgust and agitation he took up his palette, and began to daub about his brush; by accident he scrawled out an expression in the eyes, got interested, and finished the head before three, dined, and then went down to the officer's house!

that many sincere friends were involved by the suddenness of his ruin, whom he could not extricate in time. There can be no doubt his faults were great, and his greatest, was too ardent a feeling for the glory of his country. Perhaps his sufferings have been an expiation: at any rate he proved his sincerity, by persevering till he was ruined; and all must acknowledge, had the Royal Academy been more historical, the patrons more spirited, and the public more interested in the art, the reward of nineteen years' devotion to a noble pursuit, would very likely not have been a gaol!

Yet success or failure gives such different colour to conduct—that what in one instance is considered rash, unprincipled and senseless, is always in the other praised as heroic, decided, and grand!

The Editor of the "Annals of the Fine Arts," who was intimately acquainted with Haydon, informs us that he "heard Haydon say, that the first thing he remembers relating to the arts, was the servants giving him a child's print to keep him quiet, and such was its powerful effect, that from that moment to the present he has never ceased thinking of the art." If there be any thing surprising in this circumstance, it is only that he should think of it from that period until he began to make it his profession, for every man thinks of his own profession from the moment he engages in it until he abandons it, and we believe there are few instances in which people have ceased to think of it afterwards, except where the abandonment was caused by death; and whether either matter or spirit continue to think, and derive pleasure from dwelling on the reminiscences of temporal existence, is a question which we are as little able to decide by argument as the most unargumentative of our readers. Faith only can supply the place of argument in all questions that regards futurity. To attempt to prove what revelation only can impart, is proving that reason is run mad because it attempts to reason from what it does not know. But will it be maintained that this early propensity for the art proves that Haydon had been born with a natural genius for painting? If so, why has no poet ever evinced a genius for poetry at so early an age; for Haydon could not beat this period more than three or four years of age. If we entertain human nature aright, we are of opinion that nature has never, and will never, give a child an original propensity from his birth for a certain calling or profession, antecedent to the influence which this profession exercises over him, and that if such an influence be never exercised, or rather if the child never comes within the sphere of such an influence, we maintain that he would never evince the least propensity for the profession, which could not be the case if the propensity was born with him. A reason, however, may be assigned why a genius for painting may be earlier excited and earlier perceived, than a genius for poetry; and the reason is, that painting in the first instance addresses itself to the sensitive faculties, and afterwards to the mind, whereas poetry addresses itself in the first instance to the mind, and afterwards to the senses. That which addresses itself to the senses, however, will be sooner recognised than that which addresses itself to the mind, because the senses are born with us. Without them vital existence ceases—but mind is of slow and imperceptible growth, and has no necessary connection with organic or sensitive life: it is something superadded to the sensitive or animal nature of man, and denied to the brute, but man could exist and many do exist who have as little mind as the brute, that is who have none at all. In the state of infancy there is no difference whatever between man and brute—all are equally the creatures of the senses—a child, it is true, differs in his physical propensities from every other animal, but so do all species of animal; but they and the child all agree in having no propensity of a mental character. As the senses then begin the career of their operations long before intellect begins to dawn upon infant genius, it is obvious that every art that addresses itself in the first instance to the sensitive faculties as painting does, will earlier bring that sensitive faculty into action which it delights, even when art attains its highest perfection. Hence the eye is earlier caught and delighted with forms and colours, than the mind with perceptions, ideas and sentiments. That Mr. Haydon should therefore form so early an attachment for paint-

g is not surprising, when we trace e cause of this attachment to its pro- r source. His genius and talents ve not been justly estimated by e public, as it was thought un- shionable to patronize him from, is opposition to the academicians, ho, it would seem, are desirous o put science in chains and re- train its flight. They are entirely overned by system, though sys- em cannot travel farther than he mere mechanical and sober- paced rules of art. Whatever can be done by system is not worthy the ambition of genius: Whatever rises beyond system, and looks down upon the grovelling aims of mechanical genius—that genius which looks not beyond the rugged precincts to which it has been carried by application and industry, can have no rules to direct its flight. All beyond this is the result of innate feelings if not of ideas, and feelings which nature has not communicated cannot be communicated by art or precept. These were the feelings or preceptors which led Mr. Haydon to superiority. Unhappily his genius was exercised on subjects that were never patronised in the country of his birth, that country whose character he laboured to elevate, and place it on a proud level with those nations who ridicule the idea of an Englishman attempting historical painting.

We regret to say that the prejudice entertained against England, in this grander and sublimer species of the art, is not without foundation. The apathy and want of public encouragement shewn to Mr. Haydon proves the fact much clearer than we should wish to see it proved. But we cannot help expressing what we feel, and if we did not feel as we do feel, we should at once acknowledge that painting was a subject for which we had no taste, and on which consequently we could not, without presumption, offer any opinion. But nothing will go down with the Englishman in the imitative arts, but the picture or semblance of his own dear person. With the sublime in nature, in feeling, or in sentiment, he claims no alliance; he is no citizen of the world. Give him his own comfortable home, his roast beef and ale, and some moderate daubing of the contour of his phiz, and he has all he wishes for. His ambition rises no higher. In the scale of nations he seeks no place; in the scale of comfort and independence he wishes to appear prominent and conspicuous. There is a line in Juvenal, that particularly applies to him, we had it once by heart, but the identical words escape us at this moment; the spirit of it, however, is, that your public estimation is determined by the length of your purse; and to shew that he has a purse, he wishes to have his likeness drawn at full length, unless he happen to be a dandy, and then he wishes to have a snug miniature concealed within his thin waistcoat, which he can conveniently draw out at any moment. But we really fear that an indignation at the treatment which Mr. Haydon has received from his own countrymen, leads us to surcharge our picture of the English character. But we know it is a character that requires to be roused, and when roused seldom falls short of any other nation. What then is to rouse them but the periodical press, and if this press slumbers over its duty, and studies only to accommodate to the natural character of John Bull, we really fear that our influence in the literary and scientific world will not produce so glorious and proud an effect. We know what slow-paced, grovelling, calculating beings most of our periodical editors are, and we have little to hope from the little of mercury with which nature has inspired them. The Englishman is in general free from the vices of other nations, but he wants their virtues. Why not endeavour to combine this exemption from vice with the noble enthusiasm and generous virtues of other nations. Indeed we hope that such a glorious result is taking place. In a great proportion of those young writers who are at present commencing their literary career, we can easily trace the seeds of those generous sentiments with which we should wish to see the breast of every Englishman strongly embued. We should approach a little nearer to the French character, and perhaps the French would gain by approaching a little nearer to us. If this were the case, Mr. Haydon would be as great an honor to his country at present, as he will be when posterity shall have to regret that their ancestors should suffer such splendid genius.

To blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

In our observation, however, on the academicians, let us not be supposed to insinuate that there are not among them artists of the brightest genius; but, unhappily, they are obliged to go with the tide, and affect to be incapable of higher excellence than that which they display in that line of art which alone can succeed in this country, while the British government, unlike every other government in Europe, refuses to lend its aid and patronage. Mr. Haydon himself has at last been obliged to yield to this overwhelming tide, a tide which in its impetuous current sweeps him along in its irresistible course, and prevents him and many of his countrymen, and we should also say of the sister isle, of rising triumphantly above the influence of circumstances, and emulating if not transcending all the graces that ever gave fascination to the tender and delicate pencil of Titian, grandeur to the design, and enchantment to the colouring of Correggio, sublimity to the conceptions, and perfection to the symmetry of Angelo, and felicity to the genius, luxuriance to the imagination, nature and expression to the attitudes, softness to the execution, and simplicity to the composition of the immortal Raphael. But the enthusiasm and ambition of the former days are gone by, and the few spirits of etherial mould that would elevate us above the dull sphere of animal existence, and lead us into regions of a higher and sublimer world, a world in which we could feel the dignity of which we are capable the moment we spurn the thraldom of mere animal existence, these spirits we say are neglected, because they are few in number, because they cannot bend like the Scotchman at the shrine of power, because men of inferior talent surpass them in number, and consequently in influence, and because finally they aim at objects too sublime for the conceptions, or too pathetic for the affections of their fellow beings. Hence it is that in all ages, transcendent genius has always proved one of the most dangerous gifts of nature; and will always remain so while prejudice and ignorance interrupt its course, the latter having always more industry and assiduity in the prosecution of their aims.

ON THE GENIUS AND WRITINGS OF POPE.

That the poetical character of Pope should become a subject of controversy in an age when poetry has abandoned the classic fields in which she delighted to range of yore, and dallies only with the summer tribe of daisies and butterflies; an age in which the spirit that roused the chieftain to arms, has subsided into the graceful compliment that gives a mistress charms, which nature has denied her, or into the pretty description of the pretty poet, who, unable to delineate the bolder charms and sublimer scenes of nature, or to excite that eternal variety of emotions, affections, passions, and sympathies, which such descriptions are fitted to excite, finds nothing in nature beautiful, but what resembles some charm in his dulcinea; some charm, of which if she was destitute, would not in the poet's eye exist in nature, because he would no longer recognize its attractions. The poetry of the present day is very pretty, but it has lost the sterling stamp of original nature. The fire that gleams in the warrior's eye, no longer imparts its congenial influence to the poet. He now writes for money; he writes to be read, not to sound the clang of arms, or give fearful intonation to the brazen trumpet of war. The spirit is fled—poetry is now in its old age, which reverts back

original infancy and childish-
ed loves to dwell only on what
and repeating, or whatever may
balm to its wearied and de-
spirit. We endeavour to com-
ach other, like a group of old
n, or a circle of religionists, by
ing words, and images that soften
mitigate the asperity of our con-
. But with the language of
as with the language of the he-
muse, we claim a very partial
aintance. Instead of describing
feelings, and exciting in the object
our affections, a similar flame, we
her very prettily, that her cheek
ke the rose, which is telling her in
er words, that her rose like-cheek
not enslaved us in the soft trams
ls of love. If the cheek of a wo-
n be really, and indeed like the rose,
e knows it well, and it can be no
mpliment to tell her what does not
the least raise her in her own esti-
ation. Accordingly she knows well
at you speak the language of flat-
ary and compliment, not of affection
r love. But look on this rosy cheek
ith the eye of passion, and she
nderstands your meaning, and is
more pleased with the melting lan-
guage which it speaks, than if you
compared her with all the lilies of
the valley, and all the roses of Tempe.
If it be then the look of passion, and
the feeling which it indicates to reign
within, that pleases a beautiful wo-
man, surely, it is the description of
these feelings, that will please her al-
so; not cold and hackneied comparis-
sons between her and the inanimate
creation. Why then do we not speak
in the true language of love?—because
the spirit is fled—the internal feeling
is extinct; and where it is so, we can
only fancy what is love, and conse-
quently write only in the language of
fancy. The true lover delights to re-
count the mental, not the physical
qualities of his mistress. To praise
the latter, is flattery; to praise the
former, is love. Hence her habits,
her manners, her propensities, her
employments, her foibles, her weak-
nesses and her virtues become the
subject of his muse. He relates
every little circumstance in the his-
tory of his life, and of hers that have
any relation to each other. It is only
in the relation of these circumstances
that the poet has an opportunity of
introducing with propriety, a descrip-
tion of external nature. Some so-
lemn night piece, or morning scene,
some romantic vale, or delightful re-
treat, rendered still more enchant-
ing by the witchery of love, the
vows that were made, and the sighs
that were breathed in it, would give
a pensive but pleasing effect to a sub-
ject where all should be tenderly
affecting, and soothingly melancholy.
How closely has Pope observed the
rules by which true love is governed
in his Eloisa to Abelard. How sel-
dom, if ever, do we hear him speak
of rosy cheeks and blue eyes. Eloisa
breathes only the sentiments of her
soul, the passions and agitated emo-
tions to which she is a prey; she seeks
not to tell her love that he is fair,
that his cheeks are like the rose,
and his hair like the raven; she
knew that the greatest scoundrels
were as well proportioned men, as
women ever fell in love with.

To fall in love with mere exter-
nal form, is impossible, because it
is universally known that a woman
can look upon the finest figure of
a man, and a man behold the finest
shape of female mould, without
either falling in love with the other.
If then it be not external form that
creates love, how silly are the pre-
tensions of the pretty petty little
poet, who would seek to make his
mistress convinced of the sincerity
of his passion, by comparing her
cheeks to a rose, her hair to a ra-
ven, her lips to a ruby, her—but
why continue the chain of compari-
son farther?—mere external form
never excited love. The fairest beau-
ties have been despised by those who
have fallen deeply in love with fe-
males of a very ordinary cast of
countenance. But between those
they fell in love with and themselves,
there was a congeniality of feeling, no
matter whether this feeling was good
or bad—*Pares cum paribus facile con-
gregantur*. Birds of a feather flock
together. The devil himself would
sooner associate with any of his own
tribe, than with a saint or an angel.
It is so in the commerce of the world;
the good court the society of the
good, the wicked of the wicked, the
gay of the gay, the serious of the
serious, the wise of the wise, and
the foolish of the foolish. Form, or

external beauty has little effect upon our propensities in this respect; a good man would hate a bad man, let him be ever so fair, and feel pleasure in the society of a good man, let him decline ever so much from the line of beauty. The gay man can find little pleasure in the company of the serious man, be he as fair as Apollo; and the grave man shrinks instinctively from gaiety and pleasure. The external beauty of a fool has no charm in the eyes of a wise man, and a fool is equally indifferent about form and mind. Those poets consequently who paint only the external beauty of man or woman, are poets only in name.

They paint only the shadow, not the substance; for though the external of man appears to be the substance, it is the internal with which we are enamoured. The poets of the present day, however, paint the external of being only; they are, with few exceptions, mere butterfly poets—with them the finest affections of the soul are not equal to a tulip, the finest sympathies, yield in the scale of poetic consideration to a jessamine. The sun-flower in Moore is more admired than the emotion or yearning affection which it is intended to illustrate; and yet, though this be the taste of the age, it is a taste forced upon it. Our poets can only deal in similies; they cannot describe emotions because they do not feel them. They are men of business, they write by the sheet: and where interest is concerned, all the finer affections of our nature are destroyed. All men who have eyes can describe the external appearances of nature; objects appear nearly the same to all men, but in modes of feeling the shades are infinite. Hence all descriptive poets, who describe the same object, differ little from each other but in the description of feelings, emotions, passions, and sympathies how widely do they differ. In vision, it is true, there is a vast difference between

The mole's dim curtain and the lynx's beam;

but yet in all the various degrees of ocular acumen objects appear nearly the same to all, in colour and form. The only difference is, that the clearer the perception the more distinct is the colour, and the more determined the form: but how different are the emotions both in degree and character, which the same circumstance and situation produces in different minds;

Mille species hominum et rerum diversa usus.

It is then only in exploring the variety of minds, their various modes of action, the influences to which they are subject, the stimuli by which they are impelled, the sympathies by which they are attracted, the antipathies by which they are repelled, the charms of which they are enamoured, the virtues which they venerate, the vices which they abhor, the actions which they approve, the exploits which they admire, the crimes which they detest, the weaknesses to which they incline, in a word, it is only in tracing and marking with a close and observing eye, all the windings and evolutions of human passion, that genius can display its real strength, not in poetically describing the form of a tulip, or the colour of a rose, that species of poetry which distinguishes the present romantic school of poetry from the classical school of Pope.

EDITOR.

THE PERIODICAL PRESS.

THE second number of the "European Review," (it should be more properly entitled the European Magazine, for the second number which is now before us contains 195 pages, 49 only of which are devoted to reviews) opens with an Essay on Periodical Literature, which is fraught with an ample display of learned ignorance. We say learned, because the writer (the illustrious Mr. Walker, we suppose the grand, puissant, but not more puissant than egotistical *general literary director* of the European Re-

view,) has evidently read much but knows nothing. He is, as we think we have already said, "a pedant in expression," and we shall now add that in original conception he is below contempt. What he borrows is almost equally wretched, because it is generally something of the same vulgar pedantic stamp with his own, *pares cum paribus facile congregantur*: he who is vulgar in his habits can relish only what is vulgar. But to render our idea of learned ignorance more obvious to our readers, we shall comment a little on this article of the General Literary Director. After commenting at considerable length on the advantages arising from Magazines and Reviews, he turns round, and with the most sapient gravity informs us, that, "while the improvements in these two departments of British Periodical Literature have been thus far advantageous, 'there is a point at which their advantages stop.'

In this luminous passage it is maintained that there is a point at which the advantages of all descriptions of periodical works terminate, and hence is deduced the necessity of the European Review, the advantages of which are boundless and beyond all present human calculation!!! It is the European Review that is to fulfil the prediction of Madame de Stael, and bring human knowledge to perfection; for if there be no point at which its advantages stop it must necessarily make us acquainted with every thing. If then knowledge be power, every increase of knowledge must be an increase of power, and accordingly universal knowledge must be universal power, so that the European Review will make us all powerful and all wise. Wherein then will the Deity be superior to us, as these two attributes involve that of omnipresence: to conceive an all powerful being without the attribute of ubiquity, is to conceive a being who can and who cannot do every thing, for he who cannot be in all places at the same time is obviously limited in his power. What glorious beings then we shall become when the European Review has brought our knowledge to that perfection which M. de Stael prophecied in one of her intellectual reveries. We shall be all gods, and mount with sublime wing to the lofty mansions of the divine abode. But let us retract the expression—what need of mounting, when we must be here and there in the same moment. Then will arrive the happy period when not only two bodies, but millions of bodies shall be in the same place, at the same moment. Then shall Mr. Walker, General Literary Director of the European Review and his co-mates, Mr. Scott, Mr. Varaigne, Sign, Ravina, Kerr Bach, not only walk arm in arm in scientific and systematic, and metaphysical and geometrical *arrangement* and *more detailed literary plan*, but they shall be all in the same place, at the same moment, and disprove the axiom hitherto universally admitted, that "*two bodies cannot be in the same place at the same time.*" But what will become of the European Review when this revolution takes place. No one will buy it, for when knowledge becomes perfect, there is no need of reviews. We cannot instruct a man who knows every thing already.

But to proceed with this chaos of thought, the result of Mr. Walker's "index learning," which

"Holds the heel of science by the tail."

We are told that the Reviews and the Magazines "exclude each other's excellence," and that neither of them *by popular views* supply the place of the scientific journals which filled with details too trivial to illustrate theory, and too remote from practical application are read comparatively by few *** It is obvious that to give full force and effect to these journals, they should be general and systematic in their plan, and should invite men of ability in all nations, to help in the execution of it.

In this passage it is maintained that each periodical work should be so managed as to embrace all the excellencies of all other periodical works. This is a truly romantic and utopian literary scheme. To be brief, if this plan were adapted, it would lead to the extinction of letters and of science. There is at present a very useful little work, entitled "The Mechanics' Magazine." This work is read by thousands, who derive very important and instructive information from it, because it treats only on subjects connected with the business of their life. It makes them better acquainted with

the principles and axioms of that profession of which the greater portion of them have only studied just sufficient to pave their way through life. Surely Mr. Walker must admit that there is some advantage in the communication of such knowledge on the one side, and the attainment of it on the other. But yet if Mr. Walker does not know, the simplest mechanic knows well that if this useful magazine were enriched with the whole circle of the sciences as laid down by himself, they would be totally deprived of all the knowledge which they at present derive from the Mechanics' Magazine, simply because it could treat so little on the subject of mechanics, and should run out to such length in embracing all other subjects, that the expense of the work would in the first instance be beyond their means, and in the second the flimsy knowledge which they could derive from the scanty portion devoted to their favorite subject, would not be worth seeking after if they could procure it for nothing. To attempt then to embrace the whole range of the arts, sciences, and literature in a periodical work, is to attempt the utter destruction of knowledge. Every periodical work should have only one class of society in view, and write for that only. Besides, if periodical works were to be conducted on Mr. Walker's plan, (a plan which *en passant* he is unable to accomplish, as to fly with the *Græculus Esuriens* into heaven) there would be no end to the multiplication, and consequently to the expense of books, as we should have in the Edinburgh, Quarterly, and Monthly Reviews, in the Monthly, Edinburgh, London, Gentleman's, and all other Magazines, at the foot of which we beg leave to place the European, hoping that they who humble themselves shall be exalted, as we should have, we say, the same subjects discussed over and over:—a treatise on geometry in each, a treatise on algebra in each, a treatise on fluxions in each, a treatise on poetry in each, a treatise on astronomy, on astrology, on farming, on sleep, on animal life, on sickness, on health, on optics, on blindness, on light, on darkness, on mechanics, on hydraulics, on hydrostatics, on matter, space, motion, extension, divisibility, elements, beings, organs, wants, signs, society, exercise, cattle, planting system, and every other system except Mr. Walker's system in each, to such a glorious confusion—the literary world turned into a mental chaos. To seek for information upon any subject, if Mr. Walker's plan was adopted, would be looking for a needle in a bundle of straw. He that who would impart real instruction must confine himself rigidly and scrupulously to one object. To attempt too much, is too fail in every thing. A jack of all trades is good for no thing, and so is every man who attempts an acquaintance with the whole range of the arts, sciences, and universal literature. This we are aware is acknowledging that we are not ourselves acquainted with them, and we very humbly acknowledge that we are not;—we can make neither smoothing irons, nor curling irons, neither wigs nor jockey boots, neither flutes, violins, clarionets, Scotch bag pipes, or union pipes, or musical instruments of any description. We cannot claim the honor of being even quack physicians or mountebanks, but what little we do know, we have made it our study to know it well, and whoever does not follow our practice, and leave Mr. Walker to faint in ecstatic raptures over the vast and infinite plan which he has *adopted*, not formed, for it seems to have come to him by intuition; will find that he has bestowed much toil and labour to no purpose whatever. Little, however, as we know of universal science, we fear not to tell Mr. Walker that we know more than he does, and that we can point out a thousand errors in his garbled work of universal science, for one that he can point out in us. So much for a universal scholar! Neither the Reviews nor the Magazines, he says, "by popular views, supplies the place of the scientific journals, (quere, are there any *journals* of a scientific character,) which filled with details too trivial to illustrate theory, and too remote from practical application are read comparatively by few." Now what is meant by "popular views," is surely incomprehensible. How can a view be popular which is never supplied, which has never appeared; or how can the General Literary Director tell whether it would be popular or not, if it had appeared. But attend to the continued strain of

absurdity—neither the Reviews nor the Magazines we are told, supply the place of the scientific journals, by popular views. If this convey any meaning, it is obvious that the scientific journals are characterized by popular views, and yet we are told in the conclusion of the very same sentence, that these very scientific journals are "filled with details too trivial to illustrate theory, and too remote from practical application," whence Mr. Walker concludes that they "are read comparatively by few." To be read by few then, is what Mr. Walker calls popularity—but if these *journals* are so trivial, and remote from practical application, what need is there of supplying their place? Is not this supply encreasing the evil, and adding one nuisance to another. Mr. Walker asserts that no periodical work of the day is "general and systematic in its plan," but wherein is his review more general, or more systematic than any other? The number before us commences with original papers on various subjects—so do we, so does the New Monthly—so do all the popular Magazines of the day. It then gives a few reviews, and so it closes its pages. We give as many reviews, but here we do not stop, though we are so far as systematic and general as he is, that we are more general however will appear from our critiques on the fine arts, the theatres, our political and historical view of public affairs, our literary intelligence, commercial reports, and every thing that regards the literary and political events of the day. So much then as to the advantages we have over this literary quack in extent of design and execution—To conclude our present view of this egotistical presumer to universal knowledge, we shall merely observe that there is not in England a work more pregnant with bad taste, false sentiment, coxcombry of expression, impurity of style, affectation of manner, dished up with eternal gallicisms than the European Review. Whoever would form a correct idea of pedantry in style, should read one number of it—to read a second might be dangerous, for bad models insensibly corrupt our style, and give discord, labour, and perplexity to our sentiments.

EDITOR.

THE JOY OF GRIEF.

SWEET are the tears which soothe the troubled mind,
Descending as the kindly dews of heaven;
When hush'd the tempest, sunk the stormy wind,
The earth receives the cooling blessing given.

There is a melancholy charm in grief,
When bitterness is past from human woe;
Fullness of sorrow yields the heart relief,
And peace infuses in the teardrop's flow.

There is a holy softness on the mind,
When anguish first subsiding sinks to calm;
And hope returning to the soul resigned,
Presents to every grief her potent balm.

Oh! never yet did fortune's brighter day,
Present an hour so sadly sweet as this;
When pensiveness dissolves the soul away,
And melancholy grants the mourner bliss.

A. S.

THE LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

"O land of my birth! yet shall peace be thy portion,
And thy white sails in commerce again be unfurl'd,
And still shalt thou stand lovely rock on the ocean,
The anchor of Europe and hope of the world."

LAKE.

THE day on which the Lord Mayor of London is inaugurated, and assumes the duties of his important office, is accompanied by that procession and cavalcade which is vulgarly called the Lord Mayor's *Show*, as if his Lordship was the exhibitor of the *wild beasteses*, (to use the cockney pronunciation,) or as if he was the tip top showman of the city; the streets are crowded with spectators from the Mansion House to Westminster; fair ladies adorn the windows; numerous constables are sworn in to preserve the peace, in spite of which many pockets are picked, women and children meet with accidents from the *liberty of the press*, (of the crowd be it understood) dames drop their garters, and bumpkins lose their watches and money; guns are fired, and merry bells ring; the pomp and pageantry of the morning passeth away when the Lord Mayor and other *civil* authorities repair to more *solid* enjoyments; the glass goes briskly round, and he who fills the civic chair wakes from his golden dream next morning, and, from being a petty king of the city, turns his mind to his grocery, linen-drapery, wholesale stationery, or to some other modish and creditable means of acquiring a fortune;—if this were all the triumphal appearance of the procession, together with gorgeous (and perhaps *gorging*) banquet would be of little avail, it would amuse master Jacky and Miss *Maria*, astound Giles Jolter from the country, excite the admiration of foreigners, and favour the designs of the members of the *catch-club*, who aim not at the notes of the gamut, but at those of the Bank of England; the men in brass and in steel armour, the bearers of banners and of trumpets, the javelin and sword-bearers, who seem as if they were

"Caparison'd, belted for warrior deed,"

would only afford amusement to the people, like the mountebanks and tumblers at a fair; but there is national importance attached to this ceremony, as useful as impressive, and of such a nature as must be dear to a true Briton; imposing and edifying to neighbouring nations, this is no other than the emblems of our liberty and the triumph of our commerce, evinced by the splendour of the inaugurative ceremony, by the costly trappings of those who enjoy the civic honors of the year, and by the full exhibition of the magnitude of the civil power; nor are these the only objects of a national utility and pride of the day, the procession is emblematical of the prosperity of the country, arising from commerce and trade, whilst the aquatic part of it is admirably calculated to demonstrate its preponderance on the briny ocean, and tells us that, whilst we import all the riches of the world, our bold tars protect our political pre-eminence, and give safety to that trade, which is the step-ladder to riches, to honours, titles, and power, and prove to all surrounding nations, that

"Britannia rules the waves."

When the morning's exhibition is over, we see, at the convivial board, the very first characters of the British empire assisting at the festivity; princes of the blood royal, ministers of state, peers of the realm, together with other distinguished public characters; and at the same time, the foreign ambassadors are invited to partake of the civic feast, in order to preserve our relations of amity with the crowns and cabinets which they represent, and to keep up the name of old English hospitality. The banquet is always becomingly splendid, and furnishes all the delicacies of the season. In the olden time the tables groaned under the weight of stomach-ware; indigestions, and

head aches were manufactured for the good of doctor, apothecary, chemist and druggist, and pockets swelled out to an enormous volume, with prints, confectionary, &c. &c. to be carried home to spouses and spoiled children, to the alderman's favourite, and to the common council man's housekeeper or hand-maid. An increased degree of elegance has now succeeded to this state of things, the juice of France and Spain takes the lead of Madeira and stout black strap, the ornamental blinds closely with the useful, the gastronomic art, pampers those appetites which rejected in former years, the trivialities of French cookery, and were less accustomed to oriental and occidental luxuries, the pouching system is going out of vogue, and only a few pine-apples and light articles are insinuated into the pocket, to purchase a smile from a pretty girl, or to negociate peace with a jealous or scolding wife. Thus does refinement travel rapidly eastward, and display itself in the dinners, equipages, manners, and mode of living of the worthy citizens of the metropolis of the justly-famed water-queen, *the* Island of the Ocean. Citizens in shabby coats, or in suits of dittos, are scarcely ever to be seen, save only, and only except our *friends* Ezekiel Stiff, Nathaniel Steady, and Benjamin Broadbrim. A sheriff keeps his pack of hounds, and Mrs. Alderman Hyson gives, her "conversaziones" and "at homes;" this is the *ne plus ultra* of elegance. It is true that the novelty of the Lord Mayor's Show goes off with the schoolage of people of high fashion, who see it and Saddler's Wells, together with Westminster Abbey and the Tower, but once in their life; it is also true that there are aristocratical coxcombs who turn up their nose at a city feast, and set down all its appendages as lumber only fit for cockneys and rustics to gape at, together with Gog and Magog, and the bell-thumping figures on St. Dunstan's church, but they thereby only betray their ignorance, and forget what many of their noble ancestors were, namely, the most of trade, from which all the proud branches of their family-tree have sprung up into affluence and consequence; let them look back to Godfrey such a one, silversmith and knight; to Roger so and so, citizen and woolstapler; to a third, knighted during his mayoralty, and retiring from trade, years afterwards, with an immense property; let them recollect that one of our dukes was manufactured from wool, another peer rose from linen; a third was hammered out from bars of gold; a fourth sprung up (and that lately) in the *iron*-age, that three staplers' combs form the arms of one, and other implements of trade fill the escutcheon of another; that the road to riches has been through wholesale and retail articles, through mines, quarries, foundries, and bales of goods, indigo, cotton, malt, hops, coffee, spices, and the like, added to speculations abroad and at home, which have purchased importance, sent sons to parliament, and looked up to the peerage; there can be nothing more respectable than the virtuous thriving citizen, attaining all the civic employments in rotation, faithfully discharging all his duties, and, from mayor, becoming knight, or baronet, acquiring territorial property, or city interest enough to have his eldest son represent the capital, or a borough, and thus laying the keystone of a noble superstructure. Whatever be the opinion which the lofty few profess, we fondly hope that the many lovers of home and freedom will join with us; we venerate our old nobility, whose ancestors were famed for deeds of arms, but we shall always stick close to John of London, hoping to see him in due time Sir John, and his posterity come to be "my Lords and *Gentlemen*," provided always that they rise by their merit, which is not doubted by their staunch friend and brother Londoner,

CIVES.

P. S. We would recommend, in the next procession, two mounted men, in old costume, bearing *fasces* and axes, like the Romans, instead of two little sturdy farriers of light-horse.

ESSAY II.

ON THE CAUSES WHICH GIVE IMMORTALITY TO AUTHORS.

We have often thought that the causes which give reputation to authors, whether they be writers of prose or poetry, may be clearly explained. That ephemeral celebrity, as well as that more permanent and extensive reputation, which descends to posterity, and maintains itself for ages undiminished, and both founded on some natural feeling of the human mind, which operating by unerring laws produces in us momentary enthusiasm, or lasting approbation. The existence of a few years in this world, and a very moderate acquaintance with men and books, are sufficient to shew, that universal enthusiasm towards a living author, is no security for lasting reputation, and that few authors drop so fast into total oblivion and neglect, as those whom every tongue has praised while living. While on the contrary, many great authors, and among these are the greatest, have received from their cotemporaries, little or no praise, but whose works nevertheless have after their deaths come slowly and securely into notice, and so enrooted themselves in the good opinion of mankind, that age has neither impaired, nor fashion altered the taste for them. To explain the causes of these things, shall be the business of this essay.

We shall set out with a position which we believe to be true, "That all works of literature, which have attained any permanent reputation, are founded on one of these two principles, 'usefulness to the best interests of mankind,' or 'a just representation of nature, which gives us pleasure in the perusal, and excites agreeable sensations in our minds by striking some chord in unison with which the feelings of our nature respond.' If a work be merely useful and not entertaining, it will arrive at celebrity among a certain class of mankind, and be considered by them with just and great admiration, although it may be neglected by the rest of society. Such for instance are the works of Hippocrates, Celsus, Galen, and others in the practice of medicine. The Pandects of Justinian, the works of Grotius, Littleton, Coke, and others in Law. Euclid, and Euler in mathematics. Newton, Descartes, Leibnitz, Kepler, and Herschel, in natural philosophy. Aristotle, Eustathius, as critics. Plato, Harrington, More, in the formation of governments. Lavoisier, Fourcroy, in chemistry. Hesychius, Spinks, Stevens, as lexicographers. And vast numbers of other authors in the more partial and abstruse sciences. Authors of this description belong exclusively to the useful class, and are not destined to become the chit-chat of every fire side, but to be admired by a distinct order of society, who derive advantage from their labours, and are impelled to have recourse to them more from those advantages than from pleasurable sensations.

There are other works which are both useful in their purposes, and highly agreeable in the perusal, and when this happens to be the case, they attain to a more general approbation, and if they be wrought upon just principles, are sure to *maintain* a permanent and extensive reputation. Such for instance are the higher species of poetical works, as those of Homer, Virgil, and Milton; historical productions as those of Thucydides, Xenophon, Plutarch, Tacitus, Livy, Sallust, Hume, Gibbon. The speeches of orators such as those of Demosthenes, Cicero, Isocrates, Æschines, Chatham and others, which not only contain the best precepts, and ever uttered for the most part with the intention of serving states and individuals, but are highly agreeable to the mind and ear, from the beauty of the sentiments and the harmony and elegance of the language; and also contain many valuable facts relating to history. To this class also may be added the dramatic pieces of the ancient and modern world, which lay before our eyes, the success of virtue, and the defeat of vice, which abound in sentiments that delight, and opinions that improve, which laugh at the foibles and inconsistencies of mankind. Nor does it seem proper to exclude from this class the higher

species of novels, which have the same views as dramatic pieces, and differ only in arrangement, and in the custom of representing personages of a less exalted nature. Both deriving their characters from nature, and representing those characters under the influence of some passion, which leads to a termination fortunate or unfortunate.

To these two classes of authors, may be added a third, which includes the works that are merely entertaining, and in the writing of which, utility was not a matter to which the authors directed their attention. To this class will belong the immense catalogue of novels, which cover the shelves of circulating libraries; pieces of poetry which represent or ridicule the prevailing customs and manners of the day; political tracts upon events which soon pass away and are forgotten; works combined, selected, or compiled from others which have gone before; reviews, criticisms, small dramatic performances, which are taken from the popular works of the day, or written to be merely the vehicles of music: newspapers, the greatest part of biographical works, when the person described, has not rendered himself illustrious by the transaction of any important matter in which the concerns of empires are involved, and a great variety of other works which will suggest themselves to the reader's imagination.

We have therefore divided the works of authors into three classes, which we designate first, the merely useful; second, the useful and entertaining; third, the entertaining only. To the two first belongs extensive reputation and immortality: to the last, reputation limited, or extensive, but not immortality. The first class, that is the merely useful depend for reputation on that quality alone, and generally speaking, seek not for the adventitious aids of style and fashion. No one, for instance, enquires into the purity or elegance of the Greek in which Euclid wrote. His problems are every thing, his style nothing. They are the ground work on which many other sciences and arts depend. Men are directed to the study of them by the consciousness of advantage. They are original and highly useful; and must from those qualities, maintain their ground as long as civilized society shall continue to exist.

With respect to the second class of authors, which we have denominated the useful and entertaining, style becomes a matter of very considerable importance. A great orator, a great historian, or a great dramatic poet, must have some quality more attractive than mere utility to render him popular in his own day, and celebrated in after-times. That he may be immortal, he ought to live in times when the language in which he writes is at its zenith. His style must be pure, and his knowledge of human nature extensive. Being a writer of more general, and consequently of less accurate knowledge than the merely useful author; his qualities should be more seducing, inasmuch as he aims at a more general approbation. The necessity of a pure style, is rendered clear by observing the fate of authors whose works have come down to us from antiquity, and whose language is now dead. Herodotus is read in preference to Plutarch and other writers of the declining state of Greek literature, principally on account of the purity of his style, and we prefer Cicero to Seneca for the same reason. Addison will probably survive Johnson, though an author of deeper research, on account of the simplicity and purity of his style.

No author, ancient or modern, ever yet attained so general a reputation as Homer. During the space of three thousand years, he has been the delight and instruction of mankind. His characters, though the characters of remote and obscure antiquity, have the freshness of nature and of youth. The ancient and the modern, the school-boy and the philosopher, the Frenchman and the Englishman equally admire him. Let us then examine upon what principles his works were wrought, and we shall be able to discover as far as pertains to poetical works, the cause of his extensive reputation in the ancient and modern world.

At this distance of time it is impossible to discover whether Homer, when he formed the plan for his Epic Poem, had his eye fixed upon a very general and elongated reputation. The writer of this essay is inclined to believe that he did not, and that he

had no farther views in writing the poem than the benefitting and delighting his countrymen. How did he attain this end? In the first place he chose a subject the most important, which then excited the subjugation of part of Asia, by a Grecian army. The Greeks and Asiatics were bitter enemies, which enmity was derived, says Herodotus, from the rape of Io by the Asiatics, and afterwards continued through repeated injuries on both sides, until the rape of Helen, which caused the war of Troy. The Greeks hated the Asiatics, and nothing could be more attractive to them than to read a poem which described their humiliation. Hence one darling passion of the human breast, revenge, was gratified to the full. To a martial people, war is a source of delight; and wealth and war he described as if his life had been passed in a camp. Men are delighted in seeing their ancestors represented on canvas, or their actions described in poetry, and as Homer pourtrayed a general war in which the whole of Greece was engaged, every Grecian of noble birth beheld his ancestors executing the noblest deeds in defence of his country. Men are disposed to believe that heaven is interested in their welfare, and hence he made the gods consult, debate and interfere about the fate of Troy. Made them combat in the midst of his heroes, and one might almost suspect that against his better judgment, he had somewhat debased the nature of the Grecian deities, in order that his heroes might appear with greater dignity, by approximating in their qualities, and being joined in intercourse with them. Nothing certainly can give a reader a more exalted opinion of the abilities of this extraordinary writer, than his invention of what is termed the machinery, by which term is meant the interference of the deities in the war between the Greeks and Trojans. At this distance of time, from the age when the poem was written, and when the superstition of Polytheism is abandoned, the deities of Homer have lost their importance and interest, and we cannot enter into the feelings which animated a Grecian heart, when he read the transactions of his countrymen aided and approved of by heaven. There were many devices which Homer resorted to in order to catch at the attention of his countrymen, and it may be observed, that he made use of two of the strongest passions of human nature, to give interest to his poem: ambition and religion. But this was not all; he wrote also to instruct and improve, and on this account we have placed him among the useful and entertaining authors. There was doubtless a moral intention annexed to his poem, which appears to have been a wish to point out to his countrymen the necessity of union and the injury which results from dissension to animate their souls to glory, and their minds to religion: to shew the advantages of wisdom and courage over folly and weakness: these transactions, these opinions were clothed in language the most clear, simple, and attractive, abounding in metaphors and allegories, and rendered enchanting to the ear by a metrical arrangement, full of harmony, richness and variety. Although many of the causes which made the works of this man delightful to the ancients are now passed away, there still remains so many attractive qualifications in his poems, that he is after a lapse of three thousand years a most agreeable and useful writer: these qualties depend on the great appearance of nature and instruction which predominate in his works. If Homer had not drawn his facts and characters from nature, that is, general nature, but had sent out his mind into the regions of fancy, and collected faultless monsters, or created scenes of impossible beauty, or described the follies or customs of transaction of an artificial and sophisticated state of society, his works might have enchanted for a time, as long as the fashion to admire them had continued, but having no exact resemblance to nature, some age must have failed to recognise their merit; for we again assert it as a circumstance incontrovertible, that no work can attain to permanent celebrity, which is not founded on just and accurate knowledge of human nature for mankind, unless they are biassed by the dominion of fashion, or influenced by reviews and magazines, have no other way of judging of the performances of an author of this class, [illegible]

by asking their own minds whether the observations which they have made of human life, correspond with the representation made by the author. Homer therefore has pleased all ages, because there is something in his works which all ages admire, and that something is an exact and powerful delineation of the passions of human nature. This qualification combined with his utility, has rendered him almost as acceptable to the modern as the ancient world. The rough impetuosity of Achilles, the effeminate elegance of Paris, the mild dignity of Hector, the garrulity of Nestor, the wisdom of Ulysses, the frail and dangerous beauty of Helen, are not only the characters of Greece, but the characters of human nature, and they must ever please, as long as the work exists, and men retain a taste for what is just and natural.

The usefulness of Homer in the modern world, is very considerable; he ranks high as an historian, a geographer, a describer of manners; from him may be best learned the nature of the ancient deities, their supposed habits, the method of carrying on war, forming treaties, state of government, and other subjects which people whose investigations are directed towards those matters, enquire after.

The observations which we have here made respecting Homer, will almost equally apply to Milton, Virgil, Tasso, Klopstock, and the numerous list of his imitators, who have constructed their works on the foundation which he laid, or (to change the metaphor) hang like bunches of grapes from the parent tree which gave them birth, and derive their beauty and richness from the nutriment which he has given. We now proceed to other works of the "useful and entertaining class."

One of the most useful and at the same time one of the most entertaining class of writers, is a good historian; if he happen to be a relator of events which he himself saw, he becomes invaluable, and no after-touches of a compiler can deteriorate or injure the justness and beauty of his representation. Generally speaking, the original relators of great events, which they themselves have seen, are concise, powerful and attractive; for having their minds rather fixed upon describing clearly the matter in question, than in book making, they dispatch in a few words the information they wish to communicate. Such are the works of Cæsar, Xenophon, Thucydides, Sallust, Tacitus; the works of Cæsar, Xenophon and Thucydides (we refer here only to the Anabasis of Xenophon) being transcripts of their own observation of particular events, are invaluable, and if their writings could be obliterated a gap would instantly be left in the history of mankind: Livy, Gibbon, Hume, though beautiful and valuable historians, have compiled their works from those which preceded them and their works, might have been, and perhaps would have been written equally well by other men. But Cæsar, Xenophon and Thucydides, wrote their own observations on events which they promoted; and as their works were written in the purest state of their language, and their minds of a superior cast, no subsequent historian could hope to represent in better language than that in which they themselves have related them.

A great original historian is indeed a most useful, as well as a most entertaining author; the loss of his writing would be a serious detriment to human nature; how true this is, may be ascertained by casting our eyes to ancient Egypt, a country at one time the most illustrious in the world for arts and sciences. Hither the Greeks travelled for instruction, as the Romans in after-times travelled to Greece. Of this illustrious country, the mother and the nurse of every art, we have not a single original historian left; their language is even unknown, and the little knowledge we possess of ancient Egypt, must be gleaned from the Greek historians who travelled into that country for instruction. Yet who is so besotted with the love of modern poetry and novels, that would not make a huge bonfire of all these love sick effusions, provided that out of their ashes might arise one volume written about the period when the Israelites abandoned Egypt, by the hand of a Tacitus, a Hume, a Father Paul, or a Gibbon. The value which the ancients placed upon histories, may be ascertained by observing the number which have come down to us, which I believe to be in greater proportion

than any other description of writing. We conclude therefore, that a good history written by an observer of a particular period, and by the transactor of some great event, to be an invaluable monument which the admiration of posterity would not allow to perish. If the Duke of Wellington, could like Cæsar, relate his own exploits, with the same rapidity and the same elegance, and with an equal reputation for exactness and fidelity, such a work would be beyond all price, and not less contribute to his fame, than the splendour of his illustrious victories.

The orations of eminent orators, pleaders, have a weaker claim to immortality than the preceding works, for though useful, their usefulness is in general partial, and does not extend to the community. The orations of the great orators of antiquity, have come down to us, and remain in our libraries as excellent specimens of the best mode of conducting an harangue, and are useful on that account, as well as by supplying us with some facts relating to history, and also entertaining through the beauty and strength of their language. Modern eloquence is principally devoted to matters of inferior importance, and is often too much involved in explaining the intricacy of accounts to admit of that flow of enthusiastic eloquence, which delights us in the orations of Demosthenes and Cicero. It may be doubted whether the orators of modern times will attain to any very distant fame.

Although the utility of dramatic performances has been much insisted on by writers, as holding the mirror up and shewing virtue her own image, and although we have placed performances of this kind in the list of useful and entertaining works, yet it must be allowed that the chief inducement which people have to read and behold these performances, is the pleasure they derive from them. Few indeed are even aware that the author has any views beyond a ludicrous, or serious representation of some event.

Tragedy and comedy both take their characters from life, the one however aspiring to the representation of exalted characters, because among the higher orders of mankind, the greatest reverses and the most powerful intellect, the noblest virtues and most shining vices exist; the other being the more conversant in the affairs of inferior men, because among them there is more of nature, than of art, and consequently furnish the author with a variety of character, in which the humourous and natural abound; for the manners of the higher orders of mankind being formed after the model which exists in courts, and it being there thought improper to indulge in any peculiarity of habit, the poet finds it necessary to descend into those spheres of life where men are more emancipated from the controul, and live and act according to the dictate of feeling. Thus the most ludicrous characters in Aristophanes, Moliere, Shakspeare, Terence, Vanbrugh and Foote, are taken from the inferior walks of life, while the tragedies of Æschyles, Euripides, Shakspeare, Racine and Corneille, abound with deities and kings, a graver description of personage.

Hence we see that tragedy and comedy are both equally natural in their intentions.

TO HELEN.

Why do I love the rose to greet?
From its red leaves the dew to sip?
But for in being so soft and sweet,
'Tis like the pressure of thy lip.

But there's a rose in yonder vale
Of doubtful hue, I love to seek—
That doubtful hue, nor red, nor pale,
Is like the bloom upon thy cheek.

Why do I think the lily's white
Is beautiful?—and 'tis I vow,—
But that in being so fair and bright,
'Tis like thy neck?—'tis like thy brow!

But with those eyes, I'll not compare
Earth's richest flow'r—or brightest gem:
Nor flow'r, nor gem was o'er so rare,
I think of heav'n, and think of them!

When summer breezes gently steal,
With all their borrow'd sweetness by;
The warmth of thy soft breath I feel,
(Its honied warmth) and hear thy sigh.

When bards in praise of beauty sing,
Why hath their lays such charms for me?
They cannot touch that silver string—
But must as surely sing of thee!—

E'en Virtue's self obtains more grace,
Assuming thy exterior mein—
And all who look upon that face,
Must wish to join in Virtue's train.

W.

LOW LIFE.

In a miserable hut, at the foot of Ben Lodi, lived a poor man called James Stuart, whose exertions just served to maintain himself and his family from absolute want. In all his troubles and misfortunes he forgot not, that kings of his name, and, as he himself asserted, of his family, had swayed the sceptre of Scotland. In his sober moments he was satisfied with speaking of George the Third as one of his ane relations; but when his fancy was improved by a bottle of whiskey, he would roundly assert his right to the British throne, and threaten to lead his clan to London, and compel the head of the Guelphs to resign his empire in favour of himself, the head of the Stuarts. These visionary projects were dispelled by the rays of the morning, which exhibited to his eyes his own miserable hut, constructed of mud and dung, and tenanted by a dozen animals of various genera, all living in social compact together, and talking, grunting, bleating, barking, and lowing under the same roof, like different instruments in the same orchestra. As every pious mussulman turns his face once in each day towards Mecca, so every poor Scotchman in misfortunes, fixes his eyes upon London. James Stuart foresaw that he never should be able to provide for the whole of his family, and that one

best of his three sons must travel south, like James the First, and many thousands besides, for the purpose of bettering his condition. "What the de'il," he would say to his wife, "shall we do wi' Sandy, for the puir bairn canna hae the advantages which will fall on the shoulders o' his brothers; we ken that James will be laird o' this comfortable mansion, and hae twa pigs and a ku besides, and our next bairn may make himsel as happy as a king with twa sheep, three hens, and their guid man, the auld game cock. Sandy maun e'en gang and see what he can make of his relatives that live in Buckingham House." Some months of unusual industry, the sale of a fat pig, and a little siller borrowed from a neighbour, formed a purse of money amounting to five pounds, which was destined to set forth poor Sandy in the world. Early in the autumn, the lad, conveying on his back all his possessions, proceeded on his journey towards London. A handkerchief suspended to a stick contained his wardrobe, which consisted of two shirts, two neckcloths, a pair of shoes, and a coat, made of better cloth, and intended for more important occasions than the one in which he was clad. He directed his course towards London by the way of Stirling and Edinburgh. During the day he trudged on foot along the road, or moved with more expedition behind some vehicle which happened to be proceeding on the same route. At night he reposed in bowels or under haystacks, or purchased a lodging or a bed for three pence, where he reposed in company of wretches who, in the morning, rose up pennyless and miserable, and whose first thoughts were by necessity directed to find means by which they might live throughout the day. His food during the journey was such as his parsimony could purchase, and sometimes such as accidental charity would bestow. In about fifteen days he approached the outskirts of London, and from the heights of Highgate beheld that city which early instruction had taught him to consider as the wonder and mistress of the world. His youthful ignorance had represented to himself streets paved with gold, bounteous hands showering pearls and diamonds on the heads of a numerous and happy population, a total absence of all vexation and labour, and a continued scene of pleasure and enjoyment. He entered London by Tottenham Court Road, and soon approached the focus of filth and iniquity inhabited by the most desperate and miserable characters, the lower orders of the Irish. The part is called the Rookery, and extends from Tottenham Court Road on the west to Charlotte-street on the east, is bounded by Holborn on the south, and Russell street on the north. This is one of the greatest receptacles in the metropolis for wicked characters, from the cruel perpetrators of the foulest murder, to the more prudent and less daring thief, who subsists by petty larceny. In this quarter every female has meditated adultery, and every male, death. Enemies to the community at large, they are not less suspicious of each other. The publican who serves his beer, holds firm the pot with one hand until his muscles are relaxed by the metallic touch that intimates to him that he is paid. They wearied repose not until the hour which they are to enjoy its purchase, and he that wishes to retain his lodging until the evening, must pay for it in the morning.

Poor Sandy was no sooner arrived in this quarter, than he accidentally encountered a friend, who had left Scotland about twelve months before, and travelled, like himself, to London, for the purpose of picking up some portion of that wealth which many suppose may there be so easily acquired. His appearance was that of extreme wretchedness, but he was nevertheless, welcomed by Sandy with many hearty shakes o' the hand and homely salutations. Sweet is the voice which bids the stranger welcome to a city that contains a million of faces which are unknown to him. They soon retired to a public house, and refreshed themselves with a supper of potatoes, herrings, and porter. Each related his adventures and his progress. Sandy's tale was short: he had left Scotland about fifteen days before with five pounds in his pocket, and had arrived in London with three pounds ten shillings, which sum he candidly told his friend was all he had in the world. He then pulled the money from his pocket and displayed it before the eyes of his companion. The adventures of Sandy's friend had been much more extensive than

famous. Since his residence in London he had seen much of this world and almost something of the next; for he had been tried at the Old Bailey for house breaking, and escaped only through a flaw in the indictment. He was careful, while he was relating his adventures, to conceal this circumstance, but he gave Sandy a very entertaining description of his successes and disasters; his ups and his downs, which inspired the youth with a great reverence for his friend's capacity, and no small degree of astonishment that in a city where gold was reported to be as common as dust, that a great genius like him should have been met walking without shoes and stockings. The story appeared so very affecting that Sandy was compelled to shed tears, and when he felt for his pocket-handkerchief to wipe them away, it was gone. "No doubt," said Sandy, "I lost it on the road." "To be sure you did," replied his friend, "for the people of this neighbourhood may be trusted with untold gold."

When these two poor Scotchmen had finished their supper, Sandy began to inquire for a lodging, and was told by his companion, that half of his bed was at his service. Quite exhausted by the fatigue of fifteen days' march, Sandy readily accepted the offer, and both of them retired to a miserable chamber, where they soon reposed and fell asleep. Sandy had a delicious dream, in which he imagined that he was holding open a sack before a mountain of guineas; while his dear friend who slept at his side, was employed in filling it with a shovel. He awoke in consequence of a violent pressure made on his shoulder by the weight of the sack, which having been raised by the hand of his friend, fell with a thump on his back. He rose up in his bed, and looked about him. His dear friend was gone. He examined the room for his handkerchief: that was also gone: he hastily seized his breeches, and felt in his pocket for his money: every halfpenny had escaped. He was pennyless, friendless, and unknown among a million of people. He burst into tears, and sobbed and lamented so loudly, that the noise soon summoned to his side a ruffian-looking fellow, who bade him get up, pay for his night's lodging, and depart. The youth informed him that he had been robbed, to which information he received no other reply than a direct and violent seizure by the throat, which drew him from his bed, and then dashed him down on the floor. The ruffian then stood over him, and, with dreadful threats, bade him dress himself and depart instantly from the house. Sandy made as much dispatch as his fears would allow, and having dressed himself, sneaked down the stair-case, followed by the ruffian, and, having opened the door, was impelled by a violent thrust into the street. Directing himself towards Holborn, he fell in with the stream of passengers which usually flow down that street, and as he wandered slowly and sadly along, the simplicity of his appearance and his disconsolate behaviour attracted the attention of a gentleman, who made many enquiries about the cause of his distress. Being satisfied that the story related by the youth was true, he generously accompanied him to Marlborough-street, whence the magistrate dispatched an officer to discover and seize the person of the man who had robbed him. After considerable search he was found, brought to the office, confronted with his accuser, and committed to prison to take his trial. None of the money, however, was found on the person of the culprit; and as the chamber door where they slept was left open, and the neighbourhood as well as the house abounded with infamous characters, the jury considered the evidence as not quite conclusive, and acquitted the prisoner.

In the meantime, Sandy, who had received a few shillings from the charity of some individuals that pitied his condition, was occupied in wandering to different parts of London in search of some engagement, which might afford him the means of existence. His qualifications were extremely moderate and confined. He had nothing to offer to those who felt disposed to engage him but the muscular power of a robust and youthful constitution. He could neither read nor write. The inherent qualities of his nature, or industry, which no disappointment could subdue, and a fidelity which no temptation could corrupt, were not to be discovered through the rough exterior which enveloped them. Although repeatedly disappointed, he was not discouraged

He presented himself again and again at various shops in different parts of London, soliciting the favour of being employed as a messenger or porter. All his endeavours failed, he was compelled at last to station himself at a crossing, and to gain a precarious subsistence by cleaning with a broom the path which lay between two much frequented thoroughfares. Here with his broom in one hand and his hat in the other, he solicited the benevolent charity of those who happened to be passing. His regularity, obsequiousness, and cleanliness attracted the attention of many, and he failed not to receive the diurnal pension of those spruce and well-clothed beings who value a genteel appearance above all things, and with justice estimate the sweeper of a crossing as a useful benefactor to the general happiness of mankind. In this light he ought to be regarded; for few among mankind exercise an office so little profitable to themselves and so beneficial to others. Consider the many vexations and quarrels he obviates, by providing a clean path to well-dressed passengers! How much of our happiness depends upon a clean pair of boots, a petticoat pure and unsullied by any dirty spot, a silk stocking or a shoe untainted by the slightest stain. If a man be hastening to throw himself at the feet of his mistress, or to bow in the presence of his patron; if he be desirous to create the envy and admiration of his acquaintance by lounging in Bond-street in boots equally transparent with the finest French mirrors or be obliged to hurry on foot to a dinner party, because there is no coach to be procured, who can so well provide him with a clean passage, or present him to the drawing-room in pure and spotless habiliment as the poor and humble sweeper of a crossing? Ye husbands that tremble before the irritability of a captious wife, whom the slightest injury sustained by her dress renders terrific! ye antiquated maidens, whose spotless innocence is ever covered by spotless petticoats, who abominate filth and taint as much as ye abominate the impure kiss of wanton love, ye dandies and dandizettes, who live only while ye are admired, and hate a beau-trap, a pedicular ladder, a splash on a spot worse than ye hate old age, reverence that calling and generously reward the sweeper of a crossing.

This world is not constructed in its nature so liable to change and variety, that the lowest of mankind may with justice indulge probable hopes of exaltation, and the highest dread a reverse. A king and the sweeper of a crossing are the two ultimate points of human society. The latter has every thing to hope, and the former every thing to fear. One of those accidental circumstances, which make way for the introduction of one person by the abduction of another, at last furnished the poor and solitary Scotch lad with the first opportunity of advancing in life. The porter of an ironmonger, whose shop was situated at a short distance from the station of Sandy, had been sent out with a large and weighty burden. In hurrying across the street, his foot slipped, and being unable to recover himself on account of the great weight which he carried on his shoulders, he fell forward and was run over by a carriage which was rapidly passing. A crowd instantly collected, and among them was Sandy, who knowing the man and the house whence he came, raised him on his left shoulder, and, lifting up the package in his right hand, hastily conveyed him, followed by the multitude, to the ironmonger's shop. Before he arrived there life was extinct, and the emancipated spirit of the porter was rapidly travelling towards those pure and ethereal regions, where the distinction of tyrant and slave no longer exist, where the poor and the unfortunate find recompense for the calamities and oppressions of this life in the full and perfect enjoyment of that happiness which has been promised to them in the next.

The entrance of Sandy into the shop, with a dead man on one shoulder and a weighty package on the other, attracted the attention of the ironmonger. To behold his porter dead was grievous to see; his package safe was pleasing; a short vibration between grief and pleasure agitated for a moment the heart of the ironmonger, and his feelings then almost instantly returned to that happy poise of sensation which constitutes composure. He surveyed Sandy with attention. The athletic and powerful structure of his body, which could

resist the pressure of the dead porter and of the weighty package which had overpowered him, was an object extremely interesting to his eyes. He was conscious that by engaging him he should save the expense of a horse; but he was not conscious, when he addressed him in the following words, that he was concealing interested feelings under the garb of pity and benevolence. "I am so pleased with your conduct upon this occasion, my worthy lad," said he, "that I will take you into my service in place of the poor man who is dead." Sandy, when he heard these words, stared with astonishment in the face of the ironmonger. He could scarcely trust his ears until he was told to call the next morning and begin his occupation, when he became conscious of the truth of the engagement, and, making an humble bow, retired from the shop.

Nine hundred porters might have died without producing any benefit to Sandy: even the identical porter whom he succeeded might have died without producing any advantage to him. It was the circumstance of being seen by Mr. Hardware, the ironmonger, in the act of conveying a dead man and a weighty package into his shop which led to his engagement and future success in life. On such accidental occurrences does the good fortune of mankind depend.

No sooner was the death of the porter and the success of Sandy known at the King's Head, a public-house in the immediate neighbourhood, where Sandy at the close of the day sometimes regaled himself with a slice of bread, an onion, and a pint of porter, than an unusual degree of bustle and conversation occurred. The death of the porter had made a gap in human society which promised a variety of removes among the lower orders of the neighbourhood. The sudden departure of the Marquis of Londonderry and the success of Mr. Canning were not more important matters of discussion, in the sphere of society where they moved, than was the death of the porter and the good fortune of Sandy. Many persons little acquainted with human nature, asserted that there never was so good a porter as the defunct, and that Sandy was by no means equal to him in power: while the advocates of Sandy asserted that he could carry double the quantity of the deceased porter. Such, we remember, was the kind of conversation we heard at the death of Lord Londonderry. These observations are ridiculous: as well might a man in passing through a field of turnips pluck one, and, holding it up, assert that nature never could produce such another. What nature has once produced she can produce again; and as long as the world exists, we shall never be deficient in large turnips, able ministers, and strong porters.

My reader may not be aware, that he who sweeps a crossing considers that crossing as his own possession, which he can alienate or retain without molestation. Sandy's long and undisputed holding of the one which he had swept, had given him the justest title to its possession: and as soon as his advancement to the situation of porter was made known at the King's Head, various competitors anxiously awaited his arrival. The station was to be put up at auction, and the perquisites derived from the passengers to be made over to the best bidder. There were three competitors. The first was a decayed and unfortunate author, against whom an ex-officio information had been filed by government for writing the truth. By this process he was ruined, imprisoned, and consigned over to poverty and care. The next was a half-pay officer, who, after a youth of warfare and glorious exertion in favour of his country, was reduced in his old age to subsist on the voluntary contribution of a people whom he had defended by his sword. The last was a patriot who had spent a noble fortune and exhausted a deep and virtuous mind in attempting to cleanse the nation of its corruptions; but wanting success in his endeavours, and being, from untoward circumstances, reduced to distress, was compelled to undertake the easier labour of cleansing the streets. As soon as Sandy arrived at the public-house, the right of sweeping the crossing was put up at auction. He stated the average of his profits to be half a crown each day, from the commencement of November to the end of February, and eighteen pence from February to May. It was to be sold on the condition of so many days' purchase. Each competitor bid according to his finances; and the

patriot having hence interest among the tailors, tailors, hair dressers, &c. who frequented the King's Head, was able, through small contributions of his friends to outbid his adversaries, and he was immediately declared the purchaser of the crossing at four days and a half purchase. On the payment of the money he was instantly invested with the insignia of his office, consisting of an old broom covered with mud, and an oil skin hat of a conical form, fit to bear the weight and pressure of large penny pieces within, and the pelting of violent rain without. As soon as the patriot received the broom, holding it up high in the air, and turning his ruddy countenance (which, notwithstanding his misfortunes, was still flushed with erysipelatous pimples, the result of ardent and frequent toasts to the cause of liberty,) towards a notorious house of ill fame in the precincts of ———, he exclaimed, "Would that I could cleanse away thy foulness and sweep from thy defiled and spotted body those impurities which disgrace thee. Thou cloaca maxima of the empire, in whose foul and filthy sewer are concentrated all the corrupt and evil matter which a vicious and diseased state of society can emit, what instrument can cleanse thee! What mighty broom, were it even formed of ten thousand elms, and moved by the vast arm of a steam engine, could sweep out the deep and dangerous offal which ferments in thy abyss?" As soon as the patriot had uttered these words, he hurried out of the room, followed by a cavalcade of shirtless, care-worn, waistcoat-wanting, patch-coated, shoeless, breechless, moneyless vagabonds, such as usually accompany a patriot, and having taken possession of his new office, began to scrub and rub for the benefit of mankind.

Sandy immediately took leave of his public-house companions, whom he resolved in future to avoid as much as possible; for although still a simple youth, he was not unacquainted with that useful and politic principle which bids a man forget his old and humble friends as soon as good fortune elevates him above them. Thinking that he foresaw his way to independence, he began to square his conduct according to his interest. He became ambitious in design; careful and prudent in behaviour; loyal in language, and bowed his body in meanour. He counted his guineas on Saturday night, and prayed to God on a Sunday to increase them. He starved his body that his pocket might be full; and looked about him for a miserable, awkward, disappointed, credulous maiden, whom neglect, should have rendered desperate, and the constant irritation arising from the consciousness of hopeless virginity, should have prepared to consign herself and portion to the first decent offer. Like a wise youth, he sought not in a bride those regular features, that delicacy of complexion, and that elegance of figure which tempt the heart to neglect the admonitions of reason, and induce the thoughtless and sensitive among mankind to forego the substantial advantages of life for the pleasures of affection. Skin and bone, of the coarsest and roughest grain, angular asperities, acid expression of countenance, dingy complexions, and distorted spines, were by no means offensive to his eye. He seemed to be little susceptible to the impression of beauty, but to be wonderfully struck, like a nobleman whose name has been lately called in question, with the attraction of a large and full pocket. He knew that in London there were great numbers of disappointed maidens and declining widows, who possessed small fortunes of two or three hundred pounds, which had been left them by mistresses for long and painful services, or by husbands who had drank themselves to death, in consequence of conjugal irritation, and given the little property they possessed to their wives as a peace offering on their death-beds. He failed not to observe, that women of this description were numerous and constant in attendance at methodist meetings, where the mysterious raptures of a false and enthusiastic superstition are inculcated to the minds of the infirm and ignorant. He observed, that, in such characters, religion is, for the most part, the child of disappointment; that the tears they shed, the sighs they breathe, the raptures they feel, are only the ardent aspirations of nature, which, in default of attachment in this world, naturally direct their attention to a state where the neglects and slights which they meet with here would be unknown.

who are healthful and happy: on whom fortune has showered titles and riches, can scarcely ever be religious, on account of those numerous pleasures which draw away the mind from the contemplation of eternal life, and the practice of those severer virtues which purchase eternal happiness. And it was probably the observation of the incompatibility of religion and riches which induced the author of Christianity to exclude the rich from heaven by that tremendous anathema which has exercised the sophistry of hypocrites to pervert and evade: an anathema enforced, rendered more awful, and, in its consequences, more certain by the illustration of a simile which implies an impossibility. Sandy, we say, had observed that the conventicles were much frequented by women of the above description, and knew enough of human nature to be convinced, that it would be no difficult matter for a young healthful lad, of twenty-two years of age, to withdraw the attention of one of these women from heaven and fix it on himself. Little alteration of manner and habits was necessary to fit him for as the spiritual admirer of a tender and pious widow. The natural gravity of his disposition, which was seldom interrupted by any bursts of gaiety, easily assumed the garb of meekness and devotion. The sobriety and severity of his early days had given a seriousness and hardness to his features, a sallowness to his complexion, and a stiffness to his person, which well coincided with those characteristics which are expected in one who devotes his mind to spiritual affairs.

He had not been long an attendant on one of these conventicles, ere his attention was attracted by the hideous appearance and reputed wealth of one of the congregation. He contrived to sit near her, assisted her to kneel and rise, read her prayer book or bible, which he turned to and pointed out the hymns and chapters of the day. This conduct led to acquaintance, acquaintance to confidence, confidence to love, or what is commonly called love, and love to marriage. Thus the poor Scotchman after a series of hardships and disasters became possessed of a wife, and a fortune of sufficient magnitude to set him up in business. They had fifteen thousand pounds, the three per cents. which being sold out, enabled Sandy to leave Mr. Hardware and commence trade as an ironmonger. Never were two persons better fitted for business and each other than Sandy and Sandy's wife. They loved each other well, but money better than each other. Whatever disagreements happened between them originated in their rivalship in parsimony. The first quarrel which occurred after their marriage arose from a suspicion that Mrs. Stuart entertained that her husband had thrown into the fire the end of a farthing candle, and Sandy soon after forgot himself so far as to call his wife an extravagant hussy, because she neglected to drive a hard bargain with a matchwoman, and thoughtlessly gave her her own price for a bundle of matches. In five years after they commenced business they arrived at considerable wealth, and at the end of ten years, Sandy was able to establish one of the first banking houses in London. Success and wealth altered not their habits. It was Mrs. Sandy Stuart who sold the Westphalia hams to the oilman from whom they had been bought to be sent as a present to her. It was Mrs. Sandy Stuart who divided the snipe and made it serve for two dinners. It was Mrs. Sandy Stuart who after purchasing a turbot for a party she intended to give, cruelly deprived them of it, because a neighbour was prodigal enough to offer her a hundred per cent. upon the original purchase.

These prudent and discreet persons, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart, had one daughter, whose immense wealth tempted the cupidity of the prodigal and profligate Lord Baltimore, and induced him to offer her his hand. The Countess of Baltimore, as our readers may remember who saw an article in the European Magazine entitled "High Life," was left a widow soon after her marriage, having one daughter, the richest heiress of the kingdom, who married the Marquis of Clairfait, and in a few short seasons of extravagant folly wasted all that had been saved by the parsimony of the Stuarts and her own long minority, thus proving that poverty is often the parent of wealth, and wealth the parent of poverty.

ODE TO THE SPIRIT OF MUSIC.

Music's spirit tell me why
Thou dost sleep so silently
Caged within a darksome cell,
Organ, viol, flute or shell;
Till sweet breath or skilful fingers
Rouse the melody that lingers,
Slumbering in thy prison bound
And thou dost in tuneful sound
To a touch thou lovest well,
All thy hidden magic tell,
And the eloquence that lies
In thy wakening ecstasies.

Spirit who in every part
Of earth and air and waters art,
To my wondering soul declare
How thou dost so deeply share
In each sense of pure delight
Heard and felt but hid from sight;
Thou in bush and brake art dwelling
In the moonlight billow swelling,
With the gay lark sun-ward soaring,
With the nightingale deploring;
Thou o'er summer streams art dying
And in morning zephyrs sighing,
Or, in notes of awe and wonder,
Bursting from the clouds in thunder.

I have heard thee in the grove,
Blest thee in the voice of love,
Caught thee when all else was still,
In the mingling sounds that fill
With soft murmuring notes the plain
From the busy insect train;
Felt thee when the evening breeze
Waved the grass, and stirred the trees,
Met thee oft in cloistered piles
Pealing through cathedral aisles,
Marked thy hoarser accents gush
In the cataract's wild rush,
Hailed thee when the evening bells
Blithely through my native dells,
Rang at eve and echo lone
Answered back their last sweet tone;
And thou dist enchantress bring
Long past rapture on thy wing;
But to know thee I must be
Spirit borne to heaven with thee
Where thou dwell'st eternally.

A. S——D.

ACCOUNT OF A JOURNEY TO PORTSMOUTH AND WEYMOUTH.

MY DEAR SIR,

Having prepared my small black portmanteau, as Sterne says, I determined to commence my journey on the 14th. The previous day the rain continued without intermission, and during the night the wind howled much more like November than June, putting me in mind of my Margate trip last autumn. The morning broke so cheerlessly, that I was undecided whether I should proceed or stay. About seven o'clock, however, the sun triumphed, and having taken a hasty breakfast; I bent my course toward the Elephant and Castle, where I seated myself on the Portsmouth coach. I soon found by their conversation, that my fellow passengers consisted of military officers, and a student from Cambridge; both very communicative and agreeable, so I conversed with the son of Mars about campaigning—with the cantab. of divinity; and I confess that I never passed nine hours on the top of a coach more pleasantly. Though a high churchman, I could not but deplore the very great want of attention in decorum, and the absence of civility to strangers so generally prevalent in our churches; nor could I refrain from contrasting it with that kindness and respect which I have experienced when I have by chance been led into a dissenting place of worship. On his part, my Cambridge companion urged the very insufficient manner in which the church was provided for, and the inability of the minister to rectify such abuses; but succeeded in convincing him, that, however far his argument might relieve the ministry from blame, the evil really did exist, and that it ought to be remedied, for the sake of our religion, which has of late received so many shocks from the scandalous and sapheenous publications with which this country has been degraded.

Do you know the road to Portsmouth? I have travelled many others, but find this unequalled for diversity, beauty, and extent of scenery. The road is through Kingston, Guildford, Godalming and Petersfield, all well built, handsome towns, clean, and, as I was informed, well lighted. The intermediate smaller towns and villages were very interesting, and the scenery throughout was well calculated to raise the mind above the world, and to remind us of that happy period when cares will cease to assail—when the weary will be at rest. At Hind-head Hill, near Liphook, is an extensive dell called "the Devil's Punch-bowl," and notwithstanding the name, there is, I assure you, much more to admire than to terrify. We drove round it, and from the summit of the hill we clearly saw the military college at Sandhurst and Worthing. Beyond Petersfield are Butser Hill and Gravel Hill, two of the most beautiful, I understand, in Hampshire; be that as it may, there was beauty enough to call forth my admiration; and this was unquestionably the most delightful part of the ride, it being through rich and verdant meadow-land, which shone with greater lustre from the freshness and vigour which the late rains had imparted.

We arrived at Portsmouth about six o'clock. The entrance to a fortified town is ever grand and commanding, and in this respect Portsmouth stands pre-eminent; a period of peace, however, is not the time to form a just opinion of the effect an entrance would have upon a stranger during war, when the sentinels' relieving watch, the sound of war's alarms and preparation, would give an effect not to be imagined or described.

I had not time to see the dock-yard and fortifications, as I left for Fareham that evening, where I arrived about eight o'clock. My unexpected appearance was, I have reason to think, gratifying to our friends; they were always, you know, warmly attached to our family, but as I merely meant to call *en passant*, I did not conceive it necessary to announce my intended visit. They would on no account listen to my intended departure for Southampton next morning, so I spent Tuesday with them, chatting over old events, on which the mind ever loves to dwell. How much does friendship, my dear S. promote happiness, scatter roses over the thorny paths of life, and sweeten the bitter cup of which all are doomed

to taste. Blessed with society, friendship, love, and sensibility, we rise, like the sea-girt rock, secure and impervious amid the storms of life, however we may be exposed to the malice and aspersion of the ill-disposed. Let not then the sophistry of the world rob us of such invaluable treasures. In the evening we formed a walking party, which all seemed to prefer to riding. The country round Fareham and Brockhurst is most delightful; the scenery rich and cultivated, at the same time romantic. I may, perchance, from my residence in London, and fondness for the country, be rather enthusiastic when let loose amid the beauties of nature; yet, who but a clown can listen unconcerned to the music of the feathered tribe, the rippling stream, and the bleating of the surrounding flocks? Who can regard, in a word, the whole face of nature without being impressed with gratitude to, and veneration for, the Giver of all.

Though I arose early the next morning, the chatting breakfast-hour was so far prolonged, that I was too late for the Southampton packet. I had intended to proceed to Weymouth by sea, but as my time was short, and the wind uncertain, I gave up the idea; and now I purposed starting by the Bristol mail that night for Southampton. In the mean time, as the Cowes packet was just sailing, I determined on visiting the Isle though but for an hour. You will, I am sure, number me among the unlucky travellers, when I inform you first, that we were becalmed on our passage out, the consequence of which delay was, that the returning packet had started before our packet reached Cowes. I hailed a boat, and got on board of her, but I was now little better off, for the calm continued, and we were obliged to take to the boat, not quite so pleasant as one of our cutters, and row to Portsmouth about eleven miles, where I arrived just in time to hear the wheels of the mail at a distance, it having just started.

The Coach for Weymouth set off the next morning from Southampton at five o'clock, so that I had no time for hesitation. I hired a gig and driver, and about one o'clock in the morning arrived there, where I slept most soundly I assure you.

At five o'clock next morning I took my seat on the Plymouth coach with three fine lads on their return home from Winchester school, who much amused me with their lively and jocular remarks. This road was as dull as the other had been beautiful and interesting, and I did not repine when we arrived at Dorchester. Here I found I had been misled; the coach went no nearer Weymouth, and no conveyance offered till the evening, whereas I was expected there to dinner. In this dilemma, one of my young companions, a clergyman's son near Exeter, offered me a seat in his chaise, his course being also to Weymouth. I willingly accepted his offer, and was pleased with the affability with which it was made, for I attach much value to "those small sweet courtesies of life," which smooth do make the road we have to travel.

This is my favourite watering-place, and I trust my sister will be benefitted by a change of air, so well calculated to strengthen the nervous invalid, accustomed to the pure but milder atmosphere of Clifton.

I admire Weymouth for its retirement; the country too is more interesting than the neighbourhood of the sea generally boasts; and the adjacent villages, Ridgway, Upway, Preston, Osmington, Wyke, and others, are well worthy the notice of the Weymouth visitor.

Wyke is about a mile from Weymouth; the road, except near the bridge, is very pleasant; about half way is Belfield Lodge, the seat of Mr. Buxton the member. But the chief object is the village of Wyke, and the prospect it displays. A stranger is not conscious of any other treat than what a rural walk may afford. On ascending the brow of the hill, however, the most majestic view imaginable presents itself; Portland, before you, beyond and on each side an extensive and unbroken view of the ocean. Such is the imposing grandeur of the scene, that, were I to write pages, I should fail in doing justice to its merits. In the church-yard is a monument to the memory of one hundred and forty persons (all on board) who perished in the Alexander East Indiaman, which was wrecked off Portland some years since. You may perhaps be pleased to read the epitaph:—*la voici.*

"Lamented shades! 'twas yours, alas! to drain
Misfortune's bitter chalice. Whilst in vain,
Fond hope and joy, regardless of controul,
Prompted each movement of the willing soul,
Sudden Destruction reared his giant form,
Black with the horrors of the midnight storm,
And all convulsed with elemental strife,
Dissolv'd the throbbing nerves of hope and life.
Death's triumph past, may angels guide your way
To the blest regions of eternal day,
Where no rude blasts provoke the billowy roar,
Where Virtue's kindred meet to part no more."

Weymouth was very full of company considering the early period of the season, and on Tuesday last I left it with regret for London.

The road from Weymouth is far from pleasing, a great part being barren and desolate, and consequently affording little opportunity for remark. The chief occurrence worthy notice, and you know I generally meet with some adventure, related to my fellow travellers, who consisted of two ladies from the north, and two young East Indians. They appeared to me more serious than might be expected to arise from the presence of a stranger, and as we became better acquainted, they related to me a tale which, as faithfully as I am able, I transcribe for your perusal, thinking it may not be altogether uninteresting. Their brother, Mr. M. they informed me, was an indigo planter, who, after an absence of twelve years from his native land, Perthshire, determined on visiting dear Scotland to recruit his health, which had suffered materially from the effects of the climate, and to gratify a natural inclination for again beholding a spot where so many happy juvenile days had been spent, and though last, not least, that he might again press to his heart those who were endeared to him by the ties of kindred and affection. Amongst the latter were his favourite sisters, my present companions, to whom he communicated his intention, requesting them to meet him at Weymouth early in June, when he expected to arrive in England. Thither they repaired with feelings easily to be appreciated by such as know the value, and have felt the delight, of reciprocal affection—of that love which meets return.

Having safely lodged our fair friends from the north at Weymouth, let us observe the progress of the traveller from the east, who was labouring under a disorder, the effects of which, if not arrested in their progress, threatened to circumscribe the joy which he anticipated of meeting his family and friends. Hope, however, and medicine, had checked the ravages of his complaint, when he landed at St. Helena; and with the enterprising spirit of his countrymen, he determined to visit the place where the mortal remains of the late Emperor Napoleon Buonaparte are deposited:—he did so, and brought to England a bough of the tree, which shadows the tomb of one whose name will for ever live in history's page—a name which, if beloved only by some, must be ever held in admiration by all who could appreciate the extent of his capacious mind. The length of this visit, and a cold which he caught at the same time, occasioned a relapse, and when he landed at Weymouth it was obvious that his sojourn here was drawing to its close.

You, my dear S., whose mind is ever alive to the sufferings of human nature, can easily imagine the meeting which took place. The girls in high spirits at the idea of meeting their fond brother, but depressed at finding his state so precarious. While he, equally happy again to behold those so dear to him, was incapable of returning their caresses and congratulations except by a sigh; his languid and pallid countenance—his feverish pulse—his swollen limbs indicating but too plainly the speedy termination of his existence. Transient indeed was the anticipated joy. He had but just time to see his Father and mother, who were immediately sent for, to commend to their care and protection his two dear children—to impress a kiss of filial and fraternal

love, when he expired, quitting this sense of uncertainty and trouble for another and a better world, which, "*to the just made perfect,*" will be the source of an endless felicity.

When I arrived at home, I found a letter from you, and though you may have thought me tardy in replying, I question if the interest with which I have now paid my debt will not have wearied you.

Adieu! my dear S., believe me with affection and esteem, ever your's

H. T.

S. T. C. W.

28th *June*, 1824.

STANZAS TO AN ITALIAN AIR.

1.

Thou art fresher than the dawning
Of a spring-day, when young morning
Is her radiant face adorning,
By the mirror of the deep;
But as mellow as the twilight
Shed at eve through gothic skylight,
Is the lustre of thine eye-light,
Ere it languishes to sleep.

2.

Yet it is not only, dearest,
That thy lover's heart thou chearest,
When before him thou appearest
In thy beauty's bright array;
Such a summer-sun is glowing
In the bliss of thy bestowing;
That in vain is all thy going,
Thou can'st warm him though away.

3.

While the goblet's wave is dancing,
And the eye of beauty glancing,
Every drop and smile enhancing,
Comes the memory of thee.
And in truth, the rosy wine, love,
And the looks that on it shine, love,
If the pledge be not to *thine*, love,
Have but little charm for me.

4.

Though, alas! my passion's chain, dear,
Bring me many an hour of pain, dear,
Yet, believe me, ne'er again, dear,
Would I willingly be free:
For the moon that sets in motion,
Kindles too, the tide of ocean,
And if thine my heart's commotion,
Yet its light is all from thee.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.—No. 3.

NUREMBERG.

We also saw the library: it is in a ister which formerly belonged to e Dominicans, and contains, as they y, twenty thousand volumes. This is collected out of the ruins of seve- l convents, in the time of the Re- rmation. The most antient manu- ript, that they could not find, is, they y, nine hundred years old; it is a py of the Gospels, with Prayers and ymns then used in the Greek Church. observed a book which was printed *Spire*,* in the year 1446; but there ight be an error in the figures, for ey shewed us another of the im- ession of *Faustus*, at Mentz, in 59, at the end of which, there is an vertisement which tells us, *that this ok* was not written by the hand, it was printed by *an admirable se- et newly invented*. It is probable at this was the first impression ich was made at *Mentz*; and if it so, there is no ground to suppose at another book was printed at *ire*, thirteen years before: nor had *ustus* any reason to boast so much his new secret. I have heard, at there is another impression of *urandus' Officiale* at Basil, printed Faustus in the same year, 1459. They keep in this library many ities and curious antiquities, but ey are not comparable to those that in the cabinet of *Mr. Viati*. We w at this gentleman's house, a pretty ge chamber quite filled with divers ns of all countries, all uses, and all hions. It is scarce to be conceived w one man, and he a private per- n, who hath not the estate of a nce, or a very great lord, could ike such a vast collection; for the mber is very great, and I believe ought from the four corners of the rld. He shewed us the experiment a wind-gun, which is a very pretty t a most destructive invention, be- se with this engine great mischiefs y be done afar off, and without y noise. From this chamber you may go into another where there are rare pictures, medals, curious works, antient and modern, jewels, shells, plants, minerals, and other natural productions.

The town house is very large, and has a very beautiful and well proportioned front, but it wants a court before it. When we went from thence, our friends brought us to the city cellar, which is two hundred and fifty paces long, and contains, as they told us, twenty thousand tons of wine. We must allow it to be a very fair cellar: but the truth is, such people as we, know not how to relish all the pleasures of it.

You know the Germans† are strange drinkers; there are no people in the world more obliging, civil, and officious; but they have terrible customs as to the point of drinking, which seems to be both their labour and recreation. There is not time given to speak three words in a visit, but presently comes the collation, or at least some large jars of wine, with a plate full of crusts of bread, hashed with pepper and salt, a fatal preparative for such poor drinkers as we are. But before we proceed, I must give you an account of those sacred and inviolable laws that are afterwards to be observed. Every draught must be a health, and as soon as you have emptied your glass, you must present it full to him whose health you drunk. You must never refuse the glass which is presented, but drink it off to the last drop. Do but reflect a little on these customs, and see how it is possible to leave off drinking: and indeed, they never make an end,‡ but carouse in a perpetual round: to drink in *Germany* is to drink eternally. Pardon my digression, and judge of our troublesome entertainments in the cellar. You must do penance there for some time, and at last hide yourself behind the casks, steal away, and make your escape.

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* It is a Treatise on Predestination.

† Germanorum vivere bibere est.

‡ The Duke of Rohan says in his Voyage, that the Germans have succeeded better than all the Mathematicians of the world in finding out the perpetual motion, by continual agitation of their cups.

You must further know, that the glasses are as much respected in this country as the wine is beloved. They place them all *en parade*. The greatest part of the chambers are wainscotted to two-thirds of the walls, and the glasses are ranged all about upon the cornices of the wainscot, like pipes of organs; they begin with the little, and end with the great ones; and these great ones are always used, and must be emptied at a draught, when there is any health of importance. At going out of the cellar, we went to a concert, where we hoped we should find nothing but music; but the bread, pepper, salt and wine followed us in such abundance, that an air was no sooner finished, but the whole company rose up to drink.

We saw yesterday, in the evening, some part of the celebration of a wedding. The future husband, accompanied with a long train of his relations, came first to the church. He walked from a house, which was not two hundred paces distant, whither he came in a coach. His bride, who was in the same place, followed a while after, being also attended by a great number of her friends. When both were come to the church, the bridegroom sat down with his company on one side, and the bride on the other, directly opposite to him; over each of their heads there was a figure of Death upon the wall, whether designedly done I know not. They both approached the minister, who expected them in the midst of the choir; and after he had performed his office, four or five trumpets, which were on the top of the steeple, sounded a great many levets, and the new married couple returned in the manner as they came.

The husband was in a black suit, with a cloak overlaid with lace, a great ruff, and a little crown of gold plate lace above his peruke. But the bride's dress will be a little more difficult to describe. The best account I can give you of it, is to tell you, that in framing to yourself an idea of her head tire, you must fancy a mixture of gilt wire, like a bob peruke, half a foot high upon the forehead, and very much curled and swelled out on the sides. This was ordered after such a manner that in all the thickness of this lofty dress, there was no more space or distance between the wires, than was sufficient to fasten to them an infinite number of little plates of gold, round, polished, and shining, which hung both within and without, and waved with the least motion. Her habit was black with long skirts, resembling the *Hongrelines*, which were, not very long since, used in France. The body of this little cassock, which was cut very short, had a gold lace over all the seams. The skirts were full of little close knots of black satin ribbon, and the straight cuffs fell just on the fist. Over this she had a neck band of fine antique lace, cut before like a man's band, and ending in a point behind, which reached down to the middle of the back. She had besides a great gold chain on her shoulders, just like a collar of some order, and such another chain for her girdle. Her petticoat was short enough, and adorned below with gold fringe, and black bone lace. We had the pleasure to see this fair one dance with a senator in a great ruff: and I believe at *Japan*, there could not be found customs more different from ours, than those which we observed at this feast. I should never make an end, if I should undertake to describe all the other habits. But as fantastical as all the dresses might seem at first view, one might be easily accustomed to them; and every habit appears handsome and becoming, when the persons first wear them are of themselves beautiful and agreeable.

There are not more industrious people in the world, than the artificers of *Nuremberg*: some think they were the inventors of fire arms and gunpowder; others affirm, that powder was invented at *Chioggia*, in the state of *Venice*, and there are some who pretend that it came from *Denmark*. The diversity of opinions concerning the first invention of artillery, is no less remarkable and surprising than the controversy about the invention of printing. *John *Mendoza Gonzalez*, whom I had occasion to mention in one of my former letters, who wrote a History of

* Bishop of Lipari.

hina, whither he was * sent by hilip II., says, that if we may give redit to the common tradition and nals of that country, fire arms, and nsequently gunpowder, were in-nted by their first King, *Vitey*, om whom to the Emperor *Bouog*, ho possessed the throne in the time of *onzalez*, about the end of the last age, ey reckoned 243 princes who suc-eded one another in a direct line from ther to son. This author was too dicious to depend upon their ima-nary chronology; but without enter-g upon so intricate a controversy, seems to be convinced, that these ople were very early acquainted ith the use of artillery. *Tavernier* rites, that fire arms were invented the kingdom of *Asem*. It is ought, says he, that gunpowder id cannon were found out in the ngdom of *Asem*, from whence the vention was communicated to *Pegu*, id from thence to China, which is e reason why the invention is ually ascribed to the Chinese. eonard Ramoolf,† a Physician of *ugsburg*, who travelled in the eastern ountries, and seems to incline to *onzalez's* opinion, endeavours to ove, that gunpowder was known id used in the time of *Pliny*, ounding his conjecture, but I think, ithout any probability, on a pas-ge in that ancient author concern-g *Saltpetre*. And ‡Girolamo lla Corte, another chimerical con-cturer in this point, thinks he has ason to believe that *Scipio* found eat guns and carabins in Carthage, hen he § made himself master of at city. Count Galeazo Gualdo iorato,‖ says, that these machines ere invented, anno 1012, *Naucher* 1213. ¶ *Anthony Comazani*, in 330. ** *Cornelius Kemp*, in 1354, †† *James Gautier* or *Gaulterus*, in 365, 1380, and 1425, according to e several authors whom he cites. he most common opinion, which is llowed by Polydor, Virgil, Sabellicus, orcatel, Collemiccio, Camerarius, and me of the above mentioned authors, is that one Berthold Schwartz, a Franciscan friar, who was a lover of chemistry, was the author of this invention at Nuremberg, anno 1378. Others are of the same opinion, as to the time and place, but ascribe the invention to one *Constantia Aukelitzen*, a professed chemist; and *Anthony Camozani*, believes the place was *Cologn*. *Cornelius Kemp*, upon the authority of Sibast, Murster, and some others, pretends that *Cimossus*, King of *Friezland*, was the inventor of these machines. Some call the author of them, *Bertrand, the black*, and say that he invented gunpowder at *Chioggia*, in the state of *Venice*. But this seems to be only a mistake, occasioned by the resemblance of the names *Berthold* and *Bertrand*, and the signification of the surname *Schwartz*, which in the *German* tongue, signifies black. I leave you to judge, whether it is possible to reconcile so many opposite opinions; but if the controversy was to be decided betwixt the eastern and western part of the world, the pretensions of both might perhaps be easily justified; and though it should be allowed, that the oriental nations got the start of us in the invention of printing and gunpowder, we might still claim the honour of the same invention in Europe. For I see no reason why it may be supposed, that the same thought may enter into the mind of several persons, who had never the least communication with one another.

Great guns were first put into ships by the *Venetian* Admiral *Barbadigo*, and the famous *Bartholomew Coghone* was the first who brought artillery into the field. For before his time, the only use they made of these machines was to batter the walls of the towns. M. de *Fabert*, who lately published the history of the Dukes of *Burgundy*, assures us, that the first essay that was made of them was against the fortress of *Preux*.

All Europe is full of the little curiosities of *Nuremburg*. There are

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* An. 1580.
† In his Itinerarinne Orienta.
‡ In his History of Verona.
§ About the year of Rome, 808.
‖ In his account of the imperial and Hans Town.
¶ In the Life of Bar. Coghone.
** In his History of Friezland.
†† In his Chronology.

some of wood, of ivory, of alabaster, and even of paper and starch. Their houses are large and neat, and I believe there is not a ceiling in all the city, which is not accompanied with a very fine platfond of joiner's work. I cannot express the particular kindness they have for horns, for all their houses are full of them. They use every where hung up amongst pictures and other curious things. You often see in the finest chamber, a stag's or bull's head, with a magnificent pair of horns hanging from the ceiling, intended merely for ornament.

AN ELEGY.

The setting sun had mellow'd all the sky,
As sinking from the sight he dyed the west
With ruddy gold; while I laid musingly,
Beside a stream whose waters lulled to rest
The shades of even fell all calm and still,
And save the lowings of the distant herd,
That in soft echoes floated down the hill,
Nought was there which amid the silence stirred.

There where the stream emerged from round a hill,
And form'd a nook,—its waters flow'd so still
As scarce to stir:—intently I survey'd
The countless myriads that o'er it play'd.
Droves of live atoms, that in winding rounds,
And mystic mazes, danc'd full merrily;
Humming soft sleepy tunes, whose minute sounds
Could but be heard by fairies faintly;
While the full chorus on the human ear,
But made the stillness, yet more still appear.

There as they bounded gaily I could see
How some as they skimm'd o'er the water's face,
Their silken wings did wet unthinkingly;
And once entangled, ended was their race;
While others with exhaustion merely sunk,
And some with the full tide of pleasure drunk,
Seeming to lose all right discerning skill,
Dropp'd down, and lay with wings stretch'd out and still.

There could I also plain discern, so sly,
The scaly habitants that swum the brook;
All on the watch to seize the hapless fly
That did too near the waters surface stoop.
And, tho' vast swarms into the stream did fall,
Yet mark'd I not their numbers to grow less;
Still on the rest did dance, and sing withal,
Nor stopp'd, to look upon their mates' distress.

As there I lay, low bending o'er the stream,
Till musing made the fancy fondly dream,
Methought me, what was man! O, what his state!
Scarce more his being than this insect race!
Awhile, with hope and fancy all elate,
Bright sunshine animates his glowing face;
Buoyant he dances on bright pleasures' waves,
And in a tide of wild delusion bathes.

Yes man thy fate is like this airy tribe,
Since drawn too far by pleasure, oft thou 'rt wreck'd
Or else art lured unheedfully aside
Ere yet the wings of youthful speed are check'd.
But if thou miss, the perils set on life,
The same dull round of being tires thee;
And glad thou bid'st adieu to care and strife
Rejoic'd thy soul, from sorrow's bonds to free.

For soon as youth has ta'en away his flight
Anon comes care, and dashes hope away;
Experience chides, stern reason dulls delight,
And fancy gives to memory the sway.
Alas! thou only can'st be said to be,
O man! while yet life's spring-time thou canst boast,
Thy after life is strife, and misery,
Pain, woe, and all black sin's attendant host.

See! see! the fly, how careless gay he is,
Nor is disturb'd by how to live or die;
A little life—but then that life is bliss
He has;—then dies,—ah! dies unwittingly.
While thou, if 'tis thy fate still on to live,
Like the blind mole doth darkly grope along;
And pondering on the road, do pant and strive;
Sometimes perhaps aright, but oftentimes more wrong.

And when thou diest, is it not also true,
That thou wilt not from 'mong the groups be miss'd?
The world will still ring on, unheeding you;
Nor stop, to drop a tear on where you rest.
Yea when thou sinkest, doth not numbers wait
To feed upon thy fall, and glory in thy fate.

Then seeing this, doth not it thee become
To fix thy view upon a state more sure;
Inquire thee out, another, better home;
Where thou mayst rest, when bidden hence secure!
A life! where thou no more on pleasures past,
And cheating prospects, will be call'd to wail;
A life! whose being, shall for ever last,
Whose cruize of bliss shall never, never fail,
But still flow on when earth is swept away,
And sun and stars with age grow darken'd and decay.

L. W. W.

IMITATED FROM CATULLUS.

Dearest Lesbia! let me sip,
A thousand kisses from thy lip,
Careless of what remarks engage,
The sharp and captious tongue of age.
Suns set and rise again; but we
Shall sleep out an eternity
When we once set. Bestow, bestow,
Dear girl! a thousand kisses now
And let us so confirm the whole,
That no invidious selfish soul
May know the number given; and hate
The love he cannot imitate.

SH——.

LUTHER'S RING.

AN HISTORICAL TALE FROM THE GERMAN.

WHITSUNDAY, in the year 1551, was drawing to a close, as two travellers approached the Saxon village of Kösa. The evening rays of the sun shone milder and more delightfully upon the bright green of the woods and meadows, yet the warmth of the weather, and the length of their journey, had pretty well exhausted the strength and spirits of the wanderers.

The younger of the two was Justus Hergott, a son of the bookseller of that name in Leipsic; he had been educated hitherto by his maternal uncle, the famous professor and poet Eoban Hesse, of Erfurt, and was now sent by him, under the escort of his *famulus*, the honest Nicholas Pharetratus, to the new academy at Pforta, in order to prepare himself there for his future studies. The youth, though scarcely seventeen years of age, was of a noble appearance, and possessed a figure tall and commanding, combining the gracefulness and agility of youth, with the strength and vigour belonging to maturer years. His rich light-brown hair fell in smooth and natural ringlets upon his well-shaped shoulders; a flat sky-blue cap, decorated with a gold tassel, shaded a forehead finely vaulted, and a pair of dark but agreeable eyes; of a similar colour was his short German coat of broad cloth, upon which a fine and snow-white shirt collar fell from his bare and nervous neck; his right hand rested upon a trusty thorn, in which a short sword was concealed.

With light and hasty steps the youthful pedestrian descended the hill, and passed over the long bridge which crosses the Saal, while his companion, oppressed with the weight of a well-filled travelling bag, followed at a slacker pace, and with deep-drawn inspirations.

The first glance at Master Nicholas informed you of his office. The grave sallow countenance of a man of thirty, dry yet free from wrinkles; the meek half-closed eyes, the head somewhat inclined, and attached to a meagre body, all combined with the black thread-bare garb of a student, the low-flapped hat resting upon straight black hair, the dark blue stockings and thick-soled shoes, to announce a spiritual and corporeal servant, admirer and follower of the erudite college potentate.

Both of the wanderers, however, appeared to the poetical beholder like Psyche, who would fain flit away on silken pinions to the brighter regions of hope, were she not restrained and weighed down by the grosser particles of her earthly nature.

"See, Pharetratus, a resting place beckons us," said the youth, stopping an instant to wipe the perspiration from his brow, "and that shall be the limit of your escort; only a few steps farther, and we will drink farewell in a cup of wine, while I pay you my hearty thanks for your kindness and attention, which I hope one day to have it in my power to reward."

"As it pleaseth thee, my dear Justus," answered Nicholas, "though I think I had better bear thee company to this asylum of knowledge, as it is called, and make my reverence to the rector, Domino Melhorino, as well as bear him the greeting of my Illustrissimi et Doctissimi. My commission will then be fully and faithfully executed."

"No, no, Mr. Nicholas," returned Justus, briskly; "should I not be ashamed, think you, such a hale young fellow as I am, to be delivered safe into my master's hands, like a boy sent to school for the first time?"

"And should I not afford fine scope for the witticisms of the little *alumni*?"

"No, indeed; for that matter, I might very well have come the whole distance from Erfurt hither alone, but I respected my uncle's wish, and you willingly shared with me the fatigue and burthen of the journey."

"But may not a *casus malignus*, an accident perhaps——"

"How can it?" said the other, interrupting him. "From this place to Pforta can scarcely be half an hour's walk; I can easily carry my knapsack that distance. The Bible which it contains is a spiritual safeguard, and

he dirk in my stick, aided by my ittle skill in fencing, will protect me rom earthly molestation. Rest you while at the inn, and then return to Luthelsburg to take up your night's quarters; the Castillan is my uncle's riend, and you will find better accommodation there for your wearied imbs than the porter of the academy an offer you."

"As thou wilt, then, my dear young master," said Nicholas, perceiving at one glance the advantages of this arrangement; and they now apidly descended towards the little village, whose salt-works glittered far n the distance, overtopping a number of neat little huts, and leaning confidently on the beautiful hills beyond.

The nearer, however, our travellers approached the inn at the entrance of he village, the darker and more careportending grew the countenance of he young student, who had seldom passed the precincts of the University at Erfurt. Indeed the scene that was passing before them was little suited to Whitsunday. The shrill and noisy music of a band of people from the salt-mines assailed their ears, and bursts of laughter, curses, and shouts intermingled, accompanied the music. Upon a large sandy space, encircling a fine old oak, whose gigantic branches formed its roof, a dozen young soldiers were dancing the favorite and dangerous sabre dance. Sabres and swords were placed around in various fanciful forms, and at either end of the space allotted to the performance six short spears or javelins erected their triple-pointed crests.

The stout-hearted warriors, freed from the encumbrance of their boots and collars, moved about amidst the glittering blades, with naked feet and arms, in all the graceful evolutions of he waltz, and when arrived at the extremity of the ground, a dexterous eap over the spear heads must crown heir hazardous exploits. It was highly pleasing to observe with what skill and dexterity the bold and well-trained fellows avoided the danger which threatened them at every turn, without injury to the gracefulness of the movement; nevertheless, there sat at he foot of the oak two wounded men, one of whom, with a wry face, was binding up his bleeding arm, that had been pierced with a javelin, while the other suffered the lacerated calf of his substantial leg to bleed afresh, in order, by this affectation of indifference, to disarm the ridicule of the spectators, and to have it thought that he cared as little about his wound as he did about the fine which the laws of the dance obliged him to pay his comrades.

A number of the neighbouring country people were collected to witness the pastime: many a maiden among them, with a beating heart, especially at the critical moment when her favoured swain was preparing to take the leap of honor that might cost him his life.

"Is this Whitsunday in Christian Saxony?" whispered Nicholas, with inward wrath; "is it thus that the countrymen of the great Luther, celebrate the feast of Pentacost, when he has scarcely closed his eyes to behold the eternal land of recompense? Oh, did he but see this wickedness, this tempting of God, this abomination, how would his just indignation be kindled, and his wrath fall upon them like lightning from heaven! But he has gone hence too soon, and left his work unfinished."

Justus remained a silent spectator of the dances, and although he equally felt and abhorred the profanation of the holiday, yet there arose within him a feeling of satisfaction and delight, and he felt an interest for the bold and dexterous dancers, who reminded him of Rome's gladiators, and the Pythian ringfighters of Greece.

Nearer to the inn they found another party, but not a whit more piously disposed: it consisted of elderly soldiers, seated at a long oaken table, with white jugs before them, playing at landsknecht, with a dirty tattered pack of cards. Close to the house door, at a small table, on which a flask of red Naumburger and a green goblet were pompously displayed, a stripling of a cornet lounged and lolled in an arm-chair, amusing himself with the servant of the inn, who would gladly have withdrawn from his grasp, to be a nearer spectator of the dance; and a little on one side, on the declivity of the hill, were two Jagers, bivouacing in the grass, under the hornbeams; one of whom, apparently lulled to sleep by the harmony of the music and accompaniments before described, lay extended at full length upon the ground; while his comrade,

[illegible] and his wife upon the short duties and the solemn ceremonies of the soldiers, and the peasants with a mixture of awe, as the sound time that he listened, with the attention of a boy, to the discourse of the corporal at the table.

"Hollo! what have we here?" exclaimed one of the cavalry soldiers as our travellers approached; "as I live, a couple of your black-coated gentry, parsons or collegians, come to complete our party."

"Silence, you jackanapes," cried an elderly corporal. "They are from Wittenburg or Erfurt, whence our salvation went out, and belong to the troops of the Gospel, whom it behoveth every good soldier to respect as life-guards of the King of Kings. Come this way, gentlemen." And so saying he made room for them at the end of the tables, where the sojourners seated themselves with confidence near their champion.

"A supper meal for us, good hostess!" cried Justus, in his silver tones; and the old lady immediately echoed his orders to her servant, with "Quick, Kate, and attend these civil gentlemen!"

Kate, hastily disengaging herself from the tender cornet, soon placed before them a plate of delicious white bread, with sausages, and then drank to Justus out of the pewter jug, curtseying as she pronounced her "Prosit!"

"Ha! ha! look at the young baggage," exclaimed the corporal of the guard, laughing. "You've good eyes in your head, young woman, only they are a little too expressive and too apt to fix upon a pretty fellow. You forget, in your complaisance to this youth, that the honour you have just paid him is due to the senior, to his father, first."

The girl blushed down to her finger nails, and the cornet made a sort of sighing face, stretched himself in his chair, and then rose to indulge his curiosity by staring at the strangers with gentlemanly impudence. Master Nicholas, however, having fortified himself with a copious draught out of the pewter, took up the thread of the discourse, and replied in a tone of modesty. "Many thanks for your good opinion of me, honest cuirassier, but, however, you do me too much honor, for I am but a plain, studious, and a faithful [illegible] while the [illegible] of my young companions [illegible] noble [illegible], wielding in [illegible] and [illegible] Of very good family!" said the cornet, mocking him, and blowing with both his elbows upon the table. "Believe it not, brother student. Would so, he would wear riding boots, and a leather bonnet, or a helmet, in lieu of that blue night cap, and instead of traversing the country with a culpeo on his shoulders, like a bourgeois, he would gird a sword about his loins, and fight for his country and his prince."

Justus cast a burning look at the impertinent coxcomb, then let his eye fall upon his plate, and hastily thrust a piece of bread into his mouth. But Nicholas preserved his temper, and answered with great gravity as follows:—"With permission, Sir! it is not always that one can call noble families good and honourable; and many a private family, without a coat of arms, is yet truly noble. Thus hath the grandfather of my young friend, Herman Hergott, done more, probably, for the Faith, and therefore for his country and his prince, than any nobleman in Saxony; for, in the year of our Lord 1524, he was condemned to death by the cruel Duke George, for printing and selling the excellent books of Doctor Luther, and which bloody judgment was executed with the sword at Leipzic."

"Oh, gracious God! what a cruel fate!" exclaimed the hostess, and all looked with compassion on the handsome descendant of the brave martyr, who passed his hand across his eyes in silence, to brush away the tear that had started into them.

"If he be of so good a stock, the youth will make a gallant soldier," rejoined one of the cuirassiers. "Stay with us!" he added; "you are going, doubtless, to the school yonder in the valley; but, believe me, a helmet and a cuirass would become you far better than their odd-looking bonnets with its coloured ribbons and that short black jacket. There is nothing but drudgery in that old owl's nest, I was born there! Do you still [illegible] make a better choice! By the devil, you seem to have been intended for something better than a book-worm!" The honest enthusiast spoke this so heartily, and shook Justus by the hand

a manifestly a natural child, he said to the boots as cold water moistened the dry leaves of the faithful Nicholas.

"For God's sake, follow them, pot!" cried he, half aloud, and then continued with emphasis, addressing the soldiers—"Gentlemen, don your helmets and your cuirass, a fast hold against the machinations of the evil one!" At the same time he pointed with his finger to the bag, where lay a quarto bible, bound in black, and strengthened and fastened with clamps and clasps of brass.

"That there?" asked the corporal.

"It is the Holy Gospel, according to Luther's translation," continued Nicholas, "and moreover a rare and invaluable copy, a token of remembrance out of the doctor's own library. See, here stand his arms in brass—a cross, a heart, and a rose; and on the reverse side are those of Professor Eobanus Hessius, my illustrious master—a swan, pouring forth his song to heaven."

"Ridiculous stuff!" cried the cornet; "such arms as those are not recognised at any court, or regarded in any lists. And what are the four Evangelists to me? unless, indeed, they were so many fat manors." With this he turned his back upon them, in a style of courtly politeness, and sprang after Kate, who was just going down into the cellar.

"But pray tell me, most learned doctor," said one of the two huntsmen before mentioned, who had now approached the table, "since you know so much, how you reconcile these inconsistencies. You boast that the new faith hath purified and exalted all things; and yet the same faith permits that holy book, which was wont to be preserved with the utmost reverence in the most sacred places, to be carried about the public highways, and sold in the common market place."

Phrentanus looked up with astonishment at the man, whose discourse strayed so much above his station, and no little consistent with the roughness of his exterior, and answered, in a drawling tone—"Do men place the candle under a candlestick, or under a bushel?"

"You have not been at church for many a day," added the corporal, "or the minister would have explained to you the chief point of discussion betwixt the emperor and the country, and you might have let alone such Popish questions."

"It needs no person, with his idle prating, to decide which of us be most faithfully attached to the *right* church," retorted the staunch forester; "and, boast as you will of your Lutheranism, I doubt if it be yet quite as you pretend, here under your sash. Your Prince Moritz, however, supported the emperor against the followers of that runaway Augustan friar, and against his own brave cousin; and deprived the gallant John Frederic of his land and freedom at the forest of Lochaw. Truly, an example of faith and friendship that would have shivered the conscience of one of us to atoms."

"Respect our gracious Elector!" thundered the corporal, rising, and striking the table with his clenched fist. "What business has a poacher with the affairs of princes and of soldiers?"

"Poacher!" bawled the fellow, choaking with rage; "I am assistant to the Royal Ranger at Pforta, but you belong to those who themselves abuse and vilify the founder of their false creed—who subsist by plunder and extortion—who gamble away their wages of sin, and slaughter, then rant, sack and pillage the houses of the gentry and the peasants, maltreating men, women and children, and finish their infamous career by going to hell for lustful and abominable heretics as they are!"

With dreadful imprecations the whole troop now rushed upon the abusive huntsman, and seized him by the collar and the arms, but not without a stout resistance on his part. His drunken comrade in the grass was awakened by the tumult, and seeing his fellow in danger, discharged his piece at the crowd, but, luckily, with an unsteady hand. The soldiers rushed to their arms. At the same instant the colonel came riding up, and his authoritative voice dispersed the mob as quickly as if a bomb-shell had fallen in the midst. The cuirassiers remained transfixed, like statues, with their hands to their helmets, the country people and the women scampered away to their houses, the two foresters skulked back to the thicket, and the colonel, having thus restored tranquillity, turned his horse and galloped away.

Our travellers had chosen that prudent moment to make their escape at the commencement of the fifty-and-three-week new striding manfully down the hill together, when Justus, reminding his companion that the day was fast waning away, insisted upon his turning back. "Greet my uncle and all my friends," said he, "and God be with you, Nicholas."

"And with thee," sighed the latter, while a painful emotion gave a darker shade to his sallow, gloomy countenance. "Forget not humility and piety; forget not thy brave ancestor, and, like him, follow no council but the voice of God in your breast, and his word in your Bible." The liquid tear startled into the youth's eye as he listened to the affectionate exhortation of his faithful adherent. He threw his knapsack across his shoulder, in painful haste pressed once more Pfarrstatus's large and bony hand, and parted from him with hurried steps.

The projection of the verdant hill soon concealed him from the view of Nicholas, who had remained transfixed to the spot where they separated, with arms crossed, and with eyes eagerly following the youth's progress. Justus also now stood still, and heaving a deep sigh from the bottom of his heart, seated himself on a mossy bank, amidst wild roses and slow bushes. He looked down into the valley that was now to become his home, and sought consolation from the beauty and freshness of nature under the painful emotions and apprehensions that filled his breast; and nature did not deny him her soothing balsam: a paradise opened before him, and, as impressions are most easily effaced from the mind of youth, so he forgot more and more with every look at the delightful scene the pangs of the last moments. Corn fields and light tracts of meadow land alternated their varied greens, delighting the eye. Like a band of silver encircling a robe of green velvet, the glittering Saal intersected the lovely plain, enclosed by gently rising mountains. Yonder lay Pforta before him at the foot of the green hill, adorned with old oaks and friendly copsewood. The old Gothic church, with its lofty spire, stood proudly pre-eminent; and fruit trees in full blossom, together with a row of dusky limes, partly concealed the ancient grey walls of what was formerly a monastery. White villages glanced deeper in the valley, gothic towers and fragments of buildings benighted the distant heights; and farthest of all was seen the gilded cupola of the cathedral church of Naumburg, sparkling in the descending sun-beams.

The youth could not sufficiently admire the grandeur of the prospect, while the melodious songs of the linnets and goldfinches in the bushes, the plaintive notes of a nightingale, and the faint echo of distant hunters in the woods behind him, all combined to sink his soul into one of those poetical day-dreams that are amongst the most pleasurable sensations of which the mind of youth, in all the ardour of its feelings, is susceptible. He had been long sitting thus, lost in a world of his own creation, and had scarcely remarked the sun's decline towards the horizon, and the gigantic shadows cast by the trees, when he was suddenly roused by a violent rustling among the hazel bushes, and immediately a noble stag rushed past him, and flew with the rapidity of lightning down the glen, while, at the same instant of time, a shot fell so near him, that he started away out of terror, and crouched down, covering his face with both his hands, to look of the smoke of the powder.

"Holy Mother of God!" exclaimed a fine silver-toned voice near him, and a soft hand gently touched his curly head, left bare by the falling off of his little cap. He raised his eyes, and his second surprise tied his tongue more powerfully than the first. A lady stood beside him, just blooming like the Centifole of the season. Her reckoning fowling-piece was in her hand. Her auburn tresses, escaping from under her green hat, fell carelessly upon her ivory neck; a green hunting boddice, or spencer, tastefully trimmed with fine fitch fur, covered without concealing the perfect contour of her bust; a short black petticoat shrouded the rest of her figure, and her little foot pressed a green boot, fastened with a lace of gold.

"Good heavens! are you wounded?" inquired the perplexed and terrified Diana, taking his hand as he stared at her without moving a limb.

The anxiety depicted in the countenance of the lovely unknown awakened his feelings. "No; I know not!

feel nothing!" answered the youth as he raised himself from the ground, regaining possession of the hand, which the lady did not offer to withdraw. Thus they stood facing each other for the space of a minute, in which the youth's admiring gaze pressed her looks to the earth, and covered her beaming cheeks with a deeper crimson. A loud hollo in the thicket disturbed this singular *tête-à-tête*. "Hurra! he's hit!" exclaimed a sonorous bass voice; "a good shot by Jupiter! yet it has only brushed him, so hand me the knife to give him the finishing touch, or he'll be up and away again. Celestina! where the devil is the girl hiding herself?" With these words a middle-aged gentlemanly looking man, in a hunting-dress, advanced from behind the hawthorn bushes, and stopt, struck with amazement as he beheld the extraordinary group. He made in truth a peculiar grimace, that does not exactly testify either joy or satisfaction; however, Celestina turned briskly round and said, "You see, cousin, how dangerous this cruel pastime is, to which you are for ever inviting me, and which I learnt and participate in merely to please you. My ball passed close to the stranger's head, and his face is scorched by the powder."

"Well, that's no great matter; and what does he do skulking among the bushes when he hears the horns and the hounds?" returned the huntsman, with perfect composure.

"But my dear cousin, I am terrified. I tell you, and I hold the secret so deeply bought with such a fright," retorted the lady pettishly, and in a half concealed humour; "besides, I might have killed a fellow-creature, and if I had, the sin would have been upon you, for it's always your fault."

"Nonsense," replied he carelessly; "you loaded with no infernal free-bullets,* and I have taught you to hit the right mark."

"Take up the game, Hildebrand," said he to the servant, who now came up, and then, turning to Justus, he added, "you are going to Porta, young man, your dress tells me so; you can go with us; I am ranger there." So saying he threw his gun across his shoulder, and, after giving some orders about the dogs, that came crouching at his feet, walked on briskly across the field towards the road. The young people followed, and the lady, by her friendly and familiar manner, soon restored Justus to his wonted composure; he readily answered her confiding and artless inquiries relative to his name and destination, and they separated on friendly terms at the place where a bye-path, striking off from the high road, leads up the mountain side to the ranger's house, while the latter conducts the traveller to the noble gates of the College, within which the new alumnus was received and welcomed by a goodly copper-nosed porter.

(To be continued.)

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* Free-bullet—This term requires explanation. Free-kugel, signifies a ball destined by fate, or the devil, to hit a certain object and which it must do, though discharged from a piece pointed in a direction diametrically opposite to the object. It is upon a similar idea that the Opera of "Der Freischutz," which has made so much noise in Germany, is founded.

A FRAGMENT.

Not many a grave's-length from the flint-hewn tower,
There is an aged elm, under whose boughs,
Of most heart shadowing umbrage, I have stood,
And watch'd the rosy twilight kindling up
The spectral tombs into such life of lustre,
That, could their dead but bask in it—why, 'twould
But make them show more deathly. Yet 'twas soothing
To see that glow, and heighten'd as it was
By the reflection of a clear brook's mirror
Which caught it as it came, and sped it on
With tenfold store of brilliance,—like a palmer
Sent from some peasant's hospitable hut

Laden afresh with all good things of seed,
Turn anything more light, like that so honor
The buried of past years; gilding the cold
Roofs of their voiceless and unvisited houses,
And scattering o'er them, if not flowers, yet hues
Heav'nlier than ever blush'd on a grave stem.

There is a silvery blue, too pale for azure,
Yet warmer than bare white,—such as plays off
A warrior's helm by moonlight; or an eye
That *I* know well, by *any* light,—and streaks
Of that same tint cerulean lay around
And over the warm west, touching the tree tops—
Whose mellow sparness had been too like sunset
To be chang'd by it, or, perchance, too near
Akin with it in dye to be quite mingled—
Touching them into such a holiness
Of beam and hue, that I half thought to find
Some angel wings of Eden settling on them.

That eve, I linger'd in the slumb'rous gloom
Of the still branches, and the sainted tower—
Both were so near, I saw not *which* it was,
That flung the soft veil over me—and long
I let the twilight, as it stole through and under
The blackening foliage, melt into my soul,
Till, in the sweet intoxication, I
Half deem'd myself a spirit of the hour;
Born to no other life than *with* it, hoping
No lovelier sleep than under its faint smile.
Yet, ever and anon, the dull, dead, beating
Of a huge bell, that seem'd at every stroke
To drive the last breath out of that old grey turret,
Fell tardily on my ear, as though the hands
That woke its deafening echo grudged their toil
Only to thunder forth another triumph
Of the gaunt grave over their fellow clay.
Still, the full harmony of my thoughts o'ercame
That melancholy discord; it is wondrous,
How, when the feelings are imbued with calm
And holy resignation, they can shed
Their own celestial colour o'er the darkest
And most appalling shapes that flit across
Fancy's enchanted circle!—and even *then*,
While the dim walls above me shook, as 'twere
With the grim laugh of death o'er a new victim,
I dwelt not on the terrors of the tomb,
Its worms, its wasting, and the ghastly refuse
Long left untouch'd, as neither flesh nor spirit;
But my mind's eye softly, though mournfully,
Rested—as on a dark scene's mild perspective—
Upon the grief of hearts unknown to me,
Save that I knew there must be *some* which those
Rude sounds would grate most harshly on; I thought
Of young love now first parted from its idol,
Or, haply, after days and years of vain
Dissension, now at vainly hurrying back
To drop its burning tear on a dead cheek,
And lay its penitent breast on one that makes
No answer to each throb of agony.

B.

ANSWER FROM A GAS LIGHT TO AN OLD LAMP.

"Out, out, brief candle."

SHAKSPEARE.

DEAR BROTHER,

I SHOULD have passed you by unnoticed, and have allowed you to sink into nothing, as the day-star does all minor luminaries, had you not presumptuously demanded an answer and dared me to the combat; I shall therefore say a few words, in reply, and then leave you to evaporate in your old unsavoury way. You have long been *going out* of fashion as well as *out of* date, and now your poor old dim is like the optics of age, hazed with drink and clouded by obsolete prejudice. You put me in mind of a set of weak beings who dread the diffusion of science and improvement amongst freemen, such as would never trust themselves to a steam-boat, nor subscribe to a Sunday-school, who would stint the intellects and stomachs of the lower orders, lest they should outshine their own darkness, or grow dampered by prosperity; your aged bachelors and wrinkled spinsters who think that learning makes *folks* wicked, and that boldness of invention and genius is a great sin; superannuated simpletons, who tell you that it would be better and safer if plebeians could neither read nor write; or, at all events, that the poorest and most degraded by their offices ought to be kept in total, unalterable obscurity, lest they should attempt to soar above their abject state and ambition, or be on a level with their betters; but pray, friend twinkler, who are our betters? the justice, the parson, the mayor, knight, or squire? or the wise and great, be their station what it may? That light of reason, which engenders freedom of thought and of speech, which directs the pen to censure oppression and abuses, and addresses itself to the throne as well as to the people, is of eagle flight, and could not be pent up in a narrow lantern like you, with scarce a peep hole to inhale the cold breeze, and with a little paltry case about you just enough to shew your paucity of brightness. The present age is that of improvement, superannuation cannot aspire at such a height, but must try to look big amongst the cobwebs and confinement of dark ages, and of darker imaginations, on which inventive and creative fancy never deigned to smile; narrow streets and narrow ways, suit things of your capacity, where a little ignited spark goes a great way, but where a modern *spark* would never go at all; extensive paths and broad avenues become our illuminations; you poke about the city in holes and corners, we shine upon the king's high-way, and light his people to the growing suburbs of the enlightened capital of a free, thinking nation: custom and habit are nothing to us; you are clothed in demi-darkness, we in full light; the watchmen and you nod together, until morning peeps, we keep all alive, and merry until we make place for our master Phœbus. We lend our aid to the graces and the muses, who fly about the town, until his return, whilst you ought to be confined to the old *mewses* of Westminster and Bloomsbury, and ought never to shew your face in a square, or at a nobleman's door. With what duty and loyalty we attend upon our Sovereign at Carlton Palace; making it appear like that of the sun in Ovid's description, "Regia Solis erat, sublimibus alta columnis, Clara micante auro," etc. whilst you serve to bring to the mind the darkness *visible*, in Milton's picture of the lower regions, h—lish bad indeed! "A one eyed man is a king amongst the blind," says an old French proverb, so were you in your time, but kings and lights, capitals and candles are very different in our enlightened age: what lights there were in ancient Greece, (I do not allude to *your* old grease, so don't mistake me) in their golden age, now the *greasy* Turks would extinguish them quite if they could, but the flame of liberty is not thus to be quenched, if subdued for a while, it will rise again to life and light. Tumultuous yields to numbers, but its spirit will only go out with time itself, which is deserting you, *your* time being past. Cease then

E. M. November, 1824.

thou *bone-y* figure of midnight to rival us, thou pigmy atom of refulgence, thou winker at crimes, and connivер at escapes and mistakes, thou convenience to age and ugliness, by whose *clear obscure* a hag might be mistaken for a Venus, carmine might be passed off for the healthful blush of twenty; seams and pits of the small pox might impose upon the beholder for the *lines* of beauty and fine *marked* features; thou art to light, what cant and humbug are to learning; what the old cauliflower wig was in its day; what *we* are in reviews; what magisterial importance devoid of sense and sympathy is; what quacks are who pretend to cure by *simples;* those who are simple enough to believe them; what a heavy coach is to a light one, or a wheelbarrow to a velocipede; thou art, finally, what a little learning (which is most clearly a little light) is in a thick head, belonging to a gloomy body, all distance and importance. It is delightful for us to make our *reflections* on the last few years, since lamp light *went out* of fashion, on the bright and brilliant advances of glory, science, learning and invention. A glorious and brilliant termination of a war; a glorious peace which makes us shine to all Europe; the commencement of a bright and glorious reign, which we hope to witness for an immense duration of time. With peace, the arts and sciences, commerce, trade, and growing improvements have brightened up, the town is daily extending; under our lights, architecture is becoming more and more *splendid* every day, and is not blinked upon after set of [illegible] by oil and cotton, but finds benefit from our aid. When the orb of day takes its leave of dandies and *elegantes*, commencing their evening exercise before dinner, just take one view of us from Carlton Palace to the Regent Park, what a flash we cut! we surround the bright star of Brunswick, facing a fire-office, we then take a majestic sweep, giving effect to pillars and to pilasters, and to all the orders of architecture, how noble is the space betwixt our upright bodies bearing lights in our heads, just as great men ought to do, whilst you hang down your diminished nob from a lamp post of clumsy structure, and revive the remembrance of Tyburn and of French revolutionary ferocity, when "*à la lanterne!*"* was the order of the day and night. I shall take my leave of you by drawing your picture: you are dim in your views, because your light is small; you are wedded to old fashion and prejudice, because you have so much wood about you; just like those who are stubborn in ignorance, your attitude is inelegant, and your form is no more in vogue; with this, fare thee well; expect in time to be driven out of town entirely, nor can I conceive any use to which thou canst be turned, unless it be to have thy lamp *hung* up at the temple of Dulness, and thy post to be burned by the inquisition in Spain, together with its racks, wheels, gags, thumb-screws, &c. &c. and lastly, to set fire to itself, and all to burn out together: thus augurs a child of light.

GAS, BRIGHT, AND CO.

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* By bone-y is *not* meant Bonny, that would be a misnomer indeed, *bone-y* implies the substance from which the oil is extracted, and with which the modicum of cotton is impregnated which sufficed for the views of our ancestors; ours are more enlarged.

† We never can think on those horrid times without recollecting the intrepidity and wit of the Abbé Maury, (afterwards a Cardinal) the populace having seized him as an aristocrat, and one of the *high clergy*, they exclaimed, "à la Lanterne," to which he calmly replied, "Eh bien mes amis, et quand vous m'y aura mis la y verrez vous plus claire?" Well, my friends, and when you have hung me there, will you see more clearly? This piece of wit saved his life.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

HAVING observed the article in the last number of your miscellany respecting the New College of Virginia, I am happy in affording you the following information, derived from original and authentic sources.

The University of Virginia is as well endowed as any college in Europe, its revenues arising not only from large donations which have been made by wealthy and liberal minded persons, but also from confiscated and escheated property, military fines, &c., which are exclusively applied to the purposes of education, every branch of literature, and the whole range of the sciences, are to be taught in the college, and amongst others the science of governing a free and independent nation. Theology alone is excluded, a private establishment having been founded for the education of those persons who are desirous of devoting themselves to clerical functions. Dr. George Blæterman, whose physiological attainments and acquaintance with the literature of modern Europe is well known, was the first professor nominated. It is three years since he was informed by the ambassador, Mr. Rush, from the United States, that the professor's chair for modern languages would be offered for his acceptance; the fame of his acquirements in literature and science, his personal virtues, and urbanity of manners, having extended beyond the Atlantic, and the unsophisticated simplicity of character, for which he is peculiarly remarkable, being calculated deeply to impress the minds of those who were once personally acquainted with him. Several other gentlemen of high attainments from the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Edinburgh, have been appointed to fill the different chairs in the New College,* who are proceeding to Virginia, to irradiate the western hemisphere with the splendour of European acquirements. The writer is unacquainted with their names. Two of the gentlemen on being nominated hastened to lead two accomplished ladies to the hymeneal altar.

From personal knowledge of Dr. George Blæterman, it is not possible with justice to withhold this testimony of respect to the University of Virginia, in the nomination of an individual whose virtues endear him to the heart, and whose attainments excite the respect of all who are capable of estimating merit and of appreciating talent. Dr. Blæterman was born in a little town in Saxony, he received his education in Leipsic, and afterwards resided for improvement in the sciences in almost every capital in Europe. The French emperor, who knew how to select and appreciate talent, gave him an appointment. He has since resided for eleven years in London, whence he recently departed with his amiable and excellent partner, to diffuse the lustre of their virtues over the new world, bearing with them the respect and esteem of all who had the happiness of their acquaintance, and the admiration and veneration of those who have been benefited by their instructions, their benevolence, and their example.

ARIETTA.

London, October 11, 1824.

* The College is situated at Charlottes-ville, in Virginia.

JACOBITE POETRY.

TO THE LAST OF THE STUARTS.

O, LAST of that majestic line,
Whom loyal bosoms still revere,
In heaven thy spirit scarce can shine,
More pure exalted and divine
Than in its earthly sojourn here.

If o'er thy tomb we weep in vain,
Our grief is so unbought and free,
As worlds combined could not obtain,
And mightiest Kings might sigh to gain
The holy tears that fall for thee.

What though to fill thy rightful throne,
Thou wert by adverse fate denied
Monarch of faithful hearts alone,
A nobler homage was thine own
Than ever honoured sceptred pride.

The secret prayer for thee that flowed,
When knees, unbidden, bowed to heaven,
The proud allegiance fondly vowed,
When generous breasts in concert glowed,
And loyal toasts were boldly given.

As saints and sages lived of old,
Thy calm and holy days were spent,
When history's records are unrolled,
No crime of thine can e'er be told,
For all thy paths were heaven-ward bent.

Thou would'st not that a single tear,
In cause of thine should ever flow,
And deemed'st through scenes of discord drear,
E'en England would be bought too dear
By kindred hearts, its blood laid low.

What, though an exile from the land,
O'er which thy royal fathers reigned,
(Whose sceptre should have graced thy hand)
And where they stretched their wide command,
To thee not e'en a grave remained.

In realms of bliss divine and fair,
Thou art in pity looking down
On regal woe, and regal care,
Rejoicing thou wert doom'd to wear,
A heavenly, not an earthly crown.

A. S.

TRANSLATION OF PETRARCA'S SONNET.

"S' Amor non è, che dunque è quil ch'io sento?"

What is it that I feel if 'tis not love?
But it is love, by heaven!—What may that be
If good—whence these sad pains which mortals prove?
If evil—why so sweet its power on me?
What mean these sighs, if 'tis my pleasure still
To bear this woe?—If not—what avails it to lament,
Oh! living death! Oh! most delightful ill!
How can you be in me without my own consent?
And if to bear this outrage I agree,
My fragile bark midst adverse gales I find,
Without a helm on some tempestuous sea,
So tost in doubt and fear my troubled mind,
Scarce what I hope or wish myself I know,
And freeze in summer's heat, and burn midst winter snow.

A. S.

ORIGIN OF THE INTEREST WHICH IS TAKEN BY MANKIND IN FICTITIOUS REPRESENTATIONS.

It is well known, that in all ages and nations, when men have made such advances in civilization as to allow them to pay some attention to intellectual pursuits, they have uniformly manifested a disposition to seek for pleasure in the invention of fable, or in listening to the inventions of others. The more general diffusion of education which characterizes modern times, and the increased facility with which, since the invention of printing, literary productions have been circulated—have been followed by a correspondent avidity for works of fiction—and have placed them in the hands of all classes of the community.

To them the studious resort as a quiet and soothing means of diverting their thoughts from the objects of their principal attention; the idle and the gay, seek in them a relief from the dulness and vacuity of their ordinary existence: and in them those who are engaged in active life, find a relaxation from the cares of business, which is always at hand, and always accessible, without any extraordinary exertion of mind.

It is certainly desirable to understand, as far as may be in our power, the cause of this general eagerness for fictitious representations. Its universal prevalence is a sufficient proof, that it depends on no local or accidental circumstances, but has its foundation in the very nature of man. By tracing it to its source, some important addition may be made to our knowledge of the human mind.

It is not intended to account for the interest we feel in the concerns and fate of others, and in *true* representations of these matters—but to point out the cause of our feeling a similar interest for personages whom we know to be the fiction of the poet, or the novelist; and in the perusal of a series of events which we are certain never happened.

The interest communicated by a true narrative, is sufficiently well accounted for by referring it to the principle which we call sympathy. Our capacity of feeling this interest, or sympathy for fictitious characters, depends on that power of the mind which we call imagination.

We are not at all concerned here with the question which still continues to divide philosophers, with respect to the nature of the imagination itself. Whether we regard it as a primary faculty of the mind, or as resolvable into other faculties, its *offices* are in either case the same, and with these only has our present inquiry any connection.

A little consideration will enable us to trace the operations of this faculty from the most simple instances, to that which we have undertaken on this occasion to investigate.

All will allow, because all must have experienced, that we have the power of forming in our minds the idea of any possible event as happening to ourselves, or as we usually express it, that we can imagine such an occurrence to take place; and it is equally obvious, that if we suffer the idea of any such events, or succession of events, to take possession of our minds, it will excite feelings in some degree similar to those which would be occasioned by the confident expectation, or actual occurrence of the things themselves. Let any one for a moment suppose himself elevated to the highest honors, and put in possession of the most abundant riches, or on the other hand, depressed to the most wretched and miserable condition; he will immediately perceive that he cannot figure to himself the possibility of such events, without entertaining feelings in some measure correspondent with them.

In the same manner, we can very readily imagine any person with whom we are acquainted, or of whom we have heard, to pass through a series of circumstances, prosperous, or adverse. And if we dwell upon such a train of fancies, they will affect us with emotions, the same in kind with those we feel in contemplating actual prosperity or adversity, though differing from them in degree.

Nor does the power of imagination stop here. By its aid we are enabled to select and combine at pleasure any of those bodily or mental qualities

that exist in the objects with which we have been conversant, and thus to form conceptions of a variety of beings, which are, in fact, creatures of the imagination, existing nowhere else. We may likewise suppose these ideal beings to be in various situations; may involve them in difficulties, estimate the effect of those circumstances on the character which we have assigned to each; and thus conduct them through a long succession of events to whatever result is most agreeable to ourselves. In doing all this, it is scarcely possible to avoid feeling an interest for the personages whom we have thus called into ideal existence. We enter into their situation, we approve of or we censure their characters, follow their course with eager anxiety, and witness its close with pleasure or regret. We can communicate to *others* the ideas which we have thus formed in our own minds. Whether this be done by oral, or by written communication, in the dramatic, the poetic, or the narrative form;—in every case we have a fictitious representation. And in every case the interest produced is to be referred to the power of imagination as its primary cause.

It must be observed, however, that in all these operations of the imaginative faculty—and in every other of which it is capable—it is by no means exercised independently of the influence of judgment. If I give myself up to the power of imagination, and sketch out any number of ideal characters, with their appropriate circumstances, I shall involuntarily conceive of them as acting in accordance with the character and situation which I have assigned to each. And if I attempt to deviate from this rational consistency, the task will become irksome, and even disgusting.

The view which we have taken of the cause to which our interest in fictitious representations ought to be ascribed, will be confirmed and illustrated, by considering the qualities which are necessary to make these representations interesting.

Works of fancy of every description, may be completely fictitious as far as regards the series of events. We enter upon the perusal of them, perfectly aware that the author never intended to give a narrative of occurrences which have actually taken place in the order in which they are related. He professes, and he expects nothing of the kind. In the choice of characters too, the poet, the dramatist, or the novelist is at liberty to exercise his inventive powers. He may select as he pleases from the moral and intellectual qualities which are found among men; and by a happy combination of excellencies may present to us characters of perfect and exalted excellence, who, like the breathing marbles of the Grecian sculptor, are altogether human, but resemble them also in having the exact archetype in nature. Nor is this the extent of his privileges. If he be gifted in an unusual degree with "the vision, and the faculty divine," it is permitted to him to lift the mysterious veil which hides from our view intelligences of a higher order, and of greater powers; and to snatch a hasty glance of the wonders of the unseen world. "In some unhappy favoured of the muse," he may be lifted above the dull realities of ordinary life to a region which commands a wider field of observation, and where he breathes a purer air. He may unite all the loveliness and purity of which humanity is capable, with an exemption from human frailty and the possession of amazing and supernatural powers; or he may present to us the same greatness and might in beings of a dark and malevolent aspect, terrible in their approach, and destructive in their visitations.

Yet with this extensive range for the inventive powers, there are still limits which he who writes under the guidance of an enlightened intellect, and under the impulse of the feelings of humanity will not attempt to pass. If they be passed, the author places himself beyond the sympathy of mankind.

In the assignment of causes to the events of his story—in accounting for the formation of character, and exhibiting the influence of motives—the writer cannot interest us, unless he adhere to the principles which are universally and intuitively acknowledged as the foundation of conduct in intelligent beings. If this rule be violated, and our attention be called up to the affairs of a set who act without any assignable motives, we are disgusted, and have no inducement to attend to their conduct or their fate.

In whatever flights the imagination of the author may indulge itself, however far his characters may be exalted above, or depressed below humanity, they must still have some qualities analogous to those which exist in human bosoms. The structure which he erects may rear its head to the clouds, but its materials are of the earth, and its foundation must be laid there also. These characters, too, must be represented consistently; their performances and condition must correspond to the powers and attributes which are ascribed to them. Our own epic poet, "whose genius soared beyond the confines of this nether world," may furnish us with an instance both of the observance and the breach of this rule. Even when it was his object to personify the very principle of evil, he did not choose to depict a character utterly destitute of claims on the interest and sympathy of man. Beside the remaining splendour of him who was still not less than archangel ruined, and the excess of glory obscured, he is conspicuous for dauntless courage and unshaken fidelity to the followers of his crime, and the sharers in his ruin; for their disaster, the tears which his own had not occasioned, were wrung from him; and even when he beheld the intended victims of his deliberate malice, the contemplation of their innocent and happy intercourse, for a moment at least, disarmed him of his evil purpose. On the other hand, when we are told that the spirits who met each other in fierce combat on the plains of heaven were wounded, thrown down, incumbered by their armour, and pent up within it, the inconsistency of attributing the infirmities of matter to spiritual beings is immediately perceived to be a blemish on the nobler work in which it is found. It is well for the fame of Milton, and for the world, that the fault we have ventured to notice affects but a trifling portion of his great work, while his general management of supernatural characters gives to it one of its principal charms.

It may then be clearly seen that the imagination is the faculty which qualifies us for taking an interest in works of fiction. It is the peculiar and exclusive privilege of the imagination to wander in the *regions of possibility*. Fictitious representations are, by their very name, opposed to actual events; yet the imagination, in her wildest career, does not lose sight of the nature and connection of things. Works of fiction are interesting no longer than they observe the same regard to essential truth and propriety.

It is not to be understood, however, that the operation of this power alone will account for all the difference which there is between the interest excited by the relation of truth, and that which a fictitious narrative occasions. There are other circumstances which will suggest themselves to every one who considers the subject. It may be sufficient, therefore, to observe, that while fiction wants that peculiar charm which attends a perfect conviction of the truth of an interesting narrative, it is generally more than compensated, in point of interest, by the greater impressiveness which may be attained, when the selection of incidents is left to the will of the writer, by the more complete unity of design which the same circumstance affords an opportunity of maintaining, and by the pleasure which we derive from observing the skill and ingenuity of the author.

If the perusal of works of fiction be calculated, in a peculiar degree, to stimulate, and bring into exercise the imagination, it deserves to be considered, whether reading of this nature may not be carried to an injurious excess. The great interest which we take in fictitious representations, increases rather than diminishes the danger, and makes the necessity for caution greater. It is unfortunate when any of our mental habits have an undue preponderance, and this is especially true of the imagination. The majority of the works of fiction which are sent forth, are, from their poverty of talent, utterly unobserving. Many of them are positively mischievous. But even those which are in these respects unexceptionable, cannot with propriety be made the subjects of exclusive attention. However pure and noble the sentiments they inculcate may be, they necessarily give partial views of human character, and are therefore very unsafe guides to the knowledge of human life. They turn principally on extraordinary events and occasions, which demand the exertion of great energies,

and are therefore too apt to inspire a distaste for the regular and quiet routine of daily life. These improper tendencies, however, being guarded against by a steady attention to more severe studies, fictitious representations may be made subservient to important purposes. The eloquent eulogium of Lord Bacon, on one species of them, may be with propriety applied to all.

Since the transactions and events which are recorded in true history are not of such importance and extent as to satisfy the human mind, poetry comes to our assistance, and invents exploits more heroic. Since history gives a relation of the real issue of things, which is far from corresponding with the merits of virtue and vice, poetry corrects this, and exhibits the results of transactions, and the fortunes of men according to merit, and the laws of retributive justice. Since true history becomes wearisome to the mind, in consequence of the uniformity of human affairs, poetry refreshes it by celebrating events, which are surprising, various, and full of vicissitude. Wherefore poetry contributes not merely to delight, but also to magnanimity of soul and purity of manners; and hence it is justly regarded as having some participation of divinity, since it exalts the mind, and elevates it to sublimity, by accommodating the shews and shadows of things to the desires of the mind, and does not (like philosophy and history,) bring down the mind to the real nature of things."

W. X. Holbown.

ON SEEING A COFFIN.

There are no terrors in thy graceful form,
Thou last yet best of friends:—thy silent voice
Lures thy spectator to the paths of peace,
And wisdom seems to dwell where'er thou art.
Nor pride, nor fell ambition, nor the thirst
Of lawless gain, nor yet the tyrant's power,
Nor all the woful catalogue of crimes,
Which stain th' enrolling page, can stand unawed
In the mild presence.—Eloquent yet mute,
Thou teachest wisdom's lore, and at a glance
Of thee the heart, as if by magic touch,
Imbued, receives what schoolmen in an age,
Could not bestow.—Thou art no flatterer:—
Thy friendly form tells me what thou art for,
Thy office, and the purport,—and that soon
Together we shall come:—well, be it so,
Nor shall thy faithful monitions be lost
On him who now surveys thee:—Thy graceful form
No terror gives;—compact and shaped to suit
Thy coming tenant, ready to embrace,
And to protect, when dearest friends forsake,
And, loathing, turn away.—With open arms
Thou'rt ever ready to receive thy guest,
Nor carest if rich, or poor, or young, or old,
What colour, or what clime, or pedigree:—
And like a faithful friend, with zealous care,
Ward off each bold intruder from thy trust,
Nor cease thy watch 'till time has worn thy fame,
And thou and thy frail charge together lie,
Mingled without distinction into dust.

J. F.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE

DEAR SIR—I send you the accompanying "*extracts*," for the purpose of being published in the European Magazine. The individual to whom they relate was a gentleman, who went out with me to Spain last year, and a very remarkable man he was. During the former part of the voyage he was, or appeared to be, so perfectly wrapped up in himself, that he seldom spoke to, or communed with any of us. He was very fond of spending the night on deck—very much—by the way—to the annoyance of the sailors—and playing on the flute, which he did with a taste and feeling I have rarely heard excelled. An unavoidable interchange of civilities brought us acquainted before we reached our destination, and the acquaintance then formed, speedily ripened into actual friendship.

Few men were more highly gifted with mental, and indeed, with corporeal endowments than Mr. Stewart—for so he called himself. But some withering demon had set a spell upon him, which rendered him the most miserable of men. He fell in the engagement, or rather skirmish, alluded to at the conclusion of his journal, and I was with him—I shall never forget that sortie. The night was dark as pitch; and a storm was beginning to rise, as we marched forth in silence and secresy to the attack. Our road lay through a narrow and rugged defile, at the extremity or gorge of which were the objects of our vengeance. We succeeded in gaining the spot undiscovered, and were just preparing to rush upon our prey, when a vivid flash of lightning discovered us to the sentinels—who instantly levelled their pieces, and roused their sleeping comrades. All was now uproar and confusion, and after a sharp conflict, we at last succeeded in taking the whole party prisoners—having previously killed nearly one third. My friend, as I have said, fell—but not till he had shewn excellent proofs of his valour—slaying or smiting, like the renowned Earl of Pembroke, all who came near him.

The property which he had with him, he bequeathed to me, and among other articles, his journal. From this I have made such selections, as I think will suit your purpose, and if it be agreeable, I will at some future opportunity transmit to you some of his poetical effusions.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours, very truly,
PATRICK WILKINSON.

Islington,
March 18, 1824.

Extracts from the Journal of an Officer who fell in a recent Engagement between the French and Spaniards.

December 25th, 1822—This is Christmas-day, a season of mirth and festivity to thousands, though to me it brings no change—no merriment. I am pursuing the same dull, unvarying course of life, without any alleviation of its sufferings. In my walk just now in the gloom of evening, I see all around me preparing to drown their cares in joy and gladness. *All* did I say? No—not quite all. There was one poor shivering creature scarcely covered with clothing, that I passed as she crawled along by the railings, looking wistfully at the kitchen windows below, where all seemed mirth and happiness. As I stopped to gaze at her, I saw the tears trickle down her faded cheeks, and she gathered her tattered garments closer round her aching bosom, as if *that* could shut out the remembrance of her sorrows. I passed her again, and threw her my purse—and I heard her sobbing thanks in the silent street, as I hurried onward from one even more wretched than myself.

* * * *

January 1st, 1823—Another day of joy and rejoicing! and with many justly so; but with *me*, alas! it adds but another day of sorrow, to a life already worn down with misery.

Another fleeting year has passed,
The dawn of this no pleasure brings;
Come, Hope thy cheering influence cast,
Around me spread thy radiant wings.

E. M. November, 1824.

Yet can I court thy flattering smile,
Too often meant but to deceive;
To soothe the languid heart the while—
Then reckless doom that heart to grieve.
No—no—I will not trust thy power,
And yet I dare not bid thee fly;
'Tis thou can'st cheer the long sick hour,
Thy whispering hush the fearful sigh.
This *was* thy influence o'er my heart,
Though now no more thy power I know;
Since fell misfortune's piercing dart,
Hath chased all hope, and sealed my woe!

There was a time however, when I welcomed the coming year with as much joy as any one; but then I was happy, and life was young, and I had parents, and friends, and kindred, and knew not what sorrow was. I remember well—for it is only six years ago—the last happy new year that I spent at home. At *home!* How keen a pang does that dear word occasion! How many fond remembrances rise up as I write it! Alas! what is it now but a dream! We were all at home—happy and together. My father, and Jane, and little Edward—my mother had died long before—with a whole generation of uncles, aunts, and cousins. Jane had just left school, and was shining in all the charms of ripening womanhood. She was very fond of Edward—indeed, she loved us all—but Edward was the pet. I think I see her now—her graceful form bending over her young brother—her long auburn hair overshadowing his happy smiling face, while her own bright eyes were glistening with affection and happiness. Then we *were* happy, and little did I dread the calamities which were about to fall upon my devoted head. I thank heaven, however, that my dear sister was spared the shock—she never could have survived it.

* * * *

February 24th—This is the sixth anniversary of my last happy visit to my native village. I had been absent so long, and every one was so rejoiced to see me, that I was almost spoiled with kindness. Well do I remember my parting, particularly with my sister. She clung round my neck with all the agony of ungoverned grief—sobbed as if her young heart would break, kissed me again and again, and implored me not to leave her. Poor girl! could she have a presentiment that on earth we were never to meet again? I had not been absent two months, ere she was a corpse!

It was a dull gloomy morning when I left home. A heavy mist hung over the hills, and came down occasionally into the valley, which it filled with its oppressive dampness.

The mist was on the mountains as I went,
From that lov'd spot where my young days were spent,
The gladdening sun withheld his cheering ray,
The gloomy skies frown'd o'er my gloomier way,
And all was cold and cheerless.

I have often thought of this since, and considered it ominous of my future destiny. Is there such a thing as presentiment? and can the spirits of our departed friends have any influence upon our thoughts and actions? Can they imperceptibly endue our minds with a foreboding of the good or evil that betides us? It has been thought by many that they can, and I have often imagined that my own feelings have been unconsciously influenced by some such agency. If any perhaps be only the effect of imagination—but I must think otherwise. That the spirits of individuals have *sometimes* appeared after their decease is to me a matter of great probability, and I have often thought that their appearance has been ordained by providence for the accomplishment of some more than ordinary purpose. Why, indeed, should we refuse to admit so decisive a proof of the immortality of the soul? Rather let us agree with the poet, who thus sweetly advocates the benevolent solicitude of providence:

And is there care in Heav'n, and is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is: else much more wretched were the case
Of men than beasts. But oh! the exceeding grace
Of highest God, that loves his creatures so,
And all his works with mercies doth embrace,
That blessed angels he sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man—to serve his cruel foe.
How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succour us, that succour want?
How oft do they, with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant?
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant,
And all for love—and nothing for reward;
Oh, why should heavenly God for man have such regard?

* * * * * *

May 2nd—This is my twenty-ninth birth-day, and thus early do I find myself alone in the world—without father—without mother—without friends or kindred of any kind—without even a home, or an abiding place! And was it for this that I was dra into the world? The spring-ti my life promised better and ha things; but all its budding hop withered, and I am now a raise morose, and melancholy being:—

Once, when life was new, the hours
Cast o'er my way a few fresh flowers,
Like opening roses faintly red;
But quickly all their colour fled.
Once my heart like the air was light,
And my young glance was sunny bright;
But soon that airy spirit faded,
And heavy clouds my young eyes shaded.
Now, I wear upon my brow,
Furrows stamp'd—no matter how;
But such as with a hand severe,
Grief often prints, ere age be near.
Still, though in premature decay,
The pulse of life ebbs slow away;
Like northern spring where day is bright,
Though eve be long, 'tis never night.

This to many is the most pleasant and lively season of the year: to me it is but a bitter mockery of faded happiness. When I strolled out morning, all nature seemed ve and rejoicing:—

The sun in unapproachable diversity,
Career'd rejoicing in his fields of light.

The birds sung, and all looked joy, health, and hilarity, painfully reminding me of the insignificance of individual misfortunes, when compared with the mighty and magnificent mechanisms of nature. I could not but reflect what an inconsiderable atom every single man is with respect to the whole creation, and I thought it a shame to feel concerned at the idea of such a trivial animal as myself. morning after my departure the will rise as bright as ever—the fl will smell as sweet, and spring green and flourishing; the work proceed in its old course—peopl laugh as heartily, and marry a as they were wont to do, for the mory of man passeth away as th membrance of a guest that tarrie

oneday. In the morning he is green, and groweth up. In the evening he is gone—cut down—and withered!

May 8th.—I was rambling this morning in the outskirts of London, when chance led me into a small shop to purchase a pair of gloves. The only person I could see was a young girl, about seventeen, and very beautiful. I could not help gazing intently—and it may be rudely—at her, for she turned away from my scrutiny with a blush, which added to her beauty. I felt awkward and confused. Was it love? Pshaw! I can never love again! She thanked me for my purchase, and timidly enquired if there was any thing else that I wanted? "Oh, yes," I answered, and purchased a number of articles, the very names of which I scarcely knew. She asked whither she should send them? I would call for them to-morrow. I told her, and with another eager gaze left the shop. I must see her again!—But is it right that a wretched being like me should engage this poor girl's affections, and then leave her to mourn over her withered happiness? Pshaw! woman is not so tender-hearted and sensitive and so soon as she loses one lover, she speedily makes up the deficiency with another! I thought otherwise *once*, and reposed all my love and all my confidence upon one, who has cheerously abused both! Oh! how fervently did I love Louisa L——s, and how serpent-like did she deceive me! But we were married, and how happy was I as I led my blushing bride from the altar! She was my first—my only love—and the innocent pleasures of our courtship are too indelibly impressed upon my memory to be readily forgotten:—

We often rambled on the sea-beach side
At eve, when the winds lay still: and the tide
Outstretched at giant-length, in deep repose
Lay heaving onward, onward, till it rose
Into the distant blue, and bore on high
Sail, mast, and banner with it to the sky.
The frequent seal shot up from out the deep
His smooth black head, and from the neighbouring steep,
The sea-mew leap'd to skim before our path,
Or scream above in her unheeded wrath.
Here arm in arm we roam'd all free and lone,
Climb'd many a path, and sat on many a stone:
Spoke the full heart, unnoted, unrepressed,
And told the love that dwelt in either breast.
Here would we linger, till the star of even
Look'd out upon us like an eye in heaven;
And saw us still upon the yellow sands,
Breathing soft vows, and pledging trembling hands;
And warn'd my village maid at last to flee
Home through the falling dews from night and me.

But alas! for the frailty of human nature! Two years had not gone by before I shall I record her infamy?—before she fled from me, with a villain whom I had cherished as my bosom-friend! I survived this double shock, to become a restless wretched wanderer—shunning and shunned by all. But why should I compare this poor profligate girl to such an accomplished wanton? I will see her again, and she shall become the only earthly friend of the unhappy heart-broken W.

May 9th.—I have just been for my parcel, and have learned that the lovely girl's name is Eliza Wilson. I am more charmed with her than ever, and I fancied she looked pleased when she saw me enter the shop. She certainly blushed, and appeared confused as she handed me the parcel. From what could this arise? Bad thoughts coming thick into my mind, which it would be evil to encourage. I will, therefore, stroll out in the quiet evening air, and endeavour to dispel them.

It is past eleven, and I have just returned from Covent Garden Theatre, where I witnessed a scene that I shall never forget. I had entered a

boxes in front out of which was occupied by a gentleman and a female very fashionably attired. They were both young—the latter certainly was not more than eighteen, and very pretty; but the expression of her features was deformed by an air of confidence, which completely neutralized all the effects of her beauty. As my eyes wandered listlessly over the Pit, I encountered the gaze of a plain respectable-looking young man, evidently just come from the country. At first I imagined he was looking at me; but I was soon convinced that his scrutiny was directed to my companions, particularly to the female, between whom and himself I observed a very striking resemblance. Presently he quitted his seat in the Pit, and shortly afterwards I heard the door of our box open, and saw him enter. His face was pale as ashes, his lips quivered, and there was in his eyes the most frightful expression I ever beheld. The play had ended, and they were preparing for the entertainment, so that there was a little bustle in the house. The countryman passed me, and in a moment was by the side of the gentleman who sat before me. He seized him by the collar, and thundered into his ear, as he dragged him out of the box, "have I found you at last, you infernal scoundrel?—I'll teach you to seduce young women from their homes, you infernal villain!" and with a blow, which would have felled an ox, he laid his victim prostrate before him. There was soon a great disturbance in the theatre, and it was quickly ascertained that the individual who had been knocked down by the countryman, was the seducer of his sister, and that this sister was the female who had sat by him in the box. I waited to hear no more. The scoffings of an enraged mob reached my ears, as I hastened from a scene which awakened every strong feeling of my soul; and imprecations justly provoked, were thickly showered on the profligate seducer, as he crawled, like a worm, from his grovelling posture. How the uproar terminated I know not—but the whole scene is now before me; and the groans and curses of the people are still ringing in my ears. Good God!—what must that wretched brother have suffered!

I am glad I have witnessed this scene—it has determined me in my conduct towards Eliza. Suppose I had prosecuted my attentions to her, and so far ingratiated myself into her favour, as to have won her confidence and esteem. This, perhaps, would be no arduous task—it would at all events be a gratification—but a gratification purchased at the expence of every just and honourable feeling. Eliza could never be my *wife!* and heaven forbid that I should in an unguarded moment—for deliberately I never could—ruin her peace of mind, and destroy her happiness for ever! But suppose I should not go so far as this, but merely lead her from that reserved modesty which every girl ought to possess. Even this would be an evil; because it could not occur without first undermining that fixed and steady firmness which is the best preservative against the crafty designs of the libertine. My passions are as strong as those of most people—but it is merely as passions that they are so. At the impulse of the moment I have done many rash and unwise actions—but deliberate reflection has never failed to awaken in my bosom—scorched and scathed as it is—that virtuous resolution, which is the result of my sainted mother's parental solicitude. I will forego, therefore, my intention of cultivating Eliza's acquaintance. At present she is happy and contented: should any one lead her but one step from such a condition, he may have much hereafter to answer for. I most assuredly will not be that one.

I have long thought of leaving England; and the present war between France and Spain, will afford me a favorable opportunity. I have now no wish to live; and by joining the Spanish patriots, some friendly ball may end all my woes. I shall apply to-morrow to the Spanish agent, and then—

"My native land, good night!"

May 10th.—I have just returned from Senor S., who has offended all facilities for leaving England as soon as I please. But I must once more visit my mother's and my sister's graves—and I will leave London by the mail to-night.

May 11th.—I have just had a parcel, and have learned that the

May 13th.—I have been once more to D——, and have wandered undisturbed over the ancient domains of my fathers. All now [illegible] and ruin.

Ruin is there—but mine slow and mild,
The spider's wandering web is thin and gray,
On roof and wall now clings the dusky bat,
And where sweet infant's voices used to sound,
Now moans the sullen owlet——
——On the hospitable hearth
The blind worm and slow beetle climb their round.

I went into the court-yard, and the weeds and long grass almost choked up the entrance. I went into the garden, and there was the same scene of sadness and decay. The summer-house was closed, but I burst open the rusty lock, and saw many a well-remembered token of days *that were*. On the wooden bench were the initials of my name, coupled with those of my sister; and a swallow which built its nest regularly every year in one corner, was twittering with joy as it flew to and fro with food for its young. Behind the summer house is a large oak, under which I have gambolled in many a summer's day. I looked on its trunk, and saw the letters of a name, which it is now agony to look upon. I had cut them on the bark one summer's evening, when I was at home and happy. Some moss had grown about the letters, and I rubbed it off with my handkerchief. I did not go into the house; for the hall-door was locked, but I looked in at the parlour window, and saw that the rats and the spiders had been gaily revelling amidst the furniture. I walked to the village through the parks, and sighed as I passed by each well-known avenue; for

The friends, with whom in youth I roved these woodland dells among,
Have ceas'd their kindly sympathies—the birds have ceased their song:
Stern ruin throws around the spot her melancholy hue,
She withers all she looks upon—and I am withered too.

There is a little hill just by the lodge, which guards the gate leading to the village; and I walked to the summit to enjoy a last look at the domain of my ancestors, at the placid scene of all my youthful happiness. It was a lovely evening, and the setting sun cast over all that rich and varied scene the glowing beams of his departing glory. I looked toward the mansion, and there it stood, as it had stood for ages—unconscious of its desolation. I remained on the hill till the sun had set, and till evening, with all its gentle accompaniments, had succeeded the brilliancy of day. I heard

The ploughman's careless whistle—the low bleat
Of youngling flocks, the drowsy tinkling bell,
The bark of village watch-dogs, as they greet
The homeward shepherd—

and then I repaired to the village to meet the mail—my bosom swelling with the melancholy consciousness that I should never, never behold those beloved scenes again!

My path led towards the church, and I sprang over the gate, and stood beside my mother's grave. The tablet which was affixed to the tomb was still glistening in all its freshness, and I read with a tearful eye the name and lineage of my beloved parent. I knelt down and prayed beside the grave. I prayed for a release from sufferings which had become unendurable. I prayed for *one*, whose passions had plunged her into guilt, which would require a deep and terrible expiation. I prayed, also, for a speedy reunion with the spirits of those beloved objects, which were sleeping in peace and quietude below;

and having done so, I felt better prepared for an eternal separation from the green and smiling vallies of my native land.

* * *

May 16th.—I have just seen Eliza. She was as beautiful and as modest as ever. I told her I was going to leave England, and she seemed concerned. At parting, I held out my hand, and she immediately gave me her's. It was very soft, and trembled exceedingly. I pressed it gently, and put it to my lips; and then quitted the house: but not till I had placed in that soft and trembling hand, a trifling memorial of my regard for the maiden.

* * *

May 26th.—This evening will perhaps decide my doom. The detachment to which I belong has received orders to surprise a party of the enemy, which has taken shelter among the neighbouring rocks for the night. This is always a dangerous duty, and I can almost rejoice that I am amongst the number deputed to execute it. I have been occupying an hour or two in arranging what few memorandums I have retained, and in looking, it may be for the last time, at those memorials of mingled joy and misery, which I have preserved. There is a miniature painting of Louisa L. taken when I first loved her, and exhibiting all the beauty and artlessness of one, who could not then have known deceit. It is very, very like her, and requires only a spark of some Promethean fire to breathe and live. There is a sketch also, of Eliza—made in an idle hour, from memory—and that is also, a strong and striking likeness: but the calm and still beauty of the one, presents a forcible contrast to the brilliant charms of the other. The original I must never hope to see again.

The hour of attack draws near; for the sun has long since set—and we only wait for the moon pervading darkness of actual night to rush down upon our foe. I go prepared for death, and I have a cheering consolation in the reflection, that ere to-morrow's dawn my spirit, freed from its clog of clay, may meet once more those whom it best loved, while living.

* * *

WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

1.

Delightful health! return! return!
Nor leave me thus to weep, and mourn
Thy absence, this delay.
Relieve me from these languid sighs,
Dispel the mist that clouds my eyes,
And bring the cheerful day.

2.

In youth and hardy poverty
My time flew swiftly on, with thee—
Thou wert my constant friend;
But now when fortune smiles upon,
And comforts cheer me, thou art gone
And all my pleasures end.

3.

Unlike the world, you seek the shed,
The sunny field, and humble bed,
The cot, the shepherd's home,
The soft voluptuous couch you fly,
The table heap'd with luxury,
The gilded hall and dome.

LONDON REVIEW.

Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship. A Novel. From the German of Goethe. 3 Vols. Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh. Whittaker, London, 1824.

The London Magazine Reviewers have written very angerly and diffusely about this book, very sneeringly and contemptuously of its author's relative situation, in the comparison room of remembered and existing talent. We think them wrong in this, first because it argues a plentiful lack of wit in being out of temper at all, and next because the German assertion which they take so much trouble in combating, namely that Goethe is to be considered one of the "mighty three," Shakspeare and Homer being the brother wonders, is too wild and ridiculous to require such a volley of pen ink and paper artillery. To contend with an irremediable folly is labour lost, and assuredly the vanity of placing the author of Faust, peculiarly clever as is that work, in such company is of the deepest. But opinion does not intrinsically level ability; genius will make its way, as nature does, spite of the pitch-fork repulses of party. Goethe is a name (Byron has honoured it!) which neither the intemperate praise of friends, nor the inconsiderate spleen of opponents, can strike from the fair sheet of superiority. It will ever command attention and respect; and where these operate interest must follow—hence we devote a few pages to the consideration of his Wilhelm Meister, now introduced for the first time to Englishmen in the garb of an English translation.

To those who are fond of supping full of horrors, this work will not afford half a meal; in this respect it is not German; it has none of that mystical and strange interest which denote that peculiar school, nothing of those out-Heroding horrors which characterise the works of Schiller, Hoffman, and even some former ones of Goethe himself, and which spite of their improbabilities and to our less inflated imaginations, spring, philosophy, it must be admitted rivet the attention, and not unfrequently trammel up the feelings. We would rather, at any time, banquet upon romance and wonder, than starve to make a feast from unwholesome sensibility and prosing sentiment. But the interest of "Wilhelm Meister" borrows nothing from these causes; it has nothing of fear or terror to arouse our sympathies, or agitate our imaginations; it is simply the history of an enthusiastic young man, respectably allied, and ultimately the possessor of fortune and patrimony, who has a strange propensity for the stage, and who becomes the travelling companion, sometimes the patron, often the dupe, of theatrical strollers. The effort of tracing his fortunes through the various windings and casualties of such a chequered career, is the means of introducing us to a knowledge of the internal scenery of a German theatre, and it also affords Goethe an opportunity to indulge himself in metaphysical disquisitions upon human nature, and in tedious criticisms upon plays and theatres; very frequently to the disadvantage of the narrative, and tedium of the reader.

There was, however, two or three Episodes distinct from the main history to which it is impossible to deny consummate talent and interest. The principal of these is that relating to a young child, whom young Meister purchases from the master of a vagabond company of rope dancers, and who had been stolen in its youth, being, as it is ultimately proved, born to higher fortunes. This girl's devotion and gratitude to her benefactor is intense, glowing, and woven into her very existence. She watches his very action, would anticipate his every wish, his happiness is hers, and is he in sorrow, there is a sigh too from Wigton; is he embarrassed, in care, in danger, there is a tear in sympathy. But here is an Episode worth all that we could explain of the subject.

"It will not surprise us, therefore, that, in considering his situation, and labouring to extricate himself, he fell into the greatest perplexity. It was not enough, that, by his friendship for Laertes, his attachment to Philina, his concern for Mignon, he had been detained longer than was proper in a place and a society where he could cherish his darling inclination, content his wishes as it were by stealth, and without proposing any object, again pursue his early dreams. These ties he believed himself possessed of force enough to break asunder; had there been nothing more to hold him, he could have gone at once. But, only a few moments ago, he had entered into money-transactions with Melina; he had seen that mysterious old man, the enigma of whose history he longed with unspeakable desire to clear. Yet of this too, after much balancing of reasons, he at length determined, or thought he had determined, that it should not keep him back. 'I must go,' he exclaimed; 'I will go.' He threw himself into a chair, and felt greatly moved. Mignon came in and asked, Whether she might help to undress him? Her manner was still and shy; it had grieved her deeply to be so abruptly dismissed by him before.

"Nothing is more touching than the first disclosure of a love which has been nursed in silence, of a faith grown strong in secret, and which at last comes forth in the hour of need, and reveals itself to him who formerly has reckoned it of small account. The bud, which had been closed so long and firmly, was now ripe to burst its swathings, and Wilhelm's heart could never have been readier to welcome the impressions of affection.

"She stood before him, and noticed his disquietude. 'Master!' she cried, 'if thou art unhappy, what will become of Mignon?' 'Dear little creature,' said he, taking her hands, 'thou too art part of my anxieties. I must go.' She looked at his eyes, glistening with restrained tears; and knelt down with vehemence before him. He kept her hands; she laid her head upon his knees, and remained quite still. He played with her hair, patted her, and spoke kindly to her. She continued motionless for a considerable time. At last he felt a sort of palpitating movement in her, which began very softly, and then by degrees with increasing violence diffused itself over all her frame. 'What ails thee, Mignon?' cried he; 'what ails thee?' She raised up her little head, looked at him, and all at once laid her hand upon her heart, with the countenance of one repressing the utterance of pain. He raised her up, and she fell upon his breast; he pressed her towards him, and kissed her. She replied not by any pressure of the hand, by any motion whatever. She held firmly against her heart; and all at once gave a cry, which was accompanied by spasmodic movements of the body. She started up, and immediately fell down before him, as if broken in every joint. It was an excruciating moment! 'My child!' cried he, raising her up, and clasping her fast; 'My child, what ails thee?' The palpitations continued, spreading from the heart over all the lax and powerless limbs; she was merely hanging in his arms. All at once she again became quite stiff, like one enduring the sharpest corporeal agony; and soon with a new vehemence all her frame once more became alive; and she threw herself about his neck, like a bent spring that is closing; while in her soul, as it were a strong rent took place, and at the same moment a stream of tears flowed from her shut eyes into his bosom. He held her fast. She wept, and no tongue can express the force of these tears. Her long hair had loosened, and was hanging down before her; it seemed as if her whole being was melting incessantly into a brook of tears. Her rigid limbs were again become relaxed; her inmost soul was pouring itself forth; in the wild confusion of the moment, Wilhelm was afraid she would dissolve in his arms, and leave nothing there for him to grasp. He held her faster and faster. 'My child!' cried he, 'my child! Thou art indeed mine, if that word can comfort thee. Thou art mine! I will keep thee, I will never forsake thee!' Her tears continued flowing. At last she raised herself; a faint gladness shone upon her face. 'My father!' cried she, 'Thou wilt not forsake me? Wilt be my father? I am thy child!'

"Softly, at this moment, the harp began to sound before the door; the old man brought his most affecting songs as the evening offering to our friend, who holding his child ever faster in his arms, enjoyed the most pure and undescribable felicity."

And this love, born of gratitude, soon ripens into love, bred of passion; but it is not told, it is rendered by silence, feeding upon the heart's rage, till all the enthusiastic creature's hopes are withered at a blow, by the marriage of Wilhelm, and she falls at his feet—a broken-hearted victim to an unacknowledged passion. The whole of this poor girl's story ought surely to be admitted as redounding much to the after and present credit of this figure the volumes.

We have been amused also with the chapters descriptive of getting up the play of Hamlet, and the first night's performance of our great bard's inimitable tragedy is well described. In giving an extract we must premise that an unknown applicant has promised to appear in due time, and decorated cap-a-pee to enact the "buried majesty of Denmark." His appearance, and its effect upon Wilhelm, the representative of the melancholy prince, is effective.

"The intermediate curtain went aloft, and Hamlet saw the crowded house before him. Horatio having spoken his address, and been dismissed by the king, pressed through to Hamlet; and, as if presenting himself to the Prince, he said: 'The devil is in harness; he has put us all in fright.'

"In the meanwhile two men of large stature in white cloaks and capuches, were observed standing in the side-scenes. Our friend, in the distraction, embarrassment, and hurry of the moment, had failed in the first soliloquy; at least such was his own opinion, though loud plaudits had attended his exit. Accordingly he made his next entrance in no pleasant mood, with the dreary wintry feeling of dramatic condemnation. Yet he girded up his mind; and spoke that appropriate passage on the 'rouse and wassel,' the 'heavy-headed revel' of the Danes, with suitable indifference; he had, like the audience, in thinking of it, quite forgot the ghost: and he started in real terror, when Horatio cried out: 'Look, my lord, it comes!' He whirled violently round; and the tall noble figure, the low inaudible tread, the light movement in the heavy-looking armour, made such an impression on him, that he stood as if transformed to stone, and could utter only in a half-voice his—'Angels and ministers of grace defend us!' He glared at the form; drew a deep breathing once or twice, and pronounced his address to the ghost in a manner so confused, so broken, so constrained, that the highest art could not have hit the mark so well.

"His translation of this passage now stood him in good stead. He had kept very close to the original, in which the arrangement of the words appeared to him expressive of a mind confounded, terrified, and seized with horror.

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee; I'll call thee
Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O answer me!

A deep effect was visible in the audience. The Ghost beckoned, the Prince followed him amid the loudest plaudits.

"The scene changed; and when the two had re-appeared, the Ghost on a sudden stopped, and turned round; by which means Hamlet came to be a little too close upon it. With a longing curiosity he looked in at the lowered visor, but except two deep lying eyes, and a well formed nose, he could discern nothing. Gazing timidly, he stood before the Ghost; but when the first tones issued from the helmet, and a somewhat hoarse yet deep and penetrating voice pronounced the words: 'I am thy father's spirit,' Wilhelm, shuddering, started back some paces, and the audience shuddered with him. Each imagined that he knew the voice; Wilhelm thought he noticed in it some resemblance with his father's. These strange emotions and remembrances; the curiosity he felt about discovering his secret friend, the anxiety about offending him, even the theatric impropriety of coming too near him in the present situation, all this affected Wilhelm with powerful and conflicting impulses. During the long speech of the Ghost, he changed his place so frequently; he seemed so unsettled and perplexed, so attentive and so absent minded, that his acting caused a universal admiration, as the spirit caused a universal horror. The latter spoke with a feeling of melancholy anger rather than of sorrow; but of an anger spiritual, slow and inexhaustible. It was the misemper of a noble soul, that is severed from all earthly things, and yet devoted to unbounded woe. At last he vanished; but in a curious manner; for a thin, gray, transparent gause arose from the place of descent like a vapour, spread itself over him, and sank along with him.

"Hamlet's friends now entered, and swore upon the sword. Old Truepenny, in the meantime, was so busy under ground, that wherever they might take their station, he was sure to call out right beneath them: 'Swear!' and they started, as if the soil had taken fire below them, and hastened to another spot. On each of these occasions, too, a little flame pierced through at the place where they were standing. The whole produced on the spectators a profound impression.

"After this the piece proceeded calmly on its course: nothing failed, all prospered; the audience manifested their contentment, and the actors seemed to rise in heart and spirits every moment.

We have differed with the author of

don Magazine, in some par- of his judgment, or rather the of his expressing upon the n question. We are still in- to characterize the bearing of iew as ridiculously severe and ed, but at the same time cor- unite with him in contempt tentation of a very great number characters, and many of the actions, and occurrences in they move, and perform such , as are offensive to morality, actually disgusting. Now this h follows is pretty; but would one suppose that it is written of llicit loves of Wilhelm and his mistress; and which woman- ctress—has actually previously bar- d her fame and character to age "filthy lucre"—and yet so it is. Much lively talking led them at gth to speak about the earliest riod of their acquaintance; the collection of which forms always one the most delightful topics between o lovers. The first steps that in- oduce us to the enchanted garden of ve are so full of pleasure, the first rospects so charming, that every ne is willing to recal them to his nemory. Each party seeks a pre- erence above the other; each have oved sooner, more devotedly; and each, in this contest, would rather be conquered than conquer.—Vol. I, p. 9.

Again during the greater time that is consumed in the action of the story, our hero was very contentedly with those who make no scruple of their devotedness to bad pleasures and immoral predilections; and he flirts and romps, with the lady, companion of his friend in the most edifying strain possible, and which ends only in the downfall of his virtue, and in the embraces of a newer love. Taylor and Hessey's critic has quoted the old rhyme about being quit of one love before you come on with the the new: but Mr. Goethe's hero is a man of bolder metal, and follows in preference the advice set him in one of our farces—that it is right desirable, and wise, out of all whooping, to have "two strings to one's bow." But after all his "bold strokes for a wife," he is in such haste, and takes such a strange "way to get married," that we shall not be very crabbed critics in wishing him life long enough to "repent at leisure." We are quite sure that the original delinquent, the author of this budget of vice and immorality ought to say parodying a little the words of the tyrant of Dunsinane,

"O yet I do repent me of my folly
That I did make such creatures;"

for the inculcation of such principles as those which meet us in every page of Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship, are "slabs" indeed "for ruin's wasteful entrance," and more extensively dangerous, than those which fell upon the groom of Duncan's chamber. A great name, and great talent are no excuses for these delinquencies, they rather add to their inveteracy; and inasmuch as the immodestly arranged finery of the wanton disgusts rather than attracts, so do clever disquisitions and flashes of genius lose their value and their interest when coarsely amalgamated with the history of crime, and the details of successful, and almost applauded and inculcated frailty.

We have too great a reverence for the former fame of him whom Byron has profusely, perhaps not wisely applauded, to utter useless and unmeaning sneers at his genius, for one unfortunate adventure; and therefore we close our hasty notice of his work, not as does the critic we have alluded to, with railing upon our lips, but with this sincere advice to our readers; namely, that if they are, for the sake of his former fame, determined to judge for themselves, and to read Goethe's Meister, we would desire them, after performing this piece of justice, and being satisfied that we have "set down nought in malice," to endeavour to forget that such a book could ever have existed, or ever have been written by the author of Faust.

WALLADMOR, "*freely translated from the English of Walter Scott,*" *translated from the German.* 3 vols, post 8vo. Taylor and Hessey.

WE confess we have never yet been able to discover the wit or the wisdom of that species of trifling denominated the Hoax. No, not even if it be played off upon characters, or in connection with occurrences deserving of castigation, and amenable to satire.

There is no more ready method always at hand for the punishment of such offenders and offences, and if nothing else will work an amendment in such, we have even a resort in avoidance and contempt.

We do not affect this high station of sentiment, as some roguish people may suppose, because we have been burnt children, and therefore, as the child's proverb has it, tread the fire; for we can assure our *vice la bagatelle* patrons, that we have been rather sinners than sinned against, in the very walk of amusement which we now so absolutely condemn. In turning back, as it were, to the pages of our mind, we fear we have to confess to sundry false invitations, to many breakings of promises to the accuse in the shape of straw filled baskets, and "beggarly accounts of *empty* boxes," to April fool antics, and fourteenth of February frolics; nay, we must even confess to having sent a parsimonious county magistrate on a fool's errand to attend a brother miser's sham invitation, and we even plead guilty to the charge of having treated a greater "citizen" of "London Town," than Johnny Gilpin, into the belief that he had invited a few more friends than he wished to one of his ex officio banquets. But we are ashamed of this silly "idlesse" now, and are willing to make all the reparation in our power for its commission, by warning our readers from becoming a part of that servile race, denominated imitators by classical authority.

We have, however, now before us, a piece of chicanery equal to any thing, past, present, and we believe we may add, to come. It is not one of your common street hoaxes commencing with the advent of the cradle-maker, and ending with that of the undertaker, nor a ridiculous parade and muster of fine birds, and fine feathers, around an unexpecting and alarmed family, and rear-guarded by my Lord Mayor's coach, but an absolute piece of national bamboozling—(plain words describe it best, and is in character here) a regular state, and province, bit of masquerade, *empiris ait* therefore with a vengeance, and without a pun, *for all Germany* was gasconaded in a short grand rehearsal of "two faces under a hood," a collision of Simon Pures, an intrusion of Dennies, a veritable attempt of Apollo of Syracuse to pass under, and stand in the sandals of (him of Ephesus)—But it is high time to banish metaphorical flourishes, and jocose applications, come we now to "speak the plain and simple truth," which is this, and as brief as the "posy of a ring." Germany and German readers have what may be termed a Scottis-mania upon them, that is, they have read the northern novels of the Unknown, till they fancy nothing can be finer, and the booksellers moreover find them a commodity of such ready sale, that a six months' cessation from a new shipment is not to be thought of. Such, however, and longer too, was the case at last, and disappointment spread itself over Germany. But they have some wags in it among them, and these, suddenly began to think it were an admirable stratagem, not to "shoe a regiment of horse with feet," but since Sir Walter would not write, to write one for him. It was a bright bold thought, a little impudent it may be, but new, positively new, and novelty, like fair play is a "jewel." They dashed at it, there were no compunctions, no misgivings, no cowardly twitchings of conscience, no modest fears of all success in imitation, and very similitude of invention and style,—no! they were determined to *have a book*, "where men may read strange matters," they were determined to "beguile the time," by looking "like the time," and they were resolute in putting this "great business,"

"Which shall to all our days and nights to come,
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom,"

into the "dispatch" of none other than that indefatigable book-maker, the author of Waverley. The cheat took, the book stalls at Leipsic were crowded with his "new work," and we have now before us the translation of a pretended translation, which is the novel of *Wallachmor*, by, *of course*, Sir Walter Scott. We can do no less than briefly examine its pretensions. In the first place, the story is one that Sir Walter would, and would not select as the pivot of his work. He is very likely to select

a young man of doubtful parentage, (but who turns out to be the son of a great man) who is no better, nor half so good, as he should be—who leagues himself with smugglers and desperate men—who falls in love with a lady, fair, virtuous, and high-bred, and who loves in return, but who dares not link her fortunes with a desperado, until repentance and reform have washed his sins away, and which they cannot be said to do—but Sir Walter is *not likely* to select the Cato-street conspiracy, and the misguided enthusiasts of that recent period, as principal occurrences and characters on which to bestow his last of delineation. The author of Pen Owen has made as much money as he could already out of those transactions. In this respect the German imitator, is very wide of the mark of probability, in other hits he is more successful. And probably the first scene detailing the shipwreck of the "Halycon Steam Vessel," and the struggle for existence made by Edmund Bertram, the other principal personage of the novel, who is instrumental in also saving the extraordinary being we have mentioned as the hero, are more particularly deserving of praise, as cunningly and cleverly invented. And we may mention also with commendation the after meetings of Bertram and this "Nicholas," who throughout the story, maintains a kind of authority over the actions and movements of the former, and who, towards the conclusion of the work, is surveyed by the smuggler with jealousy, having rescued the lady upon whom he doted from drowning, and thereby gained, as the reckless one supposes, a place in her affections.

The scenes and personages introduced at the *Walladmor Arms*, are, on the contrary not much to our taste, and certainly not managed with that ability as to induce us to accept them as the current issues of our inimitable novelist. Mr. Dulberry, a "prating, chattering pie" of a reformer, is palmed upon us *usque ad nauseam*, and Mr. Malbourne, who very gravely tells us that he is the author of Waverley, is if possible more disagreeable and unnatural. Sir Walter Scott never created such things as these.

In the old half demented crone Gillie Godber, however, there is a pretty successful attempt at hitting up a singular character. Her wrongs and expiated some crimes at the Gallows, and this disgraceful occurrence had changed the current of her life into unappeasable grief, and thirstings for revenge upon those who had been principally instrumental in bringing her child to punishment. This conflict of passion, often leads her into strange behaviour, and is illustrated to the reader in a number of extraordinary and sometimes appalling occurrences. The poor half witted creature's vengeance is at last satisfied by discovering to Sir Morgan Walladmor, who she considered her principal foe, that the smuggler, the traitor, Nicholas, who loves his niece, and who is confined in his castle previous to execution, is his own son, his long lost child! All the rest are but very subordinate personages indeed, to this old woman, and the few other exceptions we have mentioned. Independent of this failure in the delineation, and choice of character, there are such anachronisms, and discrepancies of time, place, name and station, in the narrative, as effectually to extract all the dust from out the eyes of those, who might at first have been a little blinded by the effrontery of our German's first scattering of his ambiguous missiles. The cents in the showman's green curtains are too capacious for us not to discover the hands that are working his puppets; and his attempts at perfection, are too ramify to represent for a moment the strutings of our "admirable Crichton."

We suppose we must give a quotation just to vindicate our rights of custom, but really it is a custom to quote for a million and one times, quite as much "honoured in the breach as in the observance." But here is a short one of some interest, and we offer it "for charity."

We must just observe that Bertram has been captured and imprisoned, under the idea that he is the smuggler Nicholas, his features and form resembling him. His "prison house" is the castle of Sir Morgan Walladmor, who one evening is alarmed at beholding a stranger muffled up in a cloak make his way to his presence, and who demands Bertram's liberation, for that he is not the man they want.

"And what vouchers can he give for all this; what security?" demanded Sir Morgan.

"Security!—You would have security! Well, you shall. Do you remember that time, when the great Dutch ship was cruizing off the coast, and the landing of the crew was nightly expected."

"I remember it well; for at that time I had beset the coast with faithful followers, and once or twice I watched myself all night through."

"True; and on the 29th of September you were laying upon your arms behind Arthur's pillar. About midnight, a man in the uniform of a sea fencible joined you: and you may remember some conversation you had with him?"

Had Sir M. Wallad mor been addicted to trembling, he would now have trembled: with earnest gaze, and out-stretched hands, he listened without speaking to the stranger, who continued: "you talked together, until the moon was setting: and then, when the work was done—Sir Morgan—when the work was done, a shot was fired: and in the twinkling of an eye, up sprang the sea fencible, as I do now—and he cried aloud as I do now, Farewell, Sir Morgan Wallad mor!" And so saying the stranger threw open his cloak, discovering underneath a dirk and a brace of pistols; and at the same time, with an impressive gesture, he raised his cap from his head.

"It is Nicholas!" exclaimed the Baronet.

"At your service, Sir Morgan Wallad mor. Do you *now* believe that your prisoner is innocent?"

We have but a few words more to add, and they are addressed in all imaginable kindness to him, who by courtesy and the fashion of the times has been denominated the Great Unknown. We would have him then consider this endeavour to wear his uniform, and conquer under his flag rather in the light of a stimulus than a piracy; as a clever and bold attempt to bear and not disgrace the armour of Achilles. The tale of Wallad mor is not so under proportion, as to be placed in the invalid department of the army of publications, and whilst St. Ronan's Well and Redgauntlet, remain attached to the name of Walter Scott, it may walk abroad in the daylight and fear no eclipse from such companionship. But the "Author of Waverley," is buckling on his weapons to carry on a new crusade of triumph, let him take especial care that in prosecuting it he likes his additions. Where the attempts at rivalry should be manly and those of imitation useless.

S.

Tales of my Study, or Collections of a Stay-at-Home, by Alfred Domicile.—No. I.

"*Valeria.*—Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle housewife with me this afternoon."

CORIOLANUS.

"*1st Soldier.*—Brother, good night! *2nd Soldier.*—Peace, what noise? What should this mean?"

ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA.

It is not always the case that they who go far about bring home the wisest answers; and your peregrinators shall, as I conceit it, very oft lose their old fashioned habits, without increasing the general stock of good with their new ones. Travellers do to be sure see strange things, things too that "never did, or could happen," but, for all this, it is a moot point with me, whether I should not have quite as piquante a companion over my wine and walnuts in one of your thorough stay-at-home, fagging readers, as in him who, because it was fashionable, travels from Dan even unto Beersheba—from the court of a Charles to that of an Alexander, to criticise both at Petersburgh and at Paris, the newest imitations of *mi lor Anglais*.

You will probably, most attentive readers, have, by this time, convinced yourselves, that I am one of those apron-tied gentlemen who hardly cross their own thresholds from one week's end to the other, or if they do, only to play a game at cribbage with the vicar, or to make a fourth at a six-penny cornered rubber. Under favour you were never more mistaken in your lives. I am, without being what is termed "a traveller," pretty much of a gadabout in a small way. I am a disciple of the creed which teaches us that

"The wise for cure on *exercise* depend,
God never made his work for man to mend."

I even agree with old Thomas Fuller, in deeming "running and leaping descants on the plain song of walking" to be "excellent exercises." I have seen Stonehenge, the Break-

water—Glastonbury—Fonthill—the Peak—the Needle Rocks, and a hundred other "Lions" of my own country, but I have not kissed the Pope's toe, nor done service to the Ottoman, nor wished a thousand years life to the whiskered Don, nor walked upon the broad wall of Pekin, nor stood upon the Rialto, nor, in fact, travelled over any other kingdoms but the "united" ones. But I have seen these, and until I know them even more intimately than I do, I hold it to be a far wiser thing to stay at home, than to imitate the example of that gentleman, who travelling post all night, suddenly put his head out of the window, and said, "Post-boy, what do you call this place?"—"Paris, Paris, sir," was the answer. To which the sapient traveller replied, "*Drive on, drive on!*" and on, and on, he went to *Rome*:—

Took a *week's* view of *Venice* and the Brent,
Stared round, saw *nothing*, and came home content.

I hope this exordium will be taken apologetical in two ways. First, as saying all that need be said of the individual who now purposes to commence a series of tales, gleaned not abroad, but at home; and next as to the sources from whence those narratives are to be derived. They will be exclusively *English;* they will be for the most part authentic; and they will not be, generally speaking, hackneyed. All of which I have an old fashioned prejudice in believing to be desirable consummations.

I hope, however, to be acquitted from blame as a plagiarist, if I should occasionally offer you an antiquated tale from my collection, which, though I might fancy has appeared, I know not where—I still deem too good to be lost. On such an one I will endeavour to bestow good cookery, and to serve it up as a new specimen of made dishes; that is after the example of a recent traveller, only I will not offend so often and so boldly, I will do my best to cheat you with your eyes open. Such, however, will not be the case in my first attempt, for what follows, actually occurred to a female relation of mine, and is what it purports to be, really and in truth

MY COUSIN'S TALE.

My brother, to the great joy of us all, had in the year 1802, succeeded in obtaining his appointment to India, and we were lodging together at Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, in order that he may, the better avail himself of the proximity of the outward bound vessels, which were then at anchor at St. Helen's, and Spithead, in daily expectation of sailing orders.

Ryde was then greatly inferior in accommodation to what it is at present, and a great portion of the ground now built upon, or planted, was then either used as yards for rubbish, or suffered to lie waste altogether. The house at which we lodged, was not remarkable for splendor or excellence of habitation—we had then not learned to covet either—and the people belonging to them, (a woman and her maid servant) had as little of civility and attention at her beck, as we could well deserve. Besides these our landlady had a son, a rough, uneducated being—a semi-barbarian, half smuggler, half fisherman, who would occasionally after one of his sea-trips, and when he had a prize keg or two to stow away, pay our house a visit, and shake its thin partitions with his boisterous, and too frequently, inebriated merriment. This he would sometimes increase by singing, or rather bellowing out, snatches of seafarer's songs, and pirates' ditties, and remarkable as it may appear, it was from one of these that I was induced to act with a greater degree of precaution than I had been hitherto accustomed to use. I fear I cannot recite the very words of the song, but they ran a good deal in this fashion:—

Jolly boys, jolly boys, are we that live
On the plunder of land and wave,
For if the rich upon each won't give,
Why we hollow them out a grave:—
And their gold and their toys,
But fill up the joys
Of the pirates cup and stave.

Jolly boys, jolly boys, are we that prowl,
When the shipwreck'd skiff's in view,
And we worship the storm-winds hollow howl
As the kindest wind that blew;—
And the spoils of the wreck
We fling on our deck,
To spend with our sweethearts true.

Jolly boys, jolly boys, is there luck on shore?
Why there shall the pirates be,

[illegible]

To make us the merriest at sea
For on wave, or on land,
There are none can say stand,
With so jolly a shout as we!

On the same evening, that the visit of this Caliban took place, orders were sent to my brother to be on board the day succeeding the following. The next morning he left me for a while, to expedite the shipment of some heavy baggage. During his absence, I observed that the keys of our bed-rooms had been removed. I thought nothing of this for the moment, but busy reflection soon induced wonder, and thence arose suspicion and fear. I was uneasy, and dissatisfied. To my enquiries I received evasive replies, the keys were no where to be found. In the evening my brother returned, and to still my fears, it was proposed that the latch of our doors, the situation of the doors admitting of it, should, by means of our trunk cordage be connected together, and that my brother should sleep with the door of his room open, so that the least attempt to pass into mine, might the more easily be discovered. Charles little imagined what a powerful enemy he should have in *sleep* that remarkable night! About midnight we retired to rest, the family had preceded us, and I felt reassured in the proximity of assistance.

I had performed the duties of the evening toilet—had addressed my prayers to him who is the Lord of the night, as the day season, and I had begun to "address myself to sleep," when I was aroused by a slight noise, as my fears interpreted, at the door of my room. It was repeated—faintly—but a moth flutter, or a gnat buz, would have startled me then—I was indeed very woman! I lay silent, and suspense wrapt, my heart began to throb strongly, fearfully, and I felt the terror damps creep cold and clammy over me. But I did not speak, I *could not*. Presently, the noise, only louder, was repeated. I reared myself and sat up in my bed, —I burnt no light, but there was a moon, and I rivetted, by its shadowy glare, my eyes to the door. It moved, at first gently—then wider and wider —till—I could not be mistaken—for *his eyes met mine*, the head of a

[illegible] my brother, and [illegible] my senses. I did not hesitate, I sprang to the window, lifted it, and with easement, and as the [illegible] of my rest appeared mastering, the instructions to his entrance, I threw myself into the street. It rained violently, and the wind was a hurricane, but what bad fear, and desperation to dread from the elements—it was man was my foe! On recovering from my fall, I did not stay to consider where I was to go, what I was to do. I continued to run as fast and as long as my strength would allow of, till at last I fell exhausted over some felled timber that arrested my progress. I found myself in the yard of a carpenter, and there I lay, crouching and shivering beneath the pile-up planks till some grey tints in the clearing sky brought a ray of hope, and to me it was morning. I arose, and staggered to a house, which I then observed at a short distance. I claimed kindred there, and had my claims allowed. I was a female, evidently, forlorn, and miserable—almost naked—there were no protestations needed to ensure compassion. I was put to bed, and what restoratives the place afforded were compassionately administered. I had fallen into the hands of Samaritans. After awhile I was able to relate my story, and in a few hours was once more clasped to the bosom of an almost despairing brother.

He had heard nothing in the night, but his fears were first excited in the morning, by observing that the fastenings we had affixed to the doors had been cut in two. The disordered state of the bed room,—the open window, confirmed his fears, and he aroused the neighbourhood, with the idea that I had been forced away to destruction. The sequel is soon told. The mistress of the house, and the servant, were strictly examined before the legal authorities, but nothing sufficiently criminatory was proved against them. An alibi was also made out for the son, who next came under our suspicions, and the affair with the departure of my brother, and my removal to a friend's, soon dropped altogether. The most prevalent idea, however, was, that from the excitation of my [illegible] I had been

deceived into terror by a dream; but my perilous leap, my night flight, my dripping and thin garments, and my charitable reception at the house of the carpenter, they could not "blow away" away: these remain, to this moment evidences of my terrors, my endurance, and my desperation.

Such was my Cousin's Tale, and for the satisfaction of those, who, in all cases, insist upon a due accounting for every occurrence, a matter of fact propensity, which I confess I think subversive of interest, I am enabled to state that my fair relation, a short time since, paid a second visit to the scene of her narrative, and that she learnt, that about five years since, a comrade of her landlady's son, who perished in a smuggling affray, confessed that he was employed by that son, to steal "from young madam's room, a box which contained Lieut. W.'s money, and which he would take on board the next day; but that alarmed by her desperate leap from the window, to obtain as he supposed assistance, and fearing interception, he had made his escape through a back window, which had been purposely left open to favour his admission. This fellow expiated his crimes two years since at Botany Bay.

The Literary Souvenir; or, Cabinet of Poetry and Romance. With numerous splendid Engravings. Edited by Alaric A. Watts. London.

The book before us may well be considered a dangerous rival of Ackermann's *Forget me Not*: it is one of the same class—a Christmas offering, intended to appear annually, and fully equal, if not in some respects superior to its prototype.

The engravings are indeed splendid; and the contributions, which afford many happy specimens of all that is beautiful in poetry and romance, are the productions of several of the most distinguished writers of the day; among whom appear names no less celebrated than Scott, Campbell, Montgomery, Hogg, Allan Cunningham, Archdeacon Wrangham, Mrs. Hemans, L.E.L., and most others of well-known celebrity. To observe that the "Literary Souvenir" is fraught with the happy efforts of writers of such high repute, is not only to give our readers a tolerable idea of its real character, but to bestow upon it at the same time what is, in our opinion, its greatest encomium. It only now remains for us to gratify all those who have not already seen the work by as many extracts from it as our limits will admit. The tales in prose are all very beautiful; but to quote any one of them would by far exceed the space left us, and we must, consequently, however contrary to our wishes, confine ourselves to the poetry alone. We shall begin with what we consider the best in the book, namely, Hogg's Invocation to the Queen of Fairies. It is melodiously fanciful and lovely indeed; but never did ignorance betray itself more than that critic," who has called it—*chivalrous and gallant*.

"No Muse was e'er invoked by me,
But a harp uncouth of olden key;
And with her have I ranged the border green,
The Gramplans stern, and the starry sheen;
With my gray plaid flapping around the strings,
And my ragged coat with its waving wings.
But ay my heart beat quick and high,
When an air of heaven in passing by
Breathed on the mellow chords, and then
I knew it was no earthly strain;
But a rapt note borne upon the wind,
From some blest land of unbodied kind;
But whence it flew, or whether it came
From the sounding rock, or the solar beam,
Or the seraph choir, as passing away
O'er the bridge of the sky in the showery day,
When the cloudy curtain pervaded the east,
And the sun-beam kissed its watery breast;
In vain I looked to the cloud over head;
To the echoing mountain, dark and dread;
To the sun-fawn fleet, and aerial bow;
I knew not whence were the strains till now.

They were from thee, thou radiant dame,
O'er Fancy's region that reign'st supreme!
Thou lovely thing of beauty so bright,
Of everlasting new delight;
Of foible, of freak, of gambol and glee;
Of all that teases,
And all that pleases,
—till—I could not be either [illegible]
—till—

All that we feel at yet love to see.
In petulance, pity, and passions refined,
Thou emblem extreme of the female mind!

Thou seest thyself, and anon to see
A shepherd kneel on his sward to thee;
But ere thou wilt come, with thy graceful train,
To assist in his last and lingering strain.
O, come from thy halls of the emerald bright,
Thy bowers of the green and the mellow light,
That shrink from the blaze of the summer noon,
And ope to the light of the modest moon;
I long to hail the enchanting mien
Of my loved Muse, my Fairy Queen,
Her rokelay of green with its sparry hue,
Its warp of the moonbeam and weft of the dew;
The smile where a thousand witcheries play,
And the eye that steals the soul away;
The strains that tell they were never mundane,
And the bells of her palfrey's flowing mane;
Ere now have I heard their tinklings light,
And seen my Queen at the noon of the night
Pass by with her train in the still moonlight.

Then she who raised old Edmund's lay
Above the strains of the olden day;
And waked the bard of Avon's theme
To the visions of a midnight dream;
And even the harp that rang abroad
O'er all the paradise of God,
And the sons of the morning with it drew,
By her was remodelled and strung anew.
Come thou to my bower deep in the dell,
Thou Queen of the land 'twixt heaven and hell,—
That land of a thousand gilded domes,
The richest region that Fancy roams!

I have sought for thee in the blue harebell,
And deep in the foxglove's silken cell,
For I feared thou hadst drank of its potion deep,
And the breeze of this world had rocked thee asleep.
Then into the wild rose I cast mine eye,
And trembled because the prickles were nigh,
And deemed the specks on the foliage green
Might be the blood of my Fairy Queen;
Then gazing, wondered if blood could be
In an immortal thing like thee!
I have opened the woodbine's velvet vest,
And sought in the lily's snowy breast;
At gloaming lair on the dewy lea
And looked to a twinkling star for thee;
That nightly mounted the eglantine bush,
Streaming with purple and glowing with green,
And thought, as I eyed its changing sphere,
My Fairy Queen might sojourn there.

Then would I sigh and turn me around,
And lay my ear to the hollow ground
To the little air-springs of central birth
That bring low murmurs out of the earth;
And there would I listen in breathless awe,
Till I heard the worm creep through the clay,
And the mole deep grubbing in darkness drear,
That little blackamoor pioneer.
Nought cheered me, on which the daylight shone,
For the children of darkness moved alone;
Yet neither in field nor on flowery heath,
In heaven above, nor in earth beneath,
In star nor moon nor midnight wind,
His elvish Queen could her Minstrel find.

But now have I found thee, thou enchanting thing,
Though where I neither may say nor sing;
But it was in a home so passing fair
That an angel of light might have lingered there;
It was in a place never wet by the dew
Where the sun never shone, and the wind never blew,
Where the ruddy cheek of youth never lay,
And never was kissed by the breeze of day;
As sweet as the woodland airs of eden,
And pure as the star of the western heaven;
As fair as the dawn of the sunny east,
And soft as the down of the saint's breast.

Yes, now have I found thee, and thee will I keep,
Though spirits yell on the midnight steep,
Though the earth should quake when nature is still,
And the thunders growl in the breast of the hill;
Though the moon should scowl thro' her pall of gray,
And the stars fling blood on the milky way;
Since now I have found thee, I'll hold thee fast
Till thou garnish my song—it is the last:
Then a maiden's gift that song shall be,
And I'll call it a Queen for the sake of thee."

The following is from the pen of Montgomery, the first moral poet of the day:—

"Friend after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end;
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying, none could be blest.

this Reviewer.

Beyond the flight of time—
Beyond the reign of death—
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath;
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upwards and expire!

There is a world above
Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere!

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are past away;
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in Heaven's own light."

The following is from L. E. L.; and though very beautiful, is still inferior to another piece of her's, entitled "The Criminal," which, did our limits admit, we would insert in preference to "The Decision of the Flower."

"There is a flower, a purple flower,
Sown by the wind, nursed by the shower,
O'er which Love has breathed a power and spell
The truth of whispering hope to tell.
Lightly the maiden's cheek has prest
The pillow of her dreaming rest,
Yet a crimson blush is over it spread
As her lover's lip had lighted its red.
Yes, sleep before her eyes has brought
The image of her waking thought—
That one thought hidden from all the world,
Like the last sweet hue in the rose-bud curled.
The dew is yet on the grass and leaves,
The silver veil which the morning weaves
To throw o'er the roses, those brides which the sun
Must woo and win ere the day be done.
She braided back her beautiful hair
O'er a brow like Italian marble fair.
She is gone to the fields where the corn uprears
Like an eastern army its golden spears.
The lark flew up as she passed along,
And poured from a cloud his sunny song;
And many bright insects were on the wing,
Or lay on the blossoms glistening;
And with scarlet poppies around like a bower,
Found the maiden her mystic flower.
Now, gentle flower, I pray thee tell
If my lover loves me, and loves me well:
So may the fall of the morning dew
Keep the sun from fading thy tender blue.
Now, I number the leaves for my lot,
He loves, not, he loves me, he loves me not,
He loves me—yes, thou last leaf, yes,
I'll pluck thee not, for that last sweet guess.
"He loves me,"—Yes, a dear voice sighed:—
And her lover stands by Margaret's side.

Lasting Impressions, a Novel, 3 vols. By Mrs. Carey. London.

THIS is an age which has been productive of many excellent Novelists; indeed we are not aware that any former one can boast of as many of such celebrity. Scott is a host in himself, a perfect Goliah, before whom now a hundred Fieldings and Smolletts would shrink as so many Philistines, great as they were considered in their day; and Edgeworth, Cotton, Lady Morgan, &c. &c. are names adorning works of such high repute and unquestionable merit, that when they die, it may be safely foretold that all which is good sense and beauty in composition, shall die with them. The novel before us is, we have no doubt, well calculated to gain for its authoress no inconsiderable place of note among these celebrated writers. The plot is well laid, and well conducted; the *denouement* fraught with more than common interest; the style terse, perspicuous, yet unaffected; and throughout the whole of the narrative, Mrs. Carey has so judiciously interwoven the useful with the agreeable—that the juvenile portion of her readers, while their imagination is enchanted with the striking incidents, unforeseen reverses, and lively or impressive dialogue, which meet them at every turn, will, as they proceed, become insensibly enamoured of virtue, and proportionally disgusted with vice. In short, this is one of the few novels which readers of taste and sensibility will peruse with avidity and delight. Here are no violations of probability—no sudden changes of character—no fashionable misnomers for immorality—no miraculous escapes through iron-grated windows or subterraneous labyrinths: and yet, though every thing appears natural and consistent, curiosity is so powerfully excited, and the principal characters are so prominent, and so boldly pourtrayed, that we, on the whole, anticipate for the fair author a considerable share of well-merited popularity.

* The Editor of the European Magazine entertains a very different opinion from this Reviewer.

To gratify our readers' curiosity, we extract the following passages:

"Miss Blightworth was a spinster, who, during the last twenty years, had neglected to celebrate her birth-day.—But although she had thus wisely forborne to remind her friends of the progress of Time, the traces of his flight were visible on her brow: and her person (which, at eighteen, had been barely not disagreeable) was now, at the age of forty-five, so entirely the reverse of all that the eye looks for in woman, that the young and the thoughtless of her own sex often joined in the laugh which was raised at her expence, as their male companions pronounced her 'a fright—a bore—a horrid, petrifying creature;' and as, now and then, a coxcomb, starting as she drew near—and throwing himself into an attitude *a la Kemble*, would exclaim—

'Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Art thou,' &c.

But, though Miss Blightworth was not one of those favoured beings, who, in their descent to the vale of years, retain some of those graces which adorned them in youth—she was, or seemed to be, so entirely unconscious of the change in her appearance, that she would, without hesitation, adopt those delicate colours and fantastic habiliments, which—however well calculated to display to advantage the fair face and sylph-like form of youthful loveliness—served only to render her personal defects so strikingly conspicuous, that some of her acquaintance (when they beheld her thus ridiculously attired) were led to conclude, that, from having been so long in the habit of concealing her age from others, she had at length actually forgotten it herself." p. 146.

"The reader may perhaps recollect, that young Sinclair—though thoughtless and extravagant himself—had warned Captain Conway to beware of bad company. But, truth to tell, his warning had been thrown away. The Captain's time hung heavy on his hands; and his opponent, with respect to Emma, pressed heavy on his heart: his gay companions filled high the sparkling glass; and when care and reason were together drowned in wine, he suffered himself to be led to the gaming-table, where the honourable Captain Dashwood and his no less honourable associates had, from time to time, given him abundant cause to regret his introduction to such honourable men.

"Debts of honour! Mercy on us!—What is it that a gambler will not do, to obtain money to discharge those debts? Honest tradesmen may call again and again—such vulgar fellows know nothing of honour. How should they, indeed, when they find so little of it among their customers? But Charles Conway,—though unexpiated love and bad company had made him a gambler—was not yet dead to honourable feeling: and each succeeding morning, that awakened him to a recollection of his debts, brought with that recollection the resolution to discharge them. But how discharge them? He had, in the course of a few months, sold or mortgaged every thing that he could call his own: and his father—after remonstrating with him on the frequency and extravagance of his demands—had at length positively and sternly refused to honour his bills.

"Lady Conway, when acquainted with this circumstance, wept, and entreated Sir William to bear with him a little longer—and offered even to give up her settlement for her darling Charles. But the Baronet was inexorable. He had (he observed) already advanced too much; and as he saw that the largest fortune must be inadequate to the wants of a gambler, it became him, as a husband and a father, to take care that his wife and daughter should not be ruined by the prodigality of an inconsiderate, profligate young man." p. 309.

THE FINE ARTS.

LANDSCAPE PAINTING, LANDSCAPE GARDENING, &c.

A Description of the Scenery of Dunkeld and of Blair, in Athol. Published at Dunkeld and Perth, by C. Sidey, and in London, by J. Mallet, Wardour Street.

This work is written with considerable sensibility towards the charms of landscape scenery, and in that cheerful and exhilarating tone of mind which accords well with the subject, seeming to proclaim that alert pursuit of sylvan pleasures which has been very naturally described by Mr. Wedale Price, "when the fibres are braced by a keen air, in a bold and romantic situation; when the activity of the body almost keeps pace with that of the mind, and eagerly seeks every rocky promontory and explores every woody recess. Then is experienced a

vein of pleasantry running through its pages, which altogether, cannot fail to render it both agreeable and useful as a guide-book, to those who may desire to traverse this part of Scotland; which appears well to deserve Sir Walter Scott's apostrophe.

"O Caledonia! —— Land of the mountain and the flood, &c."

Not only will this book prove serviceable and entertaining to travellers, and in general to the lovers of landscape, but may become still more so to the proprietors of romantic estates in Scotland, or any country of similar character; on account of its animadversions on those "Landscape Gardeners" as they have termed themselves, who have presumed to meddle with the wilder and grandeur features of nature, in the way of shaving and dressing, and furring, and wigging, and fur-belowing, as the writer of the volume before us would perhaps have added, had he been writing the present paragraph. It is but just, however, that we allow him to speak for himself. He says of the seat of the Duke of Athol and its environs—

"There is an appearance of artifice in the grounds immediately about the house of Blair, which will immediately catch the eye, and more perhaps at a first view than after a longer acquaintance. It will also chiefly offend those whose notions of beauty in landscape are not the produce of their own taste or feeling, or studies; but are derived from a sort of phraseology which has long been current on this subject, and for which the world is chiefly indebted to a canting and scribbling set, which is fortunately fast falling into oblivion. Such as the fault may nevertheless be, it must be sought in the fashion of the day when Blair was ornamented: namely, soon after the year 1742. That will also form its apology, as far as apology may be wanting; for, with nothing before him but the example of a whole nation, and examples too of much worse taste than any thing which is displayed here; Duke James has contrived to avoid all that could really offend the eye, even at a day when the *better principles—those of landscape painting, which alone ought to regulate the disposition of extensive grounds*—are generally understood."

The reader is entitled to the remainder of this excellent description of Blair, and shall presently have it: but we deem it necessary to pause here, to notice an incompatibility in a principle, between the passage which we have marked in italics, and some sentiments which have escaped the author in a former page. He therein says—

"There can be no greater error, though it is one into which artists frequently fall, than to imagine that there is nothing beautiful but the picturesque: nor any thing to be admired, but that which may be rendered an object of admiration in a painting. On the contrary, it often happens that there are no two things more at variance than beauty in nature, and picturesque beauty." (P. 22.)

In this latter-cited sentence, we hold the author to be altogether in the wrong. Of whatever looks well in nature, a competent artist will always be able to make a good picture. He will even, in some instances, be able to produce a good picture of a subject wherein nature may seem to have failed. Such is the power of art when exercised by a man of genius: but such a man never fails to make a good picture of a scene which in nature commands and gratifies attention; nor does it signify whether in writing or speaking of such a subject, you employ the term beautiful or picturesque or admirable. The author is therefore right in his appeal to landscape-painting, and wrong when (as in the above paragraph) he appears to disclaim such appeal. In short, should these remarks happen to meet his eye, we hope he will be convinced of the propriety of erasing in the subsequent editions, a passage which cannot be received otherwise than as countervailing the excellent tenour of his "Descriptions of the Scenery of Dunkeld, and of Blair in Athol."

We are the less disposed to suppress the regret which we feel at the appearance of the above dissonant sentence, inasmuch as the author himself, in proportion as he may insist on it, would lose the advantage of those appeals which he judiciously makes, in what we are about to extract, and in various other parts of his book, from the vagaries of the "landscape improver, or "rural perfumer," to the principles of landscape painting. Our readers are now better prepared, as we trust, to attend to the continuation of his description of, and remarks on, the grounds in the immediate vicinity of Blair Castle.

The road [illegible]

sufficiently disagreeable, which is here visible, is derived from the neighbouring territory of Lude, and not from Blair itself. A piece of ground naturally disposed in the most advantageous manner, has here been deformed by dry belts and divers formal clumps; nor has it required an ordinary degree of trouble to mar that which nature designed for beauty, and which no conspiracy against taste, short of that displayed by Brown and the offspring of his school, could have effected. The same conceit and ignorance appear to have presided over the bolstering of Taymouth; and there also, nothing short of the most inveterate antipathy to nature could have succeeded in injuring that which the petty contrivances of the artist (*artificer* would be a better *term*) did not enable him to destroy. Blair and Lude, thus balanced, offer an excellent example of that retrogradation in taste which marked the unlucky avatar of Brown. From the topiary work of the Romans, and the flats, and canals, and terraces, and gods of Holland, to the more solid and broad, if still formal, works of Kent, was a real step in improvement; but with Brown, and his clumps and belts, matters went backwards, at least to the age of Alcinous, or worse. The whole domain seemed but an enormous specimen of topiary, as if the same scissars which had formerly been kindly limited to dragons and peacocks, had been employed in squaring and trimming whole forests into the shapes of *entremets* and *hors d'œvres*. If we had not known that this reformer of nature had been a planter of cabbages and flower borders, we should have concluded that he had been a cook or a confectioner. It is difficult to comprehend how any imagination could have ever flattered itself that it was rivalling or imitating nature in this most wretched and meagre system, destitute of variety as well as of resource, by which all grounds, at one period, were made by a receipt, as uniform as if the patterns had all been sent out from a tailor's shop. It is equally difficult to conceive how, as an artificial disposition, it could ever have been thought beautiful. Nature it is not, and never was. It never did, and never will, unite or harmonize with any natural forms. It is art deforming nature; and that, not on a scale to which we might shut our eyes, as in the times of more ancient schemes of the same class, but over an extent of surface which renders it an evil, in more senses than one, of the first magnitude. As a specimen of art it has every demerit. It is ugly art, and it is art which, in trying to conceal its true character, loses such little merit as it might otherwise claim. To bear the traces of human ingenuity and contrivance, confers some right to admiration; because we admire the power and the resources which effected their purpose, but in the art which Brown's gardening displayed, we see nothing but the efforts of one to whom all the best forms of art were as unknown as the beauties of nature were beyond his comprehension. If ever this system has been tolerable, it is because he was unable to carry his intentions into full effect, or because time, in taking matters out of his hands, has modified or destroyed much of what was most characteristic in his style. It is not the least interesting circumstance in the history of this supposed improvement in English gardening, as it seems to have been exclusively considered, that a whole nation should so long have suffered itself to be misled, and so long have submitted to the dictates of such a pretender to taste, and that, too, at such an enormous expense as might have covered the land with cathedrals, or with forests and cultivation. So easily is the multitude led by him who claims to lead; and so rare, even in an age of universal pretensions, is it, to find any real taste or any rooted principles, in matters of beauty. How this censure applies on a much wider scale, it would not be difficult to shew. But to cut short criticism, it may be remarked, that a taste for the beauties of nature is, perhaps, among the latest to arise, it belongs to some of the highest stages of refinement."

It does so; but it grows from the very same root with landscape *painting*, and is, in fact, identified with the taste which enables us to appreciate the beauties and the merits of that highly interesting art. Mason, in his "English Garden," has not less poetically than truly shewn the sameness of the generic principles of appreciation in these cases, and, to that too little studied poem, we refer the reader who may desire information concerning the local modifications.

A single extract scarcely affords a fair sample of a work consisting of so much variety as the present volume. Yet we may not fill too many of our pages with what may be elsewhere read at no great expense. The author does not confine his descriptions to landscape scenery, but agreeably diversifies it with an occasional sprinkling of what northern tourists should also be acquainted with, namely botany, mineralogy, and the mountain sports. We shall extract a short specimen of each of these from his account of Glen Tilt.

"The hills around, and the valley itself,

afford numerous attractions to the botanist. The *saxifraga oppositifolia* and the *silene acaulis*, rarely descending so low, grow at the very water's edge, near Forest Lodge, where the green hills bear many of the rarer *orchidea* that affect calcareous soils, together with the beautiful *dryas octopetala*.

"The geological details are far too important and numerous for such a brief enumeration as could alone be afforded here; but the principal appearances which belong to the junctions of the granite with the strata, and to the penetration of views, will be found at a picturesque bridge just above Forest Lodge. The calcareous strata are here traversed by the granite views, as well as the associated hornblende schist and other rocks; and somewhat lower down the stream there is a mass of white marble similarly intersected, the whole of them displaying, in consequence, a great variety of interesting appearances. In a general sense, these phenomena are rather too abstruse for those who have only a superficial acquaintance with this subject; and the more experienced will not consult such a performance as this for geological information. But there are readers and travellers of as many pursuits as the world has tastes and physiognomies; and if I have taught some of these how they may defraud the powder-tax by petrifying their wigs with lime, I may here tell others where they will find a cauldron of cold boiling water. It is on a rock in the very middle of the stream at this place. A particular medium state of the water is required to produce this appearance; but when it is present the resemblance is absolutely perfect. This pool or cauldron deep and, without overflowing, full, emulates most exactly the boiling of a kettle on the fire, the effect being probably produced by means of air and water forced up from the fall, through some very narrow and invisible fissure in the rock. There are few travellers, be they geologists, or botanists, or dilettantes in the picturesque, or nothing at all, either of these, or of any thing else, who will not take some interest in the deer, and in what belongs to them, from the rude mountain forest itself to the well-roasted and smoking haunch.

"This enormous tract of wild mountains, which may be seen by those who choose to ascend the hills, extends over nearly an hundred thousand English acres, and is estimated to contain about six thousand deer. Here they range uncontrolled; an example of what Scotland once was when Ossian is supposed to have written, and long after. Those who have not read of the huntings which did once befal in this country had better read Pitscottie, or Taylor, or both. If they have not the originals, they will find them quoted in every tour book, in much poetry, and in some novels, until one is absolutely weary of meeting the same friends at every turning of a corner. A very valid reason for not quoting them again, although to do so would be an easy way of gaining a few passages. Good fortune on the part of the traveller, or good nature on that of the duke, may often permit even the accidental passenger to partake of the spectacle; yet, lord of the forest as he is, he cannot always make his wild tenants appear at his bidding; even those who have eaten of his haunch and drunk of his cup, and they are not few, must submit to the chances of this war. The stray visitor will have cause to be pleased though he should only see the distant herd, and only see that, crowning with its long line of antlers, the brow of the mountain, projecting them, like a wintry forest, on the outline of the sky. He will be more fortunate should they form their line into a column to descend the hill, as the alarm of men or dogs drives them to the station of the hunters. Then, perhaps, he may track the herd by the undulating stream of mist which rises from them as they smoke down the steep descent, and, crossing the ravine, or plunging after their leader into the river, ascend again; occasionally disappearing, then seen by intervals, as their prolonged files sink into the gully or rise on the knoll; trailing along, like the smoke of a furnace before the breeze, a curling wreath of grey vapour, which, ascending, unites with the mists of the hill as they vanish along its brow, or are lost in the clouds which rest upon it. His fortune may yet be better if a deer, separated from the herd, should be brought near him to bay. While the valley round re-echoes to the deep baying of the deer-hounds which surround him, afraid to advance, the spectator may perhaps see him high on some broken bank, or beneath the shelter of a rock; or, if he is yet more fortunate, in the middle of the stream, proudly looking round from some high and huge stone on the animals, who, stemming the wave, assail him on all sides. There, if he please, he may meditate, like Jacques, or, as is more probable, like Sir William Curtis and the wiser men of the world, who would rather eat twenty deer than weep with one."

We have thus given, as we conceive, a fair specimen of the various powers of the author of the "Description of Dunkeld and Blair, in Athol." But some readers will be curious to know who has treated so writhe, so wisely, and so well, on a subject so out of the common track. To these we can only answer, that the author

having had the modesty to conceal his name, we can do no more than inform them that the work is generally supposed to be from the pen of Dr. M'CULLOCH; and, if we may be permitted to form a judgment of that gentleman's geological, and, in other respects scientific description of the northern isles, the supposition appears to be well founded. More than this, we should not feel disposed to impart at present, [illegible] since, when men of letters [illegible] which they choose should be presented to the public anonymously, it is commonly, or at least should be, for some good reason; but as dogs are liable to display their names, that to find an author who (as Dean Swift phrases it) is too proud to be known is almost like arriving at a well in the wilderness.

MR. C. M. WESTMACOTT AND HIS REVIEWER.

A VERY little reflection will render it obvious to every reader but Mr. C. M. Westmacott, that eight closely written pages of vindication, abuse, defence, or recrimination, cannot be allowed to every author and artist whose work may be reviewed, here, or elsewhere. Were the Edinburgh and other reviewers to adopt such a practice, it is sufficiently clear that the public attention would be far too much engrossed by petty cavilling, to the neglect of higher interests and better purposes. We would not however have been fastidious or inexorable on this point with Mr. C. M. W., could we have supposed that the readers of the EUROPEAN would have been even amused with the whole contents of the vapouring essay which is now before us.

Observing that in the latter half of the paper in question, Mr. C. M. W. rudely introduces the names of certain gentlemen, whom he has no right to drag into his quarrel; and observing that he not only fancies he has a right thus to annoy them, but a *power also of rendering us instrumental to this purpose*, we have the honour to inform him that he happens to be mistaken. Observing these matters, and that his first four pages contain what he probably deems the most formidable part of his attack on ourselves, the most we can do for him at present, is to insert the earlier half of his paper, *verbatim*. We are very certain that this will be quite as much as the public will relish, even with the little side dishes of sauce that we mean to serve up along with them; and we will not absolutely engage to the full amount of these same four pages at the present sitting, certain other considerations of time and space, having their usual claims on us.

West o' my Cot a mile among the Hills may also prove too much at a stretch for the state of decrepitude, on our part, which as the reader shall presently see, this gentle writer so kindly commiserates, and for which he will doubtless be disposed to make due allowance. Mr. C. M. W. begins as follows: the italics being his own, and the small capitals ours by way of contradistinction.

"SIR.—I am the '*Young Gentleman*,' if A MERRY OLD BATCHELOR, of five and thirty may be thus designated, whom your *ancient* critic has *very liberally* noticed in an article on the British Galleries of Painting and Sculpture, page 284 of the last Number of the European."

In his merry reprehension of those who supposed him to be a young gentleman, should not our adversary carry in mind, that, ignorant of his person, and of his age, we judge innocent and reckless critics must judge, by his style of writing, which

On this point, indeed, there is no disagreement between Mr. C. M. Westmacott and ourselves. In his very first paragraph, he candidly coincides with the [illegible] have been conditionally offered, in case we should fall short of the four pages [illegible] number. As he is confessedly, and perfectly, aware that controversy arising out of criticism, is by no means a desirable feature in a magazine, he will be prepared readily to admit our excuses for not serving up too much of it at a time.

appeared to us misjudged; and by his fourteen forwardness, we *inferred*, in short, that he was a youth; nor did we impute it to him as a fault, but rather thought it some excuse for faults. And now, that he insists upon not being young, we are compelled to, say, *take pass*; we have the less hope from his future endeavours.

It is not unfair of Mr. C. M. W. to avow his age certainly; but very much so to assume, as he does, that we are guided by malevolent motives towards a writer, of whom, according to his own shewing, we know nothing but his catalogues, and that he bears the same name with a much respected artist. The man of thirty-five precedes this:

"Although such a *Juvenile* [writer we suppose he would imply] I am perfectly aware that controversy, arising out of criticism, is by no means a desirable feature in a magazine: but, *audi alteram partem*, is, I hope, your motto, and if I can shew that *gross injustice* has been inflicted on me through your work, I feel assured I shall find space therein for this my reply."

Certainly Mr. C. M. W. should, in that event, have found space even for his prolix paper: but the reader will not forget his cardinal *if*. He does not claim, nor expect to have what he terms his brief reply inserted, unless he can shew to our conviction that gross injustice has been inflicted on him: and this he has not shewn.

"In these days of *literary quackery*, the reviews, when nine out of ten of the London Reviews and Magazines are the property of a *trading brotherhood*, whose *hirelings puff up* their master's *wares*, and very disinterestedly condemn those of their competitors, it affords me some gratification to acknowledge, there is *one* honest enough to *abuse me* without the suspicion of its springing from such a polluted source: but although the trunk may be well rooted and vigorous, a blighted branch will often disfigure the otherwise healthy tree. Be mine the unlucky office to *lop it off*, ere yet its poisoned juice inoculate the more wholesome members."

Very chivalrous and disinterested, certainly. But let that pass. We are also called upon to let pass here a masked assumption on the part of our adversary,—an assumption which he could have no right to make, and which no modest writer would have made, namely, that there exists a subordination of powers and authorities in the conduct of this publication; and that the author of a reviewed work, possesses a privilege of appeal from (to fall in for the moment with Mr. C. M. W's. own figure, with which we must presently fall out) the power of the *branch* to that of the *trunk*. We waive all present discussion on this point. Being called upon to let this masked assumption pass; or to stop a valorous and lopping old bachelor almost at the outset of his career, we have chosen the former, contenting ourselves for the present, with protesting that no such privilege as Mr. C. M. W. would here claim, exists for one in his predicament; nor shall our present indulgence be drawn into precedent.

And now we will endeavour to assist the reader in discovering whether some little latent meaning may not be hidden under the parable of the tree. It is not *quite* so bad as some of those doubly blurred metaphors which we had occasion to notice in our review of the servile adulation which is attached to the merry old bachelor's catalogue: yet it is evidently from the hand of the same *master*, who is not a *young* master, it seems, and we are therefore reluctantly compelled to abandon that charitable idea.

The poor, passive, and poisoned, though blighted branch, blighted by what mischance, and poisoned by what mad wag of a catalogue-maker, are not mentioned; but, the passive and poisoned branch, whose mishap seems to excite no sympathy, is really here treated with almost as little respect as if it had had the wickedness to commit vegetable suicide, by poisoning itself. Would any valourous knight have else conceived the idea of gathering *studded, halo-laurel crowns* from the loppings of a poisoned and blighted branch?

Not the least sympathy however is felt for the suffering branch. Enough that Mr. C. M. W. has convinced himself by his own assertion, that it deserves to be lopped off.—Why, our old friend Reeves of Crown and Anchor, and *lopping* notoriety, could not have said more unmerciful things of this poisoned and blighted yet inoculating branch. No, no Master

[illegible] better, and indeed would have needed no Sheridan to inform him, that such an anomalous, out of the way occurrence, as Mr. C. M. W. appears to aim at describing, or rather the morbid phenomena of which he would seem to treat, could only have happened to the unfortunate branch, which he would make the agent of so much dreaded evil, from the rabid bealaverings of some maddish snaker of catalogues, who chanced to pass too near the tree. But it is most likely that neighbour Reeves would have preferred, on the whole, that safer inference which we are ourselves disposed to draw—namely, that the offer made with so much of the semblance of generosity, was that of some crafty knave who wanted wherewithal to boil his own pot, and would rather agree to disfigure a goodly tree by its loppings, than forego his dishonest hope. And now let our valorous hero proceed, or we shall not be able to report much progress.

"Experience has taught me that the *hypercritical* attacks of reviewers, are often the surest passports to good company and success." [It would seem that Mr. C. M. W. is not one of those who quietly avail themselves of the benefits of their own experience.] In the present state of literature, it is generally considered more *honourable* to be *abused* by those of whom the poet writes—

'Those half-breed whitings, num'rous [illegible]
An half-formed insects on the banks of Nile
Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call
Their generation's so equivocal,'

of a species of literary blow-fly, to whose synonimous *reptile family* I TRACE MY OWN CONSANGUINITY of the ancient critic in question."

Bravo! if it would hold together, or if we could but tell what it means. The only matter that seems to emerge from C. M. W.'s murkiness, is that he had the sagacity to discover that somebody whom he would indicate is related to his own family. He proceeds to let him not however be too secure in the charm of his *invisibility*.

"*If it were worth while* I could at once [illegible] him to the world; strip the visor from his countenance, and display a head, [illegible] ancient (for the third time) owner, [illegible] in London" has recently [illegible]

[illegible] conduct down to *best deserved* [illegible] from former *castigation*, and to have exhibited *a little honesty* FOR THE WELFARE OF HIS OWN SONS, and the honour of old age. Had the Cynic confined himself to the work before him, I could have been content to have smiled at the oozings of the *old gentleman's bile*, enjoyed his *imbecile* attempts at *sarcasm*, as we chuckle at bad puns, and I could have laughed heartily at the superlative fooleries of *consequence*, and a ridiculous affectation of *superiority*, linked sentence by sentence, with the most consummate *ignorance*, which characterises his *crudities*, without *deigning* to trouble you or your readers with a single remark thereon: but I THINK any impartial person will perceive, there is in the article in question, a lurking inclination to be very mischievous, a dealing out of *invectives, sarcasms, and conceits*—run *ex visceribus* stripping of a *cankered mind*, abounding in *gross imputation, which if unanswered*, might prejudice me in the opinion of the world, or, what I value more highly, in the estimation of those few private friends, of whose attachment I am proud, and whose good wishes will I hope attend me to the end of my days.

Now, strong smelling words may be strung—as ropes of onions are strung,—by any one who has eyes, and fingers for the task; and the more coarsely the stringer is organized, the fitter is he for such work. It is their ignorance, or want of ordinary respect for the readers of the European Magazine, that occasions Mr. C. M. W. to write as if he knew, or fancied that mere unsupported assertion, provided it was gross, would be quite sufficient for *them?* Here, some person, whom our adversary supposed to be his reviewer, is called, a half-learned writing; an unfinished thing, which he professes he does not know what to call, and yet fancies he does know what to call, a cynic, one who has formerly been castigated, but is notwithstanding, without prudence or honesty, and is ridiculously affected, &c.

Any other writer than our merry old bachelor, who by the way, seems very much indisposed to allow any person to be old and merry but himself, any decent writer would have thought it more ingenuous and becoming, as well as more logical and argumentative, instead of indulging in this vulgar invective, to have stated wherein the prudence or honesty have been [illegible] all gross.

infection, and wherein we have declined from the work that was before us. Would it not have been even more expedient to have *pointed out* our imbecile attempts, and our superlative fooleries, and also the *instances* of our crudities, and consummate ignorance? Would it not have been wiser to have *ridiculed* our *affectation*, and to have shewn *where* it lay, than to have merely alleged (without proving) that it is ridiculous? If Mr. C. M. Westmacott is not one of those grovelling, adulatory reptiles who press the ground with their bellies, merely that they may raise their crests? If he is not a coarse-minded and impudent pretender—why does he imitate the conduct of one? Why did he not bring forward his *facts*? What better can he hope for than to be thought a calumniator, or, *a person who has much mistaken the man of whom he fancied himself to be writing*? Is it possible he can keep down his own misgivings, and lull his conscience with his flimsy "*If it were worth while*?" But soft!—though he does not anticipate the opprobrium that all good men will attach to his silence about visiting the sins of the father upon the sons; yet the amiable and smiling and modest, and merry old bachelor has certain compunctious visitings of taste, for he cannot but question for a moth, and though he can talk in big and general terms of "former castigations," yet he is too delicate to mention the time and place of castigation, and the name of the castigator. These, like the rest of the facts that should sustain what he is pleased to asseverate, are under an egotistical cloud. He *thinks* "every impartial person will perceive them." Of the depth of meditation that should entitle him to the impressive use of these two monosyllables, upon a grave occasion, he does *not* think—but he will not comprehend this; and we ought sooner to have recollected the invocation that Bishop Warburton borrowed from a Spanish proverb, "Give me an adversary that understands me!" —Here we leave Mr. C. M. W. for the present, on the horns of his own dilemma. Until our next leisure,

"On his own bed of tortures let him lie."

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

It is really melancholy to observe the total incapacity which seems to pervade the entire management of this great establishment—on the boards of which Shakspeare once triumphed with unrivalled glory, over which the genius of Sheridan shed a brilliant lustre, and which the classical taste of Kemble resplendently adorned—when we reflect on the humiliating contrast which its present condition affords. Poor old Drury is fast declining, not only from the superiority it once held, for that has been gone long ago, but to a level below that of the minor theatres—making up for its poverty of intellect and its perverted taste, as well as it can, by tawdry pageants and tinsel attractions—sorry substitutes for wit and poetry! Since the large houses have encroached upon the prerogatives of the smaller—and that has been ever since the former have outgrown all reasonable dimensions—the number of regular play-goers has evidently diminished: they now seldom visit the theatre but upon particular occasions, when some striking novelty is presented. It is quite impossible for those who enter into the true spirit of the drama, who duly estimate the value of the stage, and who are capable of appreciating the benefits which this species of public amusement might be made the means of conferring, not to lament the change which has been effected in the character of our national theatres. The present lessee of Drury Lane has done more than any other man towards corrupting the public taste. He has introduced a system of quackery degrading to the stage, pernicious to its best interests, and destructive to the moral uses for which it was designed.

Der Freischütz, after going the round for several months of all the theatres in London, has actually been

brought out in any other theatre in the metropolis, is as stale as mackerel a month old, and bored to death every body is almost sick of the very name of it. And *how* has it been brought out? We would not be too hard upon the establishment; but really, after emblazoning a list of the principal performers engaged, and providing the publication of a rival list—after boasting of vast preparations, and the Lord knows what—after delaying the opening of the theatre for weeks beyond the usual period, and raising expectations of the wonders to be performed, to the highest pitch—after all this, and a great deal more, who would have imagined so complete an exposition of weakness, as bungling a specimen of management, as this theatre has presented. It opened with a grand home-piece, pompously announced—has usual. Where is it now? *Der Freischütz* was next to astonish by the superiority of its representation over that at other theatres. It has been produced—and is, in almost every respect, inferior to the same performance at the English Opera and Covent Garden. In a few days we may complain of that also. "Where is it?" To enter into minute criticism of this strange commixture is quite unnecessary, as it could lead to long and we would willingly avoid the unpleasantness of such a task.

We have not before had an opportunity of noticing the divertissement of *Cinderella*, which really merits observation. The story is well told, for the time allowed in the representation. The heroine of it is personified by Mademoiselle A. Court, a child of only about twelve years of age, and who acts her part surprisingly. The castanet dance before the prince was highly applauded, as was also the *pas de deux*, or rather double *pas de deux*, which she went through without resting, accompanied by a very difficult and beautiful solo on the violin by M. Hullin. The dance ought to be curtailed. The pantomimic action of this little creature is graceful, elegant, and expressive. Another interesting child named Duval, danced with Miss Pitt very prettily, and the manner in which the ballet is altogether got up by M. Hullin, reflects great credit on him, and shews what may be done with children by proper tuition and care. But after all, we may ask whether their infantile faculties might not be better employed in some other way?

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

The revival of a comedy from the pen of one of our elder dramatists, is an event of no ordinary, or uninteresting kind, as times go, when simple and pure taste are almost entirely banished from the stage. We begin to hope that at least one of our great theatres will again become the temple of the Muses. Let the managers continue to dig into those venerable stores which have lain almost untouched for two centuries, and they will find abundant treasures to repay their labour. The performance on this evening we hail as an omen of returning good sense, both on the part of the managers and the public.

The Comedy, entitled by the author *New Wonders—A Woman never Vext*, but altered and adapted to the present taste, was produced under the name of *A Woman never Vext, or the Widow of Cornhill*. This piece is the production of Rowley, the contemporary of Shakspeare, and one of the wits of that day. But he appears to have been held in higher estimation by his contemporaries than by posterity. His writings are more remarkable for freedom and vigour than for high poetical quality. The alterations and adaptations necessary to render the comedy fit for representation, have been made by Mr. Planché, who has performed his task in a very creditable manner. As we have given in another part copious extracts from the original piece, it is unnecessary to state the plot here, there being no material variation from it in the comedy as it is acted. The announcement of this almost obsolete comedy produced, as might have been confidently expected, what is technically termed a *bumper*. The house was indeed excellently filled, and the audience seemed in the best humour to applaud the activity of the establishment to provide *rational* entertainment for the public. Mr. Terry was warmly greeted on his appearance, which was at the rising of the curtain.

and Mr. Kemble was received with considerable applause. The forms of these gentlemen, as the elder Foster, gave the serious effect to the part, barring some excusable imperfections incidental to a first representation. Mr. C. Kemble acted the character of Stephen Foster admirably. Mr. Cooper did all that could be done for the Son. A poetical description of Jane, with whom he is in love, was beautifully delivered by him. Messrs. Bartley and Keeley had mere sketches of characters, but they made the most of them—the latter in particular played admirably. Mr. Blanchard was the Crown, and with all deference to this gentleman, (and we are generally among his warmest admirers,) we think he might have given the part more effect; indeed he was by no means sufficiently pointed in any of his waggeries. Mr. Baker enacted the King, and though he has not much to say, that little was spoken in a judicious and effective manner. The audience testified their loyalty by the reception which they gave the mimic sovereign, whom they honoured as the representative of real majesty, and the following sentence which the king has to deliver, was loudly applauded:—

> "Give room and let them pass,
> "We are accessible to all our subjects,
> "But most to the unfortunate."

Miss Chester was the *Widow*—a lovely looking one of course, though we cannot extend our praise much further. But the Mrs. Foster of Miss Lacy was a most striking display of excellence, and was justly and universally applauded. The character requires strong energies to sustain it; and Miss Lacy exhibited very great powers in the manner in which she went through the representation. The comedy was received with applause, and we earnestly hope that it will remain in the possession of the public, for the spirit despite which must have been incurred in getting up the splendid pageant of the "Lord Mayor's Show, as it passed through the City in state," was one of the best original, original and magical scenes perhaps ever witnessed.

Escapes on the Water-Carrier, was revived at this Theatre, but not attended with the success anticipated. The chorusses were admirably sung, and the music by Cherubini was finely executed. Farrell, who originally played Michelli admirably, reminded us in his singing that Time is creeping o'er his head and silvering his hairs. Neither Mr. Bedman nor Miss Hammersley appeared to be quite at home. Keeley relieved the dullness of the piece in other respects by some very excellent acting; on the whole, however, it went off rather flatly.

Young's Stranger is too well known to need any encomium—it is a brilliant effort. The play was well received, and the applause at the conclusion very vehement, mixed with cries for Mr. Kemble, but that gentleman did not make his appearance. *Charles the Second* was the afterpiece, in which Kemble, Fawcett, and Jones kept the audience, which we were sorry to see rather thin, in a roar.

The play of *The Stranger* was acted to give Mrs. Sloman an opportunity of trying the extent of her powers as Mrs. Haller. Reader! Do you recollect Mrs. Siddons in the same part? Have you seen Miss O'Neil in it? If you have, endeavour to discard all remembrance of them before you judge of Mrs. Sloman. You will then readily admit, that this lady's representation of the character was an excellent performance.

The Comedy entitled by the

VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

IRELAND and Catholic Emancipation are likely, we apprehend, more and more to occupy the attention of parliament, and of the British empire, in the ensuing session. If we are to believe the newspapers, the catholic cause has become a subject of serious and even of alarming importance. The weekly amount of the rent, raised by a subscription of one penny from each person, is said to be not less than three hundred pounds; and defeated by such unexpected success, the advocates of popery have raised a wild cry from one end of the kingdom to the other of Emancipation, as the only

told in plain terms, will not satisfy them; they are even disposed to abandon *pro tempore*, that which was formerly their *summum bonum*, their *sine qua non*; and all their energies are to be directed towards the achievement of parliamentary reform. This is at least candid, and if it be not sufficient to put government upon its guard respecting these men we know not what is. The fact is, that the infidel and the disaffected dissenter are alike disposed, at all times, to coalesce with the papist, notwithstanding the diametrically opposite nature of their principles, in the amiable hope of embarrassing the government, and of humbling the Established Church. Fortunately the great mass of our dissenters are loyal, and capable of appreciating the freedom and blessings which they enjoy under the protection of the church. The Roman catholics, or their abettors, are calling upon the presbyterians of Ireland in set terms to join with them for the accomplishment of their views. Cunning and politic enough on the part of the catholics, certainly, but surely, the burnt child will ever dread the fire, and the presbyterians cannot have forgotten, nor ought they ever to forget the mild mercies, *alias* the base and bloody treachery, to which they were subjected by the catholics, their then colleagues, in the rebellion of 1798!

The conduct of the Catholic Association, headed at this time by counsellor O'Connell, reminds us most forcibly of the observations of Sir Hercules Langrishe, made in the first parliament, as far back as the month of January, 1792. Sir Hercules, it should be recollected, had uniformly displayed the most friendly disposition towards the claims of what was then, as now, misnomered emancipation; "yet," said he, "notwithstanding my prepossessions in favour of the Roman Catholics, I was checked, for some time, in my ardor to serve them, by reading of late a multitude of publications, and paragraphs in the newspapers, and other prints, circulated *gratis* with the utmost industry, purporting to convey the sentiments of the catholics? What was their import? They were exhortations to the people never to be satisfied, till the state itself was conceded; they were precautions against public tranquillity; they were invitations to disorder, and covenants of discontent; they were not petitions of strength, rather than solicitous for favours; rather appeals to the power of the people, than applications to the authority of the state; they involved the relief of the catholic with the resolution of the government; and were dissertations for democracy, rather than arguments for toleration."

Who would not suppose this to be a picture from the life drawn at the present moment? Government itself is, in our humble opinion, greatly in error. It has tamely suffered itself to be bullied into concession after concession, till there is hardly any thing left to concede; and should the last point be granted, then farewell at once to Ireland, farewell at once to civil as well as to religious liberty throughout the empire.

Feeble as our voice may be deemed, we cannot refrain from raising it in a call upon ministers to make a firm and determined stand against the petitions and the claims, the demands and the threats, of the Roman Catholics. If they do not, the time will soon come when Ireland, if not sacrificed, will be preserved only by the sword.

Heaven knows we entertain no feelings of hostility towards the Irish nation, or towards the Roman Catholics themselves, on the contrary, we feel most deeply for the sufferings of the people, and for the heart-rending necessity, if it be a necessity, of their continuing to wallow in that slough of moral degradation to which they have long been condemned. It is, not, however, by granting them what certain demagogues are pleased to term emancipation, that the evil can be removed, or that a noble and gallant race can be elevated to its proper rank and station in society. God forbid that we should attempt to deprive the people of their religion, of the religion of their forefathers. We would do no such thing; but, assuredly, we would curtail the power, and reduce the influence of their priests; and we would take especial care that not one jesuit, or one politically disaffected priest, should remain in the country. The first step then should be to meliorate the moral condition of the people. They should be taught, and enabled to obtain by their labour, those decencies and comforts which men, aspiring in civilized society, have a right to

be its station in that society may be. Education, universal education, to a certain extent, should not for a moment be lost sight of. The education of the priesthood, in particular, should be under such regulations, that love, respect, and veneration for the government of the country should be duly impressed. No foreign influence or supremacy should be allowed. The people would thus be taught to know their true friends and protectors—to become good men and good subjects—to be, in the best sense of the words, a truly happy and religious people. Nothing like this will ever be achieved for Ireland by the grant of catholic emancipation; or as long as a foreign and hostile supremacy is acknowledged in the country. No form of religion that the world has known has ever proved so inimical to the liberties of man, and the cultivation of the human mind, as popery. Emancipation, so far from a blessing, would prove a curse to the lower classes of the people in Ireland, as it would invest the priesthood with even greater power than they now possess; and, in consequence, independently of its operating as the probable means of separating Ireland from this country, it would plunge the people into a darker night of superstition, slavery, and degradation, than that to which they have so long been doomed.

The importance of this subject will, we trust, be accepted as a satisfactory apology for our devoting to it so large a space.—We now proceed to minor objects, foreign and domestic.

If our ministers are desirous of availing themselves most successfully of their popularity, they unquestionably ought to act upon the expectation, which still continues to prevail, of a new parliament in the spring. We have been led, however, to hope for a further reduction of taxation—of the assessed taxes in particular, and, we confess, that we should prefer seeing a point so important, disposed of by the present, than by a future parliament. Members, towards the close of a parliament, look towards their constituents and the country; at its commencement, on the contrary, they are sometimes too apt to regard ministers as their polar star.

Report states, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has determined on the measure of paying off a certain portion of the outstanding Exchequer bills, the entire amount of which is at present thirty-four million pounds; of this, it is said, four million pounds are to be reduced.

It is with much regret that we record the premature return of the Griper, discovery ship, Captain Lyon. In a continuance of bad weather, encountered in her attempts to put into Repulse Bay, in which it was her intention to winter, she lost all her anchors, and her boats were all stove in. Fortunately, no lives were lost. Captain Lyon arrived at the Admiralty on the 11th of November. Captain Parry had reached lat. 71° all well, and with a prospect of favourable weather, for his farther progress. Captain Franklin is expected to leave this country, on his land expedition, in February; and it is probable, we think, that the information which he may have derived from Captain Lyon, will tend greatly to facilitate his plans.

We anxiously hope that we shall hear no more of the war with the Ashantees. General Turner is on the point of embarkation, if he has not already embarked, in a private ship, for Sierra Leone; carrying out with him a rich palanquin, canopy, &c. with other presents for the king of the Ashantees, should he be disposed to meet him on friendly terms. The troops which have embarked for Africa, will proceed first to Sierra Leone, and thence, under the command of General Turner, to Cape Coast Castle.

The remains of Louis XVIII. were interred with great magnificence, at the Abbey of St. Denis, on the 25th of October; and, at the same time, the heart and various parts of Henry IV. Louis XIII. Louis XIV. and other things, which had been secretly removed and preserved by the loyalists, during the time of revolutionary frenzy, were restored to their original depositories of the tomb. Preparations are said to be making for the coronation of the new Sovereign, Charles X., at Rheims, at an early period.

Viscount Grenville has been appointed Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to his Most Christian Majesty, from this country.

Some rumours have been afloat, but we can hardly think that they are well founded, of an approaching change in the French ministry. It is now said, that the proposed indem-

[illegible] to the French emigrants, will not exceed 930,000,000 sterling.

The report of the French Council of Health for the past year, contains some curious facts respecting the population and mortality of the country. One 40th of the entire population, it appears, is annually carried off by pulmonary consumption. This, we apprehend, far exceeds the average number of deaths by the same disease in England, which has long been regarded as the country in which consumption commits the greatest ravages. It is lamentable also to observe the great yearly increase of deaths by the small pox, arising, unquestionably, from the neglect of vaccination. In 1820, the number was only 41; in 1821, 119; in 1822, 136; and in 1823, 690. Suicides have been on the increase in France, for the last five years. The difference in mortality in the various arrondissements is remarkable: last year, in the second arrondissement (composed of the quarters Feydeau, Chaussé d'Antin, Palais Royal, Faubourg Montmartre) there died only one in fifty-five; whilst there died one in thirty-six in the eighth arrondissement, composed of the quarters of Quinze Vingts, Maris, Roincourt, and Faubourg St. Antoine.

In Denmark, it appears, some new arrangements have been made for the better regulation of the finances: the maximum of the national expenditure is to be founded on the average of the last three years; and the expenditure is to be in all cases reduced till it shall be covered by the current income of the state.

The Turks have not yet indicated an intention to evacuate Moldavia and Walachia; consequently, the Russian army of the south, although it has gone into winter quarters, and is not likely to take the field again till the commencement of the spring, will remain upon the frontier.

In the several actions between the Greek squadrons and those of Turkey and Egypt, the Greeks have been uniformly successful. After an engagement near Mitylene, the Captain Pacha was compelled to seek refuge under the cannon of the Dardanelles, having preserved only his own ship, a frigate, and ten or twelve small vessels. The Egyptian squadron was also dispersed, and several of its vessels were taken.

From South America, we hear of little that is important or decisive. The President of the United States has determined on acknowledging the independence of Brazil. Pernambuco was taken by the imperial force under Lord Cochrane on the 17th of September. In Mexico, according to the latest advices, every thing was tranquil, but the result of the approaching election of a President was looked forward to with great anxiety. Slavery has been abolished throughout the republic. A victory was obtained by General Bolivar over the forces under Canterac, in the plain of Junin, on the 6th of August.

We have only room to add the distressing intelligence that the city of Shiraz on the Persian Gulph, has been almost wholly destroyed by an earthquake.

THE PRESENT STATE OF GREECE.

It is impossible to contemplate the glorious struggle now making by the people of Greece, for the recovery of their long lost liberty, without being deeply interested in their fate. The Morea, of late years, has been fruitful in every species of atrocity; and Greece, that land so interesting to every cultivated mind, has also felt, in no common degree, the scourging hand of its infidel oppressor. Tyranny, however, assisted by concomitant circumstances, cannot last for ever. The nation has awakened from its lethargy, and the sun of Greece now shines on a people clad in arms to defend their native rights.

It was not to be expected that, in England, many individuals should not be found disposed to aid in so noble a contest. The late Lord Erskine, the venerable Bentham, and several other distinguished persons, formed themselves into a committee for that purpose, and appointed Captain Blaquiere their agent in that country, who was, however, subsequently obliged to return to England, when the Honourable Colonel Leicester Stanhope offered his services, which

[illegible] Rules of [illegible]

[illegible] of degree accepted, and he proceeded forthwith to the Morea. The chief object to which his attention was directed, was the enlightening the minds of the people by means of free presses, and other acts, the offspring of a cultivated intellect.

Ill health, together with the mandate of the government, obliged him at length to decline these honourable and laudable pursuits; and on his return to England, he presented Mr. Ryan (well known in the literary world as the author of "The Worthies of Ireland," and various poems) with his highly interesting correspondence, together with other curious documents connected with the Greek revolution. These have lately met the public eye, and excited universal attention, as the nature of their contents is so admirably adapted to give the reader a sincere and unbiassed idea of the state of Greece, and of the characters of the various leaders, and to enable all to form a just view of the probabilities of the success attending the efforts now making for the expulsion of their infidel invaders. Much original and curious information is also to be found in this volume relative to Lord Byron; and it is illustrated by several curious *fac similes*.

While we are thus strongly recommending this work to the notice of our readers, we deem it but a bare act of justice toward Mr. Ryan, (to whom the charge of editing the volume has been confided,) to state that much praise is due to him for its admirable arrangement, as well as for the spirited preface with which he has prefixed it; and which, speaking of the conspicuous merit of his friend Colonel Stanhope, he thus concludes:

"Of the talents of Colonel Stanhope, of his devotion to the cause of freedom, and of his persevering zeal as well in India, as in Greece, in the furtherance of the establishment of a Free Press, the great Palladium of the liberty of the human race, the editor feels that it would not become him to speak in the terms which would spontaneously flow from him on such an occasion. Under personal obligations, which he is now, as at all times, anxious most gratefully to acknowledge, to that tried and active promoter of 'the greatest good of the greatest number,' the praise which he might offer, would naturally become suspected. From this he will therefore abstain; but he has held it a bare act of justice to put on record, among the documents which compose the appendix to this volume, some portions of the opinions of the venerable Bentham, and of others well qualified to judge on the subject, and to offer a disinterested and unbiassed opinion. The testimonials of the distinguished merits of Colonel Stanhope, which he has there preserved, are, indeed, almost unnecessary to the reader of the following pages, each of which bears ample evidence of a mind persevoringly and ardently devoted to the moral improvement of mankind, and through that to the increase of freedom and of happiness."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Just published, by Heraud and Son, the Attorney's and Solicitor's Retainer Book, 4to. This book of blank forms is published with a view to assist professional gentlemen in preserving retainers, duly signed by clients, in order to their production when required by the courts. Disposte half-bound with index, price 3s. Two quires ditto ditto, 4s. Three quires ditto ditto, 6s. 6d. 12mo. bds. 6s. 1824.

Practical Directions for acknowledging and levying fines, for suffering and perfecting Common Recoveries, and for drawing, entering and passing the same through the several Offices. In two parts. Together with copious Appendices, containing [illegible] applicable Rules of Court, Cases, Statutes, Bills of Costs, &c. Second Edition, by D. Miller.

[illegible] The Editor of the above work begs to apologise to the Subscribers for the unintentional delay of the publication of the Third Part: he ventures to hope they will not have reason to be displeased with the cause. Having, since his first arrangements, unexpectedly met with a considerable quantity of new and interesting materials, he felt it a duty to himself and to avail himself of those additional means which might [illegible] completeness to the work. Under these circumstances, he has been obliged to re-compose the whole of the Historical Introduction, and has, he trusts himself it will contain [illegible]

the practice, which have not hitherto met the public eye. The subscribers may rely on the work being completed in the ensuing spring.

Gloucester, November 15, 1824.

Speedily will be published, in 1 vol. post 8vo. Wanderings in Wales.

Mr. John Charles Litchfield, M.R.C.S. &c. &c. has in the press a Greek Derivative Index, in pocket size, containing the principal technical terms used in Anatomy, Botany, Chemistry, Medicine, Pharmacy and Surgery, for the use of Students.

In the press, a collection of poems, entitled, Bay Leaves, by T. C. Smith.

Just published, Creation's Friend: lines addressed to, and published with the approbation of the Society for the prevention of Cruelty to Animals. By W. R. Hawkes.

Patrons of mercy's generous designs,
To you the writer consecrates his lines;
Happy to aid your cause, and do his best
To wake soft pity in the cruel breast;
Protect the helpless and the dumb defend,
And be, in largest sense, Creation's Friend.

Nearly ready for publication, in one thick volume foolscap octavo, embellished with numerous highly-finished engravings on Wood, of Antiquities, Views, and Heraldry, by Messrs. Hughes, Bonner, Mason, &c. &c. Chronicles of London Bridge; comprising a complete history of that ancient and interesting structure, from its earliest mention in the British Annals; traced through all its various destructions, re-erections, and alterations, down to the commencement of the new edifice in 1824; and interspersed with historical, literary, and biographical anecdotes; and an accurate account of all the principal buildings contiguous to the bridge. Compiled from the most authentic and valuable sources, both public and private; consisting of Charters, Ancient Histories, Manuscript Records, Original Drawings, Rare Prints and Books, and Official Papers. By an Antiquary of London.

Mr. Field, late Chief Justice of New South Wales, is about to publish a small Collection of Geographical Papers, by various hands, respecting that Colony.

In the course of December, will be published, in one neat volume duodecimo. with an engraving, after a design by Corbould, Odd Moments; or, Time Beguiled.

A new edition of Anderson's Commercial Dictionary and Sea Port Gazetteer, is just published; also, Mr. Mountenay's Historical Inquiry relative to Napoleon.

Just published, Urania's Mirror; or, a View of the Heavens: on a plan perfectly original. Designed by a Lady. The Work consists of Thirty-two large Cards, on which are represented all the Constellations Visible in the British Empire. Each Constellation is drawn with the Figure ascribed to it by the Ancients; and the Stars are perforated, so as to exhibit, when held up to the light, their natural appearance in the Heavens. The Cards are accompanied with a familiar Treatise on Astronomy, written expressly for this purpose by J. Aspin. Fitted up in an elegant Box, price 1l. 8s. plain; or, 1l. 14s. beautifully coloured.

LIST OF PATENTS.

To Joseph Apsden, of Leeds in the county of York, Bricklayer, for his new invented improvement in the mode of producing an artificial stone.—Sealed 21st October—2 months.

To George Dodd, of St. Anne Street, Westminster, in the county of Middlesex, Engineer, for his invention of certain improvements on fire extinguishing machinery.—Sealed 21st October—6 months.

To George Samuel Harris, of Caroline Place, Trevor Square, Knightsbridge, in the county of Middlesex, gentleman, for his new invented machine for the purpose of giving the most effectual and extensive publicity by day and by night to all proclamations, notices, legal advertisements and other purposes, to which the same may be applicable, destined for universal information, and which will hence forth render unnecessary the defacement of walls and hoppes in the metropolis, and its suburbs, by bill-sticking, placarding, and chalking, which latter practices have become a great and offensive public nuisance.—21st October—2 months.

To John Lingford, of the town and county of Nottingham, lace machine manufacturer, for his invention of certain improvements upon machines or machinery, now in use for the purpose of making that kind of lace, commonly known or distinguished by the name of bobbin net, or Buckinghamshire lace net.—Sealed 1st November—6 months.

To the Reverend John Somerville, A. M. Minister of the parish of Currie, in the county of Edinburgh, for having devised and discovered an invention of a method or methods, applicable to fowling pieces or other fire arms, by which method or methods all accidental discharge of said fowling pieces or fire-arms will be completely prevented.—Sealed 4th November—2 months.

To John Crosby, of Cottage Lane, City Road, in the county of Middlesex, gentleman, for his invention of a contrivance

for better insuring the egress of smoke and rarefied air in certain situations.—Sealed 4th November—6 months.

To Thomas Richard Guppy, of Bristol, gentleman, for his invention of certain improvements in masting vessels.—Sealed 4th November—6 months.

To John Head, of Banbury, in the county of Oxford, Hosier, (being one of the people called Quakers) for his invention of certain improvements in machinery, for making cords a plat for boot and stay-laces, and other purposes.—Sealed 4th November—4 months.

To William Church, of Birmingham, in the county of Warwick, Esq. for his invention of certain improvements on augers and bits, for boring, and in the apparatus for making the same.—Sealed 4th November—6 months.

To William Busk, of Broad Street, in the city of London, Esq. for his invention of certain improvements in propelling ships, boats or other vessels, or floating bodies.—Sealed 4th November.—6 months.

To John White the younger, and Thomas Sowerby, both of Bishopwearmouth, in the county of Durham, merchants, for their new invented improved air furnace, for the purpose of melting or fusing metallic substances.—Sealed 6th November—6 months.

To Thomas Girtanally of Doncaster, in the county of York, gun maker, for his invention of an improved percussion tube applied to the locks of guns, pistols, fire arms or ordnance, for the purpose of firing the same by percussion, acting either by self-priming or otherwise, and whereby the priming is rendered wholly imperious alike to the wind, rain, or damp.—Sealed 6th November—8 months.

To Charles Heathorn, of Maidstone, in the county of Kent, lime burner, for his invention of a new method of constructing and erecting a furnace or furnaces, kiln or kilns, for the more speedy, more effectually, and more economical manufacture of lime, by means of applying, directing, and limiting, or regulating the flame and heat, arising in the manufacturing or burning coal into coke, and thus making lime and coke in the same building and at the same time.—Sealed 11th November—2 months.

To Pierre Brunet, of Wimpole-street, Cavendish-square, in the county of Middlesex, merchant, in consequence of a communication made to him by a certain foreigner residing abroad, with whom he is connected; he is in possession of an invention of a furnace made upon a new construction.—Sealed 11th November—6 months.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

COTTON.—There was some considerable business doing in Cottons early in the week, but the accounts from Liverpool being unfavourable, checked the request; the market has since become quiet, but without reduction in the prices: the estimated sales are nearly 1000 bags. The letters from Liverpool this morning state the Cotton market languid; the prices rather giving way.

SUGAR.—The Sugar market has been very steady during the week; the business done very considerable: the prices are without the slightest variation.

COFFEE.—The prices of Demerara and Berbice Coffee, particularly the middling and finer qualities, again declined 2s. a 3s. early in the week, on account of the quantity forced on the market; since then there has been more firmness. In St. Domingo, Jamaica, and other descriptions of Coffee, there has been no alteration whatever: the market firm in price, but rather languid.

There were two public sales of Coffee this forenoon; the whole went off steadily, and the middling Jamaica at rather higher prices; St. Domingo, of a fair quality, 58s. 6d. and 59s.; the late prices are to-day fully supported.

RICE.—In consequence of there being no public sales this week, there has been more business done privately by the wholesale houses.

TEA.—The East India Company have given notice, that at their Sale of Tea, which will be held in the month of March, 1825, the several species of Tea will be put up to sale at the following prices respectively, viz.—Bohea, at 1s. 6d. per lb; Congou, 2s. 1d.; Ditto, 2s. 3d.; Campoi, 2s. 6d.; Souchong, 2s. 10d.; Twankay, 2s. 5d.; Hyson Skin, 2s. 5d.; Hyson, 3s.; Ditto, 4s.

RUM, BRANDY, AND HOLLANDS.—The Government contract for Rum on Tuesday last has rather an unfavourable effect on the market: it was taken on lower terms than at first reported, 1s. 3½; to 1s. 3¾d.; Leeward Island Rum is in consequence heavy, but there have been no sales at any reduction; some few small parcels of Jamaica Rum have sold, strong quality at full prices, but generally there is little interest in the Rum market.—Brandies continue gradually to improve, and to assume much firmness: parcels housed have been currently sold at 2s. 10d.—In Geneva there is no alteration.

SPICES.—Nutmegs, at the close of this day, have fallen to 4s. a 4s. 2d.

TALLOW.—The tallow market remains very heavy; the new 35s. 3d.

LIST OF BANKRUPTS AND DIVIDENDS,

FROM SATURDAY, OCT. 26, 1824, TO TUESDAY, NOV. 21, 1824, INCLUSIVE.

Extracted from the London Gazette.

N.B. All the Meetings are at the *Court of Commissioners, Basinghall-street*, unless otherwise expressed. The Attornies' Names are in Parentheses.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Alway, J. Fleet, Lincolnshire, victualler.
Joseph, M. J. Fox Ordinary-court, Nicholas-lane, Lombard-street, merchant.

BANKRUPTS.

Abrahams, L. Mansell-street, Goodman's-fields, merchant. (Noel, Great Ormond-street, Queen-square.

Antrobus, J. Manchester, grocer. (Adlington, Gregory and Faulkner, Bedford-row.

Allison, J. Church-street, Camberwell, coach-master. (Carpenter, Furnival's inn.

Banks, R. Paddington-street, Marylebone, tailor. (Farris, Surrey-street, Strand.

Bailcock, J. St. John-street, Clerkenwell, boot maker. (Farden, New inn.

Bennett, T. Blandford Forum, Dorsetshire, wine-merchant. (Chisholme, Lincoln's-inn-fields.

Duncombe, R. Well-street, Mile-end New Town, coal dealer. (Birkett and Taylor, Cloak-lane.

Biggs, G. Bradford, Wiltshire, clothier. (Corbett, Hart-street, Bloomsbury.

Browne, J. H. Clapham, linen-draper. (Jones, Size-lane.

Banks, J. and Garrod, W. Beccles, Suffolk, linen-drapers. (Bromley, Gray's-inn-square.

Biggs, H. Blandford Fornm, mercer. (Sandys and Co., Crane-court, Fleet-street.

Birt, G. Pickett-street, Strand, tea-dealer. (Noy and Hardstone, Great Tower-street.

Beech, J. Newcastle-under-Lyme, currier. (Barbor, Fetter-lane.

Boswell, P. S. Strand, shopkeeper. (Hamilton and Twining, Berwick-street, Soho.

Brook, J. Choppards-in-Wooldall, Yorkshire, clothier. (Battye, Fisher and Sudlow, Chancery-lane.

Baker, C. Ratcliffe-highway, grocer. (Baddeley, Leman-street, Goodman's-fields.

Byers, E. Prince's-street, Soho, whalebone-merchant. (Collins, Great Knight Rider-street, Doctors'-commons.

Barnes, T. and Wentworth, H. New Corn Exchange, Mark-lane, millers. (Shiers, St. George's-place, New-road.

Brown, J. Rochdale, innholder. (Appleby, Gray's-inn-square.

Cooke, G. Manchester, grocer. (Makinson, Middle Temple.

Chandler, D. jun. Stow Upland, Suffolk, maltster. (Slade and Jones, John-street, Bedford-row.

Craig, J. Austinfriars-passage, merchant. (Cranch, Union-court, Broad-street.

Cooke, J. Bristol, brightsmith. (Williams and White, Lincoln's-inn.

Chant, J. B. Somerton, Somersetshire, grocer. (Nicholls, Great Winchester-street.

Clark, W. Kingston-upon-Hull, seedsman, (Taylor, Clement's-inn.

Capon, G. Oxford-street, upholsterer. (Woodward, Furnival's-inn, Holborn.

Cooper, F. East Dercham, Norfolk, grocer. (Barbor, Fetter-lane.

Clark, W. Speldhurst-street, Burton-crescent, coal-merchant. (Pinero, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square.

Crouse, J. Cheltenham, tallow-chandler. (Williams and White, Lincoln's-inn.

Dring, T. Bristol, brewer. (Boardillon and Hewitt, Bread-street, Cheapside.

Drury, R. and Thompson, G., Luke-street, Finsbury-square, brewers. (Hindmarsh, Crescent, Jewin-street, Cripplegate.

Dauncey, J. Cosley-mills, Gloucestershire, woollen-manufacturer. (Hutchinson, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street.

Dinsdale, G. Richmond, Yorkshire, grocer. (Morton and Williamson, Gray's-inn-square.

Douglas, J. Blackburn, Lancashire, bookseller. (Clarke, Richards, and Medcalfe, Chancery-lane.

Eade, C. Stowmarket, Suffolk, grocer. (Slade and Jones, John-street, Bedford-row.

Ellis, A. Mare-street, Hackney, carpenter. (Ashley and Goodman, Tokenhouse-yard.

France, T. Paddington, timber-merchant. (Saxon and Hooper, Temple.

Flaherty, T. Bath, tailor. (Jenkins and Abbott, New-inn.

Francis, R. Wellclose-square, hat-maker. (Brown and Martin, Commercial Sale-rooms, Mincing-lane.

Fargues, F. P. Berwick-street, Soho, printer. (Robinson, Walbrook.

Greening, W. Hampstead, carpenter. (Sanders and Bailey, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-sq.

Grayburn, W. Nottingham, draper. (Taylor, Featherstone-buildings, Holborn.

Gardner, C. Mile-end-road, merchant. (Williams, Copthall-court, Throgmorton-street.

Gibson, J. Cambridge, dealer. (Robinson, Half-moon-street, Piccadilly.

Guyer, J. Woolwich, tailor. (Bratton, Old Broad-street.

Houghton, P. and S. P., Skinner-street, Snow-hill, leather-sellers. (Nind and Cotterill, Throgmorton-street.

Hoskins, R. Manchester, merchant. (Hurd and Johnson, Temple.

Hill, W. Greenfield, Flintshire, paper-manufacturer. (Kay, Manchester.

Holman, J. Glossop, Derbyshire, victualler. (Makinson, Middle Temple.

Hodgson, J. Bath, auctioneer, (Nethersoles and Barron, Essex-street, Strand.

Hyatt, W. Dorset-street, Manchester-square, upholsterer. (Harvey and Wilson, Lincoln's inn-fields.

Howell, J. Piccadilly, linen-draper. (Jones, Size-lane.

Hassall, W. Newgate-street, hatter. (Richardson, Walbrook.

Hide, B. High-street, Bloomsbury, bedstead-manufacturer. (Dignum, Little Distaff-lane, Doctors'-commons.

Huntington, J. Skinner-street, Snow-hill, jeweller. (Reeves, Ely-place.

Haddon, T. South Bruton-mews, Berkeley-square, stable-keeper. (Bull, Carlton-chambers, Regent-street.

Hunt, T. Heaton-Norris, Lancashire, cotton-spinner. (Hurd and Johnson, Temple.

Ingham, J. Aldgate, woollen draper. (Turner, New Basinghall-street.

James, H. J. Cannon-street, stationer. (Williams, Bond-court, Walbrook.

Johnson, P. Great Charlotte-street, Blackfriars-road, linen-draper. (Nokes, Staple-inn.

Jackson, S. G. Loughborough, Leicestershire, corn-merchant. (Adlington, Gregory and Faulkner, Bedford-row.

Johnstone, T. O. Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, dealer in music. (Bromley, Copthall-court, Throgmorton-street.

King, T. Crofton, Northumberland, shipowner. (Bell and Brodrick, Bow Church-yard, Cheapside.
Levy, H. Rathbone place, glass-dealer. (Norton, Whitecross-street, Cripplegate.
Lunn, E. and G., Halifax, chemists and druggists. (Jaques and Battye, New-inn.
Lee, P. C. and Ballard, W., Hammersmith, linen-drapers. (Jones, Size-lane.
Levy, J. Smith's-buildings, Goodman's-fields, feather-merchant. (Reynal and Ogle, Austinfriars.
Lewis, J. Bristol, merchant. (Bousfield, Chatham-place.
Matthews, T. and Bingham, W., Kingston-upon-Hull, drapers. (Adlington, Gregory and Faulkner, Bedford-row.
May, N. Albion-terrace, Stepney, builder. (Hutchison, Crown-court, Threadneedle-str.
Manual, W. Great Wild-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, baker. (Shiers, St. George's-place, New-road.
Marshall, T. Basinghall-street, Blackwell-hall-factor. (Knight and Fyson, Basinghall-street.
Macmillan, J. Liverpool, merchant. (Battye, Chancery-lane.
Marshall, W. Totton-street, Stepney, builder. (Lewis, Crutchedfriars.
Neverd, W. Brunswick-street, Hackney-road, baker. (Hudson, Winkworth-buildings, City-road.
Oliver, T. Park-place, Regent's-park, stage-master. (Hallett, Northumberland-street, New-road.
Oldfield, J. Westholm, Somersetshire, tanner. (Bourdillon and Hewitt, Bread-st. Cheapside.
Oldham, J. Bristol, woollen-draper. (Meredith, Lincoln's-inn.
Pilkington, W. G. Ilford, Essex, victualler (Gray, Tyson place, Kingsland-road.
Parker, C. Bristol, tailor. (Vizard and Blower, Lincoln's-inn.
Preatm, W. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, broker. (Swain and Co. Frederick's-place.
Radclyffe, E. High Holborn, carver. (Rogers and Son, Manchester-build., Westminster.
Rackham, J. Strand, bookseller. (Roche, Charles-street, Covent-garden.
Ryall, W. and T. Upper Berkeley-street, west, stone-masons. (Allen, Gilby and Allen, Carlisle-street, Soho.
Roberts, J. High Holborn, corn-dealer. (Ford, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields.
Simpson, N. Shelton, Staffordshire, earthenware-manufacturer. (Harvey and Wilson, Lincoln's-inn-fields.
Seward, J. G. Blandford Forum, Dorsetshire, cooper. (Fitch, Union-street, Southwark.
Sidford, G. sen. Bath, linen-draper. (Makinson, Middle Temple.
Shepherd, W. Sloane-street, Chelsea, plumber. (Pasmore, King's-Arms-yard, Coleman-st.
Sanders, W. Wood-street, Cheapside, ribandmanufacturer. (Sheppard, Thomas and Lepard, Cloak-lane.
Self, J. George-street, Tower-hill, cheesemonger. (Tanker, New Basinghall-street.
Starling, T. Clarke's-place, Islington, bookseller. (Jones, Barnard's-inn, Holborn.
Solomon, M. Great Prescott-street, Goodman's fields, hardwareman. (Hutchison, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street.
Stewart, D. and M'Adam, W., Trowbridge, drapers. (Perkins and Frampton, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn.
Styring, C. jun. Sheffield, Yorkshire, spade-manufacturer. (Tilson and Preston, Coleman-street.
Strachan, A. Liverpool, master-mariner. (Lowe, Southampton-buildings.
Stimson, G. Brighton, Sussex, carpenter. (Faithfull, Birchin-lane, Cornhill.
Spencer, J. M. Chipping Wycombe, coach-master. (Lovel, Holborn-court, Gray's inn.
Stevens, W. H. Hedge-row, Islington, dealer in earthenware. (Reeves, Ely-place, Holborn.
Sparks, J. M. Mount-place, Whitechapel, merchant. (Lewis, Crutchedfriars.
Seagrim, J. jun. Wilton, Wiltshire, carpet-manufacturer. (Emly, Essex-court, Temple.
Tebbutt, R. Cock-hill, Stepney, cheesemonger. (Bousfield, Chatham-place, Blackfriars.
Tickner, J. Padnall-corner, Essex, horse-dealer. (Jones, Size-lane.
Vincent, J. Trowbridge, Wiltshire, clothier. (Dix, Symond's-inn.
Weaver, T. Abingdon, Berkshire, linen-draper. (Willis and Co. Tokenhouse-yard.
Watson, G. Lancaster, innkeeper. (Keightley, Hare-court, Temple.
Walker, J. Bishopsgate-street Without, hardwareman. (Mills, New North-street, Red Lion-square.
Winkles, R. and R. Colebrook-row, coal-merchant. (Tanner, New Basinghall-street.
Warden, J. New Sarum, money-scrivener. (Luxmore, Red Lion-square.
Wroots, R and Adkins, J. Great Titchfield-street, Marylebone, linendrapers. (Cook and Wright, Lincoln's-inn-fields.
Woolley, H. sen. Winster, Derbyshire, grocer. (Roberts, Exchequer-offices, Somerset-place.
Wood, T. Birchin-lane, merchant. (Lavie, and Co. Old Jewry.

DIVIDENDS.

Adcock, J. St. Mary Axe, Druggist, November 16.
Alloway, J. Rotherhithe, timber merchant, October 30.
Adams, T. Preston, Bagot, Warwickshire, coal merchant, November 26.
Archer, J. King's Lynn, draper, November 27.
Adams, J. Union-street, Southwark, oil and colour-man, December 4.
Ansell, J. Filkins, Oxfordshire, farmer, December 7.
Brown, G. Bridge-road, Lambeth, tallow-chandler, November 27.
Bronghall, R. Little Ross, Shropshire, farmer, December 16.
Brown, Sam. & Thos. Hobbs, Scott, of St, Mary Hill, merchants, December 18.
Bailey Joseph, Liverpool, merchant, December 15.
Brett, W. Stone, Staffordshire, grocer, December 4.
Bidder, T. Ilfracombe, Devonshire, tallow chandler, November 16.
Bury, H. Austinfriars, merchant, November 16.
Clough, J. H. J. Wilkes, and J. B. Clough, Liverpool, merchants, November 18.
Clarke, J. P. Drayton, Warwickshire, dealer, November 27.
Collier, J. Rathbone-place, silk-merchant, November 13.
Cowie, J. George-street, Mansion-house, wine merchant, December 4.
Drabwell, J. Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, wine merchant, December 4.
Dann, G. Linton, Kent, butcher, November 13.
Drew, T. Exeter, linen-draper, November 20.
Danbney, F. Portsea, grocer, November 20.
Drake, J. Lewisham, master mariner, November 27.
Devey, H. F. & J. Ticknell, and J. Saunders, Goldshill, Staffordshire, iron manufacturers, November 29.
Dale, T. Old Bell Inn, Holborn, coach-master, November 17.
Dew, W. Praed-street, Paddington, stone-mason, December 4.
Engledon, C. Stockton, Durham, grocer, November 25.

Ellaby, T. Emberton, Buckinghamshire, lace merchant, December 6.
Eldershaw, J. Hampton, linen-draper, November 30.
Enoch, J. Birmingham, brush-maker, December 14.
Fles, L. M. Bury-court, St. Mary Axe, merchant, November 27.
Forbes, W. Gateshead, Durham, nursery-man, December 6.
Foster, J. Tring, Hertfordshire, victualler, December 11.
Gomersall, J. & B. Leeds, merchants, November 20.
Goulden, C. Dilham, Norfolk, miller, December 6.
Gibson, J. Liverpool, merchant, December 11.
Greaves, John, Sheffield, merchant, December 15.
Hodge, W. Great Hermitage-street, ship-owner, November 6.
Hargreaves, W. White Ash, Lancashire, cotton-spinner, November 15.
Humphreys, W. Billesden, Leicestershire, draper, November 24.
Illingworth, J. & J. Knowles, Leeds, merchants, December 8.
Johnson, N. & B. Birmingham, bed-manufacturers, December 8.
Ketcher, N. Bradwell, Essex, shop-keeper, November 27.
Keniteck, P. Bristol, merchant, December 6.
Laing, G. Dunster-court, Mincing-lane, merchant, November 16.
Longster, G. Highbury-terrace, Islington, merchant, November 27.
Langhorn, H. & W. Bradford, Bucklersbury, merchants, November 23.
Mackenzie, Lime-street, merchant, November 13.
Nantes, Henry, Warnford-court, Throgmorton-street, merchant, December 14.
Moline, S. Billiter-lane, merchant, November 20.
Oliphant, J. Cockspur-street, hat manufacturer, November 20.
Oakley, G. & J. Evans, Old Bond-street, upholders, December 3.
Palmer, T. Gutter-lane, Cheapside, silk manufacturer, November 30.
Payn, J. D. & T. Cateaton-street, warehousemen, November 16.
Pigram, J. Maidstone, grocer, November 16.
Richardson, J. Holborn, linen-draper, November 20.
Roper, J. Norwich, woollen-draper, December 6.
Robertson, J. Old Broad-street, merchant, December 4.
Ramsay, T. Mark-lane, wine-merchant, November 27.
Smith, A. Beech-street, timber-merchant, November 16.
Sims, B. St. Ann's-lane, shoe-maker, November 16.
Stonebridge, W. Colchester, grocer, November 27.
Turner, J. Fleet-street, silk-merchant, November 13.
Telford, J. & W. Arundel, Liverpool, haberdashers.
Tennant, J. Liverpool, merchant, November 29.
Thomas, P. Mitre-court, Milk-street, Cheapside, merchant, November 30.
Welsby, W. Manchester, inn-holder, November 17.
Wood, J. Cardiff, Glamorganshire, banker, November 17.
Zimmer, J. Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square, merchant, November 13.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Nov. 2. In Stanhope-street, May Fair, the Lady of the Right Hon. Rob. Peel, of a son.
11. The Lady of Henry Seymour, Esq. in Upper Grosvenor-street, of a son.
12. The Lady of A. L. Prevost, Esq. of a daughter.
14. The Lady of the Rev. Dr. Goodenough, Head Master of Westminster School, of a daughter.
— At Ritching Lodge, Bucks, the Lady of the Rev. Henry Pepys, of a son.
— At Chatham, the Lady of Lieutenant Colonel Pasley, of the Royal Engineers, of a son.
16. At Pennington House, near Lymington, Hants, the Lady of the Rev. Charles Heath, of a daughter.
19. The Lady of Robert Haig, Esq. Green-str. Grosvenor-square, of a son.
21. At Tunbridge Wells, the Hon. Mrs. S. Mackenzie, of a son.
Lately, at Logic House, N. B. the Lady of Charles Stuart Allan-Hay, C.B.C., K.M.E., of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Nov. 2. At West Grinstead Park, by special licence, Gabriel Shaw, Esq. to the Honourable Frances Erskine, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Erskine.
— At Whippingham Church, Isle of Wight, Robert Hawthorne, Esq. Gower-street, to Agatha, W. B. second daughter of G. Sheddon, Esq. of Bedford-square.
4. At Gilmorton, Leicestershire, Mr. C. H. Dean, to Mary, only daughter of the late Wm. Burdett, Esq. of Gilmorton.
7. At St. John's, Clerkenwell, O. G. Toulmin, jun. Esq. to Miss Adeline Meadows Scott, both of White Conduit-street.
9. At Kensington, by the Rev. Archdeacon Pott, Robert Hamilton, Esq. of Bloomfield Lodge, Norwood, to Mary, only child of John Mainwaring, Esq. of Brompton, Middlesex.
11. Thomas Hougham Sparks, Esq. of Tottenham, to Sarah Davis Pratt, only daughter of the late Charles Pratt, Esq. of Tottenham.
15. Mr. Frederick Le Mann, of Bush-lane, Cannon-street, to Harriett, the youngest daughter of Thomas Haden, Esq. of Derby.
18. James Weale, Esq. of York-buildings, Baker-street, to Susan Caroline, eldest daughter of Ellis Ellis, Esq. of Weymouth-street, Portland-place.
— At Liverpool, P. M. Roget, M.D.F.R.S., of Bernard-street, to Mary, only daughter of Jonathan Hobson, Esq. of Liverpool.

DEATHS.

Nov. 2. At his house, at Putney, George Moore, esq.
— At his residence at Oxford, Sir Robert Southey, esq. in the 81st year of his age.
3. At Hastings, Sir William S. Young, Bart. in the 47th year of his age.
— Wm. Cottee, esq. of Beaumont-place, Shepherd's Bush, in the 63rd year of his age.
5. At Hacton-on-the-hill near Upminster, Mrs. Branfill, wife of Benjamin Branfill, esq.
7. John Blacksley, esq. of Bishopsgate-street Within, in the 62nd year of his age.
9. At Woodbridge, Suffolk, John Brassy Clarkson, esq. of the Stock Exchange.
10. At Esher, in the county of Surrey, in the 82nd year of her age, Elizabeth, relict of the late Major Abingdon, of Cobham, in the said county.
12. Sarah, widow of Henry Waymouth, Esq. formerly of Parker's Wells, near Exeter.
13. George Robinson, Esq. secretary to the London Dock Company.
17. Daniel Eliason, Esq. Hatton-garden, 71.
21. Mrs. S. M. Gregory, wife of Lieutenant A. T. Gregory, R. A. of West Farleigh, 38

PRICE OF SHARES IN CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, AND GAS-LIGHT COMPANIES.

	Per Share.	Div. per Ann.
Canals.	£. s.	£. s. d.
Ashton and Oldham	295	6
Barnsley	320	12 & bds.
Basingstoke	19	—
Birmingham (1-8th sh.)	370	12 10
Bolton and Bury	160	5
Brecknock & Abergavenny	180	7 10
Bridgewater and Taunton	80	—
Carlisle	—	—
Chelmer and Blackwater	105	5
Chesterfield	120	6 10
Coventry	1350	44 & 61
Crinan	2 10	—
Cromford	450	14
Croydon	4 10	—
Derby	160	6
Dudley	87	3 0 10
Ellesmere and Chester	107	3 0 10
Erewash	—	58
Forth and Clyde	600	20
Glamorganshire	—	13 12 8
Gloucester and Berkley O S.	—	—
Grand Junction	305	10 & 10s. b.
Grand Surrey	50	2
Grand Union	31	—
Grand Western	16	—
Grantham	190	10
Hereford and Gloucester	—	—
Huddersfield	38	1
Ivel and Ouse	100	5
Kennet and Avon	29	1
Kensington	—	—
Lancaster	46 10	1
Leeds and Liverpool	570	15
Leicester	400	14
Leicester and North	99 10	4
Loughborough	4700	200
Melton Mowbray	255	11
Mersey and Irwell	1000	35
Monkland	2200	110
Monmouthshire	245	10 —
Montgomeryshire	72	2 10
North Walsham and Dilham	—	—
Neath	400	15
Nottingham	300	12
Nutbrook	105	6 2
Oakham	50	3
Oxford	900	32 & bs.
Peak Forest	182	5
Portsmouth and Arundel	21	—
Regent's	59	—
Rochdale	140	4
Shrewsbury	210	9 10
Shropshire	170	8
Somerset Coal	—	10
Do. Lock Fund	12 10	5 15 p ct.
Stafford and Worcester	950	40
Stourbridge	230	12
Stratford on Avon	48	1
Stroudwater	550	31 10
Swansea	250	11
Tavistock	—	—
Thames and Medway	35 10	—
Thames and Severn, New	35	1 10
Trent and Mersey	2250	75 5 bon.
Warwick and Birmingham	320	11
Warwick and Napton	230	11
Wey and Arun	—	1
Wilts and Berks	8	—
Wisbeach	45	—
Worcester and Birmingham	—	1
Wyrley and Essington	156	6
Docks.		
London	110	4 10
West India	234	10
East India	145	8
Commercial	86	3 10
Bristol	80	1 9 5
East Country	25	—

	Per Share.	Div. per Ann.
Bridges.	£. s.	£. s. d.
Hammersmith	9	—
Deptford Creek	35	—
Southwark	14	—
Vauxhall	43	1
Waterloo	6 15	—
Water-works.		
Chelsea	—	—
Colchester	—	—
East London	130	5 10
Grand Junction	74	3
Kent	42 5	—
Liverpoole Bootle	140	—
London Bridge	65	2 10
Manchester and Salford	48	—
Portsmouth and Farlington	4	—
Do. New	25	1 10
Portsea Island	4	—
South London	75	—
West Middlesex	69	2 10
York Buildings	31	1 10
Insurances.		
Alliance British and Foreign	20	—
Ditto Marine	2½ pr	—
Palladium	2 5 0	—
Albion	60	2 10
Atlas	9	9
Bath	575	40
Beacon	par	5
Birmingham Fire	430	20
British	60	3
Do. Commercial Life	5 2 6	5
County	55	2 10
Ditto Annuity	10 10	10
Eagle	4 15	5
European	20	1
Ditto New	—	2
Globe	183	7
Guardian	20	—
Hope	6	16
Imperial Fire	130	5
Ditto Life	12	8
Kent Fire	79	2 10
Ditto Life	—	—
Law Life	12	—
London Fire	23 10	1 —
London Ship	23 10	1 —
Norwich Union	68	1 10
Provident	22 10	18
Rock	5	2
Royal Exchange	315	10
Sun Fire	220	8 10 —
Sun Life	27	10
Union	44	1 8
Literary Institutions.		
London	35	—
Russel	9	—
Metropolitan	par	—
Gas Lights.		
Gas L. & Co. Chart. Comp.	74	3 10
Ditto New	8 pr.	7
City Gas Light Company	165	8 2
Ditto New	88	4 10
Imperial	62	2 8
Phœnix or South London	16 pr	—
General United Gas Comp.	8	—
British	4 5	—
Bradford	45	2
Brentford	50	—
Bath Gas	17 10	16
Barnsley	17 10	—
Birmingham	—	4
Ditto Staffordshire	11	—
Brighton Gas	24 10	1 4
Do. New	13 10	12
Bristol	24	1 6
Ditto (from Oil)	—	—
Burnley Gas	—	—
Belfast	—	—

Messrs. EDMONDS and WOLFE, No. 9, Change Alley, Cornhill.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS from the 25th of October to the Nov. 25th 1824.

Days.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. C. Red.	3 Pr. C. Cons.	3½ Pr. C. Cons.	3½ Pr. C. Red.	N4Pr.C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Bds.	Ex. Bills.	Consols for acc
25	234½	95½ ⅜	96 ⅛		101⅝ ⅞	108⅛ ¼	23 ⅛		100 101p	55 57p	96⅛ ¼
26	234½ 3⅜	95⅜ ⅝	96⅛ ⅝		101⅝ ⅞	108⅛ ⅞	23 1-14 ⅛		101 100¼	55 54p	95⅞ ⅝
27	234½	95 ¼	95⅞ 6⅛		101⅝ ⅞	108⅛ 7⅛	23 3-16 ⅛	289⅜ 90½	100 99p	52 56p	96 ⅛
28	Holliday										
29	234½ 4	95⅜ ¼	96⅛ 6	101⅞	101⅛ ⅜	108⅛ 7⅛	29½ 3-16		101 98p	54 57p	95⅞ 6
30	234½ ⅜	95⅛ ⅜	95⅞ 6⅛		101⅛ ⅜	108 7⅛	23 3-16 1-16		100 99p	53 55p	96 ⅛
1	Holiday										
2	233⅜ 4½	95⅛ ⅜	96 ⅛		101⅜ ⅜	107⅞ ⅜	23½ 1-16	290	99 100p	53 56p	96⅛
3	234	95⅛ ⅜	96 ⅛		101⅜ ⅜	107⅞ ⅜	23 1-16⅛	290½ ½	100 99p	56 53p	96⅛ ⅛
4	Holiday										
5	232½ 3	95½ ⅛	96⅛ ¼		101½ ⅜	108 7⅞			100 99p	53 55p	96⅛ ⅛
6	231⅞ 2⅜	95⅜ ⅛	96⅛ 6		101⅜ ⅜	107⅞ 8⅛	23 1-16 ⅛	290½	98 100p	54 55	96⅛ ⅛
8	231 2	95⅛ ⅛	96 ¼		101⅛	107⅞ 8⅛	23 1-16 ⅛	290½	100 99p	58 6op	96⅛ ⅛
9	231½	95½	96⅛ 6			108 ⅛			100 99p	57 58p	96⅛ 6
10	231½ 2	95½ ⅛	96 ¼	101¾	101⅜ ⅜	108 ¼	23½ 3-16	290½	100 97p	59 55p	96⅛ ¼
11	232 1	95½ ⅛	96⅛ 5⅞		101⅜ ⅜	108⅛ 8	23¼ 3-16	290½	99 98p	54 56p	96⅛ ⅛
12	231 ⅜	95 ⅜	96 5⅞		101½ ⅜	107⅞ 8⅛	23⅛	290	99 97	55 57p	96 ⅛
13	231 ¼	95½ 4⅞	96 5⅞		101⅜ ⅜	108 ⅛	23⅛ 3-16		97p	55 57p	95⅞ ⅛
15		95¼ 5⅛	95⅞ ⅜		101⅜ ⅜	107⅞ 8⅛	23 1-16 ⅛		98p	55 58p	95⅞ 6
16	231½ 2	95 ¼	95⅜ 6¼	101½ ¾	101½ ⅜	108 ⅛			97p	55 58p	95⅞ ⅛
17	232 1⅛	95⅛ ⅜	96⅛ 5⅞	101¾	101⅜ ⅜	108⅛ ⅜	23 1-16		98p	56 58p	96⅛ ⅛
18	232	95⅞ ⅜	95⅞ 6	101¾	101⅜ ⅜	108⅛ ⅛	23½ 3-16	290½ 290	97 98p	57 59p	95⅞
19		95⅞ ⅛	95⅜ 6		101⅜ ⅜	108⅛ ⅛	23½ 1-16		98 99p	59 60p	95⅞ 6
20	232 ⅛	95⅞ ¼	95⅜ 6		101⅜ ⅜	108⅛ ⅛	23 1-16 ⅛			58 55p	95⅞ 6
22	232 ⅜	95⅞ ¼	95⅞ ⅜		101⅜ ⅜	108⅛ ⅛	23 1-14 ⅜	290½ 289½		55 56p	95⅞
23	232½ 2	95⅞ 5	95⅜ ⅜		101⅜ ⅜	108⅛ ⅛	23 1-16 ⅜	289½	97 99p	56 54p	95⅞ ⅜
24	232	95⅜ 4⅞	95⅜ ⅜		101½ ⅛	108⅛ ⅛	23½ 1-16		99 97p	54 55p	95⅞ ⅛
25	231½ ¼	94⅞ ⅛	95⅜ ¼		101½ ⅛	108 ⅛	23⅛ 3		98p	54 56p	96 ⅜

All Exchequer Bills dated prior to October, 1823, have been advertised to be paid off.
JAMES WETENHALL, 15, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

From the 20th of October, to the 19th of November, 1824.

By Messrs. Harris and Co. Mathematical Instrument Makers, 50, High Holborn.

October.	Moon.	Rain Guage.	Therm. 9 A.M.	Therm. Max.	Therm. Min.	Barom. 9 A.M.	Barom. 10 P.M.	De Luc's Hygrn. 9 A.M.	De Luc's Hygrn. 10 P.M.	Winds. 9 A.M.	Winds. 10 P.M.	Atmo. Variations. 9 A.M.	Atmo. Variations. 2 P.M.	Atmo. Variations. 10 P.M.
20			54	56	47	29 94	29 98	72	70	WSW	SW	Fine	Fine	Clou.
21			49	57	49	29 90	29 88	77	76	SW	SSW	Fog		
22	D		59	53	54	29 85	29 78	79	79	SSE	S	Foggy		Fine
23			56	61	52	29 80	29 89	94	79	S	WSW	Fine		
24			56	63	52	29 76	29 58	80	78	SE	ESE			Clou.
25		03	59	64	53	29 50	29 50	78	85	SW	SW	Clou.		Fine
26			56	58	49	29 19	29 27	80	74	S	SW	Rain		Clou.
27		06	51	56	49	29 43	29 53	74	72	WSW	W	Fine		
28			52	55	50	29 57	29 57	85	85	WSW	WSW			
29	●		51	54	41	29 57	29 45	90	80	SW	WNW	Rain	Rain	
30		19	54	57	49	29 76	30 05	60	70	WNW	WNW	Clou.	Fine	Fine
31			45	49	45	29 90	29 68	80	87	WSW	W	Rain	Rain	Rain
1			50	55	54	29 55	29 52	82	89	W	W	Fine	Clou.	Clou.
2			56	58	49	29 63	29 44	89	79	WSW	W	Show.	Fine	Fine
3		31	51	53	42	29 73	29 66	78	77	WSW	WSW	Sl.Fog		
4			44	47	40	29 70	29 71	75	70	WNW	WSW	Fine		
5			41	46	34	29 65	29 79	80	70	WNW	WNW			
6	○		36	45	45	29 96	29 97	79	72	WNW	S	Foggy		
7			54	57	54	29 85	29 60	92	88	WSW	S	Rain	Clou.	
8		22	56	57	43	29 58	29 53	91	89	SW	W	Misty		Clou.
9			44	47	46	29 85	29 87	83	75	WNW	SW	Fine	Fine	Show.
10			52	56	51	29 76	29 67	78	86	W	SW	Foggy		Clou.
11			52	56	44	29 73	29 66	94	94	WNW	WSW	Rain	Rain	Rain
12		30	48	55	53	29 84	30 04	82	74	WNW	WNW	Fine	Fine	Fine
13			54	55	55	29 72	29 63	80	86	W	WSW		Clou.	Clou.
14	●		56	58	40	29 47	29 60	88	80	W	W	Rain		
15			42	46	37	29 83	30 04	79	74	W	NW	Foggy	Show.	Fine
16		26	41	50	45	30 14	29 93	75	80	SSW	SW		Fine	
17			50	54	55	29 67	29 50	82	87	SW	WSW		Clou.	Clou.
18			52	58	46	29 31	29 60	88	84	SW	SW	Rain	Rain	
19		54	48	56	48	29 70	29 61	88	95	SW	NE	Fine		Rain

The quantity of Rain fallen in the month of October, was 2 inch. and [illegible]

THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

DECEMBER, 1824:

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF JANUARY, 1825.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE REV. ARCHDEACON WRANGHAM.

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EDITOR'S NOTICE.

THOSE to whom the following signatures belong can have their articles returned on applying at our Publishers:—ARIA.—G. A. S.—G. Z. W. D.—H.—J. HEDGELAND.—T. P. T.—N.—W. H. L.—W. S.

The following articles, which have no signatures, can also be had at our Publishers by their respective authors:—A Mother's Farewell.—A Narrative of the Sufferings of a French Protestant.—Life.—On Viewing the Ruins of Saint Augustine's Tower.—Mont Blanc.—On the Death of an Infant.—Stanzas to Love, &c.

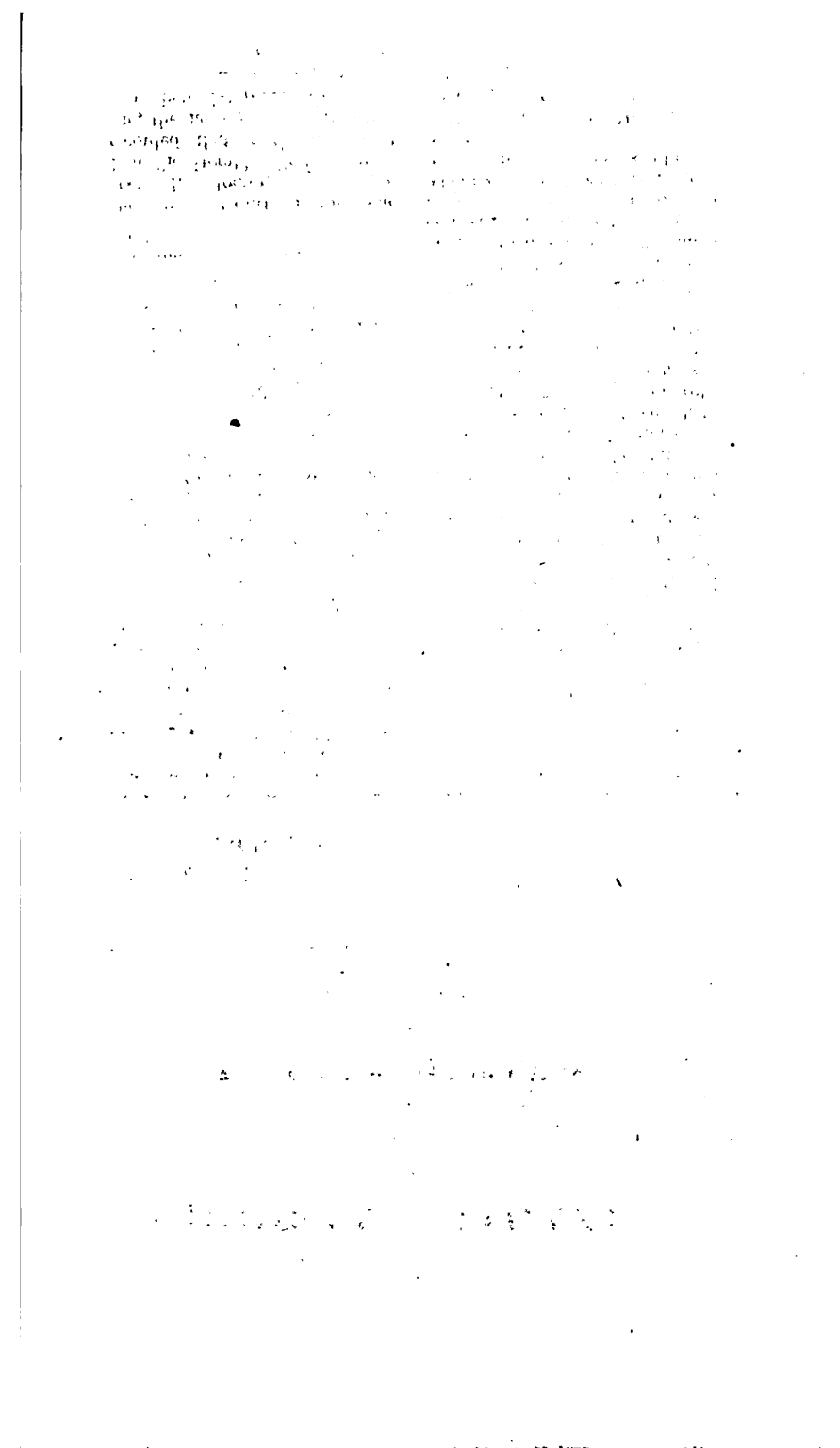
LUTHER'S RING.—The two first pages, which follow what has already appeared of this article in our last number, have been, by accident, mislaid, which delays its continuation for the present. If the author be so fortunate as to possess a second copy, we shall feel greatly obliged by his favouring us with a transcript of the part required.

In answer to the letter from "Arietta," many of whose productions have appeared in our Magazine, we beg to assure her that the use of her signature to an article in our last number was entirely a mistake; and if she will continue to favour us with her valuable contributions, her Pseudonyme shall be exclusively her own.

Collectors of Portraits, illustrative of works of Biography and History, or those who are desirous of enriching their portfolios, are respectfully informed that they may, on application to Messrs. Sherwood and Co., Paternoster-row, or W. T. White, Printseller, 14, Brownlow-street, Holborn, be accommodated with proof impressions that have accompanied the "European Magazine" for some time past, and of which, the Publishers beg to observe, a very limited number have been printed.

ERATA IN ALI.—The line—"Before his awe-struck eyes to see," concluding page 206, is to be transferred to the end of page 207; and, after the line—"A horrible reality," beginning page 208, are to be inserted the following lines:—

Amid the garden's jasmine bowers
A blossom-cover'd dome arose,
Where, in wild bliss or sweet repose,
Full oft would Ali waste the hours
Redeem'd from tumult, toil, and blows.
Many a tall cedar's pride had bent,
And its whole spicy fragrance lent,
To rear and grace that beauteous pile;
And close around were seen to smile
Each tree or flower that Eastern ground
Yields to the sun,—whether first found
In slumb'rous valley, on fresh hill,
In emerald glade, or crystal rill,—
From the soft vine, whose tendrils twin'd,
Like Beauty's arms around a lover,
Enriching what their fetters bind,
A thousand hidden sweets discover,
To the blue lotus in whose bell
The spirits of the fountain dwell.
High o'er the roof a crescent gleam'd,
And beautiful it was at eve,
While yet the daylight on it stream'd
To mark its orient side receive
The silver tribute of the moon,
Which rose above the billow soon
Enough to meet the last pale ray
That glimmer'd from the lamp of day
Upon that lone and lofty dome,
And thus prevent a moment's gloom.



Fr. Wrangham

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his eleventh year, he was educated at a village, called West Heslarton, near Malton; his tutor here was the Rev. Stephen Thelwall, who had himself obtained his *quota* of learning at a small free school in Cumberland; and it is a singular fact, that afterwards he worked as a bricklayer, at or near Tadcaster. In the course of the ensuing six years, Mr. F. Wrangham spent two summers at Pickering, under the tuition of the Rev. John Robinson, (who subsequently became Master of the Free Grammar School at York,) and passed nearly two years with the Rev. Joseph Milner of Hull.

In October, 1786, he having made a sufficient progress in learning, quitted Hull, and

"Warm with fond hope and learning's sacred flame,
To *Granta's* bowers the youthful poet came."

He made choice of Magdalene College for his residence, and having during his first year's abode there, sat as a candidate for a University Scholarship, gained Sir Wm. Brown's gold medal for his Greek and Latin epigrams on the subject

"Ου το μεγα ον; το δε ευ μεγα."

In October, 1787, he was invited by Dr. Jowett, Regius Professor of Civil Law, to migrate to Trinity Hall, a seminary for Civilians, but which at the same time is one that has but few advantages for the classical or mathematical student. At a subsequent period he removed to Trinity College, to which society he still belongs. On his final examination in January, 1790, for his Bachelor's degree, he became third Wrangler, and gained not only Dr. Smith's second mathematical prize, but was honoured with the Chancellor's first classical medal, the highly gifted being who obtained the other, was the late much lamented Mr. Tweddell.

Mr. Wrangham, after having thus received the most flattering testimonials of his ability and perseverance, very wisely determined that no portion of his valuable time should remain unoccupied, and accordingly took pupils for some time during his residence in college, and amongst others to whom he was appointed tutor, was the Right Hon. Lord Frederick Montagu, brother to the Duke of Manchester. He at length bade adieu to Cambridge, and entering into holy orders, served the curacy of Cobham in Surrey, during the years 1794 and 1795.

Church preferment, which in some cases is the result of family interest, or low chicanery and intrigue, was the reward of Mr. Wrangham's labours, but it did not flow to him through the debasing channels just described; it was, we rejoice to add, the result of entire conviction of his exemplary character and useful talents. Towards the close of 1795, Humphrey Osbaldeston, Esq. (the patron) presented him to the Vicarage of Hunmanby, and the perpetual Curacy of Muston, and, through the recommendation of the same gentleman, he obtained the Vicarage of Folkton.

In 1799, he married Miss Agnes Creyke, daughter of Ralph Creyke, Esq. of Marton near Bridlington, and had the misfortune to lose her at her first confinement. Her daughter providentially survived the calamity.

In 1801, he was again

"Bound by wedlock's silken chain,"

making choice of Miss Dorothy Cayley, second daughter of the Rev. Digby Cayley, and by her he has had five children; of these Philadelphia the eldest, is married to the Rev. R. W. Barnard, of Bruntinghamthorpe—two of his sons are at present students at Brazenose College, Oxford, and we doubt not but the collegiate fame of their father, will act on their minds as a powerful incentive to industry, and indefatigable exertion.

In 1808 he was appointed chaplain of assize to W. J. Denison, Esq. (now Member of Parliament for the county of Surrey but then High Sheriff for the county of York,) and, in compliance with the repeated requests of the two grand juries of that year, printed both his discourses. The same office and the same mark of respect awaited him in 1814, when Sir Francis Lindley Wood was High Sheriff for the county, and a third time in 1828, under the appointment of his intimate friend Walter Fawkes, Esq.—no similar instance it is believed of a *triple* chaplainship, ever before occurred. Of the manner in which he has discharged this duty "The Yorkshire Gazette," in giving an

account of the sermon for the Spring assize of 1823, after presenting its readers with an extract, observes, "The above is given as the substance, not the language of the preacher, which was truly elegant and classical. His discourse was well calculated for the place and for the occasion, it was delivered in a most impressive and earnest manner, and listened to with the greatest attention."

His Grace, the present Archbishop of York, having heard of the inflexible integrity, and discernment of Mr. Wrangham, appointed him in 1814, his examining chaplain at Bishopthorpe, an office which he has since exclusively filled—it is almost needless to add that he has maintained this post of high responsibility with conscientious firmness and discriminating integrity; for, as he views the office of a spiritual pastor as one of immense import and awful responsibility, he has in several instances had the unpleasant task of obstructing the entrance of candidates for holy orders, when, on a fair examination, he has found them disqualified for their "high office," by the absence of either natural or acquired abilities. He generally preaches to the candidates for the ministry on the day of ordination, and his sermons are most effective. It is gratifying to learn that the subjects upon which candidates for holy orders are examined at Bishopthorpe, have a more direct bearing upon the regular discharge of the duties of the sacred office, than those proposed in some other dioceses. Thus the exertions of the examining chaplain to promote piety, zeal and diligence in the candidates, being aided by the eminent prelate of the diocese, are turning many "from the errors of their ways," and reclaiming numbers to the bosom of the church, whom caprice or fallacious doctrines had tempted to wander from it. "He that winneth souls is wise," saith the Scriptures; the truth of this divine sentence the subject of this memoir hath convinced himself of, by the path he is pursuing, and we wish him in this world every temporal felicity—in the one that is to come he is sure of "his reward."

Through a lapse which devolved to His Grace the Archbishop in 1819, Mr. Wrangham was enabled to exchange the Vicarage of Folkton for the Rectory of Thorpe Basset. And by the same high patronage, he was in 1820 appointed Archdeacon of Cleveland. This to him was a new and more extended sphere of usefulness; it was immediately observed with satisfaction, that edifices hitherto dilapidated were repaired, and the clergy excited, by every means that could be dictated by a sensible mind, to a more regular discharge of their pastoral duties.

Thus the subject of this memoir stands in a threefold relation to the Church of England—as the Parish Pastor—the Archbishop's Examining Chaplain—and the Archdeacon of Cleveland; and the requisite and rarely to be met with qualities of piety, learning, and indefatigability to discharge this threefold office, are eminently combined in him.

Such has been, and such should be the progress of one thus gifted with talents which he so unwearily devotes to the bettering of the hearts and intellects of his fellow creatures—a certain sphere of usefulness is allotted to every individual beneath the sun, we all have duties to perform, and according to the fulfilment of those duties, shall we be happy or miserable here and hereafter,—that the truth of this position has been felt by the learned Archdeacon before us, his own memoir testifies.

There are not wanting instances of individuals, who, placed in situations which they deemed as sacred trusts reposed in them, have from the first moment to the last, pursued their course unmoved by either praise or censure—we know not if he be one of these; but we cannot forbear stating that many who are now acquiring considerable eminence will be forgotten altogether, by ages yet unborn, who will record the name of WRANGHAM among the few that have applied splendid talents to the noblest purposes, and brought the gifts of the muses to the altar of DIVINE TRUTH.

Having occupied the usual space allotted to a memoir, we must dispense with extracts from Archdeacon Wrangham's Works. Some future papers will be devoted to these. For the present we can give only a list of his numerous publications.

He is said to have published anonymously in 1792, an anti-radical

parody on a comedy of Aristophanes, with critical notes, entitled, "Reform a Farce."

In 1794. "The Restoration of the Jews," a Seaton Prize Poem. Dedicated to Basil Montagu, Esq. Inserted in the *Musæ Seatonianæ*, 8vo.

In 1795. "The Destruction of Babylon," a Poem. Dedicated to Geo. Smith, Esq. Inserted in the *Musæ Seatonianæ*.

In 1800. "The Holy Land," a Seaton Prize Poem. Dedicated to the Rev. Charles Symmonds, D.D. Inserted in the *Musæ Seatonianæ*.

In 1801, he first sent to the press his "Practical Sermons, founded on Doddridge's 'Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul.'" Those which have for their basis Baxter's "Saint's Everlasting Rest," appeared for the first time in 1816, together with such of his various fugitive pieces as appeared least worthy of being forgotten, were collectively published in three vols, 8vo, and were dedicated by permission to the Princess Charlotte. Of these, many of the smaller compositions, such as the Translations of Milton's Second Defence, Virgil's Bucolics, &c. forming the latter part of the second volume, and the former part of the third, were completed at casual moments of leisure.

In 1802. "Leslie's Short and Easy Method with the Deists, and the Truth of Christianity Demonstrated with four additional Works." Dedicated to the Right Hon. Lord Frederick Montagu.

In 1803. "The Raising of Jairus' Daughter," a Prize Poem. Dedicated to Walter Fowkes, Esq.

In 1805. "On the best Means of civilizing the Subjects of the British Empire in India; and of diffusing the Light of the Christian Religion throughout the Eastern World." Dedicated to the Right Hon. Lord Teignmouth, 4to. In the same year, "The Restoration of Learning in the East," a Poem. Dedicated to Lady Jones, 8vo.

In 1808, "The corrected edition of Langhorne's Plutarch's Lives, with copious additional notes." Dedicated to Lord Milton.

In 1811. "The Sufferings of the Primitive Martyrs," a Seaton Prize Poem. Dedicated to Mrs. Grant.

In 1812. "Joseph made known to his Brethren," a Seaton Prize Poem. Dedicated to his Grace the Duke of Leeds.

In 1813. "The Death of Saul and Jonathan," a Poem. Inscribed to the Hon. J. W. Ward. In the same year, "The Renovated British Plutarch."

In 1820. "Dr. Zouch's Works collected, with a Prefatory Memoir." Dedicated to Lord Lansdowne.

In 1821. "A Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Cleveland."

In 1822. "A Second Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Cleveland."

In 1823. "Two Sermons preached in the Cathedral Church of St. Peter, York, before the Judges." In the same year, a "Third Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Cleveland."

At present he is engaged in preparing for the press, *Walton's Prelegomena*, with additional Notes. Our next number will contain Archdeacon Wrangham's plan for civilizing India, which we shall accompany with observations.

ESSAY ON COOPER'S HILL, AND OTHER POEMS.

THE poet of whose works we have undertaken the following analysis, was among the earliest improvers of English versification, and, indeed, of English poetry in general. But the morning star soon fades before the glare of the risen day:—brighter ages have succeeded; and the emulation awakened by that numerous and resplendent constellation of cotemporary genius, which afterwards enlightened the Parnassian hemisphere, has given birth to compositions with which the productions of older poets cannot safely be compared. Yet while we congratulate ourselves upon the perfection we have attained, we must not emit to pay the tribute of gratitude to those who were instrumental in its attainment; we must not "turn our backs to the ladder," which has raised us to an eminence from which we may look down, with an elating consciousness of superiority,

upon the proudest structures that the learning and wit of other nations have erected; but, as we regard with grateful veneration those who cherished and instructed our childhood, we should prize even more highly the services of those who fostered our national infancy, as their benefits are the more lasting and extensive.

Invention is universally acknowledged to be the highest merit in a poem; and this merit, in a certain degree, the "Cooper's Hill" of Sir John Denham possesses, as it was the first work (at least in our language) of a species of composition which Dr. Johnson appropriately denominates "local poetry, of which," he says, "the fundamental subject is some particular landscape, to be poetically described, with the addition of such embellishments as may be supplied by historical retrospection or incidental meditation."

This style of writing has been subsequently adopted by many eminent poets, and is now so much in vogue, that no country seat can be built without a rhyming celebration, and

"No common be enclosed without an ode."

Yet it may be disputed whether any kind of description can be justly considered inventive; description being but a verbal imitation of things. But, as nothing under the sun is actually or entirely new, the fairest claim to the praise of originality must be derived from such an alteration of what is old, as gives it the semblance of novelty.

That praise, then, candour will not refuse our author, who has arrayed nature in a new and more attractive garb, and, by directing the attention to her particular charms, has inspired a warmer admiration of her than could ever have been excited by general and indiscriminate commendation.

That nothing but what is peculiar and specific will strongly affect us, is easily demonstrated. In times of universal calamity, the minds of individuals (excepting some few noble and patriotic spirits) are principally, if not wholly, engrossed by the misfortunes of themselves or those immediately around them. So the recital of a melancholy occurrence in private life melts us into deeper sorrow than the news of the devastation and destruction of whole kingdoms. The reason of this apparently paradoxical feeling, is, that our mental faculties are so limited as to be incapable of retaining a variety of impressions received at the same time; for they are inevitably confounded one by another, and, in the end, all effaced. That quiescence or absorption of the passions, very frequently mistaken for callousness of heart, is nothing more than inertness of mind occasioned by the collision of a multiplicity of contending emotions, as a body acted upon by contrary forces is held motionless. But when one sole or prominent object, concentrating its rays without interruption in the point of mental vision, is presented to the intellect, its form is distinctly beheld, and therefore it is that we can shed for one unfortunate individual, the tears which would not flow for many.

From this it will, we doubt not, be inferred, that the locality of "Cooper's Hill" has materially tended to increase its celebrity,—which, however, it would be an injustice to attribute to that cause only; for nothing that sprightliness of fancy, propriety of sentiment, elegance of expression, and melody of numbers could supply, to dignify and embellish a theme thus judiciously chosen, has been omitted in this deservedly far-famed poem. The bard has culled the fairest flowers of nature, and unlocked the choicest treasures of history connected with his subject, and into the compass of a few hundred lines, has compressed so much poetry and philosophy as the darkness of the age in which he lived, and the solitude of the path which he trod, render truly surprising and honorable. It seldom happens that the projector of a scheme can bring the execution of it to any forward state of advancement; but, in Denham's then unique poem, there is little which has been excelled by any later publication on a similar topic. Garth is perhaps more easy, and Pope more florid; yet we doubt of there being more sterling sense, or even more brilliant poetry, in any part of "Windsor Forest," or "Claremont," than in the passages that we shall presently quote. And, lest our readers be out of breath before they commence the chase, we will, without more delay, begin to beat about

for poetical game; and there is no question that amidst the shady thickets and verdant uplands of "Cooper's Hill,"—with our author's Pegasus for a hunter—we shall meet with most excellent sport. "*Sed tamen amoto, quæramus seria ludo.*"

The beauties of this poem begin (like the author of Don Juan) "with the beginning." The opening lines contain such a well-turned speculation upon that alleged resort of the Muses, Parnassus, and its verse-inspiring fount, and afford so grand, though distant, a picture of a not less interesting object, the cathedral of St. Paul, that there needs no apology for their presentation here.

"Sure there are poets which did never dream
Upon Parnassus, nor did taste the stream
Of Helicon; we therefore may suppose
Those made not poets, but the poets those.
And as courts make not kings, but kings the court,
So where the Muses and their train resort,
Parnassus stands; if I can be to thee
A poet, thou Parnassus art to me.
Nor wonder, if (advantaged in my flight,
By taking wing from thy auspicious height)
Through untraced ways and airy paths I fly,
More boundless in my fancy than my eye;
My eye, which swift as thought contracts the space
That lies between, and first salutes the place,
Crown'd with that sacred pile, so vast, so high,
That whether 'tis a part of earth, or sky,
Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud
Aspiring mountain, or descending cloud."

The following perspective of the metropolis, and the philosophical reflection in the concluding couplet, are eminently beautiful.

"Under his proud survey the city lies,
And like a mist beneath a hill doth rise;
Whose state and wealth, the business and the crowd,
Seems at this distance but a darker cloud:
And is to him who rightly things esteems,
No other in effect than what it seems."

Windsor, and the advantageous situation of its castle, are exhibited with a remarkable felicity which characterizes all the descriptive parts of this composition.

"Windsor the next (where Mars with Venus dwells,
Beauty with strength) above the valley swells
Into my eye, and doth itself present
With such an easy and unforced ascent,
That no stupendous precipice denies
Access, no horror turns away our eyes:
But such a rise, as doth at once invite
A pleasure, and a reverence from the sight.
Thy mighty master's emblem, in whose face
Sat meekness, heighten'd with majestic grace:
Such seems thy gentle height, made only proud
To be the basis of that pompous load,
Than which, a nobler weight no mountain bears,
But atlas only which supports the spheres.
When Nature's hand this ground did thus advance,
'Twas guided by a wiser power than chance;
Mark'd out for such a use, as if 'twere meant
T' invite the builder and his choice prevent.
Nor can we call it choice when what we choose,
Folly or blindness only could refuse."

Even from the above extracts it must already be perceived that our poet was much addicted to deviating from the track of his plan, to indulge in reflection accidentally suggested. This practice his learned biographer appears to condemn, for in enumerating the faults of "Cooper's Hill," he says, "the digressions are too long, the morality too frequent, and the sentiments sometimes such as will not bear a rigorous inquiry." The last of these objections must be obviated or confirmed by a more scrupulous examination of the work it refers to, than we are willing to make; and, indeed, while the sentiments are in *general* correct, it appears rather fastidious and unreasonable to complain, if the offspring of human wit, which is by nature the parent of error, be *sometimes* faulty. But as to the first assertions, viz., that the digressions are too long, and the morality is too frequent, we beg leave to offer a few remarks. It is difficult to conceive how a pleasing digression can be too long, unless it be pursued until the main design is effaced from the memory, and this can hardly occur in a piece consisting of only four or five hundred lines; and though it might

be replied that an episodical diversion should bear but a small proportion to the length—whatever this may be—of the whole composition, yet if the reader be instructed or delighted, it surely matters little by what means; and it is well known that the lively imagination is ever more eager to follow the aspiring flights and excursive aberrations of unfettered fancy, than to attend the tardy progress of undeviating regularity, where every deduction has its evident principle, and every thought and word are introduced and anticipated by that which precedes them. There is perhaps a little puerility in wandering every moment from the high road of narration or description, to cull the wild flowers that bloom in the fields of poetic sentiment; but there is a something so fascinating, and it may be so innocent, in the employment, that it would be cruel to deprive the poet and his reader of such a recreation which cannot fail to be so gratifying to both: for who would not rather see nature luxuriating in the majestic, though irregular branches of the spreading oak, than "curtailed of her fair proportion," and confined in the dull uniformity of a quickset hedge? But a truce to metaphors, at least in prose.

The dissimulation, from a fear of shame, which always accompanies guilt, is very sententiously noticed in the following passage.—

"No crime so bold, but would be understood
A real, or at least a seeming good.
Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name,
And free from conscience, is a slave to fame."

The insufficiency and uncertainty of human knowledge are thus expressively touched upon:—

"Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance
So far, to make us wish for ignorance?
And rather in the dark to grope our way,
Than led by a false guide to err by day?"

The Thames is described with great sublimity, as

"Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity."

To omit the mention of any passage that has been honored by Johnson's approbation, would betray a want of proper deference to the opinion of our greatest critic: we therefore present these four verses to stand again as a specimen of the "*strength*" of their author, which term of Pope's, according to the worthy Doctor's definition, implies the conveyance of much meaning in few words, and the exhibition of the sense with more weight than bulk. Our matchless river still continues the poet's theme.

"Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold;
His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore."

A line soon after the above has a grammatical inaccuracy, which, as it has been adopted—though it never can be justified—by custom, is well worth some little attention.

"Like mothers which their infants *overlay*."

This verb is designated *active* by the best grammarians, yet it is invariably applied to the *neuter* or *intransitive* action of parents *lying* over their children. It should, undoubtedly, be *overlie*; but since no such compound has been created by the *fiat* of the "tyrant custom," even those who have replenished our dictionaries with many a spurious word from other tongues, have not ventured to introduce this one which legitimately belongs to their own.

The course of our dissertation has now brought us to that well-known wish, which has been perhaps more often quoted than any other passage in the language—at least by Englishmen; for, however intrinsically beautiful the verses may be, they most probably derive no small portion of their popularity from the national fondness which all Britons must feel for any thing that reminds them of their native isle's chief ornament,—that auspicious river, whose banks are enamelled with fairest landscapes by the pencil of nature, and loaded with the noblest monuments of wealth by the labours of the architect, and whose waters are the very life-blood of the empire, bearing health and prosperity to the heart of the metropolis.

"O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream,
My great example as it is my theme!

Though deep, yet clear; though gentle yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing, full."

Here the bard shews, even in the expression of his desire, that its object is obtained, and one far greater—a name coeval with the subject of his song; for, as Pope has prophecied,

"On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths shall grow,
While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow."

To raise our own feeble voice of praise in addition to so sublime an encomium as this, would indeed be

"To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow; or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,"

which, as the immortal Shakspeare has told us.

"Is wasteful and ridiculous excess;

and therefore we shall proceed in pointing out other beauties which have been obscured by their vicinity to this, whose over-shadowing luxuriance has excluded the rays of panegyric from all immediately around it. Animadverting on the "strange varieties" of nature, Sir John thus philosophically accounts for them:—

"Wisely she knew, the harmony of things,
As well as that of sounds, from discord springs.
While dryness, moisture, coldness, heat resists,
All that we have and that we are, subsists.
While the steep horrid roughness of the wood,
Strives with the gentle calmness of the flood,
Such huge extremes when nature doth unite,
Wonder from thence results, from thence delight."

In the description which follows, there is a fanciful conceit suggested by the transparency of the river; but the personification of the mountain which rears its leaf-clad slopes, and cloud-capped summit above the stream, displays the most perfect identity of delineation and felicity of diction: it runs thus—

"The stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,
That had the self-enamour'd youth gazed here,
So fatally deceived he had not been,
While he the bottom, not his face, had seen.
But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle clothes; his curled brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows;
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat:
The common fate of all that's high or great."

The last extract we are able to make from this charming composition, is the subjoined portraiture of a stag pursued by the hunters.

"Now ev'ry leaf, and ev'ry moving breath,
Presents a foe, and ev'ry foe a death.
Wearied, forsaken, and pursued, at last
All safety in despair of safety placed,
Courage he thence assumes, resolved to bear
All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.
And now too late he wishes for the fight
That strength he wasted in ignoble flight.
But when he sees the eager chase renew'd,
Himself by dogs, the dogs by men pursued:
He straight revokes his bold resolve, and more
Repents his courage, than his fear before;
Finds that uncertain ways unsafest are,
And doubts a greater mischief than despair."

The next in order of the original poems, is that on the Earl of Strafford, a very short piece, in which there is nothing remarkable, except the following passage:—another fine example of Denham's condensation of thought, as well as a proof of his observation of character—setting forth that nobleman's exquisite wisdom and eloquence, which transcendant qualities, however, were ineffectual to save their possessor from an ignominious end.

"His wisdom such, it did at once appear
Three kingdoms' wonder, and three kingdoms' fear;
Whilst single he stood forth, and seem'd although
Each had an army, as an equal foe.
Such was his force of eloquence, to make

The hearer more concern'd than he that spake;
Each seem'd to act that part he came to see,
And none was more a looker on than he;
So did he move our passion, some were known
To wish for the defence, the crime their own.
Now private pity strove with public hate,
Reason with rage, and eloquence with fate."

The political verses of our author, in point of sense and music, are about upon a par with the generality of our modern election songs; and, therefore, we may reasonably hope that our dismission of them without further comment, will be forgiven.

"Natura naturata," is a dull, sophistical attempt at the justification of indecency in conversation; and, as may be inferred from this preamble, is not very creditable to the writer as a poet or a man; but as *nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit*, we should be inclined to consider it as the overflowing of an extraordinary bumper—an "airy * child" of the fumes of wine—and should pass over it accordingly, but that it is unfortunately of the worst species of immorality—that which assumes the shape of reason—and that it is far from being a solitary instance of Denham's excessive licentiousness. This fault is the more to be regretted, as it is the companion of so many excellences; for libertinism of principle and obscenity of expression, wherever they are, dim the lustre of genius, and from the body of perfection "pluck the very soul." It has been justly said that immodest words in conversation—and of these the evil is not often more than local and temporary—admit of no excuse: what then can be pleaded in extenuation of his offence, who, having leisure to reflect on the consequences of what he is about to undertake, deliberately sits down to fabricate schemes for the subversion of that system of morality which it has been the pride of all civilized nations to uphold, and who takes up his pen at the risk, nay more, with the intention† of polluting the minds of infants yet unborn, and of seducing from the paths of decency that weaker sex which naturally depends upon ours for guidance, and more especially upon such of us as, by exposing their precepts to the eye of the world, seem to take upon themselves the office of public instructors? For such cold-blooded transgression, no censure can be too vehement, and few punishments too severe.

Our zeal may perhaps have suspended for a time the entertainment of our readers; but, conscious of merely having acquitted ourselves of a moral duty, we return with increased alacrity to the more agreeable occupation of "indicating" in the works before us, whatever we deem worthy of a more favorable mention.

In the course of some triplets entitled "Friendship and Single Life, against Love and Marriage," there is a close imitation of Bacon, who, in his admirable Essay on Friendship, has these words, "This communicating of a man's self to his friend works two contrary effects, for it redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halves." The copy is this:—

"Well chosen friendship, the most noble
Of virtues, all our joys makes double,
And into halves divides our trouble."

The praise of Cowley's learning is a very nice discrimination of literary character, and shews the possibility of profiting by the perusal of other authors, without absolute plagiarism.

"To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own;
Horace's wit and Virgil's state,
He did not steal, but emulate;
And when he would like them appear,
Their garb, but not their clothes did wear."

In the panegyric on Fletcher is included an elegant rebuke of detraction.

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* To this insubstantial epithet we must here add *illegitimate*, as applying to the offspring of drunkenness.

† We do not exaggerate in ascribing such an intention; for who does not suppose that his works will survive for, at least, a generation? And who publishes an opinion with which he does not expect or desire his readers to coincide?

"But whither am I stray'd? I need not raise
Trophies to thee from other men's dispraise;
Nor is thy fame on lesser ruins built,
Nor needs thy juster title the foul guilt,
Of eastern kings who to secure their reign,
Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred slain."

The verses to Fanshaw, form a complete epitome of the art of translating. A short extract will suffice to induce a perusal of the whole.

"That servile path thou nobly dost decline,
Of tracing word by word, and line by line.
Those are the labor'd births of slavish brains,
Not the effect of poetry, but pains;
Cheap vulgar arts, whose narrowness affords
No flight for thoughts, but poorly sticks at words.
A new and nobler way thou dost pursue,
To make translations and translators too.
They but preserve the ashes, thou the flame,
True to his sense, but truer to his fame."

The most prominent feature in "The Progress of Learning," is this excellent satire on religious disputants:—

"True piety, without cessation tost
By theories, the practice part is lost,
And like a ball bandied 'twixt pride and wit,
Rather than yield, both sides the prize will quit:
Then whilst his foe each gladiator foils,
The atheist looking on enjoys the spoils."

"THE SOPHY," a tragedy, upon which Dr. Johnson has unaccountably abstained from giving an opinion, is very far from deserving such neglect: in fact, it possesses many of the best recommendations, and is not often degraded by those coarse and familiar allusions by which the Melpomene of Dryden and other old dramatists have too frequently "fallen from their high estate." The sentiments are, with some exceptions, well adapted both to the particular characters who utter them, and to the general dignity and solemnity requisite in dramatic productions of this class; but the plot is clumsily constructed, and the incidents are palpably forced and unnatural. Yet though the piece as a whole be but "an unweeded garden," it is not without many sweet flowers, of which, instead of offering them singly to the reader, we shall form the following bouquet.

ACT 1.

"'Tis the fate of princes, that no knowledge
Comes pure to them, but passing through the eyes
And ears of other men, it takes a tincture
From every channel; and still bears a relish
Of flattery or private ends."

"'Tis with our souls
As with our eyes, that after a long darkness
Are dazzled at the approach of sudden light:
When in the midst of fears we are surprised
With unexpected happiness: the first
Degrees of joy are mere astonishment."

"Fear, the shadow
Of Danger, like the shadow of our bodies,
Is greater then, when that which is the cause
Is furthest off."

Mirza's machinations to ruin the prince in his father's esteem, are thus, with exquisite subtlety, contrived:—

Mir. "If danger cannot do it, then try pleasure,
Which when no other enemy survives,
Still conquers all the conquerors; endeavour
To soften his ambition into lust,
Contrive fit opportunities, and lay
Baits for temptation.

Haly. But sure this will not take, for all his passions,
Affections, and faculties, are slaves
Only to his ambition.

Mir. Then let him fall by his own greatness,
And puff him up with glory, till it swell
And break him. First, betray him to himself,
Then to his ruin: from his virtues suck a poison,
As spiders do from flowers; praise him to his father,
You know his nature: let the prince's glory
Seem to eclipse, and cast a cloud on his;
And let fall something that may raise his jealousy:
But lest he should suspect it, draw it from him
As fishes do the bait, to make him follow it."

ACT 2.

"The reputation
Of virtuous actions past, if not kept up,

With an access, and fresh supply of new ones,
Is lost and soon forgotten; and like palaces
For want of habitation and repair,
Dissolve to heaps of ruin.

Prince. Haly, thou knowest not me, how I despise
These short and empty pleasures; and how low
They stand in my esteem, which every peasant,
The meanest subject in my father's empire
Enjoys as fully, in as high perfection
As he or I; and which are had in common
By beasts as well as men: wherein they equal
If not exceed us: pleasures to which we're led
Only by sense, those creatures which have least
Of reason, most enjoy."

King. The people's murmur, 'tis a sulphurous vapour
Breathed from the bowels of the basest earth;
And it may soil and blast things near itself:
But ere it reach the regions we are placed in,
It vanishes to air; we are above
The sense or danger of such storms."

ACT 3.

King. My lords,
I see you look upon me as a sun
Now in his west, half buried in a cloud,
Whose rays the vapours of approaching night
Have render'd weak and faint: but you shall find
That I can yet shoot beams, whose heat can melt
The waxen wings of this ambitious boy.
Nor runs my blood so cold, nor is my arm
So feeble yet, but he that dares defend him,
Shall feel my vengeance, and shall usher me
Into my grave.

"Greatness we owe to fortune or to fate;
But wisdom only can secure that state."

"Fear and guilt
Are the same things, and when our actions are not,
Our fears are crimes."

ACT 4.

"'Tis in worldly accidents
As in the world itself, where things most distant
Meet one another: thus the east and west
Upon the globe, a mathematic point
Only divides: thus happiness and misery,
And all extremes, are still contiguous;
Or if 'twixt happiness and misery there be
A distance, 'tis an airy vacuum;*
Nothing to moderate, or break the fall.

"These outward beauties are but the props and scaffolds
On which we build our love, which now made perfect,
Stands without those supports."

"We must revive those times, and in our memories
Preserve, and still keep fresh (like flowers in water)
Those happier days."

"She
Plays with his rage and gets above his anger,
As you have seen a little boat to mount and dance
Upon the wave, that threatens to overwhelm it."

ACT 5.

Prince. "If happiness be a substantial good,
Not framed of accidents, nor subject to 'em,
I err'd to seek it in a blind revenge,
Or think it loss of sight, or empire;
'Tis something sure within us, not subjected
To sense of sight, only to be discern'd
By reason, my soul's eye, and that still sees
Clearly, and clearer for the want of these;
For gazing through these windows of the body,
It met such several, such distracting objects;
But now confined within itself, it sees
A strange and unknown world, and there discovers
Torrents of anger, mountains of ambition,
Gulfs of desire, and towers of hope, huge giants,
Monsters, and savage beasts; to vanquish these,
Will be a braver conquest than the old
Or the new world.
Oh! happiness of blindness! now no beauty
Inflames my lust.———
Yet still I see enough. Man to himself

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* It is unlucky that *vacuum* is the pneumatic term for a place *deprived of* air. Airless might have been used in this case.

Is a large prospect, raised above the level
Of his low creeping thoughts."

"Oh happiness of poverty! that rests
Securely on a bed of living turf,
While we with waking cares and restless thoughts,
Lie tumbling on our down, courting the blessing
Of a short minute's slumber, which the ploughman
Shakes from him, as a ransom'd slave his fetters."

SONG.

"Morpheus, the humble god, that dwells
In cottages and smoky cells,
Hates gilded roofs and beds of down;
And though he fears no prince's frown,
Flies from the circle of a crown.

Come, I say, thou powerful god,
And thy leaden charmed rod,
Dipt in the Lethean lake,
O'er his wakeful temples shake,
Lest he should sleep and never wake.

Nature, (alas) why art thou so
Obliged to thy greatest foe?
Sleep, that is thy best repast,
Yet of death it bears a taste,
And both are the same thing at last."

Prince. "Death itself appears
Lovely and sweet, not only to be par don'd,
But wish'd for, had it come from any other hand,
But from a father; a father,
A name so full of life, of love, of pity:
Death from a father's hand, from whom I first
Received a being! 'tis a preposterous gift,
An act at which inverted nature starts,
And blushes to behold herself so cruel."

"Fate, why hast thou added
This curse to all the rest? the love of life?
We love it, and yet hate it; death we hastne,
And still desires fly to it, and yet fear it."

"Death, thou art he that will not flatter princes,
That stoops not to authority, nor gives
A specious name to tyranny; but shews
Our actions in their own deformed likeness."

We must, however, in conclusion observe what is rather an extraordinary circumstance, that the personage who gives a name to the drama, and who therefore may be reasonably expected to be of some considerable importance to it, is a child, of whom we see nothing until the fifth act, and hear but little in any other, and whose fortunes are not at all connected with the main plot, inasmuch as the catastrophe is neither accelerated nor retarded by his interference.*

To the art of versification, however, some enthusiasts have endeavoured to elevate its rank in the scale of science, by pronouncing it capable of accommodating the sound to the sense, through all the unbounded varieties of description and sentiment; justice, we fear can attribute no higher quality than that of amusing the ear while the mind is better engaged; as we are gratified with the beauty of a flower, though all its brilliant hues cannot assist its odour. The measure, may be said merely to beat time to the music of poetry, and by dividing it into feet and verses, to determine the bars and strains. Yet the numbers of Denham deserve particular notice, as they are incontestibly superior to those of any previous or cotemporary writer; and indeed it would not be difficult to cite many series of lines flowing with all the nervous dignity of Dryden, and all the artful melody of Pope. But the sense is too frequently continued from one verse to another without leaving any such pause after the final sound, as is necessary to impress it upon the ear, which otherwise can scarcely ascertain the termination of the lines; and this ungraceful habit is observable not only in our author's translations (where Johnson remarks it) but even in his best and latest poems. His blank verse is usually fluent and majestic; but there are many lines left incomplete, for what reason we are at a loss to conceive, unless it be that the Æneid has the same imperfections;† and sometimes there is a total change in the metre, for what purpose, and on what authority, we cannot guess. A change of

* This is not the only imitation of Shakspeare to be found in "The Sophy."

† Denham, in common with many others, has copied as graces what Virgil himself knew to be deformities, and thought so flagrant as to render his greatest work unfit for public inspection.

this kind may perhaps be allowable when there is rhyme, the periodical recurrence of which is alone sufficient to preserve some degree of harmony; and if the various metres be judiciously modulated into one another, or peculiarly well adapted to the tenor of the ideas which are to be expressed, a very pleasing effect is produced; but where there is only the internal construction of the lines to shew that they are metrical, a sudden deviation from the established order or quantity of the feet must always be harsh and unmusical.

As we have expatiated at such length upon the original productions of our author, we shall dismiss the translations with as much brevity as possible. Respecting the duties of a translator there has been so much said, though so little decided upon, that it would be difficult to advance any thing further on the subject without absolutely treading in the foosteps of our predecessors; but as far as regards the particular performances of Denham, since they are generally considered as the foundation of the system upon which Dryden formed his versions, we may venture to say a few words.

It is probable that Dryden imitated Sir John (who has translated into English, among other things, a book from Virgil) in the general structure of his verse, and sometimes in the selection of his words; but the modes of rendering the meaning of a foreign author, which are chosen by these two poets, could not have been more widely different. Dryden's translations are in general as tediously diffuse, as Denham's are obscurely contracted: the ideas of the original are compressed by the one, and expanded by the other. We have room but for one example out of many that we had selected, in proof of our assertion. The Mantuan bard makes Æneas relate the following circumstance, in justification of his intended surreptitious flight from Carthage:—

" Me patris Anchisæ quoties humentibus umbris
Nox operit terras, quoties astrea ignea surgunt,
Admonet in somnis, et turbida terret imago:"

Denham epitomizes it thus:—

" As for my son, my father's angry ghost
Tells me his hopes by my delays are cross'd;"

but Dryden, on the contrary, amplifies and embellishes the passage in this manner:—

" As often as the night obscures the skies
With humid shades, or twinkling stars arise,
Anchises' angry ghost in dreams appears,
Chides my delay and fills my soul with fears."

The former translator has contracted the sense as well as the expression, while the latter has extended both. It is clear to which of them the preference must be given.

Two poems from an Italian author, on Prudence, and on Justice, contain many excellent precepts; but this encomium is of course the property of the original, with which, as we have not had an opportunity of perusing it, we cannot compare the version. The following couplet is exceedingly pithy and Philosophical:—

" Learn to live well, that thou may'st die so too;
To live and die is all we have to do:"

And we have seldom seen the idea of infinitude more adequately expressed than thus:—

" What's time when on eternity we think?
A thousand ages in that sea must sink;
Time's nothing but a word, a million
Is full as far from infinite as one."

A metrical translation of a prose writer is rather an uncommon, and perhaps arduous, enterprise; but Denham's " Cato of Old Age," is very melodious, and as faithful as, under the circumstances, could be expected. Cicero's work is so universally read, that it would be superfluous to give any extracts from it in its new form, which has added but little elegance of expression, though it certainly has not subtracted much vigor of thought. The arguments are still emphatic, but are not much more poetical than when they aspired to be nothing above prose; for mere uniformity of sound is not poetry,—it is not the art which drew Eurydice from the realms of Pluto, and tears from the eyes of Alexander,—which has been the admiration of all mankind ever since it has been raised above the

brute creation; and which has preserved so many names from being borne away by the tide of time, which rolls over them like the ocean above a mighty shoal, that receives continual accessions of substance and durability from those tumultuous and unceasing waves which subvert and disperse less massive accumulations. That heavenly science requires the most strenuous exertions of the soul, the sublimest flights of the imagination, and the finest feelings of the heart. What wonder is it, then, that so many have failed to reach the temple of Fame by the declivities of Parnassus, which, as it is the highest eminence that the diligence of human genius can attain, is by far the most difficult of ascent. This reflection ought, in mercy, to prevent, or at least to soften, the rigorous criticisms of those modern Zoili (of whom there are too many) who seem to derive more gratification from exposing blemishes, than discovering beauties; from detecting what is wrong, than advising what is right; and who, though they readily inform the literary traveller that he has missed his way, are seldom very prompt in directing him how to recover it. Those "gaunt mastiffs, growling at the gate" of Reputation, are the most insurmountable obstacles to the progress of rising genius, which it is the business, and should be the pleasure, of the commentator to instruct by inculcating the most approved precepts of our latter age, and to animate by exhibiting the most illustrious examples of the olden time: and, especially, the venerable worthies of antiquity ought to receive their full meed of commendation; that poets of the present era, being encouraged (by the hope of meeting with the same candour and liberality as is exerted towards their ancestors,) to commit their fame with confidence into the hands of subsequent critics, may prosecute their labours with unchecked avidity, elated with the idea that their names will never sink in the flood of oblivion, but float upborne on the tongues of successive generations; and that haply some Byron of after times may sing of them, in strains as elegant and true as those which have already been poured forth in memory of the "mighty dead," with whom their author is now slumbering.

"The waters murmur of their name;
The woods are peopled with their fame;
The silent pillar lone and gray,
Claims kindred with their sacred clay;
Their spirits wrap the dusky mountain,
Their memory sparkles o'er the fountain;
The meanest rill, the mightiest river,
Rolls mingling with their name for ever."

ON A COCKNEY GOING TO SCHOOL,

WHO WAS HEARD TO SAY HE WOULD BE AS LEARNED AS HE WAS THOUGHT VAIN.

Young Johnny vain has gone to school,
But thus first laid him down a rule—
Was ever such related?—
Swears he, though great my pride, I see
My learning hence by all shall be
As high, Sir, elevated.

Dear Johnny, it gives mighty fun,
To hear that you have so begun
Your noddle to enlighten—
But leave such wondrous rule aside,
For to match your learning to your pride
You should be more than Crichton.

TO HOPE.

Come sweetly soothing hope,
Come from thy rosy bower,
With dimpling smile and aspect mild,—
Yet now again so gay and wild,
Bright emblem of a flower,
That lives a day,
Then flits away,
So sweet, so fair, so pure alas! yet will not stay!

See how the galling chain
Weighs downs yon drooping head;
His locks are grey with grief and pain,
And with'ring care hath fix'd her stain,
Whilst every friend is dead;
Yet still to thee,
His thoughts will flee,
And wake awhile his untun'd soul to harmony!

What makes yon lover weep,
Is she he loves untrue?
Yet see again his eyes are bright—
Again those flashes of delight,
His former bliss renew:
For round his head
Thy wreath is spread,
And tears and sighs on momentary wings are fled.

Midst desolation dark,
Midst ruin and decay;
Through Afric's wild, or raging seas,
Midst hungry famine and disease,
Still dost thou sportive play:
On wing sublime,
From clime to clime,
Still soaring on thy pathless way—unheeding time!

Come then, sweet soother, come,
In all thy gay attire;
From this dark glen of solitude,
Awhile my fever'd thought obtrude,
And bid my woes expire.
In vision bright
With magic light,
Come spread thy sunshine o'er my gloomy soul to-night.

H. B. P.

AN AGREEABLE MAN.

The name of an agreeable man, like the word honor, is generally made use of, yet applies to very few. What is an agreeable man, then? is it one whose habits are like our own? whose manners, nay, perhaps whose vices are fashionable; one who knows every body, and is seen every where in high life? or a man of accomplishments? of learning and information? a travelled man, or a mere good-natured man who has no will of his own, or surrenders his will to every body? Is it a flatterer? a handsome man, or a rich man? a wit, an author, or a courtly man? It is none of these, yet all; such, at least, is the truly agreeable man, yet he who passes for such is, more frequently a cunning man, or a man of the world. The man whose habits suit the circle in which he moves, is sure to be called an agreeable man, when he, most probably, is quite the reverse; his is not a soul of sensibility and sympathy, on the contrary, he is the most selfish being existing; he has craft enough to discover the weak part of those with whom he moves on in life, and worldliness sufficient to serve his own interest in amusing himself and others; he is a *bon vivant* with hard living men; and is asked to their tables on that account, however dull his intellect; he picks up a number of anecdotes and acquires a kind of table talk, which, like pride,

"——fills up all the mighty void of sense."

Besides the very praising my lord's wine, or the baronet's cook, the expatiating on the flavour of *Lafitte*, or explaining how a made dish ought to be dressed, is wit enough for a *gastronome*, and such a man is sure to pass for an agreeable person, although, take him from the circle of which he forms a segment, and he would be out of place and fit in no where else, his conversation would be uninteresting, he would be dumb or an incumbrance; the drunkard, the gambler, (we mean not the Greek, but he who spends half his life at the card table) the calumniator, are odious, detestable characters; yet the first, if he sings a good song, and retails Joe Miller adroitly, is an agreeable fellow with those whose vices are similar to his; the playman who is tolerably skilled in every game of society, and can lose his money with even temper, is sure to be admitted into good company, and *ergo* passes for an agreeable gentleman; whereas he may have not one good quality in the world, and be ignorant and unamusing, which pass unnoticed from the time being filled up by *cutting*, *shuffling*, *changing partners*, and *dealing*, a pastime in high life, and a game which is played not only at a card table but elsewhere; the slanderer is but too welcome in the *boudoirs* and drawing-rooms in town; calumny is seized with avidity, and the guilty listeners to it are weak enough to believe that they are all perfection, nay that they rise upon the downfall of another; the fairer sex count such a man delightful—with what wit he cut up the dowager's foibles; how pointedly he described the vulgarity of a *nouveau parvenu*, or a Jewess thrust into quality, how archly he hinted at Lady Gertrude's false curls, and what a clever giver he is of nick names! how he called the fat *nabobess* an *oil painting*, the duchess a *finished picture*, the old maid *her shade*, the little dumpy countess a *miniature*, and the gallant widow a *transparency*—is this agreeable? is such a man not a disgrace to his sex, a bad hearted male gossip? Again, there are figures which we know, about the west end of the town, merely from being acquainted with every body and from being every where, therefore they must be agreeable, whilst the fact is that they owe their *entré* into company to fortune, title, or connections, and are nothing but the make weights of overflowing routs, the cyphers in the numerical strength of an "At Home," or a first winter party which shines forth in the Morning Post the next day with the agreeable man's name towards the bottom of the lengthy list of company. The accomplished man is likely to be an agreeable man, yet he is often such an egotist that he ceases to be so; besides if his accomplishments be those of the exterior, instead of the mind, a thing which most often occurs, old age cuts off all his *agremens*, and he is a perfect insipid; for nothing can be more ridiculous than a

wrinkled male caperer and waltzer, a conceited *sexagenaire* trying to sing with a voice which, although

"——— once shrill and round,
"Now whistles in the sound,"

or a mute piece of drawing-room furniture, only fit to fill a corner, but which once was quoted for a fine horseman, fencer, or billiard player, or was remembered by our grandmammas as a handsome fellow who used to sigh out a song accompanied by his guitar, which has lost all taste and expression, as have his many amatory compliments, and smart *double entendres*, which are most unbecoming indeed in persons in years, and scarcely pardonable at any age; learned men are seldom agreeable, first because they are little understood amongst the gay, and secondly because they are too often dogmatical and pedantic; besides, envy deprives them of half their value by misrepresenting them on account of their being above the level of the understandings of those who make them the subjects of their conversation. The travelled man may have travelled to no purpose, but to abuse his native land, to import the follies and extravagances of foreign parts, to become a coxcomb, and so to interlard his conversation with French, Italian, or Spanish, or a smattering of each, that he becomes agreeably unintelligible to some, and delightfully ridiculous to others:—on the other hand, if he has been a person of observation, it is fifty to one that he will engross all the conversation to himself, in order to evince his supposed superiority over the plain man of good sense and good manners, and will travel you about to Rome and Naples, Florence and Palermo, or fight his battles through all the Peninsula, keep your attention on the rack, listening to the intrigues of the house of Hapsburg, keep dinner cooling whilst he is on the Prata at Vienna, or retire to Italy to bury you in the ruins of Herculaneum; not aware how troublesome a member of society he becomes, nor that arch satire will say behind his back, "dear me, I thought we should never get out of the Vatican with Mr. Longwind," or, "for pity's sake don't mention Venice before him, or we shall be annoyed with a story of the Doge which I measured five quarters of an hour long, which kept me from going up to dress, and made me too late for dinner:" this we may suppose to be the remark of a young lady of fashion. Lastly, travelled men are great dealers in the marvellous, and are known to embellish common matters of fact with the *imaginative*, so that they are sometimes not credited whilst truth is their guide, but thought to be imposing on our understanding by what is vulgarly called *tipping us the traveller*. A good natured man, is most generally agreeable, but the constant surrender of his will and opinion, must lead him into errors; moreover he who is every body's body, is at best but a negative character, and such a man is neither instructive nor amusing, much less edifying and exemplary; the flatterer is considered amiable by the vain and conceited, but is despised by the virtuous and wise, nor is he even an innocent character, since he increases the follies and imperfections of others, and is constantly compromising truth and justice, is the apologist for vice, and a deserter of principle; a handsome man is too agreeable to dear self to be so to others, unless to the female voluptuary, who nevertheless soon discovers him to be a fool; a rich man is abominable when purse proud, and an inconvenience to the less affluent, from his empty importance, and expensive habits; a wit is very often too dangerous to be an author; would be called an agreeable man, were it not for his poverty, or when he is absent, absorbed in thought, or (being a person of consequence) a mere prattler; a courtly man is a good maker of a bow, a sayer of civil things and a studier of the graces, grey hairs greatly diminish his *moyens de plaire* (his means of pleasing) for he is more bent on pleasing than on gratifying his friends in any other way, nor is his conversation ever entertaining or instructive, unless you get him upon etiquettes of court, and the peerage and drawing room reports, or ten times told *on dits*; there is, however, a sort of mixture of all these, a sipper of sweets, and gleaner of little attractions, a skimmer of the cream of fashion, a man who is all things to every body, like the French rake who thought it very hard to be called an *inconstant*, when he was *fidel à tant le monde*; such a man is deemed agreeable by all

ranks, I shall therefore give an outline of him, and leave the reader to decide upon his merits. The man of popular manners, who is not too independent to be indifferent as to pleasing, nor so dependent as to be forced to become the echo, the toad-eater or pander to another, must be a man rather elderly than young, but indebted to all the preserving, renovating, beautifying *artificials* of an age prolific in invention and rich in art; he must be able to take off half a dozen years of his life, with young people and the ladies, and to put them on again, not by admitting them altogether, but by the dates of things *seen* and *unseen*, so as to bring him to the level with people of his own age, and his elders; he must have no strong predominant passion or vice, because, then he could not be all things to all people, but he must have a slight touch of many, so as not to be severe, never to offend, not to be a restraint on the giddy, nor a scandal to the grave, he must be of the cast of the French *aimable* who smiling professed "*J'aime mieux un vice commode qu'une vertu fatiguante*;" he must be cheerful, patient, and at home in company, rather familiar, but must know where to be the reverse; he must have a good memory, pick up anecdotes and news, yet neither be a proser nor politician, a slanderer nor a philanthropist, for all extremes are liable to prejudice his popularity; he must be able to affect dignity, mingled with condescension with his inferiors, and to assume the appearance of respect and consideration, which he does not feel with his superiors; he must never talk of religion, but know when and where to go to church, and how to listen to a fashionable preacher; he must flatter all women and be superficially acquainted with most things:—for instance, he must know the names of all great people, of all musical composers, actors, actresses, singers, and dancers, together with their particularities, the pieces and ballets in which they perform, so as to have it in his power to say a few words on each, such as "there's my lord with his old favorite," "how well the duchess walks," "I protest she is quite a myrtle;" "true that piece is by Cimarosa, a delightful composer!" "Catalani never was in better tune," "Miss Stephens always delights me," "have you seen the new piece?" "have you read the last novel?" in all which, hear-say and the reading of a few pages will bear him out decently; the reviews are a rich mine to such a man, for any man's judgment is better than his own, besides he has no time to lose, and properly speaking, no fixed opinion. Your agreeable man must, by turns know how and when to admire a child, to discover a great likeness with the handsomest parent, to enlarge upon how much he or she has grown since last Spring, must find out the good point in a bad horse, and set it forth to the Right Honorable owner of him; he must even lounge with the young heir in his stable, smell to his hay, and approve of his corn; he must walk with the agriculturist over his grounds and talk of strong rails, and light ones, lime stone and gravel, grain and clover, however *against the grain* it may go; and however he may regret his wetting his boots, or wish himself in *clover* by his own fireside; at his patron's he must pat all the children on the head, and allow her ladyship's dog to jump upon him, and to cover his clothes with hair, because he must be fond of dogs and *puppies* also; where a good table is kept, and where there is a *reunion* (for which we are indebted to France) of the *beau monde*, he must dress well, but avoid creating envy thereby, must never want money, yet complain of the times; he must seem to be kind, without being so really, must pity every sufferer, yet serve nobody; he must never attempt to give advice, unless it be to confirm the persons who ask it in what they intended to do, right or wrong; his acquaintances must be many, friends he expects none, friendships and attachments would encumber him, and demand a mutual feeling. Now an agreeable man has no such thing; he must never give nor lend, but always regret his inability, at that *particular* moment; as he will have read at school, that

"Dulce est desipere in loco;"

he need not much mind a slavish adherence to truth, but must always avoid detection, at the same time, whenever he hears a l—— (good breeding goes no further) he must invariably appear to receive it as

truth. Such a man will be called agreeable by half the town, the other half he neither knows nor cares about; so much for the worldly agreeable man: our readers will meet with many such before next month, when we shall endeavour to draw another portrait. In the interim, we advise them to examine well the present likeness.

PHILO-SPECTATOR.

THE BLUE EYES OF MY MARY.

(AIR—Over the Water to Charlie.)

OH! bright were the days! for their gloomiest hour
Was at worst, but a lost one only,
When I stole before time to our sweet rose-bower,
And, though among flowers, felt lonely;
Till, soon, a light footstep came quickening on,
And I look'd for a fawn or a fairy,
But, instead—through the roses—beheld, in the sun,
The laughing blue eyes of my Mary.

How oft would I turn from her kisses, and try,
In my fulness of joy, to discover
Some cause for a tear; but in earth, sea, and sky,
There was nothing I—*could?*—would weep over.
For e'en if that sky had enshrouded its hue,
It were nought to make *me* sad or wary;
I'd a heav'n of *my own*, as bright and as blue,
In the soft sunny eyes of my Mary.

And well I remember, one golden eve,
When the moon had given day warning,
But his rays were so long in taking their leave,
That it seem'd they would revel till morning;
An old gipsy we met at the garden gate,
And though she was haggard and hairy,
How charming I thought her while telling my fate
Word for word with the eyes of my Mary!

That moon just silver'd the winding brooks,
And again fell under the mountain,—
Yet I fancied it ling'ring on Mary's looks,
Though dim was the face of the fountain,—
When I said, as I turn'd to the load-star of night,
Whose beams never lessen nor vary,
"Sure nought under heav'n is so constant and bright,
"—— *Except* the blue eyes of my Mary."

But Mary is gone! and the heart she led
To the cage her enchantments wove it,
May flutter unheeded, unfree'd, unfed,
With no one to cherish, to love it;
Near *her*, I could bear the sweet thraldom as well
As her own gay bird of Canary;
But the songs that I pour, and the sorrows they tell,
Are unwept by the eyes of my Mary.

THE COMPLAINT; WITH A ROSE TO JULIA.

THE rose I send, of brilliant hue,
Is weak in loveliness to you,
Whose charms defy the rose's pow'r,
Nor rival dread in brightest flow'r.
But yet how kind, how tender she!
How merciful, compar'd with thee!
See how she listens to the tale!
Of her still faithful Nightingale.
On thee our sighs are lost for ever,
Like winds that pass o'er frozen river.
Thy heart is harder than the rock,
Which, though it bears the billow's shock,
And stands resistless many a day,
By length of time will waste away.
'Tis colder far than drifted snow,
That lies upon the mountain brow;
For this, beneath the genial beam
Will soften yet, and turn to stream,
But where's the charm can be applied
Will lay thy coldness and thy pride;
And yet I love thee—tho' in vain.
Oh! speak not *thou* such words of pain,
But leave me still the boundless sea,
Of deep and dark uncertainty!
Accept this rose I pluck'd for thee
Untimely from its native tree;
And when it shrinks from thy warm breath,
As if it woo'd an instant death;
Think how each angry look, and word,
Breaks from my heart some tender chord;
And when with water from the stream,
You'd fain supply its parent stem,
But find alas! with all thy care
It will not live nor flourish there.
Then think how deeply hearts, when torn
From all they 'd cling to—feel forlorn!
Think how from mine each moment brief
Will rob some hue, some loved leaf;
'Till hopes and joys alike decay,
Borne down the stream of grief, away!
Think what *thy* feelings, when in vain
Too late you'll bid it bloom again.
But vain my prayers since beauty's joy
Is not to cherish, but destroy;
'Mid broken hearts and feelings riv'n
She builds her glory and her heaven.
Then here behold! the wreck of mine
I humbly offer at thy shrine.
Nay spurn it not—too well I know
'Tis *but* a wreck—Who made it so?
Love has cast my soul in sadness,
Hope scarce points to future gladness,
And yet—oh strange,—I feel it bliss
To cherish wretchedness like this!
Whate'er betide—or smile or sigh—
I'll love thee, lady, till I die.

T. M. N.

BRUSSELS NOVEMBER.

Such is the rage for emigration and for visiting the continent, that an Englishman cannot pass through a town in France, or Flanders, without hearing nearly as much English spoken as French or Flemish. As far as curiosity goes, or the desire of improvement, the motive for quitting the mother country justifies the traveller, but when we see persons of large property squandering their fortunes abroad; when we behold folly and conceit in every class, from the tradesman up to the peer, vapouring about the towns of the continent, and just learning enough to make them troublesome at home; when we witness a huge proportion of the half pay officers of the land and sea service, wasting their youth at Paris, Brussels, and at the minor haunts of our countrymen, Calais, Boulogne and Ostend, we cannot help regretting such infatuation, and consider it as bordering on disloyalty and a want of patriotism. Economy is pleaded as the excuse for these absentees, but they could find as cheap a residence in Scotland, Wales, and Devonshire, and in all counties remote from our metropolis, (the watering places excepted) as can be met with in such parts of France as they can reach with a moderate purse, and in all parts of Brabant; whilst the very distant provinces of France can only be visited by an expensive journey, (to one who pleads poverty as his cause of retrenchment) and the only way to make such a journey answer is a long residence abroad. The description of English visitors, or settlers in the frontier towns and provinces of France and of Flanders, and in the whole extent from the shores of each country, up to Paris and Brussels, may be divided into four classes, the vain, the half-pay, the debtor, and the bankrupt; some extravagant, some miserable, some degraded, and some objects of pity; now it gives an Englishman pain to see all of these abroad, and to have to own them as his countrymen. The nobler and richer British travellers proceed further on the continent, and visit Italy, Germany and Switzerland. We will now halt at Brussels. There is, in this town, a polish and an elegance which distinguishes it from all the other towns of the Netherlands, from most of the towns in France, and which makes it truly worthy of visiting, but cannot warrant a long residence, unless the settler, for such period, be in debt at home, or have other reasons for fearing to return. One great cause for the courtly style of Brussels is, its having so long been a fashionable place of resort, whilst under the domination of Austria, and particularly in the reigns, or rather governments of the Prince Charles of Lorraine, and of Marie Christine, sister of the lovely immolated Queen of France, at which periods, politeness, high fashion, hospitality and pleasure, were at their meridian in Austrian Flanders; at the present day the King of the Netherlands holding his court every year in this city, keeps up old remembrances of courtliness, and serves to maintain Brussels in her pre-eminence amongst French and Flemish towns. His court is, however, dull beyond description, but there is an affability in the Prince of Orange, and a kind feeling in the royal family towards the English, which is flattering to a traveller of that country, but he must not mistake and imagine that his nation alone will gain him consideration and a reception at court; the king only notices people of distinction, and only receives at court those who have been presented at St. James's or at Carlton Palace; the Queen is a good woman, the Grand Duchess (consort to the Prince of Orange) is pious, charitable, and a most exemplary wife and mother, but distant and reserved; she is her Imperial Highness in the full force of the term. Prince Frederic, second son to the King, is a very amiable young man; his sister, the Princess Mary Ann, is not much indebted to nature for beauty, or temper, but possesses a good heart. The particular advantages of Brussels are, its public walk, called the park; its fine theatre, and the residence of so many of the old nobility of the soil; the park is, certainly, a very pleasing object, and a very healthful walk, but it resembles a park as much as a cup of water does

a river; or to use the French joke upon an artificial stream let into a pleasure ground, "*Cela ressemble à une riviere comme deux gouttes d'eau:*" it is too formal, and too full of indifferent statues, and looks more like Grosvenor Square enlarged, than a park, or public garden. The theatre is a fine spacious edifice, too large for the company that frequent it, so that the performers often play to empty benches. *Mademoiselle Le Sueur, Sarete* and *Laloi* are not without their attractions, but to ensure a full house, some performer of celebrity from Paris must appear on the boards. Among the *ancienne noblesse*, the Princes of Cray, of Daremberg, of Stahremberg and the Princess of Ligne figure in splendid hotels, there are other illustrious houses of Vilain Quatorze, Robiano, &c. &c.; but the French revolution has undermined their former splendour, and they are but the shadows of what they were; the name of Vilain Quatorze seems very odd to a stranger, when written (as it usually is) Vilain XIV. The family is very proud of it, and it relates to celebrated actions and possessions of the number which follows the name; there were Princes of Gand of the same name (Vilain) doubtless related to the family in question. Brussels is a great contrast in itself, in the high quarter of the town, and the lower part; the former is salubrious, the latter unhealthy: in the one scarcely any thing is spoken but French, and Flemish is little known: in the other the very reverse is the case. The walk in the park supplies air and exercise: the much boasted *allee verte*, or green alley, on the outside of the lower town, is abominable from being bordered by stagnant water, and is constantly damp from the over-shadowing of the trees which meet across the road; this is, however, the favorite drive of the royal family and of all fashionables. The English are, at Brussels, as elsewhere, gregarious, they herd together, game, and give dinners, and backbite each other in the way of scandal and gossiping. This town is like a village, every one is known, yet adventurers are very many, and if they will gamble and keep a good table, they may be sure of success. A certain ex-officer of the Blues, formerly resident here, can attest the truth of this. Upon the whole this proud mistress of the Netherlands, this town of former renown, and of present interest, merits the traveller's notice, but is not without danger to the simple stranger; one month's *sejour* is quite enough: I have visited it very often, which confirms me in what I state.

TO W.

EIGHT years have passed since thou wert seen,
In ardent youth's advancing prime,
Upon that distant village green;
Where, hand in hand with time,
Pleasure and love confederate flew,
And all was bright, and much was true.

I too, though o'er my head had roll'd
More summer suns than thine had known,
Had felt not age's finger cold,
Nor heav'd a sick-bed groan;
But stranger then to grief and pain,
I might be lov'd and love again.

Ah! fatal power of passing years,
Link'd with a foe more ruthless still,—
Disease, who oft her hand uprears,
Wounds, but forbears to kill:—
Oh! thou might bend a lengthen'd gaze,
Nor know thy friend of other days.

And tell me, thou, if time has given
Thy auburn locks a deeper hue;

Or calm'd the light that flash'd to heaven
From forth thine eye of blue?
Still glow the roses on thy cheek,
Still thy fair brow do bright veins streak?
And wherefore not? Thou still art young,
Thy sun careers at highest noon;
And health and hope have round thee flung
A charm that fades not soon:—
My face is almost clos'd, but thine
Holds in midway its brilliant line.

Yet not in vain those years have flown,
Thou too hast felt their mournful power;
And much of change thine heart has known,
Since that enamoured hour,
When through T——'s vales we wander'd far,
Each unto each a guiding star.

They were not beautiful, those vales,
That catch th' ungenial eastern air;
But we, while breathing our love tales,
Thought them divinely fair:—
And fancy's brightest radiance play'd
On field, and brook, and "cowslip-glade."

And long in memory's deepest cell,
And long within the bosom's core,
Shall live the scenes we lov'd so well,
But now may love no more:—
Oh! never but with life's decay
Can fade those images away.

But now on fate's divergent line,
By other impulses we move;
And calmly hang on friendship's shrine,
The spoils of vanish'd love:—
Friendship—most faithful often known
Where love had fix'd his earlier throne.

If yet my life, which trembling hangs
Upon a feebly woven line,
Should brave reiterated pangs,
And into age decline;
When, hush'd in soft and deep repose,
No feeling wakes, no passion glows;—

Shall we not, friend beloved, once more
In the soul's truest union meet;
To snatch from memory's fading store
The dreams to youth so sweet;
And deck with flowers of earliest bloom,
The opening precincts of the tomb.

Till then, (if *then* should come) adieu!
May life's best happiness be thine,
Shared by a friend with heart as true,
And fond as once was mine:—
Ah! not without a saddening swell
That heart now breathes its long farewell!

E.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

A CELEBRATED French author justly observes that no man is ridiculous for being what he is, but simply for affecting to be what he is not. It is to be wished that his English readers could fully enter into the truth of his assertion, many would then escape the derision and contempt of the world, who now invite those feelings by their arrogant assumption of tastes and habits, which they imagine fashion or refinement renders it necessary to possess, but of which nature has denied them the slightest sensation. As a proof among many others of the truth of my observation, I may instance a professed votary of literature of my acquaintance, whose life is a continual struggle between his assumed and real inclinations; the former oblige him to peruse with eagerness every new work that appears, the latter permit him to enjoy no species of reading beyond the Morning Post, and even this "folio of four pages" carries with it a powerful alloy when he turns to the tremendous announciations—"In the press, and speedily will be published," which remind him of the labour, drudgery, and exertion in store for him. How frequently to me, who am his chosen friend, does he lament the *cacoethes scribendi* of this unfortunate age; with what wisdom does he censure the prodigality of those publishers who bribe authors to outwrite themselves by the dazzling lure of three thousand guineas for a copyright; writers are advised by the critics to keep their effusions nine years, but he would at least treble the time of probation; an additional tax on pen, ink, and paper, would meet with his most cordial support; and the sight of an author in his carriage or attended by his livery servant never fails to fill him with apprehension of the numerous host of versifiers whom such an example will stimulate to appear on the highway of letters, and commit similar depredations on the time and money of his Majesty's subjects. Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, greatly annoy him by the frequency of their poetical effusions, but the principal enemy of his repose is that unwearied and mysterious personage, whom fashion has designated by the title of the "Great Unknown;" this invisible tormentor allows him no rest; scarcely has he toiled through one of his multifarious productions before another issues from his literary steam engine. Indeed, to say the truth, my friend has confessed to me in confidence, that being unfortunately a very slow reader, he had only just accompanied Jeanie Deans to the feet of Queen Caroline, when he was summoned to attend the tragical nuptials of the Bride of Lammermuir, and that he was actually roaming over wood and dell with the White Spirit of the Monastery, when condemned to sequester himself in "durance vile" with the afflicted Queen of Scots in the Abbott. He has lately, however, improved in dispatch, and has so assiduously put his shoulder to the wheel, that he has actually surmounted the last of his enemy's productions, and has not yet shuddered over the publication of a third:—but human tranquillity is never permanent, and the certainty that such an advertisement cannot be long delayed hangs over him, like the sword point suspended by a single horse hair over the banquet of Damocles. However, he smiles with unvanquished heroism in the midst of torture, and flatters himself that he enjoys an unsuspected reputation of the love of literature, while in reality his slender artifices are universally penetrated; every one is eager to recommend a new work to his notice, and to laugh at him the next moment for his folly in punishing himself by taking their recommendation, and he is the derision of his companions for affecting the character of a man of taste, when he might command their respect and esteem as a man of worth. I am acquainted with another person, who, without voice, ear, or science, is an enthusiastic amateur of music; he may be seen constantly entering the Pit at the Opera House—with a step and countenance forcibly reminding the beholder of Shakspeare's description of the urchin

"Creeping, like snail, unwillingly to school."

He always takes tickets for Ambro-

getti's benefit, has a full length portrait of Catalani in his drawing room, and the whole of Mozart's operas, elegantly bound, lying on the grand piano forte, which he never opens, in company with a splendid flute which he never touches; he looks down with contempt on the generality of English singers, and never mentions Braham or Sinclair without observing how greatly they were improved by a residence in Italy. He seldom commits himself by giving a decided opinion of private performers, but distributes his smiles, shrugs, bravos, and shakes of the head, with an air of such mysterious importance that he is thought to understand the subject very deeply by those who have not sufficient knowledge themselves to observe that his marks of approbation and disapprobation invariably occur in the wrong place.

In reality he is not only indifferent to music, but has an absolute dislike to it, and to that of the Italian school in particular—the airs that he actually prefers, are Black Eyed Susan, The Greenwich Pensioner, and God save the King, (the latter *not* with Beethoven's variations,) and the only occasion on which I ever beheld him display genuine musical pleasure, was one day when an Irish ballad singer, under his window, carolled forth in a voice more remarkable for strength than melody, "The Adventures and Promotion of Paddy Carey!" I might betray the secrets of a dozen more of my confidential friends, who each expose themselves by riding some particular hobby, whose paces they cannot understand, and whose reins they are unable to guide, but my present object is to take notice of an affectation pervading at least half my acquaintance, and peculiarly prevalent about the spring season of the year. I mean that ardent longing for the country, that wish for a life of retirement, and that exquisite sensibility to rural pleasures, which I know nineteen out of twenty who profess, and one perhaps out of an hundred who really possesses. The fashionable world, to do them justice, are more candid in this particular, they do not hesitate to declare that

"Green fields, and purling springs,
And larks and nightingales, are odious things."

To lament the early close of a winter season ending in August, and when condemned to a short banishment at their country seats, they eagerly provide a little band of kind friends who can assist them to endure dullness by billiards in the morning and balls at night, and through whose aid they can "transplant into their own fair garden" every exotic of London folly, vanity, and dissipation.

It is the middle class of Londoners, who have never attained the felicity of a country seat, which might dispel their ideal visions, by its "sober certainty," who annoy me inconceivably by their mechanical aspirations after scenes and pursuits, which I know they have neither taste to appreciate, nor feelings to enjoy. It is unfortunately a general observation, that mental resources and attainments can alone impart a charm to a life of retirement; the professed admirers of it have therefore an opportunity of paying an oblique and implied compliment to their own powers and talents, which cannot fail to be highly gratifying to their *amour propre*, but in candour I must own that I believe many of them are self-deceivers in a greater degree than they deceive others; they connect certain ideas and associations with rural scenes, and pertinaciously cling to the idol of their own fancy, without considering that on a nearer acquaintance it will be apt to throw aside its holiday dress and appear in its every-day attire. Some fair enthusiasts read the poems of Burns, Bloomfield, and Clare, till their minds become a chaos of half English, half Scotch ideas of glens, coppices, dingles, braes, and heather. An inferior class of literati have trod the soft labyrinth of romance, till they imagine an interesting shepherd in every field, an elegant recluse in every cottage, and a sentimental adventure in every grove. A few of less refined ideas form their opinion of a country life from a yearly jaunt to Richmond, and always think of it in connection with a long summer day, a circle of cheerful company, a dinner at the Star and Garter, moonlight on the water in returning, and French horns and glee singing keeping time with the measured strokes of the oar. Among the opposite sex, the student regards a country retreat as the safe sanctuary where he may enthrone

himself in the confusion of books and papers without fear of officious morning visitors, and where under the fostering privacy of woodbines and jessamines outside, his habitation, and fellow-inmates within, he may "break his fast with Aristotle, dine with Tully, and sup with Seneca," without being recalled to the affairs of common life, by impertinent cards of invitation to grosser and less refined repasts. The epicure on the contrary seeks the country full of vivid anticipations of early peas, young asparagus, and strawberries and cream, prefers the sight of a kitchen garden to that of a bower of roses, and turns with disdain from the bloom and fragrance of a green house, to refresh his eyes with the more pleasing contemplation of a cucumber frame. The man of commerce early accustomed to talk of a rural retreat as the "Mansion of Peace," to which all his daily exertions tend, clings fondly to the idea at all times, but particularly when exposed in the words of the poet, to

> "The losses, the crosses, that active man engage."

When summoned to prove a bad debt at Guildhall, his admiration of green fields rises in proportion; when reading the list of bankrupts, he pines for freedom and fresh air, and although when funds rise and business prospers, the organ of rural enjoyment, (as Messrs. Gall and Spurzheim would denominate it) is suffered to "lie dormant," the slightest disappointment in his views never fails to restore it to its original ascendancy, and he languishes for those country delights which he is always accustomed to think of in opposition to London troubles. Should he happen in such a frame of mind to stroll into the Auction Mart, when some of the numerous Rosedale Villas, Hawthorn Cottages, and Woodbine Lodges, rich in all the advantages of spacious pleasure grounds, beautiful scenery, and populous neighbourhoods, are invitingly held up to sale, the probability is that he makes a purchase in haste, which he repents all his life at leisure, and that thrown among scenes at variance with all his former habits, and overburdened with time which he has not resources to employ, he finds too late, that pleasure does not, as an ancient philosopher affirmed, consist merely in the absence of pain, but that active occupation, stimulus, and exertion, although formerly considered by him as the enemies of his repose, are in reality benignant powers, which furnish an enchanted sword, capable even in the hands of a person of humble talents and resources of giving a death blow to the terrific phantom ennui. Unable at an advanced period of life to direct his energy to new sources of employment, and restrained by shame from returning to his old ones, he generally leads an idle and dissatisfied life, sighs for Ludgate Hill while ascending a flower clad eminence, thinks with Dr. Johnson while gazing on a fine prospect, that Fleet Street is a finer, and turns disgusted from his hot-house, green-house and summer-house, to dwell with fond complacency on his counting house, indifferent to all the beauties of nature and art around him, and in the midst of his groves, shrubberies, and lawns, finding consolation in nothing but his old port, and his afternoon's nap. It would be expedient if persons of such a turn of mind, could perform a short noviciate in seclusion, before they bind themselves to embrace it for life: I remember receiving much entertainment in watching the rapid abatement of enthusiasm in a gentleman of this description, who left the busiest part of the busy metropolis, (he was a member of the Stock Exchange,) to pass a fortnight of rapture and retirement at the distance of an hundred miles from it. For the first day after his arrival, his ecstacy at beholding cattle without drovers, flowers growing wild in the hedges, and trees the native green of which was unsoiled by dust or smoke, was so tumultuous as to call to mind the lines—

> "'Tis bliss but to a certain bound,
> Beyond is agony."

The next day his feelings were rather more sobered, but still in a state of sufficient effervescence to discover attraction in every pool of water, and beauty in every stump of a tree; the third morning had nearly exhausted his admiration of surrounding objects, when fortunately the brilliant succession of the rapidly floating clouds above his head attracted his attention, and (perhaps from an

old habit of building castles in the air,) he was delightfully engaged during the whole of that day in watching the aspect of the horizon, seeing the sun set, and the stars rise. The fourth day he observed that the situation must be very damp in winter, enquired what time the post came in, and wondered if the roads were passable on horseback, and if the neighbourhood was social. The fifth day proving rainy, he sought amusement in the little library of the place, and eagerly turning to the price of stocks in a London newspaper, he found, or fancied he found that they required his immediate presence in the metropolis; accordingly he took an hasty leave of his friends, regretted the painful necessity of tearing himself from the enchanting scenes he was enjoying, and with feigned sorrow and real pleasure, exchanged the sight of sheep and lambs for that of bulls and bears, and the songs of larks and nightingales for the more congenial murmurs of the price of "New Fours," "Long Annuities," and "Consols for Account." He now speaks with unabated enthusiasm of country retirement, but is observed to confine his summer rambles solely to Brighton, Hastings, and Margate. Indeed could Londoners only know themselves, (a qualification by the bye very difficult of attainment, either for the inhabitants of London or the country,) I am persuaded that they would, like my worthy friend above-mentioned, seek alone for rural felicity in those little gems of the ocean, vulgarly called watering places, which so admirably assimilate both with their real and professed tastes. It is gratifying to a blooming belle, to persuade herself and her friends that she frequents the Well Walk at Cheltenham, only on account of the trees, and promenades: the Marine Parade at Brighton, merely for the sight of the sea; it is pleasing to ramble through three fields, and climb a couple of stiles, and then return and change her walking shoes for delicate kid slippers, pass the remainder of the day in the Auction Room, and the evening at the Libraries, and retire to rest fully satisfied that she has been enjoying the pleasures of the country. It is delightful to make excursions to some of the rural spots in the vicinity, and explore a few of their intricacies, surrounded by attentive beaux, who vie with each other in gathering wild flowers for her, carrying her white silk parasol, and breaking away the brambles that threaten destruction to her worked Moravian robe, then to call in her way home at the Library, to enquire the fate of her raffle, and to conclude the day in the assembly or concert room, where, perhaps by great good fortune she obtains an introduction to some woman of quality, whose name might never have reached her in London. After a month or six weeks of these enjoyments, she returns to the metropolis, fully confirmed in her love for the country, with a few shells and pebbles in her reticule to enrich her cabinet of curiosities, and a great many cards of new acquaintances to add to her visiting list; talks a vast deal of the rambles she has taken, and a little of the conquests she has made—finds the air of home very oppressive, the garden of the square intolerably confined, laments the hard destiny that compels her to sacrifice her health and spirits in London, and if tolerably ingenious and fertile in contrivance, very likely persuades some kind physician to prescribe change of air for her nervous maladies, and benevolently restores her to the delight of green fields and public walks, sea breezes and military bands. Before I conclude, let me most respectfully apologize to the worthy inhabitants of this spacious metropolis, for the whole of whom I entertain the most profound veneration, if I have said any thing to wound their delicate and refined sentiments. So far indeed from meaning any reflection on them, by saying they are deficient in taste for the country, I should deem every law of nature and probability violated were the contrary to be the case.

All productions partake partly of the soil which gives them birth, and partly of the culture bestowed on them by art, and both these circumstances strongly militate against such an inclination of the mind. The genuine Londoner, born in smoke and noise, lulled to sleep by the sound of carts and drays, and awakened in the morning by the cries of chimney sweepers and dustmen, frequently educated in youth according to the celebrated piece of advice, "My son, get money, honestly if you can, but, at all events,

get money," and absorbed at maturity in speculations, profits and losses, is the being, of all others, least fitted for rural life. He appears only to breathe in an atmosphere of calculation and commerce, he speaks a language of his own, of debts, taxes, loans, and dividends; he seems born for a money-getting, bustling, mercenary world, and he would be out of his sphere in a world of sunshine, greenness, and tranquillity. If he requires relaxation, let him seek it in his own orbit, and near his own home; London abounds in exhibitions of pictures, wax-work, and wild beasts, in Chinese jugglers, Indian chiefs, and native Laplanders; if he cannot be content without country air, let him luxuriate during the hay-making season in an evening walk in the fields round Copenhagen House, or gratify a still more exalted taste by climbing to the summit of Primrose-hill, but let him not flatter himself that he possesses that real rural enthusiasm which would lead him to find enjoyment in wandering through groves of sycamore, sitting under the shade of lime trees, or reclining by the side of a silvery stream, and dipping garlands of wild flowers into the rippling waters; weariness, languor, and discontent, would be the infallible consequences of the indulgence of such a scheme. In the meantime, let him console himself by reflecting that refinement of taste, although certainly an ornamental quality of the mind, is by no means a necessary, and very seldom an useful one; that the habits and predilections which conduce to every-day comforts may be acquired without difficulty by one who has never been beyond the sound of Bow-bells; and that honesty, probity, and respectability, may, if properly cultivated, flourish as effectually in the atmosphere of Cheapside, or St. Paul's Church-yard, as in the most romantic scenes of rural seclusion ever described by the pen of a Burns, or pourtrayed by the pencil of a Westall.

M. A.

AN ACCEPTATION FROM ELIZA TO R. W.

'Tis his voice that I hear! 'tis the voice that I love,
Its silvery sweetness the speaker doth prove;
He invites me to meet him adown in the grove,
At the close of the eve.

I'll come to thee, love, in the stillness of night,
When the stars in pure æther are glittering bright,
And the moon sheds her pale and undazzling light
O'er the scene of our bliss.

On, on, heavy hours, I grow tir'd of the day,
There's no charm to be found in the sun's garish ray,
Come quickly, dear night, in thy cloak I'll away,
To the arms of my love.

When the turtle hath ceas'd her lost mate to bewail,
And the trees wave no more their green boughs in the vale;
When the leaves cease to rustle unstirr'd by the gale,
Then I'll fly to my love.

On, on, thou dull day! hide thy face i' the west,
Come, night, soothing mistress, charm nature to rest,
O, then I'll away to repose on the breast
Of the youth that I love.

ELIZA.

ON THE EXERTION OF FEMALE TALENT.

It is evident, from the many instances that have presented themselves to the world of feminine excellence, that the female mind is capable of profiting as much by cultivation and study as that of the other sex. We have had poetesses, philosophers, scholars, politicians, and moral writers, whose names will be handed down to future generations, who will rejoice in the truths diffused by their pens.

From the mixed society that a young man is thrown into at his entrance into life, it is probable by the time he commences author he may not be fully convinced that something more is expected of those who can produce any thing worth the perusal, than that they should merely amuse. It is directly the reverse with the female; they are early taught, that to be esteemed they must be useful, and the same argument each wisely applies to her own heart. While the man is delighting in those displays which should have been the objects of regular cultivation, the female is wisely laying up those stores of knowledge which is to make her useful "in her day and generation." We think no one will deem this chimerical. Who can take up any of *Miss Hamilton's* works, and say they are not the result of great study? or who can peruse the varied effusions of *Miss More*, and not perceive, in every line, the manifestations of a persevering intellect.

There have been several instances on record of females who have arrived at great proficiency in the dead languages, of which *Mrs. Carter*, *Mrs. Eliza Smith*, and the celebrated French critic Madame *Dacier*, are extraordinary examples; and now and then that sportive goddess, Nature, by way of shewing the "lords of the creation" what she could do, has created one or two spirits somewhat *amazonian*. Of this small and select class was a lady of the name of *Juliana Barnes*, who flourished several hundred years ago, and who wrote an elaborate treatise on hunting, hawking, and fishing, which may be found in the libraries of bibliomaniacs. Also *Lettice Digby*, *Baroness Offaley*, who, during the tumults in Ireland in 1642, most valiantly defended her castle at Geashill against all assailants.

It would be difficult to mention the sphere of life where females have not determined to be celebrated: that they have been so the varied works of *Madame de Stael*, and the epistles of *Madame de Sevigne*, may be cited as instances almost worthy of being termed wonderful of female talent. The great powers of reasoning of the former, and the wit and discernment of every intrigue that was carrying on in the magnificent but dissolute court of Louis XIV., which is displayed in the letters of the latter, may be cited as illustrative of this remark. That they should excel as poetesses and novelists is not very wonderful; there is an imaginativeness and innate delicacy in the female mind admirably adapted to the composition of works of fiction; yet to what noble purposes have not some of this hitherto despised class of literature been rendered subservient to women. The works of that great moralist *Edgeworth*, and the beautiful and religious novels of the late *Mrs. Brunton*, are eminent examples of the justice of this conclusion. It is not irrelevant here to state, that we do not conceive it difficult to assign satisfying reasons for the contempt so lavishly bestowed on this *genius* of composition. Formerly every miserable wight, who could string a few sentences together, wrote novels, and we had productions in comparison with which the "renowned History of Daddy Two Shoes, on Three Legs," might fairly be termed sublime and beautiful; but this day has fled for ever, and amiable suicides, and love-sick robbers can delight no more. If novels are purchased or read they must combine historic anecdote, or must refer to some of our best interests. The genius of romance appears to have died long since, and the incongruous ravings of *Maturin* will never wake her from her slumbers, or retard his name one instant from the oblivion to which it is so rapidly hastening. Of late years female ability in literature has been most conspicuous, and in favor of morals, virtue, and religion, it has been actively and indefatigably exerted, and the reward that the authors

may boast (besides the fame and profit) is the consciousness of having been gifted with no talent which they have misapplied, and of possessing, in its fullest extent, "the sunshine of the breast."

While females are confessedly possessed of such vast means for doing good, and so undeviating a disposition to subdue evil, it behoves us to think on the importance females of talent, and how their minds may be well regulated in infant states. Their almost boundless influence in society has been sufficiently acknowledged in all ages and need not be dwelt upon here: how doubly important therefore, must their influence be in a colony, whose character for morality, temperance, and industry, remain to be formed, and who must, according to the natural and irresistible course of events, be moulded after the fashion of the few master-spirits who are residents among them, and of whose qualities, whether good or bad, the mass must in some degree partake, as the stream reflects the brightness or opaqueness of the clouds that roll above it. A man may possess expansion of intellect, perseverance, and decision of character, sufficient for a "director general" in a sphere like this, but he will be a rare personage if he unites with all this, example as well as precept; if he has no vice to fling into the scale, no stateliness that freezes all approach to him, and no individual interests, or petty spleens, to gratify. All this *may* take place, nay, *will* take place, while society is constituted as it is, but we are bold enough to argue, that this alloy, so commingled with ore, could *not* be presented to the view if a female, gifted as we have mentioned, were placed in the same sphere of action. The exertions of her pen, aided by the effects naturally produced by example, the union of all that was useful in life, with so much that could embellish it, and, above all, the palpable happiness, both here and hereafter, that must result from pursuing the same path she has trod, would gradually unfold itself to the understanding of each being; common sense could not slumber, or, if she did, it would be but to arise with increased resolutions to gain one more progressive step in the scale of humanity.

CHORUS OF FAIRIES.

See the moon!
See the moon peereth forth out of the sky,
And the murky shades from her face all fly;
Her course for this night is clear:
There's no heavy cloud to cross over her track,
The light of her glory in darkness to black;
But the heavens all brightsome appear.

See the stars!
See the stars too begin now to spark,
From their spheres they have loosen'd the light;
And their rays come darting on, o'er the void dark,
'Twixt this orb and their circles bright.

Up the air then tantivy! and fly!
Like meteors soar in the sky,
And bound over chaos afar:
Come let's plume, let's plume our wings,
And visit the silver springs,
Of light in each burning star.

THE FETE DE ST. CLOUD.

With all the joyous anticipations of youthful fancy did a small coterie, which I had the advantage to join during a hurried visit to the French capital, receive the intelligence, conveyed to them on a brilliant September morning, that it was the last day of the *Fête de St. Cloud*,* and that it would amount to an absolute misdemeanor, to quit Paris without witnessing the gaieties and the *agrémens* of this enlivening festival.

It was Sunday morning, and some few qualms of conscience obtruded themselves on our English ideas, as to the propriety of the proposed mode of passing the day; but our sight-seeing propensities soon got the better of our more orthodox notions, and the carriage was ordered to the door. The weather was most inviting, and there was an elasticity in the air which was calculated to infuse into even an Englishman, that buoyancy of spirit on which our Gallic neighbours justly pique themselves: such sensations being quite at variance with the condensing effects of a London atmosphere. All Paris appeared in motion, and the scene on the road through the Bois de Boulogne presented an humble imitation, with respect to bustle and dust, of the Epsom road during the races.

The distance, however, from the city not being great, the pedestrians were numerous, and before quitting the banks of the Seine, we observed several large sized barges, each bearing a ponderous freight of well stowed passengers, and floating lazily with the stream towards the grand point of attraction.

After passing through the Champs Elyseés and the Barriere de Neuilly, the road presents few objects of interest, excepting a spot in nearly the centre of the wood, where all the growth has been levelled with the earth, and where, if report says truth, the British troops bivouacked previous to their entry into the capital.

A short drive brought us to the extremity of the village, where gend'armerie were stationed to prevent the nearer approach of carriages. Immediately on alighting several self-appointed valets volunteered their services to brush the dust from our coats and hats, and however we might have been disposed to repel their advances, they were accompanied with such an air of politesse, and with such a semblance of disinterested anxiety to please, that it became impossible to receive them otherwise than graciously. We proceeded through a line of inferior booths, to the gates of the gardens or park, where we soon found ourselves in the midst of the din and revelry of a country fair with all its noisy accompaniments, but the most indifferent observer could not fail to be struck with the novelty of the scene and the picturesque groupings it afforded. The luxuriance of the woods (as is not very usual in France,) here forming a prominent feature, the air of antiquated grandeur about the palace rising on an eminence above the foliage, the long avenues and vistas with their intermediate walks filled with the variegated costume of countless multitudes, from the martial uniform of the royal guard to the simply tasteful garb of the humble Bourgeoise, all contributed an abundant share of gratification to the eye; while the air of present enjoyment, which beamed in every countenance, and the universal spirit of *vive la bagatelle* which seemed to set all the cares of this world at defiance, afforded ample field for the contemplation of the mind.

Raree shows, from which promises of unbounded amusement were held out to the lovers of conjuring, rope-dancing, horsemanship, &c., lined the main walk on each side, and did not differ much in general appearance from similar establishments at our suburban fairs, but there was nothing which, in external pomp and magnificence, could presume to vie with the gorgeous display made on the like

* This fête occurs annually during three successive Sundays, in or about the month of September.

occasion by Messrs. Richardson, Gyngell and their fraternity. There was many an expression truly French in the various gestures and orations of the *charlatans* and mountebanks who severally endeavoured to lure the surrounding crowd within their precincts: and there was a characteristic mercurialism in the very tap of their drums as unlike as possible to the dull monotonous beat of our itinerant musicians, which, by the bye, is rather too closely imitated in our military bands.*

Detached ballad-singers here and there collected groups of listeners around them, but there were no pretensions either in their style or music to excite attention. Their melodies, would have been stale to the ears of a Londoner.

Roundabouts and swings in all their varieties were established in every direction, and, mounted on wooden steeds, young aspirants to military honors displayed their skill in carrying off a ring on the point of a sword, and other feats of dexterity. It was amusing to remark the ingenuity and minuteness of imitation so essentially French, manifested in the erection of some of these vehicles. They were surmounted at the points by models of ships completely rigged, each capable of carrying several passengers, to which the three-fold movement was given, of a vessel undulating through the waves; so that as close a resemblance to sea sickness as could be procured on *terra firma* might be purchased at the expense of a few sous.

Numerous specimens of that thoughtless levity (which John Bull is apt rather too generally to attach to the French character) were observable among this assemblage, and in no instance was it more apparent than in the surprising facility with which all ages seemed to derive satisfaction from the most puerile pursuits. Vast numbers of men of a mature age were diverting themselves with infantine toys and musical instruments; one especially, formed on the principle of the comb covered with paper, applied by a child to the mouth, and producing a similar discordant sound, appeared to furnish a source of inexhaustible gratification. Numberless parties of old and young were to be seen sporting most joyously, and performing various gambols and evolutions on the green-sward, apart from the main throng.

This exhilarating scene presented so many attractions to a stranger, that great part of the day had elapsed before we were tempted to direct our curiosity to the palace itself, towards and from which a stream of visitors of every class had been in perpetual motion throughout the morning. Ascending the rising ground towards the principal entrance, the prospect of the surrounding *paysage* increases in interest, and the calm repose of the rich and extensive landscape intersected here and there by the placid meanderings of the Seine, was well contrasted on this occasion with the glimpses of active bustle and merriment caught between the foliage immediately beneath us. Some gens-d'armes were stationed at the lodge to receive the deposits of sticks and *parapluies*, and having passed through this barrier, we soon found ourselves within the vestibule. Setting aside localities, however, we joined the throng which passed on leisurely, and with the utmost decorum, through several suites of apartments† more remarkable for the splendour of their decorations than for their grandeur or extent. A valuable collection of paintings adorns the walls, and the productions which possessed merit, did not fail to attract a full share of the attention of the motley crowd, and to call forth many judicious and well applied remarks. I could not

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* A little more attention to this particular, trifling as it may appear, would very much improve the effect of our military music. When the aid of our best bands was lately put in requisition at the Opera-house to perform in the ballet of Alfred le Grand, it was found that the services of the principal drummer would not be available, as he was totally ignorant of music. Some improvements in the mode of instruction have, I believe, been partially adopted.

† The suite of rooms thrown open on these occasions are only those of Monsieur. They are much exceeded in splendour by the apartments of the King and the Duke D'Angouleme, which can be seen on other days.

help observing the difference between the deportment of the lower classes in France and in our own country. It would be difficult to imagine the effect of a gratuitous and indiscriminate admission of the visitants to a fair within five miles of the metropolis to the interior of a royal palace, profusely decorated and enriched with costly furniture, and paintings.

It is perhaps the immediate presence of the gen-d'armerie which awes the populace into such order and propriety of demeanour; but I doubt if the experiment would not prove a dangerous one with us, even if Sir Richard Birnie with a host of his myrmidons were to give their personal attendance.

In passing through these apartments my attention was arrested by a short-built personage, whose general appearance embodied my notions of the *Parisian petit maître* of the last century. He was the more interesting as being the only one whom I met with who evidently preserved the habits and manners of the august race in their original purity, and had he not been so deficient in stature, I think he would have presented a perfect *beau ideal* of the tribe. To attempt a description of his *turn out*, from the oily polish of his well curled locks, to his richly ornamented cane, would evince too great a love of minuteness. The pains which had been employed on the finish of both heads, were no doubt equally well bestowed. Every thing about him indicated the extreme of "shallow foppery," and empty conceit, and he was so totally engrossed with his own sweet scented person, as to be perfectly unconscious of all that was passing around him.

The race of petit maîtres, and their cotemporaries the macaronis, are nearly extinct; and, unlike the latter, they appear to have died without issue. Dandyism is certainly not so prevalent in Paris as with us, but whether this proceeds from a want of the *esprit* or the means, I shall not pretend to determine. Frenchmen are decidedly bad dressers, and must yield the superiority to Englishmen in this particular, as much as I am disposed to cede the like excellence to French ladies above my own countrywomen. Even a Parisian *elegante* dressed correctly and consistently from head to foot, is a complete "niger cygnus."

Before leaving the environs of the palace, we ascended some terrace walks, which are usual accompaniments to the royal edifices or chateaus of any note. They are here elevated to a height above the level of the building, and from the summit the eye wanders over a very extensive horizon, presenting a fertile and diversified tract of country. Various indistinct rumours now reached us that *les grands eaux alloient jouer*, and the multitude began to quicken their steps towards what appeared to constitute the greatest attraction of the day. In a true spirit of John Bullism, however, we were not to be diverted from our course, which, I blush to own, was directed towards the dinner table. This was supplied from one of the numerous restaurateurs established in the neighbourhood; and considering the concourse of company and the bustle which necessarily prevailed, there was no reason to complain either of indifferent fare or extortionate charges.

On sallying forth from the wooden building which formed our temporary dining room, I was attracted by an unusual din and Babel-like confusion of sounds proceeding from what proved to be the kitchen door. Prompted by curiosity, I ventured to set foot within the threshold, and the extraordinary peculiarity of the spectacle which presented itself sufficed to reward me for my hardihood. Of all sights in the world for "confusion worse confounded," commend me to a French kitchen in full play. A dozen different cooks in full costume and on active service, were supplying the demands of about as many waiters, who were each enforcing attention to his respective wants, by a contest for superiority of lungs; this conflict of voices was aided by the unceasing jargon of the operative *artistes*, all of whom were talking at the same time, all in perpetual motion, and all engaged in squabbling with each other for the different culinary vessels, for of these it seemed necessary to apply a portion of the contents of six or eight to each dish before it acquired the requisite *piquancy*. I had every reason to be thankful that I had concluded my own meal before I ventured to pry into these mysteries; but there was a character about this truly French exhi-

bition, the effect of which was irresistibly ludicrous.

We had the mortification to find on returning to the gardens, that we had missed the display of waterworks. There were abundant means, however, of consoling ourselves for this disappointment, and we proceeded with a confident anticipation of amusement to witness the performances of the dancing parties which were dispersed throughout the grounds. In our progress we encountered some female members of the royal family in their carriages with some military attendants, but their presence rather excited in the crowd a kind of idle wonder, than any very enthusiastic ebullitions of loyalty. The temporary platforms for dancing, were tastefully fitted up in some picturesque spot of the garden, under the shelter of the loftier trees. To each of them was attached a well appointed orchestra, filled by excellent bands of music, whose correct and tasteful performance of the *contre danses*, would have done honour to Mr. Paine himself. The style and deportment of the dancers were such as to justify the expectations we are led to form of the superiority of *la grande nation* in all matters connected with the *heels*.

There was no laboured attempt at display, such as we may observe among the lower classes in this country; but every one executed his part of the quadrille with a grace and facility not unworthy of Almack's. There was an evident mixture of classes, especially among the *gentlemen*, for there joined in the dance many officers, whose splendid uniforms and rich decorations bespoke them of high rank, and even in the same quadrille officers and privates appeared mingled together. The attractions of some of the belles were alone sufficiently inviting; but urged by my fair companions, and having hired chairs for their accommodation, I presently solicited the hand of an interesting girl who formed one of a family group seated near us. The novelty of an English *cavalier* joining the set afforded no little amusement, and some of the lookers on appeared on the alert to indulge their quizzing propensities. We took our station opposite my partner's sister, who was equally well dressed and possessed similar personal attractions to herself, and the quadrille being ended, I reconducted her to her seat by the side of her parents, when I received her thanks briefly but elegantly expressed, and accompanied with a most graceful gesture—I must not omit to mention, that the expences incurred on this occasion amounted to fifteen sous (7½d.) which included the hire of three chairs. I have not unfrequently taken a part in similar scenes at our English fairs, and I have seen many an expression of genuine and innocent enjoyment, and much lightness of step and heart, this, however, was mingled with so much boisterous mirth, perpetual struggling for precedence, and noisy efforts of vulgarity as to spoil the harmony and disturb the general tranquillity. "What?" asks a writer, who has favoured the world with some amusing sketches of scenes in and about the French capital, "would a Sunday's hop, be composed of the inhabitants of St. Giles's and Bermondsey, or of Wapping and of the Borough?" The majority of this assemblage was composed of individuals of this class, and yet nothing escaped them that could either offend the eye or ear of the most refined visitor. In short, at the shrine of gallantry, a Frenchman, whatever may be his rank in life, makes, with few exceptions, every due sacrifice: he forsakes his ribaldry, his oaths, his intemperance, and even his vulgarity of mien, in the presence of a female. There were no boozing or liquor shops to be seen, nor did I even observe one single instance of indulgence in the luxury of a pipe or cigar. Give a Frenchman his glass of lemonade or *eau sucré*, and his desires with respect to refreshing beverage appear satisfied; on this occasion the itinerant *limonadiers* mustered numerously, and were fully occupied in dealing out their meagre potations from the portable reservoirs suspended to their shoulders.

Night rapidly drawing its veil over this mirthful assemblage, compelled us reluctantly to withdraw from its fascinations, and enables me now to release my reader from a scene, which, however inspiring in reality, I fear he has long since thought sufficiently wearisome upon paper. I shall take leave, however, to suggest before parting, that one day employed in examining the peculiarities and charac-

teristics which such a festival cannot fail to develop, is worth a whole month spent in traversing the streets of the capital.

The contrasts which an unprejudiced Englishman is occasionally led to draw with his own countrymen, are not always flattering to their polish or urbanity. Comparisons are at all times odious, but while we are careful to shew the follies and vices of our light hearted neighbours, for heaven's sake let us not be slow to appreciate as well as imitate their excellences.

Reprove me not for my want of national pride, my honest friend BULL, for I love thy many virtues, thy independent spirit, and thy downright sincerity, and it is for the love I bear thee, that I would fain see thee profit by hints intended for thy benefit, for;

" —— thou hast need of discipline and art
To give thee what politer France receives
From nature's bounty—that humane address,
And sweetness, without which no pleasure is,
In converse, either starv'd by cold reserve,
Or flush'd with fierce dispute, a senseless broil."

W.

TO FANCY.

FANCY! whither art thou fled?
Thou that erst would ne'er forsake
My noontide bower, or midnight bed,
Whether I might dream or wake?

Oft, when I have turned to rest,
Thou hast frighted sleep away,
With beams and visions bright and blest,—
Sleep, who shrinks from *any* ray.

What though darkness wrapt me round?
I could see thy form behind it;
Though weariness each limb had bound,
Thy magic would at once unbind it.

And at the dull, dead, midnight noon,
My frame with ecstacy would burn,
Like his whose brain the treacherous moon,
Fills from her clear but madd'ning urn;

Till I would fly my pillow'd couch,
And seize the soul embodying pen,
That to far ages I might vouch
The marvels thou had'st given my ken.

Yet, ah! too oft, the hurrying rush
Of great thoughts would their own strength smother
Like full chimes, when the echoing gush
Of sound makes one note mar another;

And all the unearthly shapes and hues
Had vanish'd from my spirit's eye,
Ere from the pageant I could choose
Where first my mimic skill to ply.

But among all those lights of heaven
Whose charm I could thus ill express,
Not one will now shine out,—not even
Enough to cheer my loneliness.

Each object round me is the same;—
I look upon it, yet I see,
Not what, of yore, thy wand could frame,
But a cold, coarse reality,

As far from what it was when thou,
Fancy! threw'st o'er it thy bright veil,
As any stript and scentless bough,
From one before its roses fail.

Oh! render back to my poor strain
The treasures with which then it glow'd,
That each long idle string, again,
May tremble under the rich load.

Thanks. My breast heaves with sighs of fire;
I see, hear, things ne'er shewn or spoken!
Now, speed thee well, my fresh-breathed lyre:—
Ha! the first chord I struck has broken!

B.

STANZAS.

"Oh! thou art all to me, love!"

I do not court thy father's wealth,
His gold on land, or sea,
I only worship thy dear self,
For that is wealth to me.

I do not sigh for miles of land
That should thy dowry be,
The fair white wonder of thy hand
Is power enough for me.

I do not covet jewels rare
That he could give to thee;
Thy ruby lip, thy red cheek fair
Are precious more to me.

I do not prize the gay gold rings
That in thy halls I see,
The little hoop a bridegroom brings
Is richer far to me.

Then let thy sire his own retain,
Each diamond, every tree;
Thou wilt my pride, my hope remain,
Though *poor* thou com'st to me.

Oh! by the vows I've pledg'd with thine!
I would not now be free;
To call thee wife—to know thee mine—
Is wealth, land, gem to me

J. F. Stuart.

EDUCATION.

A TALE FROM REAL LIFE.

"DEPEND upon it, my dear brother!" said Lady Leith, "depend upon it, your education has been the cause that you have advanced so little in life. Had our parents been as careful to instil into your mind the other principles of good policy and contrivance, as they were to form your heart to virtue, and your mind to knowledge, you might at the present time have been Archbishop of Canterbury, instead of being Vicar of Holton, with a miserable income of two hundred and fifty pounds a-year." "I endeavour, sister!" replied the respectable old vicar, whose name was Rusby, "to be content: for although my condition is by no means enviable, and I enjoy little beyond the mere necessaries of life, I have escaped from those degrading humiliations and unworthy flatteries which people for the most part are obliged to practise who wish to rise from inferior to high situations. I differ, however, materially from you in opinion. I believe that no instruction from my parents could have made me a man of the world. My natural disposition is of a retired and studious character, which is probably the result of some inherent quality of the corporeal functions, that instruction could not alter."

"Be that as it may," replied Lady Leith, "I hope, however, that you do not intend to educate your two children in the same manner, as you were educated."

"Why not," replied Mr. Rusby; "I shall teach them to be virtuous and intelligent, and leave the rest to Providence."

"You had better, my good brother!" said Lady Leith, "purchase a ladder; and placing it before your children's eyes, bid them regard it as an emblem of the world. Exhort them to fix their eyes upon the top, hold fast by their hands, direct their feet well, and strive with all their force to ascend, and in all probability they will make quick progress towards the summit."

"If they do not fall and break their necks," said Mr. Rusby.

"It were better to do that," said Lady Leith, "than remain at the bottom of the ladder all their days. Take it from me, as an axiom, brother! that ambition is a natural passion of the human heart, the absence of which in any bosom renders life insipid. After the playfulness of childhood, and the dalliance of youth are past, we must have some powerful impulse to keep us from sinking into absolute languor."

"I do not see the necessity of that impulse," replied Mr. Rusby. "We may be more happy by limiting than by extending our views. There are many innocent and agreeable ways of rendering life pleasurable, without resorting to such powerful stimulants as ambition."

"I suppose," said Lady Leith, "you mean such means of happiness as are to be derived from reading, planting, gardening, drawing, and other languid and inert occupations, which disappointed or feeble characters are apt to resort to, when the moments hang heavily upon their hands. Dioclesian and Charles the Fifth, I remember, planted cabbages, and studied mechanics, as poor substitutes for the nobler pursuits of ambition: Lord Bolingbroke in a moment of petulance and disappointed ambition professed to turn farmer. Swift amused himself in low society, and low poetry. These pursuits, however, were merely adopted as amusements which constant occupation had rendered necessary, not as occupations which natural choice or taste bade them cultivate."

"Those men," said Mr. Rusby, "would have been much happier, if their views had been more moderate, and their ambition less. Dioclesian and Charles the Fifth, resorted to innocent amusements after they had been surfeited with glory, as if their hearts had been sick of the vanity of glory, and sighed for things of a softer and less pernicious character. Bolingbroke and Swift were justly punished for the restless ambition of their early lives, by the neglect and misfortunes which fell upon the latter

part. Such men have done no good to human society. They neither made themselves nor others happy. More moderate views would have secured them from vexation and disappointment. They might have lived happy and unknown; the admired and beloved friends of a small domestic circle, who might have felt the benevolence of their hearts, and lived unconscious of the extent of their abilities."

"I perceive, brother," rejoined Lady Leith, "that your prejudices are inveterate. Your moderation and philosophy may be well suited to your age, and if they merely concerned yourself, might pass without reprehension. But you have two daughters, whom it behoves you to place in the world to the best possible advantage. This cannot be done without exertion on your part to inspire their minds with ambitious views. They have already the germ of future beauty, and the promise of minds capable of great accomplishment and refinement. This beauty, however, must be polished and fashioned according to certain principles adopted in elegant society, and their minds must be taught to derive the greatest advantages from their natural endowments. Nature must be controlled, subdued, if possible extinguished; and art superinduced. Of all persons in the world, brother, you appear to me to be the least fitted to instruct a young girl in what manner she should lay out her capital of beauty and accomplishment to the best advantage."

"I am convinced of the truth of your observation," said Mr. Rusby, "and shall be happy to receive instruction from one who has given such practical illustration of the principles she professes. No person has been more successful in marriage than yourself—a husband obedient to your wishes, his splendid fortune at your command, and the possession of every comfort and luxury, prove you to have been extremely fortunate, or extremely skilful in forming your marriage."

"Attribute my success," said Lady Leith, with an impatient tone, and a movement of the head which indicated hauteur, "to its proper cause, my abilities. You remember the many offers I rejected before I could be moved to marry. Sir James Leith was not the youngest, nor the handsomest, nor the most beloved of my admirers, but he was the richest, and the most inclined to obedience and indulgence. I married him because I thought that such a marriage would be productive of the greatest share of happiness that matrimony is capable of. My plans have been crowned with success; and nothing has been wanting to my felicity but children. I am anxious that your daughters should have the benefit of my instruction and experience. I see clearly that your moderation and confined circumstances will prevent them from enjoying those opportunities of forming acquaintance with people of rank, or of being brought forward under such circumstances, and at such times as may enable them to marry advantageously. I therefore wish you to confide the care of their education to me. The ample fortune of Sir James can well provide them with those external accomplishments and attractions, which are all in all in the present state of society; and a few thousands spared from his immense fortune will not be felt as a loss by his nephew, whom he has constituted his heir."

"I cannot," said Mr. Rusby, "part with both my children. That were too great a sacrifice to make. You shall have one—the other shall remain with me."

"Well! well!" said Lady Leith, "I will not endeavour to prevail on you to yield up both your children, notwithstanding I am conscious that it would be greatly to the advantage of both. I have felt too severely the want of children myself, to be insensible to that affection which dreads the entire loss of them."

This conversation between Lady Leith and her brother, Mr. Rusby, took place during a short visit which she made at Halton Parsonage, the residence of the worthy vicar. The result of this conversation was an understanding that Lady Leith should adopt the eldest daughter of Mr. Rusby, consider her as her own, and have the entire management of her education. It happened fortunately that the favourite daughter of Mr. Rusby was the least acceptable to Lady Leith. She beheld something in the character of Monimia, the eldest, which flat-

ered her hopes of seeing her one day aspire to distinction, by means of an illustrious marriage; and Mr. Rusby thought he discovered in Clara, the youngest, a sweetness of disposition and a nobleness of heart which promised happiness to his declining years. These expectations probably originated in the predilection they both felt for the child whom each preferred. We often imagine in those we love, the qualities which we wish to see.

Lady Leith was a being who thought that the happiness and misery of individuals, their success and misfortunes, resulted entirely from their education. By this term we do not mean that school-instruction, which generally goes under the denomination of education, but that more enlarged and useful information by which persons are instructed to make the best use of their natural and acquired advantages, so as to advance rapidly in life towards wealth or rank. She was herself an illustration of the principles and doctrines she professed; while her brother, Mr. Rusby, was an example, in her opinion, of an ill-directed and erroneous education. This gentleman and herself, were the only children of a respectable tradesman, who thought that the best method of promoting their interest in life, was to bestow on them a good education. To this end he sent them both to eminent schools, where they went through the usual routine of scholastic instruction, with credit and approbation. About the age of eighteen, Miss Rusby was committed to the care and superintendence of an aunt, from whom she received much of that useful knowledge which had conducted her so favourably to prosperity. The aunt observing in Miss Rusby, a certain portion of beauty and address, bestowed great pains in cultivating and directing those ambitious and selfish propensities which are inherent in human nature. She taught her to set a high value on her personal appearance and mental acquirements; to consider an advantageous marriage as the great end of her exertions, and to endeavour to surmount all those feelings of natural and fond affection, which lead astray so many young ladies to the great detriment of their interest. She would occasionally say to her, "Be prudent in forming attachments. Every happiness in life depends upon a successful marriage. Resist the approach of sentiments, and direct your mind solely to the attainment of an advantageous settlement." These precepts she enforced by examples drawn from life; and held up to the observation of her niece, such matches among her acquaintance as presented to her eyes instances of happiness attained through a prudent and careful attention to interest; or of misfortune, resulting from thoughtless and precipitate affection. The young lady being of a character wary and prudent, received the admonitions of her aunt with attention. Her personal charms and accomplishments soon attracted the assiduities of some young suitors, but as their rank and fortune in life were inferior to her expectations, she had the prudence to resist their offers, and reserve herself for a more exalted destiny. In proportion as she advanced in age, she grew more obstinate in her adherence to her aspiring intentions, and her beauty was already on the decline, and the admiration of her suitors waxing cold and negligent, when she happened to meet at Bath, the wealthy Sir James Leith. He was an old bachelor, whose youth had been passed in industrious exertion; an exact and regular attention to business, combined with good fortune, had made him rich: riches procured him rank and honours, and he had attained the dignity of Baronet, and was a member of the House of Commons. Miss Rusby was represented to him, as a lady whose manners and accomplishments would do honor to a splendid establishment. Sir James Leith had felt a twinge of the gout: Miss Rusby had seen the roses of her cheeks give way to an incipient sallowness of complexion, which she felt to be hostile to love. Sir James foresaw that he should soon want a nurse: Miss Rusby foresaw that she should soon want lovers. He proposed, and she instantly accepted.

The conduct of Mr. Rusby had been of a different description. He had no sooner left college and was possessed of a small living purchased for him by his father, than he followed the propensities of his heart, and fell in love with a beautiful girl, whose whole fortune consisted in the elegance and simplicity of her character, great

sweetness of disposition, and a heart which was rich beyond estimation in every mild and affectionate feeling. Their attachment was soon followed by marriage; and as their means were limited, they were constrained not less by necessity than by choice, to cultivate all their sweet and simple pleasures in a domestic country life; which persons of wealth are apt to disregard. Content with the society of each other, and those recreations which are derived from books and rational amusements, they lived unmindful of the world, its bustle and its passions. Their life was love, and the history of their days a series of sweet and reciprocal instances of a profound and uninterrupted attachment. The union which made them happy, was not permanent, for after a few years of perfect felicity, Mrs. Rusby was separated from her husband by an untimely death, leaving him the two daughters whom we have mentioned above. The loss of a wife in whom all his felicity was centred, annihilated for a time the happiness and exertion of Mr. Rusby, and a year elapsed before he recovered that composure of heart and peace of mind which enabled him to devote his attention to domestic concerns, the duties of his profession, and the welfare of his children. In proportion as his grief settled into a milder recollection of his lost wife, he began to fix his mind on the characters of his children, and to exert himself by administering to their instruction and happiness. Their education became a matter to him of the most important consideration, and he brought the full powers of a clear understanding to bear on that subject. The young creatures were already considerably advanced in knowledge, and had attained, the one to twelve, the other to eleven years of age, when Lady Leith in her visit to Halton Parsonage, proposed to relieve her brother from all farther solicitude about the welfare of his daughters, by taking upon herself the expense and care of their education. If Mr. Rusby had been rich he would have refused all interference on the part of Lady Leith in the education of his daughters, for he thought the principles of that lady might be injurious to the simplicity of character which he so much admired, and which he was anxious to preserve. He did not suppose her capable of instilling into their minds opinions or feelings which might be detrimental to their virtue, but he feared that her instruction might inspire them with too exalted ideas of their own importance, an inordinate love of wealth, and ambitious intentions, which through disappointment might end in misery.

In a short time after the arrangement had been made for Monimia to reside with Lady Leith, they both took leave of Mr. Rusby, and returned forthwith to London. Her father felt severely the loss of his child. Her adoption by his sister appeared to him little short of an entire separation. On the other hand, the young girl who had never before quitted home, was pleased with the prospect of the new scenes she was about to see. In quitting her father and sister she felt a momentary anguish, which was soon dissipated by the variety of novel objects which she beheld on their journey towards London. On their arrival in town, the carriage proceeded immediately to Sir James Leith's mansion in Portman Square. Monimia accustomed from her infancy to the humble dwelling of her father, and never having seen any house more splendidly furnished, nor rooms of larger dimensions than those which she had been accustomed to see at Halton Parsonage, beheld with the greatest astonishment the superb mansion of her uncle. A feeling of contempt, (the first emotion of the kind which had ever entered her young heart,) arose from the comparison which she made between the different situations of her poor and humble father, and the proud and wealthy Sir James Leith.

Lady Leith in a short time began her course of experimental instruction on the heart and mind of the young Monimia. She sought out a governess whose conduct would be a pattern from whence her niece might learn to dress herself. After considerable search, she discovered in a young French woman those artificial manners, and that happy tact of character, which accommodate themselves with facility to the opinions and habits of those persons whom it is their interest to serve. She had sufficient knowledge to instruct in the rudiments of languages, geography, and

music, but a perfect mistress in the art of dissimulation. She had a language, a courtesy, a smile, for every distinct variety of the human species. Her distance and courtly pride towards the servants were not less remarkable than her extreme obsequiousness and humble deference to Lady Leith, and she gained almost immediately after her introduction into the house, the respect of the prudent and circumspect Sir James, the deference and assiduous notice of that gentleman's nephew, the presumptive heir of his property, and the fond attachment of Monimia.

Under the auspices and tuition of two such able performers as were Lady Leith and Mademoiselle Artifice, the young Monimia made regular advances towards refinement. By degrees they pruned away those exuberant shoots of infantine feeling which are thought by the cultivators of the human mind to weaken the parent stem. Step by step she was taught to speak, smile, walk, sit, rise, dress, eat, only with the design of captivating attention by those acts, and she became mannered even to the putting on of a glove, or the position and arrangement of her fingers. The poverty of her father, (which in her infancy, and while she lived at home, showed like prosperity, when compared to the more humble circumstances of the greater part of the parishioners of Halton,) became as she advanced in years a source of shame and repugnance. She heard at the wealthy table of Sir James so much in praise of the riches of fortunate individuals, and so few comments on virtue and abilities, that she gradually imbibed that opinion so prevalent in the mercantile world, that wealth is the criterion of excellence. Whenever a desire to see his daughter called Mr. Rusby up to London, Monimia suffered a great deal of uneasiness and shame at the thought of being obliged to appear in public with them: and upon one occasion her feelings were wrought up to a high state of torture, when she was asked by an intimate friend, "who those queer people were, that sat in Sir James's box at the Opera." She dexterously escaped the shame which this question might have brought upon her, by saying "that she understood they were people of immense estates in Lancashire, but who had never been in London before." She was at one time exceedingly disconcerted by the following question from a young girl, "Pray, Miss Rusby, have you any relations except Sir James and Lady Lieth, for I never hear you mention them?" This question she parried, by turning her head away and covering her face with her hand, as if some agonizing recollections had been called up, and her young friend supposing that she was agitated by the remembrance of the loss of her relatives dropt the subject and never again resumed it. It has generally been found by those who have elevated their pupils to ambitious views, that their plans have ran a greater risk of being counteracted by the passion of love than by any other feeling, and Lady Leith, conscious how difficult it is to dispossess that sentiment when it has once gained an entrance, made it her chief endeavour to guard against its approach. Her caution was so particular, that having once observed her niece blush when the name of a young man, who was very handsome but very poor, was mentioned, she immediately took measures to prevent him from visiting again at her house.

Among the numerous suitors which the beauty of Monimia Rusby summoned about her person was a young man, the only heir of a wealthy stock-jobber, whose riches were estimated at a million. This was the very union which Lady Leith was courting for her niece, and she gave every encouragement to his visits. Monimia had been enjoined, under pain of the endless displeasure of Lady Leith, never to conceal from her, even for a moment, any offers she might receive, and to refer every suitor to her. As soon, therefore, as the youth declared his passion, she replied, with a coolness which somewhat astonished him, that she must refer him to Lady Leith, by whose wishes she always regulated her affections. The young man immediately requested an audience of her ladyship, by whom he was received with great politeness, and listened to with attention. She told him she saw no great objection to the match, but matters of that nature must be cautiously managed; that young people were but bad judges of the arrangements necessary to make them happy,

and that every proceeding must be regulated by the discretion of his own father and Sir James. She then exacted a promise from him never to mention his affection again to Monimia until he received permission from herself to consider and address her as his future bride. The old people soon met, and consulted about the intended marriage. An union with the family of Sir James flattered the ambition of the stock-jobber, and his interest was not forgotten when he agreed to settle upon his son one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. Sir James was a potent and a popular man, whose great connexions and extensive commercial intercourse might enable him to point out some lucrative hits. Monimia was to have a portion of ten thousand pounds, with a verbal promise of the same sum at the death of Sir James.

One would suppose that all was joy and pleasure within the bosoms of the young people. It would have been so if the manœuvring character of Lady Leith would have allowed the natural thirst of young affection to imbibe a full draught of pleasure. She was, however, continually watching and checking every inclination to impassioned love. "Now is the time," she would say to her niece, "to assume that empire over the mind of your intended husband, which may render you happy by attaining the superiority. If you once give way to your affection, you are lost; you become his slave, and cease to rule. We soon despise those who love us with thoughtless attachment. Let him suppose that you love him, but never be thoroughly convinced of it. Be polite, various, playful, engaging, reluctant, but avoid that unworthy stain in a woman's character, a fond and doting attachment." By such opinions and repeated enforcement of them, she wrought the mind of her niece to a wary and politic method of loving. Her attachment was conditional, which like her stays she could put on at pleasure, and tighten and loosen about her heart. Every arrangement was now made for the marriage, the day was fixed, the wedding-suits and a carriage purchased, a house furnished, when one of those unexpected events, which strike our senses like a clap of thunder, put a sudden stop to the business. The great stock-jobber failed. Immense speculations in foreign bonds, which fell fifty per cent. in value in the course of a month, were the cause of his ruin. Various were the reports upon the Exchange about the extent of his speculations and losses; some authorities declared him to be ruined entirely, while others made a more moderate estimate of his misfortunes, and supposed that something would be left after the payment of all demands. Sir James Leith received no injury from the failure of the great stock-jobber. He was on the eve of entering, in conjunction with him, upon some large speculations in hops, which the sudden misfortune stopped.

As soon as Lady Leith was made acquainted with the failure she communicated the circumstance to Monimia, with strict injunctions to withdraw her affections. That young lady had been now so well-tutored in the art of putting off and on affection that she soon disrobed her heart. This was the triumph of Lady Leith's system of education, and when she communicated the particulars to her brother, she commented largely on her own skill. "You see," said she in one of her letters, "that Monimia, under my instruction, has captivated, by her manners and good conduct, a young man of great expectations, and when those expectations failed, she has had the prudence to withdraw her affection. Be assured that she will never disgrace herself by marrying a poor man. Her ambition and prudence are exactly what I wish them to be." Many friends and acquaintances of Monimia, especially among the younger people, reprobated her conduct as a disgraceful specimen of insensibility, but she was highly praised among the insensible and the aged, and recommended by them to the young as a pattern of prudence and refinement.

While Lady Leith was elevating Monimia in such a manner as ensured her the attainment of prosperous circumstances, Mr. Rusby was proceeding in the education of his daughter, Clara, in his own simple and unostentatious manner. He never inculcated ambitious designs, but, on the contrary, taught her to be moderate in her expectations. He was unable to give her instructions how to enter a room gracefully, to captivate attention by striking attitudes, to catch the admiration of numerous suitors, and hold

them for a long time in her train by smiles and insinuations full of coquetry and fallacy, but he well understood how to improve his daughter's mind by solid and useful instruction. By the time she attained the age of eighteen she was highly accomplished, and was generally admired for the beauty of her person, and the artless simplicity of her character. Not being warped by any artful or ambitious designs on the part of her parent, she followed the natural bent of her disposition, and attached herself to a young man of her own age, the son of a respectable gentleman, who lived in the parish of Halton. This was her first love, and, like most of those affections which the heart spontaneously adopts at an early age, was ardent and sincere.

The young gentleman her suitor had no fortune, and but very moderate expectations, yet Mr. Rusby did not think himself warranted in refusing his approbation of her attachment, he only stipulated with the youth that he should patiently wait until the appearance of better prospects, and not involve, by a precipitate and thoughtless marriage, his daughter in difficulty and distress. The presentation of an ensigncy to the lover called him to more active scenes in the Peninsula, when he first flashed his sword at the Battle of Talavera. In the succeeding battles he displayed resolution and ability, and attained a company by his undaunted defence of a fort in one of the engagements fought in the Pyrenees. His career was however checked, and his farther advancement annihilated by the battle of Toulouse, where he lost a leg, and was dangerously wounded in the head by a musket ball, which carried away part of his jaw, and deprived him, for a considerable time, of the power of speech. This event happened about the same time that the failure of the great stock-jobber put an end to the intended marriage between his son and Monimia. He recovered slowly from his wounds, and was compelled to travel by slow journeys towards England, where Mr. Rusby and his daughter were anxiously waiting the arrival of the gallant soldier, to whose infirmities and misfortunes they were anxious to administer comfort. Lady Leith used all her influence with her niece to induce her to seize the occasion of breaking off a match with a man whom she designated as a beggar and a cripple. Her endeavours were ineffectual. She could neither shake the steady affection of Clara, nor the firm and generous principles of Mr. Rusby. As soon as the young soldier arrived in England he wrote a letter to his Clara, intimating that he dreaded an interview with her. "When I left you," said he in his letter, "I was in the possession of perfect health, full of alacrity, ambitious in my designs, handsome in my person, if I may believe the opinion of others, and a match, a suitable match, except in fortune, to yourself; I now return a battered and worn out soldier, disfigured, maimed, and, like a young tree struck by lightning, blasted in the early putting forth of my expectations. It were better that I should never see you again, my Clara, than see you to lose, through my want of personal advantages, that affection which I had once the happiness to inspire." As soon as Clara received this letter she set out with her father to meet her lover. Their meeting was like the junction of two streams that unite for ever. A short but violent agitation of contending passions was followed by composure and happiness. About three months after their return to Halton the young soldier was united to his Clara. In addition to his half-pay he received a pension of two hundred a-year, as a remuneration for his wounds and services. This, together with a small allowance from his father, and a residence in the parsonage, enabled them to enjoy that which no wealth can purchase—contented affection.

It was not long before the charms and manners of Monimia Rusby gained another suitor. This second admirer was even richer than the first: he was a gentleman of extensive business, one of the representatives of the City of London, and a baronet. He was past the meridian of his days, a widower with two children, and not altogether a husband of such temper and manners as would have pleased a young woman whose mind had been inclined to refinement and romance. She had, however, by this time so completely imbibed the principles of her aunt, and become so nice a calculator, that she knew what sum of money was a set-off against a defect. Being told that her intended husband was a person of a bad temper, she re-

[illegible] a house [illegible] a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

and hearty. During two months she lived at Halton, and in that time often confessed to her own mind, and by words to the ear of Mr. Rusby, that she had been deceived in her speculations on education: that principles of ambition and selfishness inculcated to young people, recoil in the hour of distress and difficulty on their instructors. As soon as the affairs of Sir James were adjusted, she returned to London. Clara from that time became the favorite of Lady Leith, and at the death of Sir James, she received the fortune which had been destined for Monimia.

SHAKESPEAR'S CHARACTERS AND THEIR REPRESENTATIVES.

No. I.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

THE transcendent excellencies of Falstaff's character, and the peculiar difficulties under which any actor, however great may be his talents, must necessarily labour in giving to this, the most finished production of the comic genius of our great poet, the rich tone and colouring which it demands, are so obvious, that it would be an unprofitable waste of time to point them out more particularly to the reader's attention. Neither are we so fond of paradox as to attempt, in imitation of a learned critic of former days, to prove that Falstaff was no coward; we should as soon think of demonstrating that he had no delight in "sack and sugar." It is not, we assure the reader, the intention of the present sketch to enter into any such needless disquisitions, but merely to offer a brief notice of the principal actors who have at various times sustained this arduous character, and more especially during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. We shall say but little of those distinguished performers of the present day, who have given to its representation considerable force and effect, although, as far as we can judge from traditional evidence, none of them has been able to equal some of its earlier representatives. Their style and manner of personating this humourous compound of wit and sensuality, must be so familiar to that numerous class of our readers who take an interest in the drama, that we may safely leave it to their own judgments to form an estimate of the respective merits of each. We shall therefore be content to pass them over with little more than a bare enumeration.

E. M. December, 1824.

The earliest recorded performer of the fat knight, is supposed to have been John Lowin, whose excellence in numerous comic characters is loudly celebrated by the critics of his times. It has, however, been doubted whether he could at the age of twenty-one, (for he appears to have been no more in 1597, when the first part of King Henry the Fourth, which contains the richest specimen of Falstaff's humour, was first performed) have been sufficiently initiated in the business of the stage, to be capable of representing so peculiarly difficult a character. However conclusive this objection may appear at the present day, a slight glance at the manner in which these things were managed in the time of Shakespear will suffice to show how little real weight it possesses. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and for some years after her death, it was customary for the children of the revels (as they were called) to exhibit at the private theatre in Blackfriars; and several of the best comedies of Ben Jonson, and other distinguished dramatists, were represented by these pigmy actors, many of whom evinced at an extremely early age very great precocity of genius, and became in more mature life the ornaments of their profession. On one of these, who died young, and who appears to have possessed no common powers, we have a beautiful little epitaph by Ben Jonson, who thus speaks of him;

Years he number'd scarce *thirteen*,
When fates turn'd cruel;
Yet *three* fill'd Zodiacs had he been
The stage's jewel;
And did act, what now we moan,
Old men so duly,
As sooth, the Parcæ thought him one,
He play'd so truly.

It follows from this statement, that Salathiel Parry (the subject of the epitaph) made his *debût*, to use the modern phrase, before he was ten years old, and that in the space of three little years, he had rendered himself so conspicuous for his excellent performance of old men, as to draw this strong testimony from so nice a critic as Ben Jonson. After this it will no longer appear incredible that Lowin, supposing him also to have embraced the profession of the stage very early in life, should have been deemed capable at the age of twenty-one, of giving to the representation of Falstaff that full measure of genius, taste, humour and discrimination, which are assigned to him by numerous testimonies, during a space of little less than fifty years, in which he appears to have possessed a monopoly of the character, to the entire exclusion of every other actor, for no notice is taken of any other representative of Falstaff previous to the suppression of the theatres, which was accomplished by the influence of the fanatical party in parliament in the year 1647.

After the death of Heminge and Burbage, this distinguished actor, in conjunction with Joseph Taylor, the original Hamlet, succeeded to the management of the king's company of comedians, who exhibited alternately at the Globe on Bankside, and at the theatre in Blackfriars; but this establishment was soon afterwards broken up, together with the other theatres, by the persecutions of the puritanical party. A few of the players, however, had the boldness still to meet and perform in private to a select audience, but the ruling party soon got scent of this act of contumacy, and on one occasion, shortly before the decapitation of the wretched Charles, during the performance of Fletcher's "Bloody Brother," at the cockpit in Drury-lane, Lowin and a number of other actors were taken into custody, and underwent an imprisonment in Hatton-house. After this the players were obliged to betake themselves to other means of obtaining a livelihood, and Lowin, who was now advanced in years, kept a small inn at Brentford, known by the name of the Three Pigeons, where he and his friend Taylor lingered out the brief remainder of their miserable existence, in a condition scarcely raised above penury.

The first actor of Falstaff, after the Restoration, of whom we have any account, was a bookseller in Holborn of the name of Cartwright, whose name is mentioned in Downe's Roscius Anglicanus, but of whose performance nothing is known. He very liberally bequeathed his books to Dulwich College.

Cartwright was succeeded in the character of Falstaff by Lacy, the favourite actor of Charles II., who was so delighted with his performance, that he had his picture taken in three distinct characters, which may still be seen at Hampton-court. He is spoken of by Langbaine as the most perfect comic player of his time, and is described by Aubrey as being "of an elegant shape and fine complexion." He appears to have been one of the recruits picked up by the King's Company soon after the Restoration, as there is no trace of his having acted previous to the civil wars, although the gossipping author quoted above assures us that "Ben Jonson took a catalogue from Mr. Lacy of the Yorkshire dialect, for the clownery to his comedy called the Tale of a Tub," which was licensed for performance in 1633. In this story, however, as in many others, poor Aubrey appears, as Mr. Gifford has justly observed, to have made more use of his ears than of his eyes, for had he taken the pains to look into the "Tale of a Tub," he would have seen at once, that in whatever dialect the clownish characters of that excellent play are made to speak, it is certainly not in the Yorkshire. Lacy wrote three plays of no great merit; he died in 1681, and was buried in the churchyard of St. Martin's in the Fiel

The next actor of eminence whose name has been handed down to us the representative of the "dow knight" is Betterton, whose wo ful powers and admirable versat formed an inexhaustible source delight for the audiences of his This great master of his profess had been long accustomed to pla Hotspur, with general applause; wards the latter part of his life, ho ever, he determined to try his al ties in Falstaff, and speedily c vinced the town that the m

humourous walk of comedy was equally within the scope of his capacity with the highest flights of tragedy. A singular circumstance is recorded by Davies as having influenced him considerably to modify the style of his personation of this character, which ought not to be passed over in silence, as it is strongly indicative of the modesty and good sense of this excellent actor. There was in Dublin a master paviour of the name of Baker, who excelled in several comic parts, and especially in Sir Epicure Mammon, (in the Alchymist,) in the Spanish Friar, and in Falstaff. Some singular anecdotes of this gentleman are to be found in "Chetwood's History of the Stage." A London actor, of the same name with the great dramatic poet, Ben Jonson, happening to pay a visit to Dublin, communicated to Betterton on his return, Baker's manner of personating Falstaff, which, says Davies, Betterton "not only approved, but adopted, and frankly owned that the paviour's draft of Sir John was more characteristical than his own." This great actor died in 1710.

In the interval between Betterton and Quin, several actors were induced to attempt to bend this bow of Ulysses, but with very indifferent success. Barton Booth, at the express command of Queen Anne, ventured upon the character *for one night only*, and then abandoned it in despair. The elder Mills also tried his skill in its representation, but alas! the sober gravity of his face could never be made to express the inimitable humour of Falstaff. The fat figure, full voice, round face, and honest laugh of Harper, were more in his favour, but few gleams of intellect or genius beamed through his performance.

One of the earliest performances of Rich's company at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, was the Merry Wives of Windsor, and in this, confessedly the feeblest portrait which our immortal bard has given of the merry knight, Quin gained so great applause, that he was soon induced to try his fortune in the more strongly marked delineation of the character which is to be found in the first part of Henry IV. He possessed a tall and bulky person, a strong and pleasing voice, a bold and manly countenance, and a piercing and expressive eye. His style of acting was highly animated, and his sarcasm poignant and biting. With these qualifications he could not fail to succeed in the representation of such a character as Falstaff, and in spite of some defects with which he was charged, he speedily gained the reputation of the most intelligent and judicious performer who had appeared in it since the days of Betterton.

Of Berry, Lowe, Shuter, Woodward and Yates, who all in turn put on Falstaff's habit, little need be said, as none of them are considered to have succeeded in the delineation of that soul of mirth and good humour with which the boundless fancy, and creative genius of Shakspeare have animated his unwieldy carcase. Clever as most of these actors were in their respective lines, they were obviously unfit for the representation of a character so far above the common reach.

Henderson's performance of the character is, however, deserving of more particular mention, as being in the opinion of many excellent judges, equal to that of Quin. In fact these two celebrated actors appear to divide between them the honor of being the best Falstaffs of the last century, so difficult is it to decide on which of them the palm should be conferred. Quin was decidedly the superior in figure, voice and countenance; and in the impudent dignity of the character no one could even approach him. The external deficiencies of Henderson were supplied by a most excellent judgment; and in the gay levity and frolicksome humour which he displayed, he completely distanced all competitors.

Since the days of Henderson, we have had a variety of Falstaffs of all descriptions, good, bad, and indifferent. Among these, George Frederick Cooke, is, perhaps, entitled to rank highest. Some few have been led to the performance of the character principally in consequence of their extraordinary bulk. Of these the most remarkable was a Mrs. Ward, who enacted the part to the no small entertainment of an overflowing audience for her own benefit, at the Haymarket theatre. The excessive corpulence of Mr. Stephen Kemble also obtained for him the applause of a liberal and discerning public. Of

the Falstaffs who at present occupy the stage, in the persons of Fawcett, Dowton, Bartley and Charles Kemble, the former, perhaps, is the most equal in his performance, and the gross sensuality of the character loses nothing in his hands; Dowton is exceedingly rich in the delineation of the ludicrous features of the character; Bartley's voice and figure are well suited to the part, and added to the honest and hearty good humour by which he is distinguished, render him a very efficient representative of the merry and mirth-exciting knight; and Charles Kemble's personation of the character is marked by a number of clever points, and displays in several of the scenes a great deal of talent and discrimination.

THE NOVICE IN TOWN.

Giles Greentree to his cousin George Gamble.

Harley Street.

DEAR GEORGE,

I HAVE now been one fortnight in town, without being able to write to you, so flurried and hurried have I been, and so nonplussed and put to it to accustom myself to the racketing irrational life which we lead; in the first place I must tell you that I am well, thanks to a good constitution, for I have been run off my legs, kept out of my natural rest, very much vexed at times, and have had to accustom myself to every thing quite opposite to our going on in the country, which, as you know, is like clockwork at the Grange and at Overshot Farm—but I must try and begin in order. I arrived per heavy coach, booked like a parcel, at aunt's husband's counting house in Coleman Street, a decentish looking place enough—I got out of the hackney-coach which took me from the Saracen's Head, and was for bringing in my luggage, when a well dressed gentleman, without a hat, came out and asked me whom I wanted? I told him it was Aunt Polly, the Alderman's lady, when the young fellow burst out a laughing, (pretty London manners thought I,) and informed me that she had never been there in her life, and that the Alderman only called there for a few hours. "Then," said I, "your London Directory lies prettily—did not I read John Nobbs and Co., Ironmongers, Coleman Street?" "Very true," said the high dressed gentleman, "but this is only his counting-house, you will find him at his house in Harley Street." I thanked the gentleman, whom I afterwards found out to be nothing more than a clerk; for just as I jumped into the coach, I saw him and four more chaps with pens behind their ears, leaning over a desk with ledgers and things on it, and laughing at me with all their might and main. Rude the first, thought I, and intended to complain to the Alderman, but other troubles put it out of my head; after being jolted to death, and stopping the coach five times, for fear that the coachman should have driven beyond the place, for I thought we never should get there, I arrived at last: Coachee gives such a *scrautura* at the door, as if he wanted to knock it down, but I knew enough to comprehend that that gave me a certain degree of consequence, so I said not a word, but stepped out, and seeing a poor fellow, who looked like a lad out of place, I says, "I suppose you a'n't above earning two-pence, so bear a hand with my boxes," which he accordingly did, when a handsome fellow in silk stockings, and dressed out as if he were going to a race ball, steps up to me, and asks me who I am? and what I want? I told him very civilly, that I was Giles Greentree, aunt Polly's Nephew, and that I was come up by her invitation to be provided for in the army, or some sinecure place, as Alderman Nobbs had promised mother; he bowed and showed me in, when I found three fellows, with powdered heads, and crimson laced coats, who were the ironmonger's footmen. I should have thought iron grey and a fire red turn-up would have been more becoming a tradesman, than thus vieing with the royal family, but bless you this was nothing to what I saw afterwards.—I now enquired what was to pay, "seven shillings," answered the coachman. "Seven devils!" said I, "why you are a regular robber." "No more a robber

in yourself," replied he, so I lifts up a oak twig to give him a lesson in manners; "hit and be d——," claims he, "come on if you dare, and if you do, I'll alter your sign for you,"—there was impudence. "Oh, no!" cries I, and began to peel, but the gentleman in the silk stockings interposed, and took coachee's number, and let him know that the Alderman was not to be trifled with, that he was a magistrate, and could punish him without judge or jury, and that he would commit him for a look, or send him to the tread-mill for a word, and keep him upon bread and water if he gave him any of his sauce, so he had better beg my pardon, and take his honest fare and be off, if he didn't want to be handcuffed and sent off to jail. The fellow seemed very sorry, for he said to me, "I humbly beg your honour's pardon," which so disarmed me, (you know my heart, George,) that I shook hands with him, and gave him the seven shillings for good will. The servants all stared at me as if I had two heads, and as soon as my back was turned, they laughed as if they would split their sides; this, I confess, put my pipe out a little, but the young gentleman showed me up stairs, but drew back his hand, when I offered him mine, as I took him to be one of our London cousins, or some relation of Mr. Nobbs's; I asked a good deal about my aunt, but all I could learn was that she was not up, but would be down stairs about three o'clock to breakfast, which by the bye was our dinner hour in the country; adding that if I wished for refreshment, he would fetch me some, which he did accordingly,—cold pigeon pie and Madeira, of which I partook so heartily, that I fell fast asleep on the sofa, with the newspaper in my hand, and was only awakened by aunt Polly's coming into the room. Mercy defend me what a figure of fun she was! she had a comical made dress of muslin, up in the neck and trimmed with costly lace; she had a lace cap which looked like a basket of flowers, with roses, and a dozen other garden concerns in it; she had a pair of silk boots on, and was painted up to the eyes; to tell you the truth, she looked no better than she ought to be,—what a contrast to my decent mother!—Well I stepped up to her and gave her a buss, but I thought she looked rather coldly on me, for her first words were, "George you must be off to a tailor's directly, and get brushed up for dinner." "Adams," (pointing to the gentleman in silk stockings) "I know one who will make you a coat in an hours, so that you will be fit to sit down to dinner with us, for we have a great deal of quality company, and we must not have any of your Shrewsbury cut coats." "Zooks!" exclaimed I, "aunt Polly, what! do quality company visit you?" "To be sure," said aunty, with a flounce; "why my husband is a magistrate, and a very thriving man, and he has lent a certain Lord five thousand pounds, and I don't despair of seeing him in Parliament some day or other. "That will be grand," quoth I. "J. Nobbs, Esq. M. P. will cut a great shine." At this moment I rose to make place for Mr. Adams, and offered him a chair; but aunt Polly looked like a fury, and after making a sign to him to withdraw, she exclaimed, "Giles, if you go on thus dishonouring me, by your ignorance and stupidity, I shall forbid you the house—that fellow is my groom of the chambers." "Groom of the chambers!—indeed, that is the world turned upside down; who ever heard of a groom except in a stable, in Shropshire?" I was now a little relieved by the sight of a lovely girl, very flashily dressed, who entered the room; up I started, and flying towards her, I said, "dear Aunty, is that your daughter?" "Daughter, you beast!" was her answer, whereupon she kicked with her heels, and fell into strong hysterics, so I flew out of the room, and asked Mr. Adams what I had done? when he informed me that the young lady was aunt Polly's own maid, and it was my affronting *Mrs. Alderman Nobbs*, which threw her into fits, which, by the way, she was not subject to when her honest father, the farmer, was alive; but the devil is in London for altering people. The groom of the chambers (a much more genteel-looking man than the alderman) conducted me up to my room, to change my clothes previous to my going with him to the tailor's, when lo, and behold, my large hair trunk, with my best clothes in it, had been borrowed by the chap out of place, who had only left me my port-

manteau and an old packing-case full of buck-skins, which I brought over in hopes of getting a day's hunt somewhere within twenty miles of London; well, of a bad bargain make the best, so I whistled the "Jolly Miller," and went out with Mr. Adams in a hackney-coach to the tailor's, who was another fine gentleman, who only visited his shop once a day, never took measure of any body himself, nor would wait upon any one for an order, or to be paid, unless he was a lord, or a member of parliament. Adams told me that he had made his fortune, kept his carriage, and lived like a nabob, and that he had twenty thousand pounds of bad debts besides. "Then," said I, (shrewdly, as I thought,) "I suppose he'll not be long before he is in the Gazette." "Not a bit," replied he, "if one customer out of three pays him, he'll be all right, you may depend upon it." Well, one of his skip-jacks takes my measure, but upon my wishing to examine the cloth, and to beat him down in price, the groom of the chambers shook his head, and, putting his finger on his lips, as much as to tell me to hold my tongue; he said, "Leave all that to Mr. Vanschwillenverkenn, (a German,) and he will make a perfect dandy of you." "Well," said I, "if he don't make a fool of me it's all very well;" when (would you believe it?) the two rascals winked at each other, and laughed at my expence. I soon got back to Harley-street, where there was the devil to pay; aunt Polly had forbid me the house, but the ironmonger was less iron-hearted than his wife; he said I must be borne with for a little while, and pacified ma'am by paying her dress-maker's bill; indeed, Nobbs would be a plain, simple, stupid, good fellow enough, and a rare knowing tradesman, if aunt Polly had not filled his head, and had not turned his head by visiting Paris, and by polishing him up so, that there's no weight or value left about him. It was at last decided that I should get a severe lecture from his worship, as to behaving myself like a gentleman, which I was obliged to put up with, and I was desired not to speak a word unless when spoken to, and then only yes and no; and I was to take my place at table next the French governess, which was making a mute of me at once, as I cannot *parlez vous* one word of their gibberish, and I was to submit to have my hair put in papers like a lady, to make it curl, and was forbid to join in the dance after dinner with the young ladies, as I was to have a dancing-master come to me next day: lastly I was ordered to dress myself to the best advantage, for which purpose a new suit of clothes came in five hours after my measure was taken, and I found half a dozen pair of dress-shoes, sent from Mr. Hoby's, the butler having taken an old shoe of mine to serve as to size; I now went up the back stairs to my dressing-room, and had the happiness to meet the pretty lady's maid, and to give her a salute, which put me in high spirits for the rest of the day, in spite of the continual snubbing which I got from my aunt. Now I would give you an account of our gorgeous feast, and of the company, and of my mistakes and miseries, and of aunt's most extraordinary dress, but that the postman's first bell is ringing, and I have got to call at a dozen places, and to dress for dinner besides, which you must know takes place at seven o'clock, that uncle Nobbs may have time to take his morning ride after the counting-house shuts up at four; therefore, my dear George, I must bid you adieu; pray take particular care of my fighting cock, and my black bitch Fanny; let mother know that I am well, but don't say a word of aunt Polly's mad goings on, nor of her unkindness to me, it would break mother's heart; so mum upon that subject.

Your's, very truly,
GILES GREENTREE.

P. S. The alderman has promised to get the fellow who stole my clothes apprehended, and he says he'll get him hanged, or sent to Botany Bay. There's power for you! Who'd have thought it, when he used to sweep his old master's warehouse?

CHILIA,

PRINCE OF THE PEARL ISLANDS, IN SEARCH OF WISDOM, THROUGH ALL THE NATIONS OF THE EARTH.

A TALE AFTER THE MANNER OF RASSELAS PRINCE OF ABYSSINIA.

In the waters of the vast Pacific, somewhere, it is conjectured, near to the shores of Peru, are situate the Pearl Islands, which, according to Cuscan tradition, about fourteen centuries before the discovery of America, were called "the Islands of the Happy," and governed by the wise Gualamma, who had an only son, named Chilia, which, in their figurative language, meant the "Lustre of the Sun," from the great beauty of his person, and brightness of his genius.

Chilia, though enlightened in all the wisdom of the elders of his country, grew dissatisfied with this portion of his instruction, convinced that these sages reasoned only from effects, and were totally ignorant of nature's laws. This disappointment to his ardent mind spread over it a gloom that obscured all the bright visions of his youth, and, at length, settled into that deep melancholy, that he wholly abstracted himself from society, and spent the entire day at the fountain of Abalpa (the goddess of Wisdom) in the palace gardens, weeping into its crystal waters, and praying for instruction.

Gualamma, inconsolable at this sudden change in the disposition of the prince, followed him one morning, unperceived, to the place of his retreat; the sight of his son's grief, who was weeping over the fountain, so far overcame him, that he uttered a deep groan, and fell prostrate on the ground; the noise roused the prince from his reverie, who, lifting up his head, and perceiving the situation of the king, sprang towards him, and, catching him in his arms, inquired, with tender apprehension, what ailed him? "Why dost thou ask the question," replied the venerable Gualamma, casting on the prince a look of mingled reproof and affection, "when thy own heart must convince thee that it is thy grief which covers the spirits of thy father with sadness! O Chilia! has he lacked in his affection to thee that thou so grievest? or has the adopted of thy bosom, the fair Tascala, proved herself unworthy of thy affection? Reveal to thy father thy sorrows, that he may share if he cannot remove them."

The prince, subdued by this appeal to parental affection, fell on his father's bosom, and, weeping bitterly, exclaimed, "O! sire, far from experiencing a lack of your affection, my spirit bends under the weight of increased kindness; and the tenderness of the virtuous Tascala only proves to me I am unworthy of the treasure. It is the war in my spirit, betwixt love and duty, that shadows with despair my mind, and the cause I dare not reveal!"

"O Chilia!" exclaimed the agonized monarch, "will the offspring of Gualamma's strength, the lamp of his bliss, and brightness of his setting sun, refuse to confide to his father a secret that preys upon his happiness, and, if suffered to remain, will prove to him the barb of death!"

The prince, no longer able to resist his father's tears, candidly owned his grief was caused by his ardent desire to obtain wisdom, which could be only acquired by visiting those nations of the earth whose knowledge, as he had heard, greatly exceeded theirs.

"Chilia," cried the sorrowful king, "banish from thy spirit these delusive shadows of thy imagination, that would guide thee into dangers unknown to these peaceful islands. Dost thou not possess already all the means of making thyself happy; and is not happiness the fruit of wisdom? Hast thou not also been carefully instructed in all the knowledge of our elders, which teaches true piety to the Great Creator of the Palace of the Sun, and gratitude to him for all his bounties; and art thou not the splendor of the happy people of the Pearl Islands, the mirror of thy father's life, and his only successor? and why dost thou wish to wander from these blessings to encounter toils, temptations, and dangers in the pestilent world?"

"Alas! sire," replied Chilia, breath-

ing a deep sigh, "our elders have only told me, what my own senses would have explained,—the effects of things; I languish to know their causes. They say the seasons are the gifts of the Spirit of the Sun's brightness, but I want to know those causes which produce their agencies; why the forest droops, and renews its verdure, and why the trees are alternately crowned with blossoms and fruits; what impels the burning axles of the sun across the ocean of waters to come and enlighten your kingdom; why he retreats again into the chambers of darkness to make our night; and what lifts the billows of the tides, at stated periods, to overflow, and fertilize our valleys."

"My son," replied the sage Gualamma, "can a knowledge of these causes render man more wise or happy? have the orange or bread fruit trees ever lacked their fruits? the sun to ripen our harvest? or our flocks to yield their increase? Then why should man, who enjoys all the blessings of the effects, presumptuously strive to penetrate into the magnificence of the Creator's wisdom? to search for causes wisely withheld from him for the security of his repose?"

"I confess, O sire," answered the prince, blushing, "the inquisitive mind may make itself unhappy; but the Inca of Peru, who annually visits your islands, has informed me their empire is much wiser than ours; and that there are many nations on the earth much superior to theirs, and I wish to travel through them, that I may acquire their wisdom; for science is the only food my mind craves, and by it alone it can be nourished. Permit, O sire, your son to visit these nations, to qualify himself to succeed to the sceptre of the wise Gualamma, when it shall please the Great Spirit of the Palace of the Sun to call him to his happiness in the chambers of his brightness."

"Pernicious, my son," cried the king, "was this communication to thy young heart. Curiosity has cankered the blossoms of its peace; thou mayest become more wise, but thy happiness will be for ever sacrificed.

"Abalpa, the Spirit of Wisdom, has revealed to thy father the frightful miseries that afflict the other nations of the world, through their apostacy from the simplicity of nature. The spirits of darkness, discord, ambition, false glory, and revenge, have bruised the blossoms of human bliss, and destroyed the earth's plenty. Revenge, injustice, and oppression, pour the phials of famine, disease, and pain, upon the withered bowers of the feeble, and the red hoof of the war horse crimsons with human gore the green altars of nature. Yet, in the midst of this desolation, you will behold luxury and wealth throned in palaces; magnificent temples, splendid monuments, and glittering altars of the arts and sciences raised at the expence of the welfare of millions of wretched human beings, who enjoy neither personal liberty or the comforts of existence, but daily bleed under the whips of slavery, or are wasted by the pestilence of disease! O! Chilia, my son, our fruitful island is the only portion of the earth that has preserved the primeval charter of perfect bliss, which the Creator of the Palace of the Sun bestowed upon his creatures. Let not idle curiosity ravish from thee thy birthright. But, what do I say, thy virtue will protect thee if thou wanderest, and Abalpa will reward thy piety, by again permitting thee to return to thy father's kingdom, when thou hast proved thy folly. But pause well, my son, ere thou venturest to begin thy dangerous enterprise."

The prince, deeply affected by this magnanimity of the king, was unable for some time to reply; at length, taking his father's hand, he said, "I will, sire, ponder upon my project, and should my inclination to travel prove unconquerable I hope you will not further oppose it."

Gualamma made no reply, but with smiles embraced his son, which Chilia construed into a tacit consent, and they both returned to the palace.

(To be continued.)

SKETCHES OF FRENCH MANNERS.

No. I.

Amongst the innumerable tours and travels on the continent that have lately appeared, it is rather singular that none of them contain such accounts of foreign manners as can be of use to the untravelled, and scarcely any that the real traveller can recognise as true descriptions of the people he has visited. Two or three months' residence in a foreign country will not enable the ablest observer to inspect even the surface of society, much less its interior principles and arrangement; and, even when sufficient time and opportunity are devoted to the task, the reserved character of our countrymen is a powerful obstacle to their attainment of that intimate knowledge of private habits, opinions, feelings, and principles, which can alone qualify any one for judging correctly of the morals and manners of a nation. Modern travellers by this difficulty, however, no wise daunted, seem to be possessed of more confidence and self-conceit even than their predecessors, for, though the six months' tours of the "olden time" were not over-burdened with liberality or sound remark, they never approached the wild extravagance that characterizes the modern "Tales" of a six weeks' "Traveller." One traveller, a man whom one would have thought superior to such follies, "visits" Paris at the peace, and without the slightest acquaintance with Parisian society, draws a graphic sketch of French domestic manners from the anecdotes of Madame de Pompadour, and "the *Moral* Tales" of Marmontel! He gives an amusing account of the inviolability of a lady's *boudoir*, into which, it is very evident, he never penetrated! So much for embodying *on dits* into his work, and the influence of a fertile imagination! After all, these liberties are not to be treated too harshly, when we find even the cold philosophic Hume swelling out *the Adventure of Charles II. in the Oak* into a variety of circumstances that never appeared on record. There are but two writers whose observations on France are worthy of attention, Lady Morgan and the author of "The Hermit Abroad." There is some exaggeration, undoubtedly, in Lady Morgan's lively sketches, but we happen to know that she enjoyed distinguished opportunities of seeing the interior mechanism of French society. But by far the best record of facts is "The Hermit Abroad." Those who have never been out of England will obtain more accurate knowledge of France by perusing its pages than in all the works that have ever been written. Lest I be accused of undue partiality for "The Hermit," I shall add that a short time after it was published, long before I ever saw it, an *untravelled* friend mentioned it with high praise in a letter to me; I was then in a distant country, and remarked that it gave "the very same picture of French manners with which you were wont to amuse us in the country, after your return from Waterloo; we *then* thought you *touched* with the Gallomania, but the Hermit confirms your statements *in toto*." My reason for admiring "The Hermit" is, therefore, evident enough, "does he not agree with me; ergo, he is right."

There are some points of French manners which "the wandering Hermit" has slightly touched upon, or not noticed at all; I purpose, therefore, to give occasional sketches of what seems to me most interesting, or least generally known.—

SUNDAY IN PARIS.

Every body has been in Paris, and yet how few know the real peculiarities of a Parisian Sunday! "The French are a shockingly immoral race," says the gambling fine lady of Portman-square, "for they go to the *theatre* on a Sabbath evening,"—instead of getting gloriously drunk, as good Christians ought to do, for the benefit of the revenue. This is "the sum total" of the mere English idea of a French Sunday. The grand features of Parisian manners on the day of rest are *extra masses* beyond the Barriers, and will the English really consent to leave the good cheer of Gregnon, Very, Beauvilliers, and the Rocher du Cancale? No, no; they are too fond of good things to risk certain for uncertain pleasures, and far too aristocratic

withal, to dream of contaminating themselves by mingling among the vulgar sons of labour and equality! What *unsophisticated* Englishman would not prefer a lounge along the Boulevard de Coblentz, a visit to the Café Hardy, or Tortoni's, or a *partie five* at some restaurateur of the Boulevards, to all the interesting scenes that the environs of Paris present on a Sunday? Perhaps he is right after all. I do not know whether these "scenes" be as interesting to others as they have always seemed to me; *c'est egal.* I shall briefly state some of the peculiarities that distinguish this day in the French capital.

It is not fashionable to remain in Paris on Sunday during the *belle saison;* the wealthy, therefore, (I do not say the noblesse, for few of them are wealthy,) who have not gone already to the country, retire thither early in the morning. Carriages are in movement in all parts of the city, but abound most in the noble Faubourg St. Germain, and the financial Chaussee D'Antin, when they drive off to the plain of Romainville, the heights of Mendon, the pleasant environs of St. Germain, and the delightful valley of Montmorency. Sequestered scenes like these are not to be found in the vicinity of the English metropolis, and, in fact, can scarcely exist but in the most remote and least frequented districts of England; for to what distant spot can we repair where the bustle of travelling, the din of traffic, or the purse-proud insolence of wealth shall not dispel every anticipated enjoyment of rural life? Not so the quiet fields that border the Seine, the Marne, and the Loire; not so the gay but untumulting environs of Paris. Passing beyond the Barriers, and the noisy *guinguettes,* we leave every vestige of the capital behind; its bustle, its clamour, its infinite variety of change of scene, and find ourselves at once transported to the solitude of the fields, where the simple manners, and antique costume, of the peasants remind us of that unchanged and unchangeable race who inhabit the rocks of Tyrol and the Alps.

The churches of St. Roche, Notre Dame, St. Eustace, and St. Sulpice, are filled at an early hour with the votaries of devotion; not as in England, dressed in all the gorgeous pride of wealth, elbowing the poor, staring disdainfully at each other, as if all men were not equal in the House of God—but simply attired, unassuming, rich and poor mingling together in prayer,—quiet, decorous, divested of hypocritical display. Such is the demeanour of this "ungodly" people, who would shudder at turning a church into a scene of theatrical ornament, into a fashionable rout, into a *show-room* for the handyworks of the artizans of dress!

Towards the mid-day, the polite Boulevards of Gand and Coblentz become crowded with the *orientalists* of Paris, the inhabitants of the distant Faubourgs, St. Antoine and St. Marcel, each *fabricant* bringing his tasteful belle to sun herself on this splendid promenade. The garden of the *Tuileries* receives the *rentier* and *bourgeois* of the Marois, and the forlorn *voltigeurs* and *Croix de St. Louis* of the Faubourg St. Germain; the *Champs Elisées* are the favourite resort of the youths of the colleges, military schools, and *Pays Latin,* and a confused mass of emigrants of all classes of the population, and noble *roturier,* is pouring down the delightful avenue that leads from the triumphal arch to the defunct, but now resuscitated, Bois de Boulogne. Happiness is in every look, satisfaction on every tongue. They seem (like the poet) as if they had

"No fears but such as fancy can assuage."

The wealthier families among the mercantile Parisian are now on their way to their "campagnes" at Chœsy, Medou, Enghien, Marly, or other pleasant retreats, there to pass the day in innocent relaxation. Various are the *amoureux* manœuvres to get invited to the fete—for Sunday is "*toujours jour de fete*"—and they doubtless find something more congenial in the liberty and enjoyment of promenades, rustic sports, or the all-engrossing pleasures of the dance, than in the restraint and ceremony of the crowded city. *Here* ceremony is thrown to the wind. In due time the carriages are unloaded of their viands and wines, and the joyous party seat themselves on the grass, *sub tegmine fagi;* the repast is seasoned by wit and gaiety; and the day passes to its decline, amidst the song, the laugh, the well-told tale,—the forfeit, dear but dangerous to the

lover—the discovered loss of a *dinde aux truffes*, or a *patè de veau*, bringing "gall and wormwood" to the unfortunate *gourmand*, malicious delight to the *thoughtless* youth. "Ah! sua si *bona* noriut!" Youthful ardour is not *here* chilled by the sneers of the old, or the disdainful frowns of the proud; for the most active members of the joyful party—those who urge on their companions to fun and frolic,—are the grey-headed elders, who in more northern climes would find in similar scenes no other joys than "such as wine can give."

The chosen resorts of the graceful and tastely grisettes and their admirers, are St. Cloud and Montmorency. Peer and peasant flock alike to St. Cloud, which presents in its palaces, gardens, parks, *cabarets*, and *concours*, every variety of beauty and deformity. But Montmorency is the true scene for youthful lovers. Every thing combines to render it delightful to the lover, the *gourmand*, or the pensive student of nature. It is situated along the side of a beautiful hill, where you have a most commanding view of the celebrated valley of Montmorency, studded with towns, villages, and *chateaux*. The retreats of Rosseau and St. Lambert,—the *Hermitage* and *Charmettes*—with the seats of many of that illustrious group who flourished round the venerable Mareschal de Montmorency, are all before your eyes, associating in your mind the great names of past times with the delightful scenery around you. At the summit of this romantic town of Tenacy, adorned with fine gardens and venerable monuments, stands the *Cheval Blanc*, well known to the lovers of good cheer, as abundantly supplied with all the comforts that life, love, and laughter demand.

As evening approaches, the public gardens become thinned of their visitors, and give place to the Italian Boulevard, the Boulevards without the walls, or the all-attractive scenes of the *Drama*. This is the most heinous of Parisian abominations! To adjourn from the promenade to the *tavern* would be nothing—but to exhilarate the mind by innocent gaiety, by lively pictures of manners, by ridicule of folly and its thousand phases—this, this must be the acmé of impiety! To defend the Parisians in this *liberal* age, when hypocrisy and cant are *unknown*, would expose me only to the scorn of the righteous; I shall only venture, therefore, to suggest in *mitigation of damages*, that in spite of all their impieties, their streets present no scenes of depravity like those which shock the stranger on a Sunday in London—no drunken way-faring man shall be found there—nor shall the strange woman be found there. Then what scenes can the French Drama present that shall pollute the minds of the spectators? Any thing like "*Tom and Jerry*,"—any thing like the *moralities* of Congreve, Wycherly, and the greater part of *our* comic writers since the days of Charles the Second! Will you hear, or see any thing improper, indecent, or immoral, in the classic, decorous, unstained *Theatre Francais?* No!—let the middling and lower classes—the upper classes never go to the theatre in the day—frequent the *Odeou*, the *Opera Comique*, the amusing scenes of Brunet and Potier, or the wonderful displays of Mazurier in the melo-dramas of the Port St. Martin—and I will venture to assert that their morals and manners will suffer no risk of contamination. It is evident, I hope, that I allude merely to *popular* modes of spending the day, and do not pretend to compare these with a sincere devotion to religious exercises. All I maintain is, that if the Parisians did not frequent the theatre, they would frequent the haunts of vice; and I hope it will not appear paradoxical to assert that indecent scenes, immoral allusions, or vicious company, are not the characteristics of a *French* playhouse. I say there is no appearance of vice—no marks of its sway. "De non apparentibus, et non existentibus," I think the old maxim says, "eadem est ratio."

The beautiful forest of *Vincennes* is now teeming with the spruce citizens of the Faubourgs, in their best attire; they swarm on the vine-clad hills of Chaumont, in the villages of Sevre and Vaugirard. No one spends his weekly festival in solitary sadness, for "every spark has his maid." The *Salons de Danse*, round the barriers, are crowded by the labouring population, enjoying themselves with all their "might and main," and supplying skill by activity of gesticulation. But the most beautiful

"scene dansante" that can be found in the immediate vicinity of Paris, is Romainville, and its delightful environs. The country all round is interesting; the fields, gardens, and dwellings are neat in the extreme; and the extensive woods that fringe the plain, present a most agreeable promenade. Many pleasant hours have I spent there on a Sunday evening. Nothing could be gayer than the whole scene—yet nothing could be more innocent. "Le vrai n'est pas toujours le vrai semblable"—we are told—and I may be told so *now;* but taking things by their outward signs, what a contrast does not this present to the scenes of riot, noise, and drunkenness that occur in the neighbourhood of *London* on a Sunday evening.

To the great mass of the Parisians, Sunday is a day of unmixed pleasure and exhilaration. The cares of the past are forgot, the labours of the future appal not, for they have a regularly returning day of rest and enjoyment; they can find amusement in trifles, because their minds are not continually harassed by care; and without the aid of artificial stimulants to rouse their spirits, they can always engage ardently in the pursuit or pleasure of the moment. Their wives, children, and *bonnes* accompany them in all their promenades,—partake in all their pleasures,—give counsel in the choice and disposition of amusements—and form a band of pleasure-seeking beings whom it is delightful to behold. Renovated in health and spirits by their innocent recreations, they return at an early hour to their homely abode, retire to rest contented with the past, and prepared to renew their toils on the morrow. The Sunday rambler in London, has but too often a far different tale to tell,—he may feel no regret for the past—but—alas!—

"When he bitterly thinks on the morrow."

L. T.

PARAPHRASE UPON THAT WELL KNOWN LINE OF RACINE:

"Craignez Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ayez point dautre crainte."

RACINE.

DEAR Abner, weep thine errors past,
And live this day as if thy last,
Does mercy, then, her coldest ray
Reserve for life's expiring day?
Or justice seal a harsher doom
As men draw nearer to the tomb?
Say how, then, differs from thy last
The day, the hour that's not yet past?

The sorrow that absolves from crime,
Though oft the latest fruit of time,
Is sown with crime's fast springing tares,
And marks the labourer's backward cares.
His first neglect how ill repaired!
His summer toils were better spared.

LONDON REVIEW.

QUID SIT PULCHRUM, QUID TURPE, QUID UTILE, QUID NON.

An Excursion through the United States and Canada, during the years 1822-23, *by an English Gentleman.*

We are daily receiving more valuable information respecting the situation of our Trans-Atlantic brethren, and even the publications of the *present year* might suffice to give us pretty adequate notions of the state of society and manners, the influence of the government, the state of religion and morals, and every interesting fact that regards the Great Republic of the West. Nothing could be more contemptible than the tours and travels which formerly formed our whole stock of intelligence; and scarcely any thing more unjust, or more ungenerous, than the remarks, sneers, and ridicule which they elicited against America from the two great rival Reviews. *Hodgson*, at last, gave us the first specimen of a candid as well as intelligent traveller; one who mildly but unhesitatingly condemns whatever he finds improper in the state of society, who praises what is praiseworthy, and who views nothing through the deceitful mist of prejudice or partiality. No good work (with the doubtful exception of Captain Hall's) had appeared previous to his travels; and none of equal merit has hitherto succeeded. If the *present* writer possess much of his candour and liberality, we cannot affirm that his judgment is equally sound, or his opinions equally well founded, though he indulges much more than his predecessor in argument and discussion, enters fully and often tiresomely upon political questions, and in no part of his work confines himself exclusively to the scenes, manners, or associations presented by his journey. In this "*Excursion through the United States and Canada*"—as it is modestly termed—the author begins at New York, proceeds to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington; crosses the Alleghanies to the Ohio, descends the river to Kentucky, visits every thing memorable in the Western States from Pittsburgh to St. Louis, then traverses Canada, re-enters the United States at Lake Champlain, and finally returns to New York by the way of New England. Such a variety of scenes gave the writer every opportunity for making most valuable and original observations—yet, strange to say, he interests himself only with places described by every preceding traveller, with customs and peculiarities that have been so often told, that if they be not true, they *ought* to be true from their notoriety in books of travels; and, what is the greatest defect of all, he omits to give us any useful information respecting the remote and little frequented scenes which he visited in his journey. He says he remained several days at St. Louis on the Mississippi, (1500 miles above New Orleans) and yet he mentions not one peculiarity of that ancient and most remarkable French Settlement, does not even visit the neighbouring lead mines on the Merrimac, nor the bustling towns of St. Francis, Girardeau, Genevieve, and Herculaneum—and with all his pretended love of the sublime in scenery, declines to take the fatiguing journey of *fifteen miles* to view the memorable sight of the Missouri mingling its turbid and impetuous torrent with the clear and placid waters of the Mississippi. Having thus shown our skill at finding fault, and our impartiality by noticing his sins of omission and commission, we shall now enter upon the contents of his "*Excursion.*"

As the yellow fever prevailed at New York on his arrival, he hastens to Philadelphia, with which he is highly pleased, though he foolishly re-echoes the oft-told story of the inconveniences of American inns. We must confess—and we pretend to know something of the subject—that we could never discover the grievances mentioned by our traveller, and that we were so silly and good-natured as to consider the hotels we saw in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Baltimore, to be as good in all re-

spects as any in Manchester or Liverpool. But it is the misfortune of the great mass of travellers to know little or nothing of their *own* country, while they are ridiculing the alleged deficiencies of foreign accommodation. He says, there is no good hotel in Philadelphia, but *Renshaw's*—apparently because he happened to go there—for if he had known any thing of that city, he would have been enabled to find many others equally good in every accommodation, though perhaps not equally magnificent. In none of these hotels (not even in Renshaw's, as he erroneously asserts) is the traveller forced to dine at the public table, though he will always choose to accept that *advantage* if he be fond of a luxurious table, or desirous of getting easily and pleasantly acquainted with American manners. But Englishmen are so strangely reserved, so absurdly suspicious, or so ridiculously proud, that what to others is a source of happiness, is to them the acmé of misery. It is this shyness, this morbid shrinking from social converse, that makes them condemn so loudly the petulant forwardness (so they call it) of the Frenchman, the easy *nonchalanee* of the Russian, the open-hearted simplicity of the German, and the bold, careless bearing of the American. They seem always afraid to trust the impulses of feeling; and they condemn all warmth of manner or enthusiasm of language that goes beyond their own dignified and frigid indifference. Afraid of the affectation of false delicacy and feelings, they fall into the more unamiable affectation of pride and heartlessness. Let them meet foreigners, at least in foreign countries, with open hearts and hands, as they are received themselves—let them trust to their natural feeling of benevolence, and drive from their minds every fear of affectation, every suggestion of *mauvaise honte*.

Though all the rogues and swindlers of Europe (according to the *impartial* pages of the Quarterly Review) flock to the United States, or to the promised land, it is somewhat singular that the inhabitants themselves should be so unfearful of their visitors as to leave their houses without lock or bolt (in the country,) their fields and gardens unprotected by spring-guns or other humane expedients, for checking the progress of vice; and that, in fact, the land of refuge should maintain fewer precautions against fraud and violence, than the legitimate and venerable governments of Europe. One or two *facts* will illustrate this better than a volume of argument. *All public institutions are open to a stranger's inspection, without fee or reward*—and the traveller, whether American or European, may enjoy the advantage of every library and reading room, where MSS., books, and foreign and domestic journals are spread with an abundant hand—or enter (without asking leave) every court of justice, and every legislative assembly. *We* might profit by the example.

The following description of the author's introduction to the President of the United States, seems rather alien to our aristocratic habits, but is quite in unison with the open, unceremonious, and consistent simplicity of the American Republic:—

"Shortly after my arrival at Washington, as I was one day coming with a friend from visiting the public offices, he pointed out a well-dressed gentleman, walking by himself. "That," said he, "is the President of the United States." When this great personage met us, my friend introduced me to him. I took off my hat as a mark of respect, upon which the President did the same, and shook me by the hand, saying he was glad to see me. I went soon afterwards to pay my respects to him at his house, in company with the same friend. We were shewn into a handsome room, where the President had been writing. When he came in he shook us by the hand, requested us to sit down, and conversed upon a variety of topics."—(Page 49.)

Our traveller always speaks of the government in terms of commendation; and, though the real state of things be well known to every intelligent mind, we cannot avoid the temptation of quoting the following tribute to its excellency, in answer to the unfounded assertions of the hired advocates of despotism in Europe:—

"The good effects of a free government are visible throughout the whole community. There are no tithes, no poor rates, no excise, no heavy internal taxes, no commercial monopolies. An American can make candles if he have tallow, can distil brandy if he have grapes or peaches, and can make beer if he have malt and hops, without asking

leave of any one, much less with any fear of incurring punishment."—(Page 71.)

Much as the author has travelled over the Western States, there are but few of his remarks that seem to be the result of personal observation. The most important and novel of his facts may be found in the "*Ohio Navigator*," (printed at Pittsburgh, 1818) the *Western Gazetteer*, *Drake's Picture of Cincinnati*, *Derby's Louisiana*, and other American statistical works. His accounts of the population of the towns in the Ohio seem taken from the census made years before, and no statement is given of the value of the commerce, or the numbers of men employed on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. He gives, indeed, a table of the *steam boats* on those rivers in the year 1822, but omits about *thirty* vessels, from 300 to 700 tons burden, the names of which we could almost supply from memory, (the *James Ross*, the *William Penn*, the *Henry Baldwin*, the *Western Engineer*, *&c. &c. &c.*) So much for accuracy!

In speaking of the hunters in the *back woods*, he says, they are open hearted and hospitable, but have not the same nobleness of sentiment and high sense of honour—as the Indians! Most ridiculous tales have been told about the honour of the Indians, and their inflexible adherence to their word:—any one who has seen the least of Indian life, knows this to be absurd exaggeration. There is not *one* tribe of Indians, from the summits of the Rocky Mountains to the mouths of the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence, who are not a mean, begging, treacherous race—as expert in fraud as the lowest classes of European society, and one with no valuable quality but that of suffering torture without complaint. Foolish missionaries, and still more foolish travellers, have bestowed virtues on them which they never possessed. It may be said that they have been corrupted by the vicinity of the whites—the remotest tribes, who have never had intercourse with civilized men, are the most cruel and debased of the Indian race! There is a deal of cant in the United States, about the heroic deeds of the Indians, and the eloquent speeches of their chiefs,—and Logan, and many more *great men* may be brought forward to prove their talents! With all their keenness, the Yankees are truly a credulous people, with the philosophic Jefferson at their head! The only clever chief who has appeared among the Indians for more than half a century, was *Tecumseh* (not *Tecumtha*, as our traveller has it) brother of the *Prophet*; and had he not been abandoned by the English Government, or its agents, he would have laid the whole western frontier in desolation. In enduring hunger and fatigue, (for which the Indians have been so highly vaunted) they are inferior to the Canadian *voyageurs* and the American hunters, and cannot be compared to them for *courage*.

At St. Louis in the Mississippi, our traveller was invited by several parties of hunters and traders, to accompany them to *Santa Fé* in Mexico; but circumstances obliged him to decline the offer. He at the same time strongly recommends any one of his countrymen who is fond of natural history, to join one of these parties, for, says he, "he might make the most interesting discoveries in the most *agreeable* manner." He often enough complains of the bad accommodations of the log-taverns in the *backwoods*; so sensible, therefore, as he seems to petty comforts, we really cannot discover where he could find any thing agreeable in ascending the Missouri, in travelling across the Arkansaw to Santa Fé. By water, he would make by great effort, about 18 miles a-day, against a rapid current, in a boat exposed to the meridian sun, open to the rains and storms; and whether he travelled by land or water, a buffalo skin would form his bed, ground Indian corn mixed with bear's fat, his usual meal, with the occasional delicacy of a slice of a dog, a buffalo, or a bear, eaten almost raw, without bread or salt! Such are the pleasures of travelling west of the Missouri!

The author makes some very just animadversions on the practice of *regulating*. By this is meant an association of neighbours for the purpose of driving by force out of their settlement any band of horse-stealers, forgers, or other infamous characters whom the thinly settled state of the country prevents from being laid hold of by the arm of justice. The *regulators* give the obnoxious party "notice to quit," and if they do not

do so at the appointed time, they *call* upon them, and give them a beating, and repeat the same *notice with additional* severity, till they leave the country. This system can only be excused on the plea of necessity. But we rather think there is in some parts of the United States a disposition to resort to mob-law as the "rule of right." If a man beats his wife, for instance, or turns his children out of doors, a number of young men assemble, enter his house, take him out by force, put him astride on a rail (a piece of wood with sharp edges, of which the fences are made) and carry him with shouts through the village. This is called "*riding on a rail.*" It is a very cruel, but (according to Yankee notions) very effectual penance.

The following singular manner of catching wild turkies prevails in "*Old Kentuck*"—Kentucky:

"A pen is made by placing rough hewn rails one above another, so as to form a vacant space about six or eight feet long, and as many broad, which is closed at the top by heavy rails thrown across. A small trench is then dug for a yard or two on the outside, and continued under the lower rail of the interior. In this trench some Indian corn is strewed, and the turkies while employed in picking it up, advance with their heads downwards into the pen. As soon as they find themselves in the enclosure, these stupid birds never think of stooping down, or they could walk out as easily as they walked in; but instead of this, they try to force their way out at the top and sides, and continue jumping about till in the course of the day some one visits the pen, and secures them."

We have not thought it necessary to follow the writer through his summary of the American constitution, nor his sentiments of the condition of the army and navy, the military college, and other public institutions; for though these form by far the best part of his work, the subjects are too much connected together to allow of our making extracts. His account of the Military College is particularly interesting, and we recommend it to every one desirous of knowing the state of public instruction in America. We have made such extracts from other parts as will enable our readers to form their own opinion of the work. The principal merit of the "*Excursion*," (independent of its candour and liberality,) seems to us to consist in its embodying a great mass of facts to be found only in American publications, and in giving a more vivid picture of the wild life led by settlers in remote districts than has hitherto been presented to the public.

Captain Medwin's Conversations of Lord Byron.

We think it necessary to premise to our readers that the reason why we have not before noticed this book, written by the worthy *Tenant*, was from the great detestation we felt at the conduct of any one who could be base enough to disclose conversations evidently intended for the ear of friendship alone, to gratify the cupidity of a speculating bookseller.

The History of Lord Byron and his poetry is altogether most singular; when a lord he produced a volume which the Edinburgh Review endeavoured to crush altogether; though they must have possessed a degree of obtuseness without any parallel in the annals of criticism, if they could not perceive in almost every alternate page the dawnings of genius. This periodical was then in its zenith, and was delivering its oracles with a high, contemptuous, and unfeeling tone; but Byron was not to be awed to silence and obscurity by their dogmas, and instead of giving over the composition of poetry, as they kindly advised him to do, he set to work more vigorously than ever, and produced his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," which shook those sturdy oppressors to their centre. The *high priest* Jeffrey (of course) immediately ordered a recantation to be read, and in due course of time, such is the inconsistency of man in his likes and dislikes, Lord Byron and this "prince of critics" were "hand in glove."

This volume of Captain Medwin's has been so long before the public eye, has been so lacerated both by the friends and enemies of the noble bard, so lampooned and dissected, that, however rich in *trimmings* the Captain's last regulation jacket may be, we query if in quantity it can be compared with what has been bestowed on this very reputable volume.

How the information contained therein has been treasured up by the Captain from the time of Lord Byron's utterance of it, till he wrote it in a

common place book, the Captain does not inform us; whether he did it by means of short hand, or by a strength of memory equal to that of Lyon the Scotch actor, who for a wager learnt the whole of the incongruous contents of a newspaper over night, and repeated it fluently the next morning at rehearsal. Suffice it to say the whole volume bears unequivocal marks from beginning to end of falsehood and inaccuracy—We, however, will be content with *one* example, namely, the transactions with Murray the bookseller, who has published a pamphlet shewing by extracts from Lord Byron's own letters the *reverse* of the picture exhibited in Captain Medwin's volume. Now we will appeal to the reasoning faculties of our readers, and ask them whether it is within the scope of probability, that Lord Byron ever uttered the assertions set down for him by Captain Medwin, or whether it is probable that Lord Byron would voluntarily tell lies which were to answer no visible end, and which he knew the letters in Murray's possession would prove as such. According to every established rule of common sense, we believe not, and we think most of our readers will be of the same opinion.

Time's Telescope for 1825, 12mo. London. Sherwood and Co.

THIS publication, since first it challenged public attention, has gradually increased in its powers of pleasing; it mingles the useful with the agreeable so tastefully, that it is a gift equally acceptable to youth, manhood, and old age.

The volume before us, besides presenting to the view much new information, (of a biographical and historical nature,) abounds in apposite quotations from esteemed authors, together with much that is original and beautiful; and throughout the work is scattered, with no sparing hand, "gems of poesy," some light and imaginative, others clad in the garb of "sober sadness," but placed with such discernment that each forms a contrast to the other.

This year's tome is accompanied by an INTRODUCTION, consisting of "A BRIEF HISTORY OF ENGLISH SACRED POETRY," from the pen of MR. RICHARD RYAN, whose SACRED POEMS we noticed with great commendation in one of our numbers some months back. By the finishing sentence of this "Brief History," we learn that he is at present employed on an extended work of the same nature, as this is a subject that has hitherto escaped the research of the literati, or has been passed over by them for "metal more attractive." We anticipate a most interesting volume, especially as Mr. R. has sufficiently evinced his capability for the task, by the correct taste he has displayed in THE INTRODUCTION alluded to, and in those poems of a religious nature, on which both our own pages and those of several of our contemporaries have bestowed "the meed of praise."

Tales of Irish Life, 2 vols. London.

THE partisans of Ireland shew themselves so strongly attached to her cause, that foreigners cannot be supposed to believe their statements as entirely true, however plausible their arguments may appear. And her enemies, on the other hand, make such a display of acrimony and ridicule, and seem so desirous of tracing every thing horrid in the character of their fellow beings, that to confide in their allegations for even one instant, would absolutely betray either an entire want of common sense, or principle. The "*Tales of Irish Life*" have in no one place that we could observe, shewn their author to be of either of the above classes; the consequence is, that though he informs us of abundance to excite surprise, he does not shock with a relation of those improbabilities and phenomena that have never existed.

These tales are sixteen in number, and embellished with many excellent designs by Cruikshank, which form no small addition to their own intrinsic worth. But the principal feature in their character is, their moral tendency and attraction by novelty: it should, we imagine, be no slight constraint upon the will of any man of taste, to read one tale out of the sixteen without reading all; for while the reader is made to enter, as it were, into the prejudices, notions, and spirit of a people, of whose real character, Englishmen, notwithstanding the proximity of England to Ireland, comparatively speaking, know nothir

he is at the same time entertained with the narration of well known circumstances, wrought into story so happy and so agreeable, as even to gain the good opinion of the lovers of novel writing and romance. How well the tales are also calculated to please and instruct the Irish, the following will, we are convinced, sufficiently testify. The short space to which we are limited, leaves us under the necessity of abridging it considerably.

"His application to a friend in Dublin procured him a situation in the counting-house of an extensive bleacher within twelve miles of Armagh. Flattering as the situation was, he could not but join in the regret which his mother testified that he should go to the North; for the Turks have not a stronger prejudice against the Persians than the catholics of Munster have against the protestants of Ulster: and, in truth, it must be observed, the criminal hatred is reciprocal. Remote causes and the existing difference in religious sentiments have created in the two districts rival parties, who join opposition of opinion to the most malignant animosity. The Orangemen of the North and the Ribbandmen of the South, whatever their partisans may say of either, at least equal one another in hatred, folly, and bigotry.

"Man is the slave of circumstances; and, however unwilling Henry might be to trust himself to the fury of the Orange North, he thought it well to comply with the appointment, flattering himself that his sedulous forbearance from party disputes and religious animosities would secure him from insult; and that, however the Northerns might despise and ridicule his faith, they still would be obliged to respect his forbearance from wilfully giving any offence. His mother took every parental care to fortify the mind of her son against the attacks which she apprehended the proselyting ministers of a condemned creed would make upon his unprotected youth. She also instilled into his breast the most prominent objection to the established Church, at the same time not forgetting to remind him of the essential articles of his own, telling him 'that it availeth a man nothing to gain the whole world and lose his own soul.' Mrs. Fitzgerald, though she had Protestant friends whom she acknowledged to be the best and kindest, was still so far immersed in error that she adhered to the literal meaning of the creed of St. Athanasius, charitably consigning all to the eternity of perdition who did not say their prayers in the same manner as herself. Henry's sister only whispered him not to forget to write frequently, and that she prophesied he would be married to a Protestant wife. Innocent and unsophisticated youth! what a pity that your generous bosoms should ever imbibe the malign prejudice of age, or surrender the purity of benevolence to the icy coldness of bigoted animosity.

"Henry was twenty years of age (one year older than his sister) on the day when he entered into the employment of Mr. M'Arthur, of Ballymony bleach-green. Like the man with jaundiced eyes, who saw every thing yellow, Henry thought he perceived in every countenance, at first, the striking lineaments of an Orangeman, notwithstanding the placid goodness of every face around him was in direct opposition to his observations. Mr. M'Arthur, though a man of business, was not without the cheerful levity of his countrymen; he certainly hated the Pope and Popery, but still he liked a good fellow, and he knew some very good fellows who were Papists; but he never troubled himself with thinking of any other thing than the cheapest and most expeditious way of whitening linen, and the price of it, or he would have discovered that a whole people, however numerous, are composed of individuals who are generally hated because they are not known. He had not been more fortunate in having many children, than he had been in settling most of them happily in his own neighbourhood; for, out of ten, two only remained at home, the other eight being married as respectably as he could wish, and all living within a circle of eight miles. One of those who remained at home was a son, George, who was now able to take care of his father's concerns, thereby affording the old man more leisure to visit his friends, or to entertain them conjointly with his youngest daughter, Eliza, who, though fast approaching that age in which ladies regulate their features for compliments, was as untameable as a mountain deer. In the careful attention which had been paid to Eliza's sisters, though she was not quite forgotten, she was partly neglected. She learned every thing according to her own mode, studied or read what books she pleased, and boasted of being 'a pupil of Nature;' and if a heart the most innocent and generous, and a form the most lovely and perfect, were sufficient to establish her claim, she was worthy of the title. In all she said or did there was neither affectation nor malice; for it was remarked that she never gave displeasure, except in doing something innocently mischievous, her conduct being as far removed from inconsiderate levity as it was devoid of formal prudery. To heal, rather than to wound, she sported her wit; to amuse others, rather than to acquire applause, she promoted hilarity by the fascination of her manners and

charms that could not be resisted. 'Heavens!' exclaimed Henry, still adhering to his rigid principles, 'what a pity she is a Protestant!'

"Hospitality is the characteristic of the Irish: profusion in the South, that banishes economy; economy in the North, with plenty, devoid of profusion. Social meetings in Munster are frequent and extravagant: in Ulster they are also frequent, but never prodigal. The one borders on unostentation, the other on elegance; and both of them arising from the peculiar habits and feelings of the people: those in the South priding themselves on their ancestors, whose improvidence they emulate; whilst those in the North being dependent on trade, wisely refuse to squander in riot that which had been procured by patient industry. M'Arthur's house was frequently the scene of family meetings, in which a polished, though not fashionable, society gave charms to a life that those who never knew how much pleasure every shade of society admits of would consider a monotonous round of money-getting. Here Henry was admitted by that delicate kindness which feels for bashful modesty; and whenever he became embarrassed by any political discussson, which, in mixed companies, is unavoidable, Eliza was sure to extricate him by some ingenious sophism or some good-humoured apology. This generous interference, so unexpected, caused him to examine more closely into the virtues of this pleasing creature, and to doubt the truth of his cherished dogmas respecting salvation. 'Impossible,' he says to himself, 'that one so good and truly amiable should be consigned to unmitigated suffering.'

"The counting-house was frequently undisturbed by the entrance of any one on business in this secluded part of the country: at such times Henry and young M'Arthur were in the habit of relaxing their attention from folios and ledgers, and indulging themselves in conversation. George M'Arthur had been regularly initiated into the Constitutional Society of Orangemen, as it is designated by themselves. Bred to business, his leisure afforded few opportunities for reading; and the little he did read was of that select sort which improved the absurd prejudices which had been infused into his young mind by his companions. Whoever thinks wrong will think, also, inconsistently: George considered a Papist as deficient in courage as he thought him sanguinary and cruel. The histor of Derry he had frequently read in Hume and Leland; the late rebellion and the massacre of 1641 he never could separate from Popish intolerance and inhumanity; yet he never could think but that Irishmen were the most hospitable and brave on the globe; but, when he descended from generals to particulars, he could give his Catholic countrymen no credit for bravery. Against them he instanced Derry, Boyne, and Aughrim, forgetful of Limerick, the Shannon, and Wexford. He dwelt with animated satisfaction on the patient and heroic courage of Walker, but never heard of the conduct of the Catholic Bishop of Clonmel when that town was besieged by Cromwell. He ridiculed the superstition of Catholic idolatry, but was a firm believer in the river ghosts of his own county. With sentiments like these, he expected to see in Henry a kind of Popish monster; nor could he conceal his astonishment when he found him a rational being. To atone for his erroneous suspicions, he made Henry his companion of a Sunday; and when they sometimes indulged themselves a little too late from home, he confessed that Henry was as bold, boisterous, and as good-humoured, as any Orangeman. A few trials convinced him that his companion could be a friend, and a few arguments showed him that a Papist was not quite as absurd as he considered him. Prejudice began to subside; and, like a falling body, the farther it descends, the quicker is the acceleration. In a short time George had very little prejudice at all.

"Eliza, like the fabled fawn, grew bold by degrees. She first visited the office only when her brother was there; but, as she became familiar with Henry, she never looked to see whether he was there or not. Her departure was always preceded by the ink falling on the ledger, the spoiling of the office knife, or the approach of her father; but, when the old man was gone to Armagh or Belfast, office business was frequently suspended. Her brother, though older and very steady, was obliged to join the sport. The young are guilty of indiscretions which fastidious age will condemn, but which venerable wisdom must laugh at. Eliza could dance and sing, and George and Henry were obliged to join her. Moore's Melodies were her favorites; for she was accustomed to say, 'They will teach patriotism and liberality to the women, and the men must learn from the ladies.' Henry in obedience to her mandate was obliged to sing, perhaps at one o'clock in the day, that song beginning with 'Come send round the wine, and leave points of belief,' &c.; the last stanza of which he was obliged to repeat:—

From the heretic girl of my soul shall I fly,
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
No! perish the hearts and the laws that would try
Truth, valour, or love, by a standard like this.

"Subjected thus daily to the presence and awake to the innocent gaiety of

unsophisticated beauty, he conquered his bigotry, and confessed to his own heart that Omnipotent goodness never created her for any happiness less than Heaven!

"Ballymoty was the scene of happy industry for two years, when some speculation made it necessary that George M'Arthur should proceed to New York, as supercargo, with an extensive shipment of linen cloth. Henry was to occupy his confidential situation until his return.—George bade him take care of Eliza, who showed, on his departure, more real fondness than he thought one so volatile was capable of. The vessel sailed from Belfast, and in three days doubled the Land's End; but on the fourth day, an unexpected storm springing up, they were driven far to the westward. At night the wind changed, but the storm continued unabated: at daylight the south islands of Arran were perceptible to the naked eye, and, as they were furiously driven towards Loop Head, the vessel struck. Order was preserved whilst exertion could be useful; but, when the increase of water in the hold showed the near approach of shipwreck, each betook himself to the most expeditious way of saving his life. The boat was overloaded by the sailors—left the ship—and sunk for ever! The few who remained on board, among whom was George, clung to the shrouds and rigging. The grasp of the fingers was stronger than the mind; for the hold continued when they became delirious. From this situation they were rescued by the humanity of some fishermen, who saw the wreck from shore, but in such a state that they knew not of their deliverance. George was taken to the cabin of a poor man, who, like all his countrymen, adhered to the hospitable custom of his forefathers, by keeping a bed for a stranger; for, however distressed, and however unclean from poverty, the Irish peasant may be, a stranger will be sure to find, in almost every cabin, a clean bed and bed-clothes. George continued for several days in a high fever; and the poor woman, to whose care he was intrusted, considering wine an antidote for all diseases, proceeded to Mrs. Fitzgerald, in the hopes of procuring some. The widow, hearing that the stranger's appearance indicated something above the idea of a common sailor, and apprehending injudicious treatment, sent her daughter to see what the unfortunate youth might be in want of; for a physician did not live within twenty miles of Nutgrove. Lucy continued her attendance for several days, during which the intermission of the fever gave George a sight of his guardian, who, when he was able to rise, insisted on his accompanying her to Nutgrove, where better accommodation might facilitate the recovery of his health.

"Lucy was unremitting in her attention; and, as loveliness is never more agreeable than when administering to our comfort, George was deeply in love with his unknown nurse before he was able to inquire to whose kindness he was indebted for his rescue from death. A mutual surprise took place on the discovery that he was in the house of Henry's mother; but, as the generous impulse of youth never descends to calculate consequences, George had sworn to his own heart to marry Miss Fitzgerald, without reflecting on the double opposition of friends and religion. Lucy was the reverse of his sister in manner; accustomed only to the company of her mother, she had all the gravity of age in her address; whilst a thousand Cupids, dancing in her lovely eyes, showed that her heart was not callous to tender impressions. The recovery of George was now rapid; he walked first in the garden, next in the orchard, and then in the avenue, but never would be satisfied unless Lucy accompanied him; although he could not feel the soft pressure of her arm without a sudden thrill through his whole frame. On these occasions he had frequent opportunities of speaking, but he had not courage to confess the passion he felt, notwithstanding his thousand determinations to that effect.

"In answer to a letter which he dispatched to his father, assuring him of his safety, George received one in return, desiring every exertion to save as much of the property as possible, as a particular part of it was not insured. On inquiry of the coast surveyors, he was informed that scarcely any of the wreck was saved; the place being so remote, the country people had carried off all that the tide had wafted on shore. Communicating these gloomy particulars to Mrs. Fitzgerald, she gave him some hopes that all was not lost. The next Sunday she requested him to accompany herself and daughter to the chapel, which he complied with, curious to see a form of worship which he had heard much spoken of. This *house of prayer* was a long thatched edifice, not unlike an Irish barn; and, as George watched the progress of the *Mass*, he could not help remarking how unworthy the building was of such a solemn ceremony, which the Catholic priest performs, whether in St. Peter's at Rome, or in a barn in Ireland. Before the conclusion of Mass, the priest, in his vestments, turned round to the people, and, in a language not above their comprehension, but indicative of the secular, alluded to the recent shipwreck. George was unable to understand all he said, as the priest had spoken much of his address in the Irish language, that all might comprehend him.

"The influence of the Catholic clergy is well known in Ireland: they are al-

ways obeyed when they knew how to exercise their authority. In a few days George was surprised to find nearly the entire of his father's property restored; even so far was the threat of the priest efficient, that some of the linen was returned actually made into shirts! Having arranged all his affairs, he put a letter from his sister into Mrs. Fitzgerald's hand, requesting permission for Miss Fitzgerald to spend a month at Ballymony, that the family there might have an opportunity of expressing their obligation for her kindness to George. This was granted, as Lucy thereby would be able to see her brother.

"The hospitable kindness of the M'Arthurs astonished Lucy, as it did her brother before; for she also thought that the Calvinistic rigidity of the North had congealed every pleasure that springs up among the people. Her interesting appearance and gentle manners soon made her a general favourite in the neighbourhood; invitations were daily given and accepted, none of which Lucy attended without finding George at her side. Eliza soon discovered the secret, and kept one of the lovers blushing at the other—blushes so significant, that each told the secret which neither had courage to own. The old man was now drawing towards his seventieth year, and, to the surprise of all, he fell in love with Lucy himself; but, as he differed in opinion with Southern, the poet, in place of marrying her himself, he requested of his son to do it: for, says the venerable man, 'youth loves beauty, and age loves sense; and here is a combination of both. I approve: do you please yourself.' George consented by expressing his gratitude; but, before he had risen from his humble posture, Eliza addressed her father. 'Sir, would not the qualities you approve in a woman be a great recommendation in a man?' 'Certainly, my dear.' 'Then, Sir, what do you think of Henry as a husband for me?' 'For you, you baggage? sure no sensible man would have you.' 'O yes, Sir; Henry swore, no later than last night, that he would marry me, and no other; and you know how often, when he was not present, you declared him a rock of wisdom.' 'Well, well; says the old man, giving her a kiss, 'you must wait until I see what I can do for you and Henry.'

"In a few days Henry received from his mother a letter with the intelligence of his old aunt being dead, who left him her whole property, amounting to a considerable sum. There being no further impediment, the young people, in due form, were made happy.

"George remained prosecuting his successful industry, and Henry resulted to the South, where he purchased a farm; and, whenever either of them hears any reproaches cast on the sects to which they respectively belong, their disapprobation is expressed by a smile at the silly malice of the accuser; for, say they, Protestants and Catholics only want to be just, and to know one another, to banish for ever the odious distinction which separates them. Woman, the magic being who reconciles us to the world and to ourselves, can invest with almost supernatural loveliness our homes and our lives, whether their disposition be seriously grave or sportively gay, provided they lose step not the modesty of Nature. The wife of George contributed to her husband's happiness by the strictest conjugal love, and Henry's promoted his felicity by enjoying it with him."

The Good Nurse; or, Hints on the Management of the Sick and Lying-in Chamber and the Nursery. London.

HEADS of families, nurses, patients, &c., will, we have no doubt, find this a useful book, and such persons, for the trifling sum of six shillings, ought not to be without so valuable a treasure. The following lines from the preface, will explain more particularly the nature and object of the work.

"This small domestic work is intended to convey the best mode of conducting the sick and lying-in chamber; as nothing is attended with more serious consequences than the want of this necessary information on subjects so materially connected with our happiness."

Ravenna, or Italian Love! a Tragedy, in five Acts. 8vo. Whittaker.

UNTIL this choice production made its appearance, we were not convinced of the possibility of composing the entire five acts of a tragedy in a strain of unbroken mediocrity,—in this respect it certainly stands without any parallel in the history of the ancient or the modern drama; its "brief history" is equally singular, and for the edification of our readers we will insert it. It is the production of an Irish gentleman, (who although not a promising tragedy writer, is nevertheless very highly gifted) and it was offered some seasons ago to Mr. Elliston, by whom it was accepted; but some dispute arising between the votary of Melpomene and the great lessee, the author withdrew his tragedy, made a pass over to the rival theatre, and although an entire stranger

Mr. Kemble, he received from him the most gentlemanly attention, had his tragedy read by him, accepted, and finally produced with as much stage effect as possible, *Young* and *Miss F. H. Kelly* playing the principal characters. No exertions, however, in the histrionic way, could have saved so sickly a bantling from the early grave to which it was destined by every fair rule of criticism, and with this thought the author may console himself, it has gone to the "tomb of the Capulets," to which the imbecile taste of managers have sent hundreds, and to which hundreds are still destined.

What profit a bookseller can expect to reap by a speculation like the present, it would require infinitely more wit than we possess merely to guess at; the play before us is certainly very creditable to the printer and stationer. And this circumstance, perhaps, may introduce it to the drawing-rooms of the great, who will have abundant reason for self congratulation, if they are always furnished with narcotics so harmless, and at the same time so effective.

THE FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE NEWLY IMPORTED ARRAS, (OR TAPESTRY FOR WHICH RAPHAEL D'URBINO DESIGNED HIS CELEBRATED CARTOONS,) AT BULLOCK'S EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY; SOON TO BE REMOVED TO OLD BOND STREET.

ENGLAND has never before been treated with the exhibition of more than *seven* of the Cartoons of Raphael. These seven have long constituted the chief attraction of Hampton Court Palace; engravings of them from the *burins* of Sir Nicholas Dorigny, and of Mr. Holloway and his disciples, beside inferior copies, have been long before the public; and various descriptions of, and critiques on them, have, from time to time, made their appearance in every language of Europe. But the present exhibition contains NINE: and we have great pleasure in welcoming to this metropolis the two new ones; namely, *the Conversion of Saul, and the Martyrdom of St. Stephen.* Their importation gives us fresh occasion to compliment the enterprise and the patriotism of Mr. Bullock: and we shall now proceed to offer a few critical observations on them, to the attention of the reader.

Although the two resuscitated Cartoons are evidently from the mind, and but one remove from the hand—of Raphael himself, they are, upon the whole, inferior to our former seven, more especially that of

THE CONVERSION OF SAUL,

of which we shall first proceed to treat.

Conformably to the scriptural text, the scene is a plain in the vicinity of Damascus, the towers and domes of which ancient city appear in the back ground. The composition consists of two *sublunary* groups of human figures and horses—one on either hand, which are so arranged, as to seem as it were held in equilibrio by a third group appearing in the heaven above. The group on the right-hand side consists of men and horses—startled and affected with a degree of dismay, certainly, but not sufficiently so for the miraculous importance of the occasion. The idea of scattering abroad a travelling party, of whom some are on horseback, and others on foot, is very well expressed by a judicious contrariety of leading lines; but the specific cause of that scattering was surely worthy of more direct and pointed allusion. It is true, there is discrepancy between the scriptural accounts, of which the first (vide Acts ix. v. 6.) says, "The men which journeyed with Saul, stood speechless, *hearing a voice*, but seeing no man;" the second, delivered by St. Paul himself to his congregation at Jerusalem (Acts xxii. v. 9.) says, "They that were with me, *saw indeed the light*, and were afraid; but they *heard not the voice* of him that spake to me;" and the third, uttered when the apostle was defending himself before Agrippa (vide Acts xxvi. verses 13

and 14.) makes St. Paul say, "At mid-day, O King! I saw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me, and them which journeyed with me. And when *we were all fallen to the ground*, I heard a voice speaking unto me," &c. &c.

Of these discrepancies (which shew the singular inadvertence with which the Acts of the Apostles have been collected together,) Raphael, as a religious painter, ought to have availed himself, by adopting for his picture the most miraculous and impressive points of time and of belief; whereas the attendants here,—equally insensible to the supernatural light, and the voice, and the celestial apparition above,—look merely as if the horse of Saul had suddenly reared, thrown his rider, and fled toward the city, which might have happened without any miracle at all. The attention of the company is accordingly divided between their fallen chief and his runaway horse; and, but for the heavenly vision of the Saviour, nothing more than the by no means wonderful occurrence of a startled horse and dismounted officer, would be depicted.

Hence, this nearer group appears too restrictedly under the influence of that ordinary state of alarm which would have prevailed, had the Captain of their band simply been thrown from his horse, and had no miraculous vision appeared above. The nearest figure, a javelin-bearer on foot, is hastening toward the fallen persecutor, while a helmetted soldier, who sits on horseback immediately beyond, is speaking: his voice, however, appears to have no reference to the passing miracle, but to be directed to those foot soldiers, who, at some little distance, are endeavouring to catch the frightened horse which the man of Tarsus has bestridden.

Of the fallen Saint himself—or sinner rather—we cannot say much in praise. He lies in a supine posture, and near him a sheathed Roman sword, with a superabundant length of belt, and a bright red scabbard; and is one of the worst we have met with of Raphael's *principal* figures. In fact, he is by far too much like a tragedian on the stage, who having received his death-wound, is raising himself to say a few words previous to his final exit; and,—which is still less worthy of the genius of Raphael,—these few words are not "Who art thou, Lord?" addressed to the apparition above, but, still more theatrical, are addressed, as it were, to the audience—unto his attendants at best, for toward them his open eye, which should have been closed, is directed.

As Brussels, where the present tapestries were worked, is so near to the native city of Rubens, there is little doubt but that he had seen them,* or the original Cartoons, and, in his *chef d'œuvre* of Saul's Conversion, that the avoidance of those palpable defects of Raphael, which we have endeavoured to point out, may have helped to invigorate that superlative composition, of which we shall presently say a few words.—Nevertheless, there is one passage of Raphael's picture, in which he has far transcended the painter of Antwerp, and secured to himself the epithet which his admirers have been fain to bestow on him of *Sanzio* (or *the Divine*,) and that is, the group consisting of the Saviour in the clouds, attended by infant cherubs of the heavenly host. This group has altogether a religious, awful, and supernal aspect and character; and shews that Raphael had presumed "unto the heaven of heavens, and drawn empyreal air," where the imagination of Rubens raised him no higher than would enable him to paint a vindictive heathen deity, as if launching thunder from Olympus.

The Jesus Christ of Raphael is reprehending the past errors of Saul, with a countenance in which divine benignity tempers the necessary reproach, and strikes the self-convicted sinner to the heart. He does not threaten, but questions, where the soul of the proselyte must pronounce its own condemnation and repentance.

* We shall presently have to tell that Rubens purchased the seven cartoons now at Hampton-court for King Charles I.—the remainder having been destroyed. He therefore may have seen only the arras copy of the Conversion of Saul: at this was seeing the *design*.

In short, Raphael, in this divine passage, has redeemed the present Cartoon, together with his own character as a painter of scriptural subjects; has risen "to the height of his great argument; asserted eternal Providence, "And justified the ways of God to man."

The comparison which we may here appear to have instituted between two great painters, employing their talents on the same subject, might scarcely be thought fair (considering the advantage possessed by Rubens of studying the works of Raphael,) but for the sake of an efficient appeal to the public taste, with a view to its improvement. And we must now in justice turn the tables, making due allowance for the different ages in which these great masters lived, and must grant that Rubens, whose picture of the Conversion of Saul (well known, however, by Bolswert's capital engraving) is, we believe, now in this country—has, in all terrestrial respects, kept much closer than Raphael to the scriptural text, as well as to the end and aim of historical painting. The broad and bright light proceeding from above gives an effect at once imposing, and poetically proper, to his *chiaroscuro*. It proclaims a supernatural occasion; and the amazement of the attendants, and terror of some of them, is in full harmony with the helpless lassitude of figure, the pallid hue, and the astounded expression of Saul the persecutor, now blinded and smitten to the earth: the very moment of his conversion is ably and wisely marked. Recovery from the sudden shock faintly dawns over his countenance, and as he begins to feel the glowing sentiment of inward grace, he faintly utters, in reply to the celestial interrogation, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?"—"Who art thou, Lord?"

But he who intends to visit the present exhibition of the arras copies of Raphael's Cartoons, which all connoisseurs *should* visit, must prepare himself to make no inconsiderable allowance for wear and fading. There can exist no doubt that the original brightness of the colours, and the effect, of the Conversion of Saul, are very much abated; and that far better drawing, and a very superior feeling of the truth of nature, with regard to the articulations of the joints and muscles, and of those niceties upon which the human countenance is dependant for its accuracy of character and expression, were to be seen in the originals than in these copies. In fact, little more of Raphael than his *design* is remaining in the two new subjects: some of the old ones are in a better state of preservation.

Speaking of the subject immediately before our notice, in the aggregate, it looks *as if* Raphael had composed it in the School of Pietro Perugino, or soon after leaving that school, and had quoted or adopted the deity in the clouds, from Michael Angelo.

THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. STEPHEN.

The Stoning of St. Stephen is, in dimensions, the smallest of the nine cartoons, but is far more worthy of the name and of the highest reputation of Raphael, than is the Conversion of St. Paul. The scene is laid in a wild, unfrequented spot in the outskirts of Jerusalem; where the ground is partially bestrewed with stones, and much over-run with weeds, which are painted (as was much the custom with this great master) with considerable care. Beyond the immediate scene of action, is a grove, with a river flowing from beneath its dark umbrage. The holy vision of the Deity and his Son in a state of beatitude, which the Scripture mentions as having been seen by the expiring protomartyr, bursts from above this dark grove, at the upper left-hand corner of the picture; a few turrets of buildings, denoting the vicinity of a city, intervene between the trees and those distant mountains which bound the prospect.

At the lower right-hand corner sits the future Apostle Paul, at whose feet were deposited the clothes of the witnesses. The suffering Saint is near him, and not far from the middle of the picture. And the rest of the composition consists of the infatuated and murderous group who are employed in the Stoning of Stephen; which is so contrived, as to lead the imagination of the spectator to infer that others engaged in the same work of destruction, may be beyond these, and beyond the boundary of the picture on the left-hand.

The group thus employed consists of six figures of different ages, and otherwise diversified by their attitudes and the colours of their draperies.

One, an elderly man of sinewy frame, near the fore-ground, is stooping for a stone; others are hurling, and preparing to hurl them; but all are eager—obdurate—brutal. True to the text, and to the cant of blasphemy, they "run upon him with one accord," and he who is most advanced, seems about to brain the holy man with a large and upraised stone. If the passion of hatred be ever to be indulged, it must be surely against such barbarians as are here before us; nor can we reflect with much less than detestation on a civil and religious code which deliberately ordained the dreadful punishment of *stoning to death!* against women for the most natural of frailties: and men who boldly advocated their own philosophical opinions, or those religious opinions which are always an affair between the creature and his Creator. With how great pleasure may be recollected here, the benevolent and merciful reprehension of Jesus Christ, 'Let him that is without sin cast the '*first* stone.' The attitude, character and expression of the holy Martyr himself, who is here beaten down upon his knees, is at once fervid and resigned to his sufferings. A halo of glory or of inspiration (now much tarnished* by time) encircles his head, and the artist's expression of his confident reliance on the beatific vision above, is much to be praised: he is "full of the Holy Ghost; looking up stedfastly into heaven; calling upon God; and saying, Lord Jesus receive my Spirit," in the full anticipation of immortal bliss.

The heavenly vision—consisting of God the Father (represented as a venerable old man,) God the Son, and a group of three Angels—had perhaps better not have been painted, but only indicated by a radiant light proceeding from something unseen above the limits of the picture: but to those who may think so, the recollection of the age in which Raphael lived, and of the practice of painters in that age, will probably form some apology for him.

The youth Saul, at whose feet the witnesses have laid down their clothes, has a most vulgar and unfeeling countenance, such as might well be supposed to belong to a persecutor of the infant faith. Nothing less than a miracle could convert a heart so hard as this face belongs to, we are sure: and his action corresponds, for he seems about to clap his hands exultingly at the sufferings of the Saint; than which we can conceive nothing more worthy of reprobation, or more characteristic of Saul at this youthful period of his life, for we find him soon after "making havoc of the church; entering into every house; hauling men and women to prison; and breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord."

In contemplating this work, the spectator should not omit to bear in mind that it is a tapestry copy only which he beholds; and much allowance must be made for the evanescency of some of the colouring substances, and the wear and tear of the material, in the course of the three centuries which have passed over the work. The flesh-tints have faded; and the copperas and other minerals employed in the dyes, have partially preyed on the texture of the arras. But, since the original cartoon is believed no longer to exist, let us approach, and let us leave, this venerable relic, with something of a pilgrim's† feeling, as well as the resuscitated pleasure and assurance of an artist.

To many of our readers the following brief history of works so highly and justly celebrated as Raphael's Cartoons, may not be unacceptable.

Pope Leo the Tenth wishing to adorn the pontifical apartments of the Vatican in the most splendid style possible, ordered Raffaello Sanzio di Urbino, then in the service of his Holiness, to design the Acts of the Apostles, for the purpose of having

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* From being thus tarnished, the upper part of St. Stephen's head is liable to be misconstrued at a distance. On a near approach, the spectator will perceive that the upper part of his cranium is hidden behind this faded glory.

† The pilgrim who journeys all day,
To visit some far distant shrine;
Can he bear but a relic away,
Is happy—nor heard to repine.

the same copied in tapestry, and which Raphael accordingly executed upon thick paper, or pasteboard, called, in Italian, *Cartoni*, and from which our word Cartoon seems to be derived. The subjects designed by Raphael, are the following:

1. The preaching of St. Paul and St. Barnabas, at Lystra.
2. St. Peter curing the lame man at the gate of the Temple.
3. St. Paul and Elymas the sorcerer, before Sergius Paulus.
4. Christ delivering the Keys to St. Peter.
5. St. Peter punishing the perjury of Ananias.
6. St. Paul preaching at Athens.
7. The Miraculous draught of fishes.
8. The Conversion of St. Paul.
9. The Stoning of St. Stephen.—

And one more of doubtful authenticity, of which Mr. Prince Hoare possesses some of the fragments.

As soon as these Cartoons were finished, they were sent to Brussels, and the best workmen employed in the manufactory of the tapestry, of which two sets only were made of the first class, interwoven with an admixture of gold and silver, and which cost 60,000 dollars.

After the tapestry had been made, the Cartoons remained neglected in the storerooms of the manufactory at Brussels, and the revolution that happened soon after in the Low Countries, prevented their being noticed during a period in which works of art were wholly neglected; however, seven of them escaped the wreck of the others, (of which some fragments remain in different collections,) and were purchased by Rubens for Charles I. of England, but they had been much injured by the weavers, and, besides, cut in pieces, for the purpose of facilitating the manufactory of the tapestry. In this state they were brought over to England, and it was owing to this circumstance, that they escaped being sold in 1649, at the sale of the Royal Collection, although valued at only 300l. and that they continued unnoticed till the reign of King William III., who ordered the pieces to be put together, and afterwards properly restored; and then appropriated a gallery at Hampton Court, for the purpose of receiving them. After having suffered much from the damps of the situation in which they were placed, they were removed by order of his late Majesty George III., to the Queen's Palace, at Buckingham House, and from thence to Windsor. About thirty years since, they were returned to Hampton Court, where they are open to the public inspection.

These Cartoons are justly represented as the glory of England, and the envy of all other polite nations; and are acknowledged to be the master-pieces of Raphael. His late Majesty is, therefore, entitled to a tribute of respect and applause for his care in preserving these precious remains.

The two sets of tapestries made after the Cartoons, were disposed of as follows:—the one was sent to Rome, and the other to London. The first was hung up in the apartments of the Vatican, and was only exposed to public view on the day of the great feast of Corpus Christi: but in the year 1798, when the French army entered Rome, it disappeared from the Vatican, and some time afterwards it was discovered in the hands of a Jew, in Paris, who had already partly burnt two of the pieces, for the purpose of extracting the gold and silver contained in the texture; fortunately, however, the circumstance became known, and they were rescued from the flames by the late Pope, who ordered the same to be purchased and conveyed back to Rome, where they again occupy their former station in the Vatican.

The other set, which was sent to London, and is the one now exhibited, was a present made by Pope Leo X. to Henry VIII., and hung up by that monarch in the Banquetting House, at Whitehall. Another account, however, says, that Henry VIII. purchased the same of the State of Venice—this is reported by Peachum, in his "Complete Gentleman," printed in 1662, p. 137, as follows:—

"The fame of Raffaello di Urbino, at this time, (1518,) was so great, that he was sought for and employed by the greatest princes of Europe. Those stately hangings of Arras, containing the History of St. Paul, out of the Acts of the Apostles, than which eye never beheld more absolute art, and which long since you might have seen in the Banquetting House, at Whitehall, were wholly his invention, bought (if I be not deceived,) by King Henry VIII. of the State of Venice."

It, however, appears certain that this tapestry came over to this country

in the reign of Henry VIII., and from him it descended through Edward VI., Mary, Elizabeth, and James, to Charles I., and after the tragical death of this monarch, it formed part of the Royal Collection put up for sale, and purchased with many other valuable articles and paintings by the Spanish Ambassador, in London, (Dr. Alonso de Cardanas,) and by him sent to Spain, to the Marquis del Carpio; and this nobleman having died in the year 1662, and his estates, title, &c., having devolved to the House of Alva, the tapestry was, of course, inherited by the Dukes of that name, and continued in their possession until sold by the present Duke to an English gentleman, who sent them back to this country.

It has already been noticed that only seven out of nine Cartoons were purchased at Brussels, by Rubens; the two others having been destroyed.

These two represented the death of St. Stephen, and the Conversion of St. Paul, which (with, perhaps, the doubtful Cartoon of Mr. Prince Hoare,) completed the original set, as designed by Raphael, for the sole and only purpose of having the same transferred to the Tapestry now exhibited.

CATALOGUES OF BRITISH GALLERIES OF PAINTING AND SCULPTURE, BY C. M. WESTMACOTT.

We regret to find that the author, or compiler of these Catalogues, which he would have us term "General, Historical, and Critical," is still so uncritical, and so unreasonable, as to suppose, or so uncandid as to affect to suppose, that we could, and would, insert and reply to his eight pages of various matter, without exercising such analytical powers as we may happen to possess. It seems he would have had us treat the whole without any sort of regard to economy, and the comfort and convenience of our readers, as if it contained but a single and simple proposition, or but a short concatenation of reasoning. That is the sum, substance, and object of Mr. C. M. Westmacott's letter of Nov. 26th, printed among the editorial notices of our last number. But our duty is toward the public, and we shall continue to perform it with the same fearless sincerity which dictated that review of this person's catalogue, which appears to be so little to his own wishes.

Other readers will know that by our procedure, time and attention is economised; that, had we printed Mr. W.'s eight long pages, without such intermixture of our own observations as he would deprecate, we must afterwards have repeated his propositions, which are by no means consecutive, singly: for they must be considered one by one, if *considered* at all. We presume to think, that no writer who did not hope to obtain some insidious advantage by throwing dust in the eyes of his reader, or a wet blanket on the tablet of his memory, would, upon such an occasion, stand forward and deny this. But Mr. W. seems always to fancy himself in a predicament to dictate his own terms, and to imagine that his own *ipse dixit* is sufficient argument, even when preferring a request.

Besides, the *drollery* of a controversy of this kind, is entirely lost, by obliging the reader's memory to drag a lengthening chain through eight such pages, and then to hear them repeated in separate sentences; and the less Mr. W. considers this, the more it becomes our business to consider it; and this drollery really should have some weight with a professed "*Merry* old bachelor," as far more according with his own avowed sentiments, than the having to assist our readers with re-statements and repetitions at every turn. In short, that which we have adopted, seems to be the fairer and wiser mode of proceeding for those who have no insidious advantage in view, and will, we believe, only be affected to be thought "unfair," by one who does hope and look for advantage from the reader's lapse, or fatigue of memory, and from the pointlessness of protracted discussion on a dull subject.

But our constant endeavour is, to be *useful* to the public; and since Mr. C. M. W. as he developes himself, turns out to be no useless person, when regarded as a specimen or example of a certain class of would-be public writers, we do, and shall make such occasional use of him, as we

night of a Dutch clock—that is to say, wind him up, pull his weights; let him run down; and make him, where his cuckoo notes can be heard, assist, if not in telling time, in enforcing some other species of truth. That aim and intention, which we here avow, of rendering him instrumental to a public purpose, will form some present apology to our readers for returning to a subject, which in every other view is to little worthy of their attention. But let not Mr. C. M. W., or any one else, imagine that we mean to decline, or refuse to return his invaluable MS. When we have done with it, it shall be very much at his service; but if the demand or request be made, while we are busied with it, (and it may happen to be made because we are known, or supposed to be busied with it,) the answer of course is, that we cannot at present spare it.

And now, a little more of Mr. C. M. W.'s precious Salmagundi shall be served up. The reader will immediately perceive that, as the Catalogue maker here sets forth with a proposition of the most general nature, we do not seek to garble or disconnect his meaning: in truth, what disconnection there is, is entirely in our own disfavour, as will presently appear.

"Truth needs no ornament, and all she borrows from the pencil is deformity!" [Of these two averments, some readers, and especially should any painters be among them, will be surprised at the latter; but let that pass.] "I shall not attempt to exhaust the patience of your reader, or—THAT OF YOUR OWN." [Laugh grammatical reader if you please; but don't interrupt us. Let it be in your sleeve.]—"I shall not attempt to exhaust the patience of your readers, or that of your own, with conjectures on the *motives* which may have *influenced* the ancient critic in his attack on me, although I could" [Think only, gentle reader, of what this redoubtable champion *could* do.] "hazard a few *potent reasons* for his gratuitous abuse, but proceed at once to meet and REFUTE his objections: with only one more prefatory remark, ere next he indulges in the *offensive vulgarities* of puppyism, &c., let him reflect, he may with a more irritable author, meet a castigation better suited to his merits."

The reader will do us the justice to recollect here, that this disclaiming on the score of motives, is immediately after *imputing* (though without thinking it necessary to *attempt* to prove,) the wickedest of motives to his reviewer; such as *dishonesty, mischievousness*, &c. &c. for which see pp. 460-1, in our last number; and *enmity* and *hatred*, for which, see below.

"Puppyism."—Though a mere spurt of the pen, as any person may see, who takes the trouble to turn back to our number for September,—is the single word of our critique for which we feel any, the slightest, regret: and this slight regret, we are led to acknowledge, because our notions of rectitude of conduct upon these occasions, are as opposite as possible to those of our adversary. His principle is to hoot forth ill names, at those who have not pleased him, such as "cynic," "imbecile," "castigated," "crude," "ignorant," "mischievous," "gross," and "dishonest," *without proving*, or attempting to prove, that such words are applicable or relevant. Our principle, on the other hand, is, without *using low words*, to shew how very low are the deserts of those who strip themselves, and exhibit their sores so indecorously as Mr. C. M. Westmacott:—who proceeds with his unfounded personalties, by the help of another quotation, as follows:

"If thou dispraise a man, let no man know
By any circumstance, that he's thy FOE,
If men but once find that, they'll quickly see
Thy words from HATRED, not from *judgment* be:
If thou wouldst tell his vice; do what you can
To make the world believe you love the man."

In this case, "the Man" is of too little concern to be either loved or hated; and we repeat, was, and is entirely unknown to us but from his exhibitions of himself. The above insinuation, of pre-conceived enmity, is, therefore, as unfounded as it is base: And as to "his vice," unless Mr. C. M. W. means his own vile, fulsome, ungrammatical, and contemptible flatteries, who has said any thing about his vice? or pretended to "love the man?"—But, he says, (quoting our own honest commendation of his work, which is the very best we could in duty afford him,)

"Now to the proof."—This octavo volume (says the Critic,) of 240 pages,

being of portable dimensions, will prove a useful pocket companion to such visitors of the Metropolitan collections, as may desire information concerning the *names of artists, and the subjects of their several works*, with which those collections are adorned."

And what is Mr. C. M. W.'s reflection here? In that blind bitterness of his disappointment, which would seem to compel us to destroy, where we wished only to have, warned, he writes—

"How well the old Cynic understands his trade! with feigned praise to damn."

Does the reader perceive any feigned praise in the above quotation? Or any *praise* at all? Or any thing more than a simple commendation, of our adversary's Catalogue, in as far as we found it to be commendable? We have assumed above, that disappointed vanity has blinded our bachelor. Could he have had his mental eyes open when he continued to think, and write, or when he wrote without thinking, as follows?—The reader will easily connect this passage with the word "damn."

"What more than is here acknowledged could any *reasonable critic* have expected from a '*poor* catalogue maker,' —*Poverty* is, I suppose, a crime with this ARISTOCRAT of the Arts."

We have fancied—though we cannot prove—it to be worth while to set Mr. C. M. W. right here, by informing him that the phrase *poor catalogue* maker, has no reference whatever to his politics or his purse, but simply means—a maker of poor catalogues; and that a catalogue, although it may contain the names of certain artists concerned, and a mention of the subjects of their several works, may nevertheless be but a *poor* catalogue, when its actual state is compared with its own lofty and false pretensions. Poverty that seeks to array itself in the shreds and patches of opulence, or in the tinsel of any species of falsehood or flattery, appears but the poorer from the effort, such from the opening through of its dear rags: and a catalogue which, in ill-assorted words, pompously announces itself as being "*general, historical, and critical*," without being so, is therefore but a poor catalogue. However, not to weary our readers with over-seriousness upon a trivial occasion, suppose we here change our tone for a moment. What Mr. Westmacott expected, or may still hope for from us, in the way of reviewing or of amending our review, it is impossible for us to be certain of; but perhaps he can easily get the following inserted in the ——. As nearly as our surmises will carry us, it seems to be what he wished for; and if it will quiet or console him, it is much at his service.

We congratulate the present age on the appearance of this General, Historical, and Critical Catalogue of the British Galleries of Painting and Sculpture, from the tasteful and learned pen of the accomplished Mr. C. M. Westmacott. O how generally historical, and universally critical, it is! And as the King; and the Duke of Wellington; and the Marquis of Stafford, are honoured and lauded in it—how could any Reviewer possibly be so stupid as to suppose it to be the work of some over-weening and mistaken youth, unconscious as a humming-top, spun among skittles, of the mischief he may do—who has the misfortune to think that success, in his present pursuit, is to be accomplished by large promises and huge pretensions, supported by unblushing assurance and fulsome adulation?" Is there no lauded lover of incense who will resent this indignity? and who stands near enough to the throne to intimate that

Sir West-macott, and Sir Walter Scott,
Might rank and rhyme together!—Why not?

ROYAL ACADEMY LECTURES.

ON Monday evening, the 13th inst. Sir Anthony Carlisle concluded his course of Academical Lectures on the external anatomy of the human figure as connected with the arts of Painting, Sculpture, and Engraving; and concluded also his career as Professor of Anatomy at the London Royal Academy of Arts, by recommending the election of a *younger* professor, and declaring his intention to resign, in consequence of wishing to devote his time and experience more entirely than he had hitherto devoted them, to the calls of suffering humanity, "and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to."

Several years ago, Sir Anthony

waste a paper. Or two—we forgot whether they bore his name, or his initials, or were only generally understood to be from his pen—in Prince Hoare's "Artist," of which the ostensible purpose was, to shew how little the author deemed anatomy to be essential to the education of an artist. This was before he succeeded to the professorship; nor has he performed the duties of that office in a manner that implies much alteration of this his more youthful opinion, though certainly with educated address. But he introduced a novel feature, which, in some degree, served to relieve the native routine dryness of his subject, and the uniform ceremony of his manner; and to make his annual course go off like those plays which depend for their *eclat* upon a good concluding scene. Hence, he constantly closed the season with practical displays of active strength exhibited by living subjects, which gave the students, and his auditory in general, for that night, something of the advantage which the Greek artists of old derived from witnessing the naked displays of muscular action at Olympia.

On those final evenings of the successive seasons, either Captain Clias, the Swiss professor of Gymnastics, stripped, and shewed his interesting feats and attitudes; or the Indian, or the Chinese jugglers, went through their in the same state of nudity; or a few well-formed figures, selected from the Life Guards, performed their warlike exercises, bloodless and shirtless, yet with a military and sculpturesque grace and grandeur for which a red coat is but a poor substitute. These concluding lectures, from their displays of naked activity, were always interesting, and always crowded; and with such a display of agility, and rapidly-changing attitudes, did Sir Anthony Carlisle close his last discourse; recommending, as we have said, the choice of a younger professor, to the executive government of the Royal Academy.

Sir Anthony appears to have been candid and sincere in this recommendation; to have rested it on the future well-being of the Institution; and not to have had any individual anatomical professor in view, whom he might wish should succeed him. Or, if he had, it was probably Mr. Charles Bell, a younger man than himself, and one who has shewn himself peculiarly and pre-eminently qualified for performing the duties of the Professorship of Anatomy to an Academy of Arts. First, by his learned work on the Anatomy of Expression. Second, by his able Lectures on that subject delivered at Dr. Hunter's Theatre; and, Third, by his Academical power of handling the pencil, as well as the scalpel. If, therefore, Mr. C. Bell should become a candidate, we cannot do less than offer our hearty good wishes for his succeeding to the appointment. We have pleasure in hearing (by report) that the Professor Fuseli, coincides with these wishes of ours. Such approbation should go far, not only toward inducing Mr. Bell to offer, but toward insuring his success, in case he should.

THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

Never since the revival of letters in this country, has any art or science fallen so low in public estimation, as the noble art of criticism within these few years past. The man of good sense and taste "stands staring and astound;" he believes to see all the clerks and shop-boys in the kingdom converted into magazine writers and reviewers, and trembles lest those who had been his guide for so long through the literary world, should now, by some means or other, be confounded with these of the infatuated body. The prime and fatal consequence of all this is, that there are works, at present, issued on the public as genuine, that do not, in fact, evince one particle of native genius, and from whose authors, it may be well foreseen, nothing praiseworthy shall ever be produced; while there are, on the contrary, those whose writings do evince merit, but who, notwithstanding, either from the corrupt taste, or the base principles of reviewers, remain in almost utter silence. That works, whose excellence entitles them to notoriety, should remain unnoticed by reviewers of corrupt taste, is, we are convinced, not the least matter of wonder. But our readers may really think we exaggerate when we would have it to be understood, that there are in being literary men who can be-

tray such a want of common honesty and justice to literature, and the public at large, as to pass over works of excellence in silence, while aware of their existence and their merits, and take notice, at the same time, of performances of which they can entertain no good opinion. Yes, this is a crime so very way low and illiberal in itself, and foreign to the conception of all breasts endowed with the least spark of manly feeling or principle, that, without advancing proofs of the most indelible source, it cannot be supposed, that those very persons are the perpetrators of it who should be, of all others in the world, the first to sanction its condemnation. But it does exist with those very persons—the would-be guardians of literature! Of this we are as convinced as that day is lightsome, and that night brings darkness; but, from the cunning of critics, to keep this horrid trait of their character as much as they possibly can out of view, and, on the other hand, from the seeming improbability that such a want of principle may be found with any one not publicly villainous, it is but seldom that society at large may be satisfactorily convinced of its existence in this quarter. Hence it is never but where the greatest want of foresight is combined with the transgression, that a critic will commit himself so glaringly as the Editor of the London Magazine did last month. The culprit, who acknowledges all at the awful moment of his exit out of this world, cannot leave us more satisfied with a sense of his guilt, than this ingenious personage has unwittingly done. He is reviewing a poem entitled "The Errors of Ecstasie," and says—

> "We could mention several poems which our readers would hear of for the first time, though the writers of them, in the world where they shall come to light, will not be degraded to the level of some who are popular now." (p. 571.)

This is an Editor with a vengeance! But what sort of poems does he review? The very *greatest of the greatest*, it will be supposed, since he does not condescend to notice those which are, even in his own opinion, superior to poems *now popular!*—nay more—that the writers of them, in the world where they shall come to light, will not be degraded to *that level!* But, hear his character of the "Errors of Ecstasie," that which has led to his detection, the most dainty poems to him that have ever rewarded

> "We fear that the work we are noticing is of the order of books which see no second edition." (p. 571.)

Then are poems of this class to be taken notice of, while those that are superior even to works *now popular*, remain unobserved! The grand and principal object of every periodical should be, to draw the attention of the public to the observance of all works of merit immediately after their first appearance, and to pass over those in silence, which, from their demerits, are not likely to see a second edition. Indeed, this forms such a leading feature in what ought to be the conduct of every periodical, that all its other ends combined together, would compose a whole, but merely secondary, if compared to this primary one. Hence it may be safely alleged, that the works of this class whose conduct is entirely the reverse of what is here expected of them, are, in every sense of the expression, perfect nuisances on the public and the press; and, in place of acting as guardians in the literary world, are the greatest barriers which it is possible for them to be, to the progress of genius and literature. That the Editor of the London Magazine has unwittingly shown that the work, which he has the *honour* of conducting, is of the above class, cannot be doubted for one instant by the most incredulous reader of this article. We sincerely regret that we have not the titles of those poems which he has never laid before his readers, notwithstanding all the great merits he allows them to possess. If he have one particle of good nature or candour left, he will favour us with a catalogue of them immediately, that we may, in the first sheets of our next number, do their unfortunate authors all that justice which he has denied them. Perhaps there are two or three among them which have never yet fallen under our inspection, and that may not be wholly unworthy the character he allows them.

Since having written the above, a line in the prospectus of the same number of the London Magazine has caught our notice, which did we not here find a place for, it might be lawfully said, that the most palpable hoax which

over your Magazine had recourse to, for the sole purpose of raising itself high in public opinion, and exempt it from observation. "Before we give insertion to this line, it is not unnecessary to observe, that the price of each number of the London Magazine is at present 2s. 6d. The line is—'Each number will in future be charged 3s. 6d.!!!' You start, gentle readers, but it is actually the case.—The London Magazine, that avowed enemy to the promotion of genius and literature, has the audaciousness to raise this extravagant claim on an enlightened and scarcely too generous public. This is the very acme of absurdity and presumption itself, and to say one word more, for the end of impressing the character we have drawn, and that character cannot be engraven on the plainest understanding, would seem as though we actually supposed our readers not to be in the sound possession of their own intellects—we have done.

THE DRAMA.

THAT glorious mass of German absurdity entitled "Der Freyschütz," still continues to be played at both our national theatres, to the annoyance of every person possessed of a love for the legitimate drama. We have of late years been deluged with horrors in the dramatic way, which, owing to admirable acting, highly finished dancing, and music, captivating and imposing, have met with receptions infinitely beyond what their flimsy merits entitled them to. "Der Freyschütz," however, is the climax, or we should say, is intended to be the climax of these terrifying dramas. "The force of folly can no further go," to present an audience with an owl with red eyes, and a demon with red spectacles, *must* be the height to which these edifying dramatists can soar; it is an apex on which we think none of them can place aught higher, and certainly that exhaustless love of the marvellous, so well known to be possessed by John Bull, has richly repaid them for their praiseworthy attempt. The music that is scattered through "Der Freyschütz," adorns it pretty much in the same way that pearls would a dunghill. We regret that such sublime compositions as Weber's, should be thrown away in endeavouring to render such consummate trash captivating.

While we are thus treating of melodious operas and sweet sounds, we think it will be in very good taste to inform our readers, that the last novelty our friend Elliston treated the town with, was a farce, entitled "My Uncle Gabriel," which, as it was wholly destitute of wit, novelty, and probability, was almost the most successful attempt at the bathos, as any unfortunate critic ever witnessed. The piece, however, owing to Harley's admirable acting went off exceedingly well. This, however, was not the only treat with which we were favoured; for prior to this edifying display, a Mr. Downe, who was brought up from Yorkshire, played Sir Peter Teazle, and we suppose, by way of shewing him as

"A star in the darkest night,"

the characters were so *discreetly cast*, as to render the whole play (with the exception of the ladies,) about as effective as it usually is when played at one of those sweet seminaries, a private theatre. Of Mr. Downe's qualifications for the task, little could be conjectured, he appeared suffering from cold and hoarseness, and made an apology. He has since returned to "Country Quarters."

At Covent Garden Theatre, a somewhat purer taste has been exhibited; a comedy of Rowley's has been revived, entitled "A Woman never Vext, or the Widow of Cornhill;" it is filled with those peculiarities and inconsistencies so prevalent in the dramas composed at the period when Rowley flourished; it was very judiciously cast, and altogether was decidedly an effective performance. Young was seen to peculiar advantage, and *Miss Chester* as the Widow, elicited much admiration; *Keeley* too had a character which he rendered very prominent. The applause with which this revival has been received, and the crowded audiences which have attended its frequent repetition, will, we hope, induce the managers to think of reviving other comedies as stirling as the one in question.

The beauties of the ancient dramatists are scattered profusely throughout their works, that none but one possessed of the "very soul of dullness" can help perceiving them; they are the fields from which the moderns have reaped plentiful harvests—the acknowledgments of these gentry, it may be suspected, have not been quite so regular as their visits. Ben Jonson, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, and their contemporaries, present to a manager, a rich store to select from, we trust they will avail themselves of it, and hail the revival in question as a favourable omen.

There have been no novelties in the farce way at this house. Clari and Charles the Second's Merry Days, seem to be played alternately, both of which are translations by the ingenious Mr. Howard Payne, an old established caterer in this way, and who has on the whole been very successful; though we are free to confess the obligations that he is under in most of his pieces to actors and actresses are immense.

There is a report of a new comedy, from the pen of a friend of Lord Glengall, being in progress at this establishment; this is rather a reviving circumstance, as the taste of the noble Lord in the histrionic was very well known, and deservedly appreciated.

VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

PURSUANT to a royal ordinance, the French chambers were to be opened with the accustomed forms, on the 22nd of December; and, from the circumstance of its being their first session at the commencement of a new reign, the curiosity of the people seems to have been greatly excited upon the occasion. The approaching coronation occupies also a considerable portion of the attention of the Parisians. One remarkable order has recently been issued by the French government, according to which every general officer who may have attained the age of fifty, is to be placed on the retired or superannuated list. This, it is evident, is a mere political manœuvre—perhaps a *wise*, perhaps an *unwise*, stroke of policy—by which most of the veteran officers of the Revolutionary, Consular, and Imperial times, will be removed from the sphere of action, and placed *hors de combat*, as it were, in the event of any sinister movement in the state. Thus Groneby, Vandamme, Drouot, Thiebaut, &c. are no longer objects of apprehension.—By a new ordinance, the term for voluntary enlistment into the army is now limited to two and four years.

The departure of the French troops from Madrid commenced on the 23d of November; and, by the first of December, only one brigade and a Swiss regiment remained. On the 23d the garrison was to be wholly evacuated. After all, as was suspected by many, the departure of these troops from Spain is merely nominal; only a fraction of the Army of Occupation is to be actually withdrawn; and moreover a French *corps d'armée* is to be maintained at Vittoria. Indeed, we could never comprehend how Ferdinand VII. could suffer himself to be thrown upon the mercy of his own people, if he possessed any possible means of retaining the presence of the French forces. The King of Spain, it appears, has been seriously ill of the gout, from which, however, happily or unhappily, he has quite recovered. In his unfortunate and convulsed dominions, a system of terror and of blood seems to be in full activity.

The King of Prussia has ventured upon what, in Germany, is termed a left-handed marriage, by uniting himself with a lady of comparatively humble rank. This, we believe, is his Majesty's third entrance into the conjugal state. We are not aware that the change is likely to produce any political effect.

A recent event in the Government of Sweden has excited great interest, and no small portion of anxiety in that country. His Royal Highness, the Crown Prince, has been suddenly removed from his high office of Viceroy of Norway. Secret motives for this removal have been conjectured to exist; but the only ostensible cause assigned, is, that the King wishes to give to the Prince Royal, his son, an opportunity of acquiring, by his vari-

dence at Stockholm, a more profound knowledge of the affairs of the kingdoms of Sweden and Norway. Great changes are taking place throughout Sweden respecting public education. Government orders have been issued for selecting only such persons for the office of church-warden and parish instructor as shall be capable of teaching by the Lancasterian system, for replacing the curates, who are stated to be far more numerous than necessary for religious purposes or economy, by well-instructed school-masters, and for economising the fees of church-livings, and the funds now engrossed by the clergy, and rendering such funds available for the purposes of public education.

The capital of the Russian empire has sustained a dreadful calamity by inundations, unprecedented in extent by any on record. On the 19th of November, remarkable as the anniversary of the death of the Empress Catherine, the river Neva, swelled by a vast influx of water from the Gulf of Finland, which was driven up by a violent wind, rose impetuously over its banks, and, instantaneously, as it were, the whole City of St. Petersburgh was inundated. The Neva rose sixteen feet above its level, two feet higher than in the great inundation of 1797, when three thousand persons are said to have perished. Many of the bridges, palaces, country houses, &c. have been swept away, and others greatly damaged; merchandise of all sorts, to an incalculable amount, has been destroyed; and, as in 1797, several thousand human lives are said to have been sacrificed, and even entire villages have been swept away. The pecuniary loss is estimated at 80,000,000 of silver rubles. For the immediate relief of the more indigent sufferers, the Emperor has benevolently assigned 1,000,000 rubles.

At the same time, a terrible storm from the southwest laid the whole island of Cronstadt under water; a large three-masted vessel was driven against a house, which it carried away; the imperial navy, as well as the merchant shipping, sustained great damage; a ship of the line, of a hundred guns, was left in the great square, and more than a hundred persons, and upwards of five hundred oxen, are estimated to have been drowned.

The extraordinary hurricane which produced all this, and much more mischief, a hurricane unprecedented in the physical history of Europe, appears to have originated on the coasts of England and Holland; hence it swept along the North Sea, which was every where furiously agitated; it occasioned dreadful shipwrecks on the coasts of Jutland; it traversed Sweden, prostrating whole forests in its course; Gottenburg and Stockholm, as well as St. Petersburgh, were in a state of the utmost terror, and suffered much; and, in the Gulf of Finland, the commotion was terrific. The hurricane seems to have traversed in a double curve of three hundred and seventy or four hundred leagues, and, in the course of a few minutes, to have swept the north of Europe.

In England, the utmost possible tranquillity seems to prevail; but in Ireland, on the contrary, every thing is apprehension, alarm, and terror. For the last two or three weeks, our Cabinet councils have been unusually frequent, and of extraordinary long duration. The general understanding is, that the state of Ireland has been almost the sole object of their attention. The Irish Roman Catholics are evidently in a state of full and violently excited activity:—various rumours have been afloat respecting intended changes in the government of Ireland; amongst others, the retirement of the Marquis Wellesley, to make room for the Duke of Wellington, has been mentioned; but probably the whole of these reports are without foundation. It is certain, however, that Ireland must again constitute a prominent feature in the early discussions of the British Parliament.

The war in India appears to be conducted with very great bitterness on the part of the Burmese government. "Every act of the enemy," observes General Campbell in one of his latest despatches, "evinces a most marked determination of carrying hostility to the very last extremity; approaching our posts day and night, under cover of an impervious and incombustible jungle, constructing stockades and redoubts on every road and pathway, even within musket-shot of our sentries, and from these hidden fastnesses carrying on a most barbarous and harassing warfare; firing upon our sentries at all hours of the night,

and lurking on the outskirts of the jungle, for the purpose of carrying off any unlucky wretch whom chance may throw in their way." The present campaign against the Burmese is understood to excite much uneasiness in the minds of persons most conversant in Indian affairs.

According to the latest despatches, dated on the 7th of September, from Colonel Grant, at Cape Coast Castle, the Ashantees had totally disappeared; great mortality had prevailed in the garrison; but the troops, at the departure of the despatches, were in a healthy state.

General Jackson is expected to be the new President of the United States. His popularity is founded chiefly upon sentiments of violent democracy, and of particular hostility towards England.

Bolivar is understood to have had a second general action with Canterac, in which the latter was killed, and his army routed. The action must have been very severe; Bolivar had fifteen thousand men, and he lost six thousand killed and wounded. He subsequently took possession of Lima and Callao; and, on the 27th of August, was in close pursuit of the Royalists, who had collected their broken forces, and were rapidly flying before him. According to General Carron's report, the Spaniards had, in the summer campaign, lost half their army and six provinces. Confident expectations were entertained of establishing the independence of Peru before the close of the year.

France is said to have demanded of Hayti 100,000,000 francs, as the price of having its independence acknowledged.

Some hopes are entertained of putting a final end, by means of negotiation, to the contest between the Greeks and Turks. Report states, that the European monarchs will interfere.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

In the press, the second edition, considerably enlarged, of A Treatise on Cancer, exhibiting a successful method of treating that disease in the occult stage; and also the most efficient method yet known of treating it in the open stage. By William Farr, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, &c. &c.

A volume of poems, by Mrs. Cannon, of Hungerford, entitled, Maria and St. Hos, to which is added, a Search after Happiness.

A most curious octavo volume, with sixty original designs of hieroglyphics, talismans, and horoscopes, beautifully engraved by eminent artists. This work will be entitled The Astrologer of the Nineteenth Century; its contents have been collected from MSS. in the British Museum, the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, the Bodleian Library, the libraries at Bristol cathedral and Wells, and they comprise the ancient practice of raising spirits and invoking the dead,—apparitions, visions, charms, wonderful secrets, and other subjects never disclosed, since 1590.

The first volume of Architectural Illustrations of the Public Buildings of London." By J. Britton, and A. Pugen; will be completed on the 1st of January, 1825. It will consist of seventy engravings, and at least three hundred pages of letter-press, illustrative of the architecture and history of the theatres, St. Paul's cathedral, Westminster Abbey and Hall, the churches of St Martin, St. Stephen, Walbrook, St. Bride, Fleet-street, and other edifices. The volume will be dedicated, by permission, to his Majesty. Its prices will be 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* med. 8vo., 4 guineas imp. 8vo., and 7 guineas 4to, with proofs on India paper; a small number only of the latter edition are remaining.

In the press, and shortly will be published, in crown 8vo. price 7*s.* Observations on some of the Dialects in the West of England, particularly Somersetshire, with a Glossary of Words now in use there, and Poems and other pieces exemplifying the Dialect. By James Jennings, Honorary Secretary to the Metropolitan Institution, London. This work contains the fruits of years of unwearied attention to the subject, and will, it is hoped, be found useful in elucidating some of our older writers, as well as in affording occasional helps to the etymology of the Anglo-Saxon portion of our language.

On the 1st of January, 1825, will be published, No. I. of the Enquirer; containing Mathematical and Philosophical Essays, and a considerable Mathematic

Correspondence; conducted by Mr. W. Marrat.

Lately published, Meditations and Prayers previous to, and during the receptions of the Holy Communion, 12s.

L. W. Wilks begs leave to inform the Editor of the "European Magazine," that the second volume of his Translation of Tasso, which was destroyed at the late fire at Mr. Moyes', is again at press, and will make its appearance in the same style of embellishment as the first volume in May or April next.

Error in Literary Notice.—Houghton's Wine Cellar Check Book to be 10s. 6d. half-bound, instead of 7s. 6d. boards.

LIST OF PATENTS.

A grant to Louis Lambert, of No. 10, Rue de la Cour, in the City of Paris, in the Kingdom of France, but now residing at No. 29, Cannon Street, in the City of London, Gentleman, for his invention of certain improvements in the material and manufacture of paper.—23d November, 1824—6 months.

To John Ollerhleston, of Shire Brow, within Bruckhill, in the County Palatine of Lancaster, Calico Weaver, for his improved method of making healds, to be made in the weaving of cotton, silk, woollen, and other cloths.—29th November, 1824—6 months.

To Stephen Wilson, of Streatham, in the County of Surry, Esq., in consequence of communications made to him by a certain Foreigner residing abroad, he is in possession of a new manufacture of stuffs, with transparent and coloured figures, which he calls "Deaphane Stuffs."—25th November, 1824—6 months.

To William Shelton Burnett, of New London Street, in the City of London, Merchant, for his invention of certain improvements in ships tackle.—25th November, 1824—6 months.

To Thomas Hancoth, of Goswell Mews, Goswell Street, in the County of Middlesex, Patent Cock Manufacturer, for his new method of making or manufacturing an article which may be in many instances substituted for leather, and be applied to various other useful purposes.—29th November, 1824—6 months.

To William Furnival, of Anderton, in the County of Chester, Salt Manufacturer, for his invention of certain improvements in the manufacture of salt.—4th December, 1824—6 months.

To William Weston Young, of Newton Nottage, in the County of Glamorgan, Engineer, for his invention of certain improvements in the manufacture of salt, part of which improvements are applicable to other useful purposes.—4th December, 1824—4 months.

To John Hillary Suwerkrop, of Vine Street, Minories, in the City of London, Merchant, in consequence of a communication made to him by a certain Foreigner residing abroad, he is in possession of an apparatus or machine, which he denominates a thermophore, or a portable mineral or river water bath, and linen warmer, and also for other apparatus or machines connected therewith, for filtering and heating water.—4th December, 1824—2 months.

To George Wycherley, of Whitchurch, in the County of Salop, Saddler, for his new and improved methods of making and constructing saddles.—4th December, 1824—6 months.

To Robert Dickenson, of Park Street, Southwark, in the County of Surry, for his improved air chamber for various purposes.—7th December, 1824—6 months.

To John Thompson, of Pembroke Place, Pimlico, and of London Steel Works, Thames Bank, Chelsea, for his improved mode of making refined or what is commonly called cast steel.—9th December, 1824—2 months.

To Robert Bowman, of Aberdeen, Scotland, Chain Cable Maker, for his improved apparatus for stopping, releasing, and regulating chain and other cables of vessels, which he denominates elastic stoppers.—9th December, 1824—4 months.

To William Moult, of Lambeth, in the County of Surry, Engineer, for his improvements in the working of water wheels.—9th December, 1824—6 months.

To Sir William Congreve, of Cecil Street, Strand, in the County of Middlesex, Baronet, for his improved gas meter.—14th December, 1824—6 months.

To Samson Davis, of Upper East Smithfield, in the County of Middlesex, Gun Lock Maker, for his improvements applicable to guns and other fire arms.—18th December, 1824—6 months.

To David Gordon, of Basinghall Street, in the City of London, Esq. for his invention of certain improvements in the construction of carriages or other machines to be moved or propelled by mechanical means.—18th December, 1824—6 months.

To Samuel Roberts, of Park Grange, near Sheffield, in the County of York, Silver Plater, for his improvements in the manufacture of plated goods of various descriptions.—18th December, 1824—2 months.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

COTTON.—The demand for Cotton continues considerable; the late prices are fully maintained. The letters from Liverpool, received this morning, state, 1500 bags were sold on Wednesday, at rather higher rates. A vessel had arrived after a short passage from Charleston, with a cargo of the new crop; the quality was not ascertained, nor could any opinion be given as to the result of the year's crop.

SUGAR.—The demand for Muscovades during the week has been languid; the good and fine maintain the late currency; the ordinary and soft are very heavy, and may be purchased at lower rates.

The briskness in the Refined trade has entirely subsided; brown lumps 76s. a 77s; the fine goods are heavy at the prices obtained two weeks ago.—Molasses are 26s. 6d. a 26s.

COFFEE.—There have been no public sales brought forward this week; the inquiries by private contract have been considerable, and orders to some extent are reported to be in town, but limited to low prices: we have not heard of any purchases of Coffee to any extent: the market prices remain nominally the same as on the preceding week.

SPICES.—Nutmegs have become rather heavy; the last realised prices 5s. 5d. and 5s. 4d. and for the inferior 5s. 1d.—Pepper is firm, but little doing.—Pimento 9½d.—In other Spices there is little doing, and no alteration in the currency.

RICE.—There is a renewed inquiry after Rice to-day, but there is no alteration in the prices.

FRUIT.—There has been a very lively demand for Valentia Raisins in boxes, which are exceedingly scarce; and the transactions in second-hand have varied from 60s. to 64s.: for Denias in baskets there appears to be extensive buyers at 1s. below the quotations, but the importers are very firm in their demands: two cargoes of Denias and Valentias have just arrived; Muscatels in bunches have also gone off more freely, some extensive sales having been made privately at 5l. Currants have advanced considerably this week. The new Turkey Fruit does not go off quite so freely, though there are buyers at very near the importers' prices; the demand generally continues to be extensive.

TALLOW and HEMP.—The prices have fluctuated greatly; purchases of new yellow Candle Tallow being reported at 38s. since which the market has become steady at 37s. 3d. a 37s. 6d.—Hemp is 41l. a 42l.

RUM, BRANDY, and HOLLANDS.—The Rum market continues very firm; considerable transactions would have taken place, if the holders were inclined to accept the offers made, but they look for higher prices, particularly the extensive importers.—Brandies are steady, at 2s. a 3s. 1d.—In Geneva few sales are lately reported.

LIST OF BANKRUPTS AND DIVIDENDS,

From SATURDAY, NOV. 28, 1824, TO TUESDAY, DEC. 21, 1824, INCLUSIVE

Extracted from the London Gazette.

N.B. All the Meetings are at the *Court of Commissioners, Basinghall-street*, unless otherwise expressed. The Attornies' Names are in Parentheses.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

T. Barker, Medbourn, Leicestershire, corn-factor.
W. B. Clayton, Manchester, baker.
E. Laing, Fenchurch-street, ship-owner.

H. Roscow, Pendleton, Lancashire, flower.
J. Williams, Kentish-town, cow-keeper.
R. Wroots and J. Adkins, Great Titchfield-str. Marylebone, linen-drapers.

BANKRUPTS.

Archer, J. Gun-street, Spitalfields, factor. (Arnott, West-street, Finsbury-circus.

Arrowsmith, S. Salford, Lancashire, innkeeper. (Milne and Parry, Temple.

Adams, J. Pavement, Moorfields, cabinet-maker. (Richardson, Walworth.

Aubrey, H. H. W. Delahay-street, Westminster, and Green Lettuce-lane, Cannon-street, wine-merchant. (Howard, Cook's-court, Carey-street.

Britten, D. jun., late of Basinghall-street and Wenlock-street, callenders and packer. (Pullen and Son, Fore-street, Cripplegate.

Biggs, H. and J. Blandford-Forum, Dorsetshire, mercers. (Tilleard, Old Jewry.

Burslem, T. Aldermanbury, wine-merchant. (Farris, Surrey-street, Strand.

Bond, C. Gravesend, victualler. (Saunders, Heawood, and Matthews, Upper Thames-street.

Ball, P. Mevagissey, Cornwall, merchant. (Coode, Vernham-buildings, Gray's-inn.

Ball, N. T. St. Stephen's-in-Brannell, Cornwall, dealer. (Burnley, St. Austell.

Boulton, T. W. late of Spencer-street Goswell-street-road, coach-proprietor. (Poole, Greenfield, and Charles, Lincoln's Inn-square.

Badham, J. Clifton, Gloucestershire, cabinet-maker. (Hicks and Braikenridge, Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn.

Bamon, J. Exeter, steam-maker. (Bruton, Old Broad-street.

Crick, W. and J. Golding, of High-street, Southwark, bankers. (Smith and Weir, Coopers'-hall, Basinghall-street.

Cooke, T. and J. of Cheltenham, upholsterers. (Visard and Rigway, Lincoln's-inn-fields.

Couchman, S. Throgmorton-street, printer. (Gregson and Fonnereau, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street.

Coppard, J. sen., Lower Mitcham, Surrey, drug-grinder. (Gregson, Lincoln's-inn-fields.

Clarke, H. Agnes-place, Waterloo-road, coal-merchant. (Dickins, Queen-street, Cheapside.

Crossley, J. Holborn-bridge, cheesemonger. (Walker, Rankin, and Richards, Basinghall-street.

Craddock, A. Albany road, Camberwell, carpenter. (Brooking, Lombard-street.

Chambers, L. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, spirit-merchant. (Bell and Brodrick, Bow Church-yard, Cheapside.

Dyson, R. late of New York, but now of Liverpool, merchant. (Battye, Fisher, and Sudlow, Chancery-lane.

Dixon, F. of No. 127, Tottenham-court-road, feather-bed and mattrass manufacturer. (Hutchinson, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street.

Davenport, H. Heywood, Lancashire, grocer. (Hurd and Johnson, Temple.

Daniel, J. Bedminster, Somersetshire, carpenter. (Hurd and Johnson, King's Bench-walk, Temple.

Dousbery, R. Bell-lane, Christchurch, Spital-fields, mustard-manufacturer. (Birkett, Taylor, and Cox, Cloak-lane.

Erwood, W. and R. Crofts, Turner's-square, Hoxton, and Distaff-lane, paper-stainers. (Gray, Tyson-place, Kingsland-road.

Fletcher, S. Lawrence-lane, Cheapside, woollen-factor. (Knight and Tyson, Basinghall-street.

Faircloth, W. and W. Turk, Great Tower-street, wine-merchants. (Young and Gilbert, Mark-lane.

Freeman, J. Reading, Berkshire, coach-proprietor. (Hamilton and Twining, Berwick-street, Soho.

France, T. Crompton, Lancashire, cotton-spinner. (Ellis, Sons, Walmsley, and Gorton, Chancery-lane.

Frampton, W. Wych-street, St. Clement's Danes, victualler. (Mahony, Chancery-chambers, Quality-court, Chancery-lane.

Fuller, J. Bedford-place, Commercial-road, slater. (Baddeley, Leman-street, Goodman's-fields.

Grimble, J. Norwich, tailor. (Tilbury, Falcon-street, Aldersgate-street.

Giblett, J. Frome-Selwood, Somersetshire, clothier. (Hartley, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars.

Garner, W. Margate, bookseller. (Sheppard, Thomas, and Lepard, Cloak-lane.

Gwynne, W. Denton, Sussex, clerk. (Sharp, Upper North-place, Gray's-inn-lane.

Gritton, P. R. Doncaster, dealer in fancy articles. (Ellis, Sons, Walmsley, and Gorton, Chancery-lane.

Grimwood, R. Rochester, draper. (Gates and Hardwick, Cateaton-street.

Hart, A. Manchester, dealer. (Milne and Parry, Temple.

Huffam, C. Garford-street, Limehouse-hole, ship-chandler. (Steel and Nicol, Queen-str. Cheapside.

Hudson, T. Whitehaven, Cumberland, mercer. (Clennell, Staple-inn.

Hulme, J. Chorlton-row, Lancashire, victualler. (Ellis, Sons, Walmsley, and Gorton, Chancery-lane.

Jenkins, W. Christchurch, Southampton, plumber. (Hicks and Dean, Gray's-inn-square.

Johnson, W. Bedminster, draper. (Smith, Basinghall-street.

Jackson, C. Barbican, and Long-lane, West Smithfield, hatter. (Templer, John-street, Americe-square.

Kite, J. and B. Best, Macclesfield-wharf, Shoreditch, Popham-terrace, Islington, and Borstal Flint-Works, Rochester, wharfingers. (Young and Vallings, St. Mildred's-court, Poultry.

Lawson, J. Nottingham, hosier. (Long and Austen, Gray's-inn.

Lewin, B. Mansell-street, Goodman's-fields, coal-merchant. (Spyer, Bartholomew-lane.

Lomas, G. Burslem, Staffordshire, pawnbroker. (Wolston, Furnival's-inn.

Lingford, T. Sloane-street, Chelsea, draper. (Gates and Hardwick, Cateaton-street.

Morris, T. Oswestry, Shropshire, mercer. (John, Falcgrave-place, Temple-bar.

Metz, S. Southampton-street, Strand, bill-broker. (Hinrich and Stafford, Buckingham-street, Strand.

O'Hare, J. Chepstow, Monmouthshire, grocer. (Poole, Greenfield, and Gamlen, Gray's-inn-square.

Pickman, J. Shoreditch, grocer. (Robinson, Walbrook.

Parker, W. William-street, Hampstead road, builder. (Parton, Bow-churchyard.

Phene, W. jun., Fleet-street, confectioner. (Wood, St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

Rice, G. Regent Circus, Oxford-street, tailor. (Tanner, New Basinghall-street.

Richards, S. Bristol, boot-maker. (Hicks and Braikenridge, Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn.

Richards, J. Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, miller. (Williams and White, Old-buildings, Lincoln's-inn.

Rolfe, W. G. Fenchurch-street, and Norwood, Surrey, broker. (Dennet, Greaves, Baxendale, and Tatham, King's Arms-yard, Coleman-street.

Rimmer, J. and J. Liverpool, flour-dealers. (John, Palsgrave-place, Temple-bar.

Radford, S. Chiswell-street, victualler. (Martineau and Malton, Carey-street, Chancery-lane.

Sims, S. Southampton, stationer and book-seller. (Thomas Roe, Temple Chambers, Fleet-street.

Sims, C. Crown-court, Broad-street, merchant. (Nind and Cotterill, Throgmorton-street.

Shaw, T. Southampton, wine-merchant. (Willis, Watson, Bower, and Willis, Token-house-yard.

Stevens, W. Alphington and Havitree, Devonshire, builder. (Fairbank, Staple-inn.

Smith, T. Heaton-Norris, Lancashire, and J. Yates, New Mills, Derbyshire, brass-founders. (Hurd and Johnson, King's Bench-walk, Temple.

Starkey, W. Lower-road, Deptford, butcher. (Young and Gilbert, Mark-lane.

Thomas, J. Piccadilly, draper. (Bevan, Clifford-street, Bond-street.

Townsend, J. R. Minories, hat-manufacturer. (Clabon, Mark-lane.

Thompson, C. F. Wood-street, Cheapside, silk-manufacturer. (Bean, Dyers'-buildings, Holborn.

Thomas, J. Liverpool, merchant. (Maugham and Fothergill, Great James-street, Bedford-row.

Temple, W. H. Sowerby, Yorkshire, wine-merchant. (Harris, Norfolk-street, Strand.

Wills, W. Sol's-row, Hampstead-road, rectifier. (Mahony, Chancery-chambers, Quality-court, Chancery-lane.

Wagstaff, T. Bristol, wharfinger. (Rowcts, Bartlett's-buildings.

Wragg, T. Belle Isle, Maiden-lane, Islington and Ave-Maria-lane, brewer. (Stevenson, Great Carter-lane, Doctors-commons.

Woods, G. B. Walsall, Staffordshire, chemist. (Young and Gilbert, Mark-lane.

Yates, T., J. Warburton, and J. Yates, Bolton-le-Moors, cotton-spinners. (Adlington, Gregory, and Faulkner, Bedford-row.

DIVIDENDS.

Armstrong, J. Bristol, Millwright, December 17.
Atkinson, W. Clement's-lane, Lombard-street, merchant, December 18.
Austin, J. R. Throgmorton-street, merchant, January 8.
Abbott, A. Liverpool, upholsterer, December 28.
Atkinson, T. Ludgate-hill, cabinet maker, January 4.
Bethell, T. Pool, Painter, December 20.
Bärmester, W. and C. L. Vidal, New London-street, merchants, December 18.
Bramnall, G. Sheffield, merchant, December 20.
Browne, G. H. John-street, Bedford-row, Scrivener, December 11.
Banks, J. Leeds, flax spinner, January 4.
Bannister, B. Southend, Essex, Druggist, January 4.
Barton, W. St. Saviour's Church-yard, Southwark, upholsterer, January 11.
Becher, C. C. Lothbury, merchant, December 11.
Bramley, J. Halifax, merchant, January 5.
Buchanan, D. S. M. Smith, and F. Ashley, Liverpool, merchants, January 11.
Bolton, W. Banbury, Oxfordshire, and T. Bolton, Grimsbury, Northamptonshire, coal merchants, January 5.
Bainbridge, J. Queen-street, Cheapside, woollen draper, January 8.
Benson, J. Lancaster, linen draper, January 14.
Bowmar, J. Goltho, Lincolnshire, farmer, January 20.
Brown, C. Dundee, merchant, January 4.
Coles, W. Mincing-lane, broker, December 18.
Carey, I. Racquet-court, Fleet-street, merchant, December 18.
Carver, J. Lancing, Sussex, farmer, December 24.
Campbell, D. B. Harpur, and A. Baillie, Old Jewry, merchants, January 4.
Chandler, J. Sandwich, Cornfactor, January 4.
Cook-on, J. Leeds, woollen cloth manufacturer, December 29.
Cleghorn, W. Ratcliffe Highway, cheesemonger, December 18.
Carver, J. and W. Peet, Basinghall-street, merchants, January 15.
Cooke, J. Barnstaple, linen draper, January 17.
Campion, R. Horselydown-lane, cooper, February 5.
Calcott, J. Shoreditch, draper, January 22.
Clarke, R. H. St. Mary-at-Hill, wine merchant, January 6
Davies, T. Minories, stationer, December 18.
Drake, J. Lewisham, master mariner, December 21.
Dicks, J. London-street, Tottenham-court-road, carpenter, January 4.
Emery, J. Rosamond-street, Clerkenwell, victualler, December 7.
Edwards, T. Alson, Hampshire, ironmonger, December 22.
Edwards, M. Rochester, linen and woollen draper, January 4.
Forsmith, S. Shoreditch, haberdasher, December 18.
Falkner, F. Manchester, warehouseman, January 7.
Grainge, J Piccadilly, fruiterer, December 18.
Griffiths, A. Swansea, Glamorganshire, grocer, December 22.
Gower, T. Weathersfield, Essex, malster.
Gale, Q. Newgate-market, butcher,
Goulden, C. Dilham, Norfolk, miller, December 27.
Garrod, S. Paddington-street, Marylebone, bookseller, January 8.
Hewett, T. Carlisle, draper, December 22.
Humphries, W. Nunney, Somersetshire, merchant, December 18.
Hunt, G. Leicester-square, linen draper, December 28.
Harten, G. V. East India Chambers, Leadenhall-street, merchant, January 8.
Holland, H. L. Coventry, builder, December 28.
Houlden, R. St. Margaret's Hill, Southwark, linen draper, January 18.
Jones, E. and J. Norris, Budge-row, stationers, December 18.
Jones, C. Welsh Pool, Montgomeryshire, draper, December 22.
Kershaw, J. and W. Halifax, merchants. January 5.
Kirby, T. Bethnall-green-road, draper, January 15.
Lawton, J. Deb Cross, Yorkshire, wool stapler.
Lloyd, W. sen. and W Lloyd, jun. Lower Thames-street, December 18.
Lyne, J. and C. Finsbury-square, merchants, January 15.
Lewis, J. Bristol, grocer, December 28.
Lansley, W. Andover, carpenter, December 29.
Lovegrove, R. Arborfield, farmer, January 4.
Linegard, J. Manchester, merchant, January 8.
Lewis, T. C. and C. Bevan, High Holborn, linen drapers, January 4.
Lucas, H. Liverpool, merchant, January 11.
Maxwell, J. Boston, Lincolnshire, tea dealer, January 18.
Meacher, T. Newport, Pagnell, Buckinghamshire, brewer, December 30.
Mayer, C. Somerset-street, Portman-square, carpenter, December 28.
Matthews, M. and J. Hopkins, Rochester and Stroud, Kent, coal merchants, January 4.
Murray, W. Pall Mall-court, tailor, January 25.
Mortimer, J. Cleckheaton, Yorkshire, merchant, January 7.
Mercer, G. Basinghall-street, woollen draper, January 11.
Norris, T. White-hart-yard, Drury-lane, victualler, December 18.
Noyes, J. Tooley-street, oilman, December 18.
Orme, J. sen. Nottingham, silversmith, January 25.
Payne, T. and J. D. Cateaton-street, warehousemen, December 7.
Peers, J. Liverpool, merchant, December 30.
Pelham, J. sen. Chart, Kent, seed crusher, December 18.
Prosser, J. Abergavenny, Monmouthshire, grocer, January 3.
Piercy, J. and R. Saunders, Birmingham, edge tool makers, January 7.
Robertson, J. Old Broad-street, merchant, December 18.
Reed, T. High Holborn, linen draper, December 21.
Ridsdale, F. Leeds, and W. Hamilton, Finsbury-place, Finsbury-square, merchants, January 4.
Richardson, W. Hornsastle, maltster, December 30.
Rucker, S. Old South Sea-house, Broad-street, merchant, January 8.
Sherwin, J. and J. Drane, Gould-square, Crutched Friars, comb makers, January 15.
Smith, T. B. and A. Old Trinity House, Water-lane, Tower-street, corn factors, January 8.
Sneade, W. Whitchurch, Shropshire, timber merchant, December 18.
Scarrow, T. jun. and J. Scarrow, Carlisle, wine merchants, December 22.
Smallwood, T. Drayton-in-Hales, Shropshire, banker, December 28.
Slaney, M. A. Shiffnal, Shropshire, money scrivener, December 28.
Sommez, T. Preston, Lancashire, corn merchant, December 23.
Sheath, A. and C. and J. Dixon, Boston, Lincolnshire, merchants, December 23.

Sandison, W. Cork-street, Burlington-gardens, tailor, December 14.
Sharpus, R. Davies-street, Berkeley-square, dealer in china, December 28.
Squire, J. Esqith, Huntingdonshire, farmer, December 28.
Symonds, N. W. Crutched Friars, merchant, January 1.
Salmon, S. Regent-street, stationer, January 15.
Simpson, R. Crown-court, Threadneedle-street, merchant, January 4.
Skidmore, J. Sheffield, scissor manufacturer, January 12.
Shoobridge, G. Cheapside, tailor, January 29.
Tupman, J. Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, watch maker, December 18.
Townsend, E. Maiden-lane, Covent-garden, wine and cider merchant, December 18.
Tollett, W. Devonport, grocer, January 19.
Waterhouse, J. and J. Green, Ropemakers-street, builders, December 18.
Weaver, E. Bristol, ironmonger, December 22.
Windeatt, T. Bridge-Town, Devonshire, woollen manufacturer, January 6.
Wilkes, J. sen. Burley, Yorkshire, flax spinner, December 18.
Wilson, M. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, December 29.
Whiteside, R. H. Fisher, and T. Hastie, Whitehaven, Cumberland, merchants, December 31.
Winch, B. sen. Hawkhurst, Kent, farmer, December 18.
Wakeman, T. Fleet-market, stationer, January 4.
Williams, L. Fenchurch-street, merchant, January 11.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Dec. 1.—Mrs. Charles Runciman, of a daughter.
3.—The Lady of Mr. R. F. Newman, of Sion College-gardens, of a son.
5.—The Lady of W. J. Newton, Esq. Argyll-street, of a daughter.
6.—The Lady of J. F. Monkhouse, Esq. of Shepherd's Bush, of a daughter.
8.—Mrs. Charles B. Hannan, of Wine-office-court, of a son.
—At Bruce, Tottenham, Mrs. Joseph Fletcher, of a son.
—At the Vicarage, Bishopstone, North Wilts, the Lady of the Rev. Henry Middleton, of a son.
10.—In Brooke-street, Grosvenor-square, Mrs. Horace Legatt, of a daughter.
—The Lady of David Wilkinson, Esq. of New Broad-street, of a daughter.
11. At Millbrook, Hants, Mrs. Irving, of a son.
14.—At his house in Bryanstone-square, the wife of Joseph Hume, Esq. M.P. of a daughter.
—In Grafton-street, the Lady of Sandford Graham, Esq. M.P. of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Dec. 1.—At Speldhurst, by the Rev. John Darby, Marianne, eldest daughter of John Prince, Esq. to Mr. Edward Roe, surgeon, Blandford, Dorset.
2.—At St. Pancras Church, by the Rev. Evan Nepean, Frederick Wood, Esq. Lieutenant Royal Navy, nephew of Mr. Justice Bayley, to Miss Farrar, only daughter of Thomas Farrar, Esq. of Mecklenburgh-square.
4.—In the Island of Jersey, by the very Rev. the Dean, Henry H. Price, Esq. of Neath Abbey, Glamorganshire, to Julia Harriet, second daughter of George Struve, Esq. M.D. of St. Helier.
6.—At the Parish Church Leeds, Mr. W. H. Kilbinton, of Water-lane, London, to Lydia, fifth daughter of Mr. Hallowell, of Leeds.
8.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, William Stiles Roe, Esq. of Sculcoates, county of York, nephew of Sir Richard Bassett, to Mary Anne, only daughter of James Brander, Esq. of St. John's Wood.
—At Fulham Church, by the Rev. —— Wood, vicar of Fulham, the Rev. Charles Wesley, of Brompton-square, to Eliza, eldest daughter of John Shelton, Esq. of Hammersmith.
10.—At Tottenham, Adam Corrie, jun. Esq. of Wellingborough, in the county of Northampton, to Elizabeth Ewer, only daughter of the late James Cooper, Esq. of London.
11.—At Streatham, Wm. Wild, Esq. of Martin's-lane, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Joseph Harrison, Esq. of Balham.
14.—At Charlton, the Rev. Robert Lynham, A.M. to Elizabeth, second daughter of Mr. Thomas Cotsworth, of Blackheath.
15.—At St. Margaret's Rochester, by the Rev. Dr. Griffiths, John Hulme, of Perry-hill-cliffe, Kent, Esq. to Anne, eldest daughter of the late Gordon Graham Donaldson, Lieut. Col. in the Guards.
18.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, T. H. Goodier, Esq. of Wrexham, to Louisa, widow of the late John Imbrie, Esq. of Bucklersbury.

DEATHS.

Dec. 1.—Francis, wife of John Restall, Esq. of Wanstead, Essex,
—At Chertsey, Mrs. Joseph Sparrow, much lamented and respected.
3.—At North Brixton, after a painful and lingering illness, in her 37th year, Ann Maria, the wife of Mr. G. D. Capel, of the Bank of England.
—At her house in Devonshire-place, Anna, relict of the late Thomas Davies, Esq. Advocate-General at Calcutta.
—At his house, at Leatherhead, in Surrey, aged 72, Henry Reynell, Esq.
5.—Thomas Farmer Torville, Esq. of Clifford's Inn, London.
7.—Thomas Smith, Esq. of Stoke Newington, aged 71.
—Mr. Richard Knight, King-street, Clerkenwell, aged 57.
8.—At Albrighton, Salop, aged 53, Catherine, wife of Mr. Richard Yates, of King-street, Snow-hill.
12.—After a few days illness, Mary Ann, daughter of T. M. Alsager, Esq. Mecklenburgh-square.
12.—Joseph Wigg, Esq. of North-place, aged 72.
—Mrs. Crowder, the wife of W. H. Crowder, Esq. at Clapham Common.
13.—Aged 73, Augustin Sayer, Esq. father of Dr. Sayer, of Harley-street, Cavendish-square.
16.—After a long and painful illness, aged 68, Ann, the wife of Richard Cartwright, Esq. of Hunter-street, Brunswick-square.
17.—In consequence of being run over by a Horse in the Kent-road, Mr. S. S. Bangham, upwards of thirty years a Clerk in the Bank.

PRICES OF SHARES IN CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, AND GAS-LIGHT COMPANIES.

	Per Share.	Div. per Ann.
Canals.	£. s.	£. s. d.
Ashton and Oldham	300	6
Barnsley	345	12 & bds.
Basingstoke	19	—
Birmingham (1-8th sh.)	330	12 10
Bolton and Bury	160	5
Brecknock & Abergavenny	170	8
Bridgewater and Taunton	80	—
Carlisle	—	—
Chelmer and Blackwater	105	5
Chesterfield	120	6 10
Coventry	1400	44 & bds.
Crinan	2 10	—
Cromford	450	14
Croydon	4 10	—
Derby	225	8
Dudley	88	3 10
Ellesmere and Chester	102	3 10
Erewash	—	59
Forth and Clyde	600	20
Glamorganshire	—	13 12 8
Gloucester and Berkley U.S.	—	—
Grand Junction	283	10 & 10s. b.
Grand Surrey	55	5
Grand Union	31	—
Grand Western	16	—
Grantham	190	10
Hereford and Gloucester	—	—
Huddersfield	37	1
Ivel and Ouse	100	5
Kennet and Avon	28	1
Kensington	—	—
Lancaster	46	1
Leeds and Liverpool	525	15
Leicester	400	14
Leicester and North	105	4
Loughborough	4700	200
Melton Mowbray	255	11
Mersey and Irwell	1000	35
Monkland	2200	110
Monmouthshire	245	10
Montgomeryshire	72	2 10
North Walsham and Dilham	—	—
Neath	400	15
Nottingham	300	12
Nutbrook	105	6 2
Oakham	50	3
Oxford	850	32 & bns.
Peak Forest	198	5
Portsmouth and Arundel	18	—
Regent's	59	—
Rochdale	144	4
Shrewsbury	210	9 10
Shropshire	175	8
Somerset Coal	—	10
Do. Lock Fund	12 10	5 15 p ct.
Stafford and Worcester	900	40
Stourbridge	230	12
Stratford on Avon	40	1
Stroudwater	420	31 10
Swansea	260	11
Tavistock	—	—
Thames and Medway	32	—
Thames and Severn, New	33	1 10
Trent and Mersey	2150	75 5 bon.
Warwick and Birmingham	300	11
Warwick and Napton	260	11
Wey and Arun	—	1
Wilts and Berks	8 10	—
Wisbeach	45	—
Worcester and Birmingham	50	1
Wyrley and Essington	156	6
Docks.		
London	111¼	4 10
West India	234	10
East India	140	8
Commercial	84	3 10
Bristol	140	2 10
East Country	27	—

	Per Share.	Div. per Ann.
Bridges.	£. s.	£. s. d.
Hammersmith	14	—
Deptford Creek	35	—
Southwark	14	—
Vauxhall	47	1
Waterloo	6 15	—
Water-works.		
Chelsea	—	—
Colchester	—	—
East London	125	5 10
Grand Junction	70	3
Kent	42 5	—
Liverpoole Bootle	140	—
London Bridge	65	2 10
Manchester and Salford	48	—
Portsmouth and Farlington	4	—
Do. New	25	1 10
Portsea Island	4	—
South London	80	—
West Middlesex	69	2 10
York Buildings	35	1 10
Insurances.		
Alliance British and Foreign	19	—
Ditto Marine	1 15pr	—
Palladium	2 5	—
Albion	62	2 10
Atlas	9	9
Bath	575	40
Beacon	par	5
Birmingham Fire	430	20
British	60	3
Do. Commercial Life	5 4	5
County	55	2 10
Ditto Annuity	10 10	10
Eagle	4 15	5
European	20 15	1
Ditto New	—	2
Globe	183	7
Guardian	22	—
Hope	6	6
Imperial Fire	130	5
Ditto Life	12 10	8
Kent Fire	78	2 10
Ditto Life	—	—
Law Life	12	—
London Fire	24	1
London Ship	24	1
Norwich Union	68	1 10
Provident	22 10	18
Rock	5	2
Royal Exchange	315	10
Sun Fire	220	8 10
Sun Life	27	10
Union	44	1 8
Literary Institutions.		
London	35	—
Russel	9	—
Metropolitan	par	—
Gas Lights.		
Gas L. & Co. Chart. Comp.	73	3 10
Ditto New	8 pr	7
City Gas Light Company	165	8 2
Ditto New	90	4 10
Imperial	56 10	2 8
Phœnix or South London	14 pr	—
General United Gas Comp.	5 5 pm	—
British	3 5 pm	4 —
Bradford	45	2
Brentford	50	—
Bath Gas	17 10	16
Barnsley	17 10	—
Birmingham	—	4
Ditto Staffordshire	7 pr	—
Brighton Gas	24	1 4
Do. New	13	12
Bristol	23 10	1 6
Ditto (from Oil)	—	—
Burnley Gas	—	—
Belfast	—	—

Messrs. EDMONDS and WOLFE, No. 9, Change Alley, Cornhill.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS from the 25th of November, to the 24th Dec. 1824

Days.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. C. Red.	3 Pr. C. Cons.	3 Pr. C. Cons.	3½ Pr. C. Red.	N4Pr.C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Bds.	Ex. Bills.	Consols for acct.
25	231½ ⅜	94⅞ ⅝	95⅛ ⅜		101⅛ 1	108⅛	23⅛ 3		98p	54 55p	96 5⅝
26	231⅜ 1	94⅞ ⅝	95⅛ ⅜		101⅛ 1	108⅛	23 1-16 3	289	98 99p	57 56p	96 5⅝
27	231	94⅞ ⅝	94⅞ 5⅛	101⅛ ¼	101⅛100⅝	108⅛ ⅞	22 15-16 3		98p	57 56p	95⅝ ½
29	231 30	94⅞ 3⅛	95 4⅛	101⅛ ¼	100⅝ ⅜	108⅛ ⅞	23 ⅛			56p	95⅝ ½
30		94⅛	94⅜ ⅝		100⅝	108⅛ 8	23 1-16 3	287	96p	57p	95⅝
1	231 30½	94⅛	94⅜ 5⅛		100⅝ ⅜	108⅛	23 1-16	287½ 5	97 99p	55 56p	95⅝ ½
2	230½ 31	94⅛ ⅛	95 4⅜		100⅝ ⅜	108½ ⅜	22 15-16 3		97 98p	54 56p	95⅝ ½
3	230½ 31½	94⅛ ⅜	95⅛		100⅝ ⅜	108½ ⅜	22 15-16 3-16		97 98p	56 57p	95⅝ ½
4	230½ 1½	94⅜ ⅜			100⅝ ⅜				96 98p	56 55p	95⅝ ½
6		94⅜ ⅜			101⅛ ⅜	108½			96p	55 56p	95⅝ ½
7	231½ ½	94⅜ ½			101 100⅞					56 53p	95⅝ ⅜
8	231½	94⅜ ½		101⅛	101⅛ ⅛		23 2 15-16		97p	53 52p	95⅝ ⅜
9		94⅜ ½			101 100⅞		22 15-16 3		97p	54 52p	95⅝ ⅜
10	231	94⅜ ½			100⅞ 1⅛				97p	53p	95⅝ ⅜
11	231 30½	94⅜ ½			101⅛100⅞		23 2 15 16		96p	53p	95⅝ ⅜
13	230½ 31	94⅜ ½			100⅝ 101		22 15-16 3		96 97p		95⅝ ⅜
14	231	94⅜ ½		101⅛	101⅛ 101		22 15-16 3		97 96p	53p	95⅝ ⅜
15	230½ ⅛	94⅜ ½		101½	101⅛		22 15-16⅞				95⅝ ⅜
16	230½	94⅜ ⅝			101⅛ ⅜		22⅝ 15-16		96p		95⅝ 6
17	230½ ⅛	94⅞ 5⅛			101⅛ ⅜		23 2 15-16		97 95p	53 54p	96⅛
18	230½ 31	95 4⅛			101⅛ ⅜		22 15-16 3		95 97p	53 55p	96 5⅛
20	230½	94⅛ 5			101⅛ ⅜		22 15-16 3			54p	95⅛ 6
21	Holiday										
22	229¾ 30	95 4⅛			101⅛ 1		23 2 15-16		92 80p	48p	95 4⅛
23		94⅞ ⅝		101 100⅞	101⅛100⅞		22 15-16		91 92p	52 54p	95⅝ ½
24	229½	94⅝ ¼			101 100⅝		22 15 16		96 95p	56 54p	96 5⅛

All Exchequer Bills dated prior to October, 1823, have been advertised to be paid off.
JAMES WETENHALL, 15, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

From the 20th of November, to the 19th of December, 1824.

By Messrs. Harris and Co. Mathematical Instrument Makers, 50, High Holborn.

November	Moon	Rain Gauge	Therm. 9 A.M.	Therm. 10 P.M.	Therm. Min.	Barom. 9 A.M.	Barom. 10 P.M.	De Luc's Hygrm. 9 A.M.	De Luc's Hygrm. 10 P.M.	Winds. 9 A.M.	Winds. 10 P.M.	Atmo. Variations. 9 A.M.	Atmo. Variations. 2 P.M.	Atmo. Variations. 10 P.M.
20	●	48	50	53	56	29 47	29 36	97	90	E	SW½	Rain	Rain	Fine
21			38	59	19	29 36	29 30	85	89	W	W	Fine		Rain
22			43	47	42	29 30	29 19	86	84	SSW	SSE		Fine	
23		50	53	55	37	28 50	28 58	75	75	S	SW	Clou.	Rain	Fine
24			47	50	42	28 91	29 05	76	78	SW	SW	Fine	Fine	
25		47	49	48	35	29 28	29 42	82	83	WSW	WNW			
26			38	43	37	29 57	29 62	80	80	WNW	N	Foggy		
27	◑		42	44	40	29 63	30 73	75	75	ENE	SE		Fine	Clou.
28			51	54	42	29 60	29 42	90	80	SW	SW	Rain	Clou.	
29		88	51	52	49	29 17	29 48	75	80	WSW	WSW	Fine	Fine	Fine
30			47	48	42	29 41	29 15	82	90	SW	SSW	Clou.	Rain	Rain
1		31	42	46	29	29 28	29 42	75	80	W	WSW		Fine	Fine
2			39	4	37	29 54	29 21	81	85	WSW	SW	Foggy	Rain	Rain
3		20	39	45	26	29 30	29 60	82	78	NW	WSW	Fine	Fine	Fine
4			42	47	3	29 28	29 30	85	90	NE	WSW	Clou.	Rain	Rain
5			39	46	35	29 50	29 90	95	92	W	N		Fine	Fine
6	○		38	47	35	29 74	29 46	78	82	W	SW	Foggy		Rain
7		17	41	42	39	29 43	29 59	87	83	W	WNW	Clou.		Fine
8		11	40	45	39	29 77	29 66	87	91	WSW	WSW	St. Fg.		Rain
9		15	40	44	38	29 63	29 52	95	92	WSW	WSW	Fog		
10			35	44	31	29 40	29 03	86	88	W	WSW	Fog		Fine
11			42	46	37	29 6	29 06	95	100	WSW	WSW		Sleet	Clou.
12	●		39	50	38	30 20	30 30	94	94	W	W		Fine	
13			38	37	35	30 37	30 34	96	91	WSW	W	Fine		Fine
14			36	37	34	30 33	29 96	98	100	W	WSW		Foggy	Clou.
15			37	39	33	30 09	29 83	98	94	WSW	W	Foggy	Clou.	
16			45	51	38	29 89	29 90	86	85	N	WNW	Fine	Fine	Fine
17			41	44	39	29 92	29 56	99	96	W	WSW		Show.	Sleet
18			33	39	27	30 05	30 05	98	92	E	WSW	Clou.	Clou.	Clou.
19		30	36	32	28	29 78	29 80	94	91	W	SW			

The quantity of Rain fallen in the month of November, was 4 inch. and 18 100ths.

Shackell and Arrowsmith, Johnson's-court, Fleet-street.

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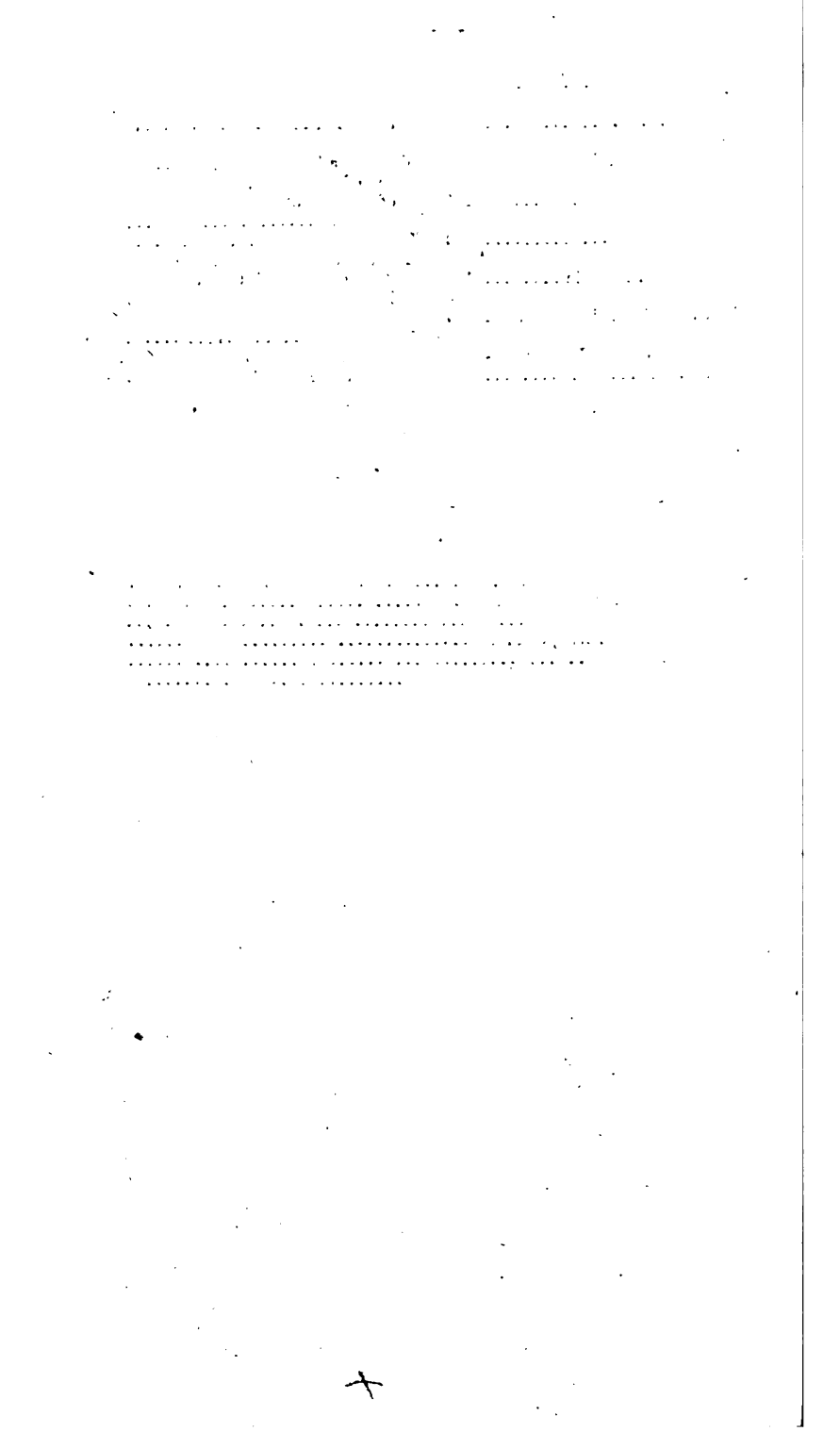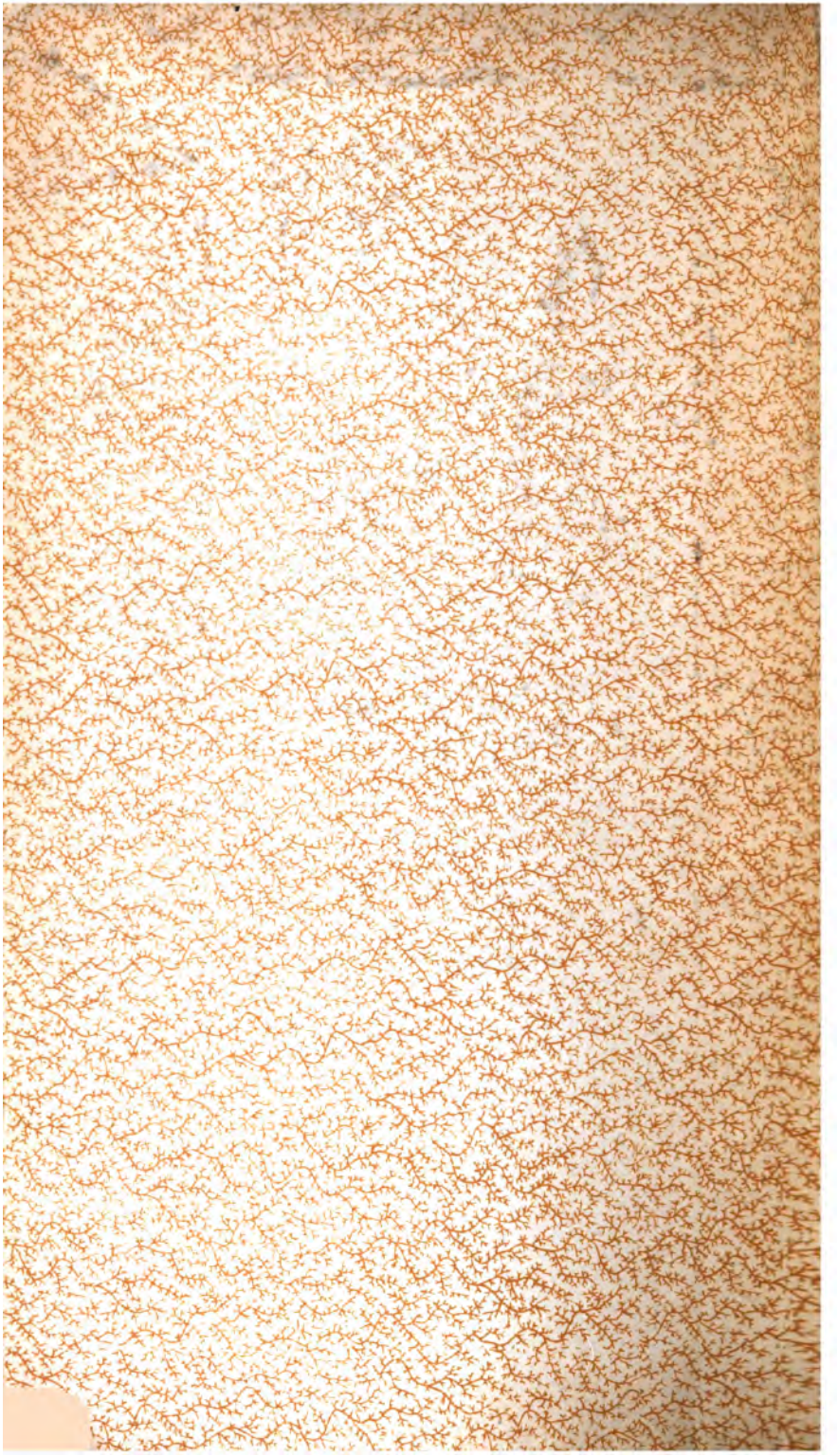
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